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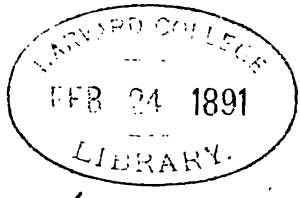

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AN EVENING WITH THE TELEGRAPH.

'The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.'

ON arriving at the —— station, I found that my luggage, which was to have been sent on from town, had not arrived. There was no time to be lost, and on applying to the superintendent of the station, an order was given to make inquiries at London by means of the telegraph. Impatient to get some information about the missing baggage, I strolled to the electric telegraph office, to hear what was the answer received. But no satisfactory information had as yet been obtained; on the contrary, nothing at all was known about the matter. I wanted another message sent up to town, but on working the needles, it was found that the telegraph was engaged in corresponding with some intermediate or branch station.

The clerk, with whom I continued chatting through the little opening where all communications are given and received, was very young; but there was something in his manner that prepossessed you favourably, and, moreover, there was a total absence of that abruptness of speech and quickness of manner that seem to have become a second nature with our railway officials. At last he invited me to enter his office—the very thing I had been manœuvring for and longing to do—for as I squeezed my head through the small opening, and looked into the snug room, warmly carpeted, and, although it was the beginning of August, with a fire burning in the grate, I could just catch a glimpse of the small mahogany stand and dial of the telegraph, with which he had been talking to the people in London about my trunks, and was very desirous of seeing a little more. Books were lying about the table, which seemed to indicate a taste not only for literature, but for its more imaginative productions; and so, then, as we sat over the cheerful fire, our conversation taking its tone from the volume into which I had dipped, we chatted about authors, style, and such matters.

'You would hardly believe,' he said, 'how such an employment as mine teaches one curtness: how one gets into the habit of saying what one has to say in as few words as possible, and yet with perfect clearness. I write occasionally little articles, and I find that in them I unconsciously avoid all redundancy of words, just as when transmitting a message. You have no idea what a lengthy affair the messages are which we have given us to transmit, with so many useless expressions that make the inquiry, or whatever it may be, nearly twice as long as necessary. In delivering it, we cut it down about one-half, and yet our version tells all that is to be said quite as intelligibly as the original.'

'The cause, no doubt, is, that those who want to give some information about a missing thing are anxious to describe it with all exactness, in order to make as sure as possible of its being recognised.'

'But the details on such occasions,' he answered, 'are really without end. Now we, for our parts, seize on the salient features: we give the necessary marks or tokens, and these only. For nothing is the telegraph so often put in requisition as to inquire about ladies' dogs that are missing. Hardly a day passes without such inquiries. And such descriptions! A perfect history of the animals' habits and virtues: it seems they never can say enough. I have often thought how they would be shocked did they but see how all the long history of their favourites is condensed into a couple of lines. And yet it answers the purpose as well.'

He here turned round to the dial-plate of the telegraph, and after a moment's watching, looked again into the volume, the leaves of which he was turning over.

'Was any one speaking to you?' I asked.

'Not to me; they are talking with the —— station.'

'But how did you know it?—what made you look up?' I asked.

'Because I heard the wires.'

'That's very strange,' I observed: 'my hearing is unusually fine, yet I heard nothing.'

'It is habit; besides, perhaps, you heard the vibration too without knowing what it was. My ears are so alive to the sound, that, as I sit here reading, the instant the hands of the dial move, I hear them. That low click-click attracts my attention as surely as the bell.'

'There is an alarum, is there not, which sounds when the clerk's attention is required?'

'Yes,' he said; 'this is it.' And so saying, he touched a wire, and instantly a hammer struck upon a bell, making a slow, penetrating, long-continued noise. 'But I generally stop the communication with it, for it is so loud, that it is extremely disagreeable to be disturbed by the ringing of that thing at one's shoulder. Besides, I hear the other just as well, let me be never so immersed in what I am about.'

I now heard such a snap as takes place when, on putting your knuckles to an electric machine, the spark is produced. It was repeated, and on looking up, I saw the needles reeling to and fro. The clerk observed them for a moment, and then rising, went to the machine. Backwards and forwards they went, to the right and to the left, then with a jerk half-way back again—left, right, left—left, left—jerk, jerk—right, left, jerk, and so on; while the clerk, who held

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two handles hanging from the instrument in his hands, every now and then would also give a good rattle with them, and pull them right and left, and give an answering jerk. All the time, of course, he was looking fixedly at the dial-plate, as he would have done into the countenance of a person who was speaking to him, and whose character he fain would learn from his looks. Jerk, jerk, jerk—rattle, rattle, rattle—all was done; and writing down the message on a slate beside him, he copied it afterwards on a paper to give to one of the porters. It was about some boxes sent on to —— by the last train.

'I know what clerk sent down that message, he said. 'It was ———.'

'But how do you know which clerk it was?'

'By the manner of his handling the needles, and their corresponding movements. I am as sure who is working them as if I saw the person with my eyes. You of course would not detect any difference in the vibrations, yet there *is* a very great difference. There may be timidity, indecision, flurry, or firmness, in their movements. You see quite clearly if the person speaking to you is master of what he is about; if he does it with ease and decision, or if he is spelling his way, and anxious about getting through the matter well. And it is not only the quickness of the delivery that shows whether the person is skilful or not, but his very character communicates itself to the wires, and shows itself in the movements of the needles.'

'How strange!—and it is really possible?'

'That in a man's movements much of his character is shown, you will allow. Well, as he takes hold of the handles to work the telegraph, he does it in a way corresponding with his own particular individuality. That is communicated to the wires, and here on the dial-plate I see the inner man before me. The person I just mentioned is a very good fellow, but cautious, undecided—never sure whether what he does will be *quite* right or not. He is always hesitating; as soon as his hand touches the instrument, I know it is he instantly. There go the needles slowly from one side to the other, as if not quite certain about going across or not; they never go back suddenly, but always take their time, and move right or left hesitatingly, and with no decided swing. It is as like the man who is moving them as it is possible to be. It is quite a reflex of his mind: there is the impress of him exactly as he is. And it is very natural it should be so. The least hesitation or doubt communicates itself involuntarily to the hands as you hold the handles working the telegraph; and so fine and sympathetic is the conducting power—so sensitive are the wires—that every passing shade of feeling is felt by them. On the dial-plate it is all betrayed. Just as the mind of him at the other end of the wire is wavering, exactly so the needles are wavering too. Now he feels more sure; and yet that very same instant the change that has gone on within him is marked there also: the needles swing directly with sudden decision.'

'This is really very interesting,' I said; 'and it is besides, to me at least, a new wonder connected with electric communication. That one should be able to talk with a person a hundred miles off, as if they were both face to face, is certainly extraordinary; but that the affections of the mind and their sudden varyings should be instantaneously transmitted such a distance—perhaps even before the individual himself was aware of them—this is assuredly very much more wonderful!'

'It is not,' he continued, 'in the manner of delivering a communication only that you discover the sort of person with whom you have to do. The way in which he receives yours is also very indicative. One, slow of thought, will let you give the whole word; while another, of quick comprehension, and of a bolder nature, will give the sign, "I understand," at the first letters. The very jerk too, which signifies that you know what is meant, is given by one with a decided, sure, firm knock; while with another, of a hesitating character, the needles seem to be hesitating too!'

'Just now,' said I, 'while you were receiving a message, I observed that every now and then you gave an unusually strong jerk—much stronger than the others. What did that mean?'

'Oh,' said he, laughing, 'that was an indignant "Understand!" The other was stopping to see if I knew well what he had said, and I showed, by my manner of saying yes, that I was out of patience with his distrust. Such an "Understand," given in that brusque manner, is not exactly very civil: but I really can't help it—one gets at last out of patience with such dawdling.'

'And will the other, think you, understand that his questions and slowness put you out of patience?'

'No doubt of that. I knew he understood the way I answered him, and was sulky about it, for his manner changed directly. In the way I said "I understand," was expressed besides, "Of course I understand! Do get on, can't you, and don't stop to ask such foolish questions!" That is what we call an indignant "understand!"'

All this interested me much; and we talked on, now about a favourite author lying on the table, now of this thing, now of that, only interrupted occasionally by the click-click of the mahogany case, that, like a something endued with life, was calling its attendant to come to it, and take heed. But while there, as one in presence of some demoniac thing, the telegraph exercised a sort of spell over me; and I always recurred to it, much as our conversation on other matters would have pleased me at any other time.

'You must not leave the telegraph for a moment?' I observed. 'There must be always some one here to watch it, and be in readiness?'

'Yes; I or my brother remain here always. We take it by turns. Night and day he or I am here. He is gone to-day some miles off; so I have taken his watch for him. I was on duty before; to-night, therefore, will be the third night I have been up!'

'It must be very fatiguing for you; besides, you cannot venture to doze a little, lest something should happen.'

'Though I were to do so, if the wires began to move, I should awake directly. I cannot tell you *how* or *why* it is, but if there is the slightest tremor, I am sensible of it at once. Whether I hear it or feel it, I do not exactly know; but I am sensible that they are moving!'

'By intense watchfulness, by constant companionship with that animate yet lifeless thing, a sort of sympathy, or magnetic influence—call it what you will—may exist between you and it,' I observed.

'It may be so,' he replied; 'but really I cannot say. The strain of attention that all occupation with the telegraph produces is very great. While reading off the communications just given, your mind is on the stretch. The intentness of observation with which you must follow the needles in their movements is very fatiguing. There is nothing hardly that demands such minute attention; for a slight mistake, and you lose the thread of the meaning, and this directly causes delay. Besides which, you get confused.'

'This constant state of excitement must, I should think, at last make itself felt. It would be highly interesting to observe the influence it would exercise. Now, in yourself, have you,' I asked, 'remarked that any change has taken place since you have been occupied with the telegraph—that you are more irritable and excitable than before—or that the constant tension in which the faculties are kept has at all affected you?'

'I think it has made me more excitable than I was before. It certainly has an effect upon the nerves. The vibration of the needles, for example, I should hear much farther off than you would—so far, indeed, that you would think it scarcely credible.'

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'Besides the constant attention and the night-watching, I have no doubt that the incessant, quick, uncertain motion of the needles backwards and forwards, and from side to side—that constant tremulousness which you are obliged to observe and to follow so closely—must tend to irritate.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I daresay it is so. At night, however, one is seldom interrupted. Towards morning the foreign mails arrive, and then the despatches for the newspapers have to be transmitted. This takes about a couple of hours or more close, uninterrupted work. When a correspondence continues thus long without a break, it is very tiring for the mind. As soon as it is over, all has to be written down in a book: this is the most uninteresting part of our occupation. Every message, important or not, is entered in a journal, and then, from time to time,* the accounts and money received are sent in, and the journals at the different offices compared, to see that all is right. All this is tiresome enough, but it must be done.'

'In this way you hear all the foreign news before any one else. When the first morning edition appears, to you it is already stale. I wonder, though, that persons who have anything secret and important to transmit, should like to trust their secret to two individuals wholly unknown to them.'

'Oh, there is no fear of our divulging anything,' he replied. 'Get something out of an electric-telegraph clerk if you can! Besides, we are forced to the strictest secrecy; bound, too, in a good round sum of money,† which we must deposit as security. There is nothing to be got out of us, I can assure you. It would never do if it were otherwise; for often matters of very great importance are forwarded in this way, and the confidence placed in us must be entire, and our secrecy above even suspicion.'

He afterwards showed me his dwelling. Close to the office was a sitting-room, and opposite this the kitchen, &c. Above stairs were the bedrooms; and though all was on a small scale, the arrangements were as comfortable as one could wish. I observed this to my new acquaintance, and that all was neat and well planned.

'Yes,' he answered, 'it is so. The company have not been sparing in making us comfortable. All is as nice as we could desire it to be. It is really very necessary, however, that it should be so; for, being obliged to be always here ready and on the watch, one could hardly do without these little comforts. My brother and I are happy enough together.'

'I should think,' I observed, 'the employment must have much in it that is pleasant—a charm peculiar to itself?'

'You are right,' he said; 'at first it possessed an indescribable charm. There was something mysterious about it; and it was with a strange feeling, unlike anything I had ever known, that I used to find myself holding converse with others far off, and watching, as it were, their countenances in the dial-plate. But the novelty over, all this died away; and though I still like the employment, it is no longer invested with its original charm.'

'Were you long in learning to work?' I inquired.

'Not very long—it is not so difficult; but it takes a long time before you are able to read the communications sent to you—that is to say, quickly and easily. The speed with which a message is conveyed depends much on the person receiving it; for if he is quick and clever, he will understand what the words are before they are spelled to the end; and so, meeting the other, as it were, half-way, the communication is carried on with great rapidity.'

Here the hammer of the alarum, which, before we went into the other room, had been set, began making a tremendous noise.

'Ha!' said I, 'some one is about to speak with you.'

We went to the door of the little parlour, and looked into the office at the needles. They were moving backwards and forwards with their usual click-click.

'Is it for you?' I asked.

'Yes,' he replied; 'so many times to the right, and so many times to the left, that signifies —— station.'

'What is it about?' I inquired, as I watched the two needles, which, by their different movements over the small segment of a circle, expressed everything.

'It's about the down-train to-morrow. We are to send up some carriages.'

'And where is it from?'

'From the chief station in town.'

The needles soon moved again.

'Is it still the people in London who are speaking?'

'No: now it is the —— station.'

I now had an opportunity of seeing how quickly my companion read the movements of the needles. Incessantly came the jerk, meaning 'I understand;' again and again at quickly-repeated intervals. Once there was an unusual movement, and I afterwards inquired what it meant.

'It meant,' he replied, '"Say that once more." I could not make out what was said; and, just as I imagined, the other clerks had made a mistake.'

Now came the answer; and it was astonishing how quickly it was delivered. As one's words pour out of the mouth in speaking, so here they were poured forth by handsful. How the needles rushed backwards and forwards, then halted! now came a quick shake, and then off they dashed to the side with a bold decided swing! There was no hesitation here. Rattle, rattle, rattle; right, left, right: on it went without a pause; and soon the people at —— had got their answer from the snug little parlour at the —— station.

The evening had closed in, and there I still sat over the fire. A fire—a coal-fire in an English grate has a wonderful attraction for an Englishman who has been a long time from his old home. This was the case with myself; and therefore it was, I suppose, that I hung about the hearth as one does about a spot that is fraught with pleasant recollections. It was quiet, and cheerful, and cozy. Presently the clicking noise was heard again.

'Ah, ah! it is from the —— station,' said my companion, rising. 'It is a friend of mine who is speaking,' he continued. 'He wants to know if I shall come up next Sunday or not. "I—don't—think—I shall,"' he said, repeating the words he was expressing by the wires. 'He asks me if "I am alone." "No—a—friend—is—here—with—me."'

'I am glad you have somebody with you, and are not alone, for it is most confoundedly dull,' came back in reply.

'Almost every evening,' said my companion, 'we have a little chat before night comes on. He does not like being alone, so he talks with me.'

'Who have you got with you?' asked the friend so lonesome at the —— station.

'No—one—you—know'—was the answer.

'I tell you what,' I said, laughing, 'I'll give him a riddle. Ask him, from me, "When did Adam first use a walking-stick?"'

'When Eve presented him with a little Cain (*cane*),' came back as reply almost directly.

'Confound the fellow!' I exclaimed; 'I am sure he knew it before;' and we both laughed heartily.

'Confound—the—fellow—I'm—sure—he—knew—it—before'—repeated my companion by means of the wires.

'Look at the needles,' I said; 'how they are moving!'

* Every month, I believe.

† If I remember rightly, L.500.

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'Yes, he is laughing,' he replied; 'that means laughing! He is laughing heartily!'

Shake! shake! shake! shake! We laughed too in return by telegraph, just as we were then doing in reality. Another hearty laugh came back, with a 'Good-night!' We wished 'Good-night' in return, and our bit of chat was over.

And soon after, bidding my friend a good-night too, I left him to pass the long hours till morning in companionship with that wonderful thing, which, though lifeless, was so sensitive, and though inanimate, could yet make itself heard by him who was appointed its watcher; its low yet audible vibrations being as the pulsations of a heart that at intervals, by its faint beating, gives sign of vitality.

A NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

Although romantic fiction is the most universally-popular of all the numerous departments of art, there seems to be a widely-spread conspiracy abroad to keep it down to a mere mercenary trade. It receives no fostering but in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence—and even this, it is said, to a very niggardly amount in these last days; and if at any time a critic ventures to measure it by the rules of his craft, and to regard the work under consideration as a whole, he is immediately met by an outcry from the publishers. These gentlemen—taking them of course as a body, and without minding the exceptions—appear to derive but little mental profit from the materials in which they deal. Their notion is, that to develop the story of a novel, in order to examine its artistical merits, is a kind of robbery: they would have the *critic* present to the public some beautiful bricks as a specimen of the building, but by no means analyse its nature and proportions. They think that two or three descriptive columns will damage irremediably their two or three volumes: for who will care to send for the book to the library when he already knows how the plot is concocted, and that the heroine is married after all? It is true the great standard works, of which edition after edition comes pouring from the press, are well known to everybody both in their story and characters; but unless the novels of the season contain mysteries to attract the curiosity—they will not sell.

It would be easy to show that even as regards the mere fact this is quite erroneous. The plot of a novel which excites any attention at all, is publicly known and commented on within a few days after publication; and the book is not read the less on that account, but the more. We do not go to the theatre to find out the dénouement of a play, but to derive pleasure from the skill with which a known dénouement is brought out. We have all, even the most ignorant, an intuitive feeling that the story or the comedy is a work of art subjected to our criticism; and our silent comments, our tears, our laughter, or our clapping of hands, are all tokens that we understand the privileges and duties of our office.

But the notion we allude to is far worse than a mistake, for it shows the utter indifference that prevails respecting the advancement of the beautiful department of art in question. The publishers desire their novels to sell on the instant of publication, before their real merits or demerits are known, and they look upon those therefore as enemies who deprive them of the supposed advantage of mystery. When the season is over, a work of the kind has no more odour to their senses than a primrose after spring. They are quite satisfied if the crop has been successful, and look to a new crop for next season. The analogies of the other departments of literature are lost upon them, and romantic fiction is to remain a mere toy of fashion—a mere pastime of mental indolence, *in secula seculorum*.

The majority of reviewers on their part are very ready to take the cue from the publishers, partly because the latter supply them with books, and partly because the plan imposed upon them is far easier than a comprehensive criticism. They have too much knowledge and reflection to believe in a fallacy which would throw down romantic fiction from its place in high art; but the fallacy is convenient, and to uphold it prudent, and thus we find many persons who have assumed the name of critics closing their series of extracts from a popular novel with the declaration, that they would consider it unfair to unveil the mystery of the plot! Under such patronage, it is no wonder that novels of the season rarely deserve any other fate than to die and be forgotten when the season is over. Once in an age a genius like Scott may appear to fulfil the conditions of art by mere inspiration, unable to describe or comprehend the process by which he works; but to form a school of cultivation, and thus elevate the department to its true place in literature, is impossible under present circumstances. Great writers must go on as heretofore, lavishing their powers each on a single province—some acquiring a reputation in design, some in character, some in moral colouring, some in material colouring—but none achieving or even attempting a work of high art; and small writers, who cannot boast of distinction as regards anything in particular, must be satisfied, as usual, with being included in the chit-chat of a month, and receiving the congratulations of their acquaintances as the authors of a novel of the season.

As a type of the individuals on whom this injustice falls heaviest, we take the author of 'Olive.'* We dealt with her work of last year with a careful though unsparing hand; because, with all its faults, we saw in it the germs of something noble. This young woman, enveloped in the anonymous veil, rising in the midst of the clamorous crowd of the metropolis to give the world a touch of her quality, appeared to us to be distinguished by a feeling of art which we looked for in vain among the great majority of her more experienced competitors. She appeared to have expended some thought upon the work she had undertaken; to have considered it as a thing to be compounded of various and harmonious parts, and not as a mere vehicle for display in some province peculiarly her own; to have looked upon it as an essay in art which—with an author's presumption, but hiding her face as a woman—she was about to hang up in the great gallery of literature for public inspection as a picture, as a whole. This fixed our attention upon the artist, and although 'The Ogilvics' passed away, as a matter of course, with the season, we were curious to know what she would do next. She has done just what we hoped. 'Olive' is not an aspiration, but a performance: it is a work of art, with not a few shortcomings, and even deformities, but still a work of art; and notwithstanding the low and mercenary feelings that surround her like an atmosphere in the business of literature, and the deprivation in which she must live of all bold and generous sympathies, we are entitled, from the growing principle of vitality we discern in her creations, to indulge the dream that they will by and by, in spite of the evil influences of the time, cease to be reckoned as novels of the season, or novels of the generation.

We presume to term 'Olive' a work of art, because of the unity of purpose, and subordination of parts to the general effect, which are distinctly visible throughout: a condition recognised as imperative in all other departments of art—in music, painting, sculpture, architecture—as well as in romantic fiction. The heroine, in whom is embodied the author's thought, is

* Olive, a Novel, by the Author of 'The Ogilvies.' 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

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a portrait of woman, an exponent of the functions, beauty, and power of the sex, completely irrespective of material circumstances. But here the fixedness of the author's idea, the earnestness of her zeal in its development, even while proclaiming her a true artist, leads her into a transgression of the rules of art. Olive, in order that she may owe nothing to externals, in order that the divorcement between moral and physical beauty may be complete, is *deformed*: a manifest error, for art is careful not to degrade nature. She might have been ungraceful; she might have been plain to excess; she might have been pale to sickliness; but the moment the line of ordinary, natural symmetry is broken, she is removed out of the circle of our *poetical* sympathies, to which she can only be restored—if restored at all—by slow and painful efforts. The author, as she proceeded in her task, became conscious of this; for the deformity diminishes as the young girl grows older, as the time approaches when her spiritual charms are to awaken human love; and towards the close of the narrative, it is alluded to rarely and slightly as something that had better be forgotten.

But this defect is only recognised to be such at the period of life we have alluded to; before then, it is productive of many striking and beautiful effects, which the critic may regret were not brought out in a more legitimate manner, but which the general reader accepts without question. Olive's mother is a weak beauty, who dotes on her scarcely less weak and equally beautiful husband, and looks upon the child, when it comes, as the future peacemaker between her and the haughty family in which she is a hitherto unacknowledged intruder. In her imagination it is to have a something of Angus's likeness and something of her own; or, in other words, the baby is to be the beau ideal of a child; and the scene in which the terrible truth is disclosed to the young mother by the nurse and doctor is finely wrought. This is the conclusion:—

'"She shall be christened after our English fashion, doctor, and her name shall be Olive. What do you think of her now? Is she growing prettier?"

'The doctor bowed a smiling assent, and walked to the window. Thither Elspie followed him.

"Ye maun tell her the truth—I daurna. Ye will?" and she clutched his arm with eager anxiety. "An' oh, for Godsake, say it saftly, kindly! Think o' the puir mither."

'He shook her off with an uneasy look. He had never felt in a more disagreeable position.

'Mrs Rothesay called him back again. "I think, doctor, her features are improving. She will certainly be a beauty. I should break my heart if she were not. And what would Angus say? Come; what are you and Elspie talking about so mysteriously?"

"My dear madam—hem!" began Dr Johnson. "I do hope—indeed I am sure—your child will be a good child, and a great comfort to both her parents"——

"Certainly; but how grave you are about it."

"I have a painful duty—a very painful duty," he replied; but Elspie pushed him aside——

"Ye're just a fule, man! Ye'll kill her. Say your say at ance!"

'The young mother turned deadly pale. "Say *what*, Elspie? What is he going to tell me? Angus"——

"No, no, my darlin' leddy; your husband's safe;" and Elspie flung herself on her knees beside the chair. "But the bairnie—dinna fear, for it's the will o' God, and a' for gude, nae doubt—the sweet wee bairnie is"——

"Is, I grieve to say it, deformed!" added Dr Johnson.

'The poor mother gazed incredulously on him, on the nurse, and lastly on the sleeping child. Then, without a word, she fell back, and fainted in Elspie's arms.'

This child is born during the father's absence; and when he at length returns, the weak mother is filled with shame and terror as the moment approaches when she must present to him his first-born. The presentation is the ground of a quarrel. The weak Mrs Rothesay had deceived her husband throughout as to the deformity; and in reproaching her with the *lie*, his masculine weakness has some occupation which renders the blow less stunning. Love, confidence, respect between the wedded pair, are at an end, or at least at the beginning of the end; and Olive, neglected by both, and left to the impulses of her heart and genius, acted upon by the external forms and teaching voices of nature in the solitude in which they lived, grows up a gentle, thoughtful, loving, melancholy child.

The deformed child was *felt* in this disappointed family; she was almost the sole tie between father and mother. 'Little Olive was growing almost a woman now, but she was called "little Olive" still. She retained her diminutive stature, together with her girlish dress, but her face wore, as ever, its look of premature age. And as she sat between her father and mother, now helping the one in her delicate fancy-work, now arranging the lamp for the other's reading, continually in request by both, or, when left quiet for a minute, watching both with anxious earnestness, there was quite enough in Olive's manner to show that she had entered on a woman's life of care, and had not learned a woman's wisdom one day too soon.' Captain Rothesay's temper becomes harsh and peremptory; the estrangement between him and his wife increases; and the announcement of his ruin produces a scene in which Olive acts as the good angel. 'This night—and not for the first time either—the little maiden of fifteen might have been seen acting with the energy and self-possession of a woman, soothing her mother's hysterical sufferings, smoothing her pillow, and finally watching by her until she fell asleep. Then Olive crept down stairs, and knocked at her father's study door. He said, "Come in," in a dull, subdued tone. She entered, and saw him sitting, his head on his hand, jaded and exhausted, leaning over the last embers of the fire, which had gone out without his noticing it. . . . The father turned round again, and looked into his daughter's eyes. Perhaps he read there a spirit equal to and not unlike his own—a nature calm, resolute, clear-sighted; the strong will and decision of a man united to the tenderness of a woman. From that hour father and daughter understood one another.'

Olive at length comes into society. She mixes with the young, the fair, and the happy, and has an instinctive consciousness that she is different from all. She fancies that she is merely not beautiful, and the thought is painful, for Olive is an artist by nature, and a born worshipper of beauty. She goes to a ball, and no one leads her out to the dance—no one but her lonely friend Sara. Surely there is something more that causes this distinction? Some words of a conversation fell upon her ear that painfully aroused her curiosity: the question is asked, and is carefully, tenderly, caressingly answered—but still answered, and Olive knows that she is deformed.

The effect upon the gentle but firm-minded girl is to withdraw still more her thoughts from herself, and to devote her affections and sympathies to others. The father, who had spurned the deformed infant, now falls gradually under her tender sway, and the intemperate habits into which his misery drives him are awed and repressed by the meek looks of his daughter. She is the mother of her weak mother, whom she habitually terms 'darling,' as she counsels, guides, and impels her. At her father's death, the orphan girl is the protector of the widow; and passing away from the scenes hallowed by duty and affliction, they seek together a new abiding-place upon the earth.

They are now in the environs of London, tenanting

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the house of a painter and his sister—two characters drawn with masterly power. 'He was a most extraordinary-looking man, was Mr Vanbrugh. Olive had, indeed, delicately called him "not handsome," for you probably would not see an uglier man twice in a lifetime. Gigantic and ungainly in height, and coarse in feature, he certainly was the very antipodes of his own exquisite creations.' His attention is attracted by the still beautiful widow—not as a woman, but as a form made to be painted. '"Madam," said he, "I want a Grecian head. Yours just suits me. Will you oblige me by sitting?" And then adding, as a soothing and flattering encouragement, "It is for my great work—my 'Alcestis'—one of a series of six pictures which I hope to finish one day!" He tossed back his long iron-gray hair, and his eyes, lighted with wild genius, scanned curiously the gentle creature, whom he had hitherto noticed only with the usual civilities of an acquaintanceship consequent on some months' residence in the same house.' In this house Olive sees the development of a principle which had existed within her from infancy: she becomes a painter; and with her first earnings she pays a debt of her deceased father, which is destined to have an important effect upon her own fortunes. Then came the total deprivation of Mrs Rothesay's sight; but so gradually, that it 'caused no despondency; and the more helpless she grew, the closer she was clasped by those supporting arms of filial love, which softened all pain, supplied all need, and were to her instead of strength, youth, eyesight!' But they are happy in the midst of all—even cheerful; 'for cheerfulness, originally foreign to Olive's nature, had sprung up there—one of those heart-flowers which love, passing by, sows according as they are needed, until they bloom as though indigenous to the soil. To hear Miss Rothesay laugh, as she was laughing just now, you would have thought she was the merriest creature in the world, and had been so all her life. Moreover, from this blithe laugh, as well as from her happy face, you might have taken her for a young maiden of nineteen, instead of a woman of six-and-twenty, which she really was. But with some natures, after youth's first sufferings are passed, life's dial seems to run backward.'

Vanbrugh at length determined to remove to Italy, and on the occasion he made a proposal to Olive which startled and astonished her. This man, whose enthusiasm had inspired her with 'a delight almost like terror, for it made her shudder and tremble as though within her own poor frame was that Pythian effluence, felt, not understood—the spirit of Genius:' this man proposed to make his scholar his wife.

'"Miss Rothesay," said he, "I wish to talk to you as to a sensible and noble woman (there are such I know, and such I believe you to be). I also speak as to one like myself—a true follower of our divine art, who to that one great aim would bend all life's purposes, as I have done."

'He paused a moment, and seeing that no answer came, continued—

"All these years you have been my pupil, and have become necessary to me and to my art. To part with you is impossible; it would change all my plans and hopes. There is but one way to prevent this. You are a woman: I cannot take you for my son, but I can take you for—my wife!"

'Utterly astounded, Olive listened like one in a dream. "Your wife—I—your wife!" was all she murmured.

"Yes!" he cried, still not changing the firm, grave, dignified tone in which he had spoken. "I ask you—not for my own sake, but for that of our noble art. I am a man long past my youth—perhaps even a stern, rude man. I cannot give you love, but I can give you glory. Living, I can make of you such an artist as no woman ever was before; dying, I can bequeathe to you the immortality of my fame. Answer me—is this nothing?"'

On Olive's refusal, he looks at her with a stern, cold pride, but no passion:—

'"As you will—as you will. I thought you a great-souled kindred genius; I find you a mere *woman*. Jest on at the old fool with his gray hairs—go and wed some young, gay"——

"Look upon me!" said Olive, with a mournful meaning in her tone; "is such a one as I likely to marry?"

"I have spoken ill," said Vanbrugh in a touched and humbled voice. "Nature has mocked us both: we ought to deal gently with one another. Forgive me, Olive!"'

This is not the only offer of marriage Olive has. When she is verging towards the scarcely poetical age of thirty, she is addressed by a handsome and wealthy young man, over whom she has exercised a kind of fascination ever since his boyhood. Olive is still more surprised than by the former declaration. She cannot at first comprehend him:—

'"Forgive me," she said. "All this is so strange; you cannot really mean it. It is utterly impossible that you can love me. I am old compared with you; I have no beauty; nay, even more than that"—— Here she paused, and her colour sensitively rose.

"I know what you would say," quickly added the young man; "but I think nothing of it—nothing! To me you are, as I said, like an angel. I have come here to-day on purpose to tell you so—to ask you to share my riches, and teach me to deserve them. Dearest Miss Rothesay, listen to me, and be my wife!"'

While destined to disappoint others, she is herself—this deformed girl—the victim of a love attachment which consumes her for years. And here the author has carried to excess that principle of contrast which rules in the sister art, and which may be seen by everybody in the pictures of Turner. Harold Gwynne, cold, stern, almost repulsive in manner, a clergyman, and yet conscientiously an infidel, is the object of Olive's hopeless passion. He has no attraction but beauty, and that aspect of lofty and lonely virtue which formed the charm of the ancient sages, ere human wisdom was warmed and enlightened by a religion which throws the sunlight of heaven upon the human character. This is the man whom the soft, loving, genial, pious Olive has singled from the world, and towards whom she has felt a kind of mystical gravitation even from the moment when her first earnings were devoted to the repayment of a debt of honour contracted to his family by her father. We cannot praise the sentimental conversion of the infidel priest, or the prudence which, without any conceivable necessity, thus tampers with holy things in the pages of a novel; but such matters admitted, there are both grace and power exhibited in the gradual approach of two beings so different, till their whole natures are blended and molten into one.

It is not external circumstances that keep them asunder, and form the embroglio of the story, but internal misgivings. Olive condemns as fantastic and absurd the wild hope that every now and then springs up in her woman's heart, the hope of things impossible—to her; and Harold, already past his youth, and conscious of no loveable qualities, is fortified by pride, and the stern resolve of his character, against the evidence of tokens that would have been only too obvious to a meaner spirit. This is not unnatural, even considering the relative circumstances of the pair; for the moment a man loves, all material inequalities vanish, and his mistress—were she a peasant girl—is raised from the common earth, and stands upon a pedestal.

The death of her mother increases her loneliness; and the addresses of another suitor, young and wealthy,

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to whom she had appeared an angel from the dreams of his very boyhood, may be supposed to have relieved her from the haunting sense of her own incapability of inspiring passion. But as she advanced in self-confidence, the object of her idolatrous attachment grew greater and nobler. 'Never did any woman think less of herself than Olive Rothesay; yet as she stood twisting up her beautiful hair, she felt glad that it *was* beautiful. Once she thought of what Marion had told her about some one saying she was "like a dove." Who said it? Not Harold—that was impossible. Arranging her dress, she looked a moment, with half-mournful curiosity, at the pale, small face reflected in the mirror.

"Ah no! there is no beauty in me. Even did he care for me, I could give him nothing but my poor, lowly woman's heart. I can give him that still. There is something sweet and holy in pouring round him this invisible flood of love. It must bring some blessing on him yet; and despite all I suffer, the very act of loving is blessedness to me!"'

As a specimen of the self-torture this shrinking sensitiveness inflicts, we give the following conclusion to one of their conversations:—

'"But," said Harold, his voice hoarse and trembling, "what if they should live on thus for years, and never marry. What if he should die?"

"Die!"

"Yes. If so, far better that he should never have spoken—that his secret should go down with him to the grave."

"What! you mean that he should die, and she never know that he loved her! Oh, Heaven! what misery could equal that!"

'As Olive spoke, the tears sprang into her eyes, and, utterly subdued, she stood still and let them flow.

'Harold, too, seemed strangely moved, but only for a moment. Then he said, very softly and quietly, "Miss Rothesay, you speak like one who feels every word. These are things we learn in but one school. Tell me, as a friend, who night and day prays for your happiness, are you not speaking from your own heart? You love, or you have loved?"

'For a moment Olive's senses seemed to reel. But his eyes were upon her—those truthful, truth-searching eyes. "Must I look in his face and tell him a lie?" was her half-frenzied thought. "I cannot, I cannot! And he will never, never know!"

'She bowed her head, and answered in a low, heart-broken murmur, one word—"Yes!"

"And with a woman like you, to love once is to love for evermore?"

'Again Olive bent her head speechlessly—and that was all. There was a sound as of crushed leaves, and those with which Harold had been playing fell scattered on the ground. He gave no other sign of emotion or sympathy.'

But all this is in due time at an end. Some accident always occurs—a storm, a shipwreck, a fire, a fall: anything will do (and novel-writers, knowing that originality is now out of the question, take anything that comes to hand) to break asunder the chains of conventionalism, and give speech to the heart, soul, senses. In this case Harold speaks from a bed of almost fatal sickness, and he speaks briefly:—'There was a brief silence, and then Olive, gliding from her seat, knelt beside the couch where Harold lay. She tried to speak—she tried to tell him the story of her one great love, so hopeless, yet so faithful—so passionate, yet so dumb. But she could utter nothing save the heart-bursting cry—"Harold! Harold!" And therein he learned all.'

The last picture, contained in the last lines of the book, is this:—

'They walked on a long way, even climbing to the summit of the Braid Hills. The night was coming on fast—the stormy night of early winter—for the wind had risen, and swept howling over the heathery ridge.

"But I have my plaid here, and you will not mind the cold, my lassie—Scottish born," said Harold to his wife. And in his own cheek, now brown with health, rose the fresh mountain-blood, while the bold mountain-spirit shone in his fearless eyes. No marvel that Olive, stealing beside him, looked with pride to her noble husband, and thought that not in the whole world was there such another man!

"I glory in the wind," cried Harold, tossing back his head, and shaking his wavy hair, something lion-like. "It makes me strong and bold. I love to meet it, to wrestle with it; to feel myself in spirit and in frame, stern to resist, daring to achieve, as a man should feel!"

'And on her part Olive, with her clinging sweetness, her upward gaze, was a type of true woman. But Harold did not bend his look upon her; he was just then in the mood when a great man needs no human intervention—not even a wife's—between him and the aspirations which fill his soul.

"I think," he cried, "that there is a full, rich life before me yet. I will go forth and rejoice therein; and if misfortune come, I will meet it—thus!"

'He planted his foot firmly on the ground, lifted his proud head, and looked out fearlessly with his majestic eyes.

"And I," said Olive, "thus!"

'She stole her two little cold hands under his plaid, laid her head upon them, close to his heart, and, smiling, nestled there.

'And the loud, fierce wind swept by, but it harmed not them, thus warm and safe in love. So they stood, true man and woman, husband and wife, ready to go through the world without fear, trusting in each other, and looking up to Heaven to guide their way.'

The reader will perceive that he has here the story of a Model Woman, not owing her power to superficial or sensuous attractions, but to the high, holy, and yet simple character of her mind and affections. This is what we have called a work of art; and we think we have in some sort justified ourselves in so doing, although compelled to omit even the names of several of the most interesting and important personages in the piece. But still our sketch is more of the nature than of the plan of the work, and the reader will have to fancy the thousand natural incidents that form the links of a narrative which he will perhaps consent, with surprise and regret at the necessity, to term a Novel of the Season.

INFLUENCE.

We have been impressed with a remark which we recently met in the published correspondence of Bishop Shirley; namely, 'The view of life which deepens on my mind daily is, that its very essence is influence; the nature and degree of our influence on others is the measure of our own existence, and power intellectual or spiritual;' and have been led by it into a train of cogitation as to what influence is, and on what it may be deemed founded.

It might be generalising matters too much to describe mankind as divided into the two classes of those who lead, and those who *are led;* and yet if we look around, we shall discover such to be in a great measure the case; the exceptions, namely, of such as are unsusceptible of influence one way or the other, commonly pertaining to individuals of neutral character. We deem the preceding axiom of the worthy bishop's, or the right reverend divine's, or at least the remark that follows,* to lean perhaps too hardly on the class of those who are the *recipients*, not the directors, of the

* See 'Memoirs of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man,' p. 316.

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propelling power in question; for they may be persons of worth nevertheless, and have a mission of usefulness in their own way to fulfil.

A curious subject of speculation might at the outset be started, as to whether men or women have in general had most influence, and which have most ambitiously aspired to obtain it?—a question which at all events, as regards the history of private life in opposition to the great political arena of public events, we should be inclined to decide in favour of the female sex. But from what does influence itself spring? We desire to analyse the principle on which rests the ascendancy of mind over mind.

The most commonly adopted theory is that which has been transmitted to us in the well-known reply of Leonore de Galigai, who observed that 'she had used no other sorcery than that influence which a strong mind will ever have over a weak one;' and a corresponding declaration might have been made by the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough as to the nature of the control she exercised over the weak-minded Anne. This is resolving influence on its highest grounds. Decision of character is in fact the greatest moral lever that can be wielded: it clears a way for itself amidst opposition, and it is wonderful to see how feebler minds fall back, and instinctively give place to the master-spirit. The highest order of minds, we contend, are not subject to be thus acted *upon*. Possessed in themselves of those grand elements of quick penetration, firmness of purpose, and promptitude in action, which are so useful in steering one's passage through life, they are all-sufficient to manage the helm themselves, and need not to repose on the guidance of others.

We deem that the question of mental ascendancy has been too uniformly disposed of on the preceding hypothesis, or, as in common parlance, the phrase goes—the secret of all management is deemed to consist in great 'cleverness' on the one hand; the inference—frequently a false one—being, that the other party must necessarily be 'weak.'

It strikes us that other influences, not so readily taken into account, may be as often at work as this so frequently-predicated doctrine of 'a strong mind,' &c.: the principle of all apparently being, the consciousness of some deficiency in ourselves, and the perception of an abundant supply of it in another, we involuntarily seek to imbibe by contact, and, as it were, strengthen a weak part.

This may serve in a great degree to account for the likings of the unlike.* We are both apt to affix a high value to gifts which we do not ourselves possess, and also in daily life will be found instinctively to cherish those who in any way conduce to our comfort or amusement. From this root of self-love, then, so inherent in the human breast, springs the influence which a mere capacity even to *entertain* will often give one individual over another. The dull or the weary man will make high account of him (or her) who shall succeed in pleasantly beguiling the passing hour; and such being the ability possessed by the young by reason of their good spirits—by the well-informed or witty who can daily strike out novelties in thought—nay, by the simply garrulous, who can always furnish small-talk—it is not strange that in the passive season of declining life especially, we should so often find that some favourite grandchild or companion, or even domestic, wholly obtains 'the ear,' as it is termed, of the person with whom they live.

This principle, which will be found to pervade mankind from the court to the cottage, forms a solution to the remarkable ascendancy which Madame de Maintenon, when no longer young, acquired over Louis XIV. When this monarch (who, by the way, is represented by the Duchess of Orleans in her 'Memoirs' to have been singularly deficient in conversational talent) found himself at that age when 'the voice of singing men and singing women' no longer delights, and *blasé* with a long life of self-indulgence, it was an invaluable relief to him to be able to command the hourly association of an agreeable woman. Of Madame de Maintenon it might be said, as it was of an English lady of rank nearly her cotemporary,* that 'she was able to converse on every subject, from the *sleaing* of silk to predestination;' but beside her colloquial powers, she exercised over the half-penitent, half-superstitious monarch a degree of spiritual control which formed in itself a separate ingredient of influence. She it was who urged him to acts of persecuting intolerance to his Protestant subjects as a fancied expiation for the sins of his past life; thus with the one hand administering opiates to lull his conscience, while with the other she presented cordials to revive his drooping spirits.

When we find history presenting us with a catalogue of names, male and female, of those who have figured as favourites to sovereigns, apparently without any adequate desert of their own, we conceive that the theory in question will afford a clue to the mystery. They supplied them with ideas, they enlivened the passing hour; though the peculiar talents which enabled them to do so have not of course been transmitted to us. Suffice it to know, that the effect was felt at the time. And such peculiar adaptation to the disposition of their royal masters was no doubt more the instrument by which Wolsey and the two Buckinghams worked their way at court, than by any question of abstract talent. The portrait transmitted to us of the first unfortunate duke of that name, favours our view by showing how exactly he, with his ardent, frank, daring nature, was suited to fill up the *hiatus*, as it were, in the character of the cautious, proud, and somewhat melancholy monarch; consequently the latter was soon led implicitly to lean on him. Again, in speaking of the sprightliness and elegant address of the queen, D'Israeli says—'Charles admired in Henrietta those personal graces which he himself wanted,'† &c. and the influence of this favourite wife has been generally received as matter of history. Yet in neither of these cases do we conceive there to have been any mental superiority in the parties exercising influence; and Charles, though not a strong-minded man *par excellence*, still hardly deserves to be called a weak one.

There is an ascendancy we may sometimes observe to exist, even where decision of character and talent are all on one side; namely, that of an imperturbably calm temper over a rash and violent one. If the reader's observation corresponds with ours, he will, we think, find corroboration of this remark in many a domestic circle around—only modifying the idea of passion to what may be termed impetuosity of temperament—and it will be found not unfrequently to exist in wedded life, where the one party, raised perhaps from obscure origin, brings nothing but worth and sweetness of temper to the possessor of worldly advantages, fine genius, and an irascible disposition. Here, again, let us take the common and now well-travelled-over ground of history. To what was the influence exercised over Peter the Great by his humbly-born wife attributable? To the uniform placidity of her temper, while his own was furious: in this all historians concur. Indeed, apart from the self-possession which Catherine displayed in the affair of Pruth, we search in vain for any records of greatness of soul, or specific ability in any way that the empress possessed; and even her personal charms—an endowment that so often wields sway *per se*—have never been insisted on. Madame de Maintenon, alluded to above, is likewise known to have been a remarkably even-tempered woman, and

* See No. 132 of this Journal.

* Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.

† 'Curiosities of Literature,' Charles I. and II. Henrietta.

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the same well-wearing quality was a leading feature in the character of the celebrated Countess of Suffolk, who in the last century was so conspicuously distinguished as the favourite both of her royal master and mistress.

We believe that good temper, or at least the semblance of it, is essential in the long-run to the maintenance of female influence; the exceptions being where that influence, begun under particular circumstances, is continued, from force of habit, until a period when the yoke, though felt to be grievous, nevertheless cannot be shaken off. We have already adverted to the Duchess of Marlborough. Now her lively spirits, as *Sarah Jennings*, was in early life the precise quality suited as an antidote to her royal mistress's inanity. Anne needed in her young days rather to be excited than rocked to repose; but when, at a later period, the tyrannical rule of the favourite occasioned her downfall, we find her place supplied by the *good-tempered* Mrs Masham, whose ready obsequiousness was better adapted to soothe declining years, as well as to minister to that love of the 'divine right' which to the last formed such a strong ingredient in the character of this last of the Stuarts.

There is a moral ascendancy founded simply on conviction of worth, and which commends itself to our appreciation by unswerving integrity, by recognition of attachment to our best interests. This was the noble sway which the *virtuous* Sully held over the counsels of Henry IV. of France; and such was the nature of that holy spell which Fenelon cast about his pupil, when he attained over him an influence as remarkable as ever he depicted his own Mentor to have done over Telemachus.

In fine, influence, derivable from whatever source—and we have seen how the qualities of the head and the heart may be severally tributary—may be summarily defined, as to its effect, as a habit of making a certain individual our involuntary referee on every occasion, and deeming that his or her judgment must be 'the proper thing' by which to abide. And let it be added, that much frequently depends on the *prestige* that such individual bears about him: it is not always that our friend is pre-eminently clever, or judicious, or faithful, but 'tis 'our thinking makes it so.' In connection with this, let the force of habit be borne in mind; it is next to impossible to disabuse our minds as to the merits of a person who has long been the object of our regard, for the indolence of our nature renders us more disposed to abide by impressions already received—even if we begin to have a glimpse of their falsity—than to set out anew in search of truth. Thus influence will be commonly found to maintain its ground until driven out by a *stronger* influence—by one, for instance, in certain cases more adapted to some change in ourselves or our position.

The force of habit, and the prestige of instinctive reverence, combine most naturally—and it is right they should do so—in those whose relationship, &c. have given them, so to speak, an *ex officio* right of control over us. The very names my 'parent,' 'pastor,' 'master,' &c. convey to the ears of the young an impression that from the flat of these sages there is no appeal, and their presumed superiority of judgment is deemed necessary to stamp propriety on every action. But when the period of pupilage is past, and the expanded importance of our position enables us successfully to resist any prolonged attempt at dictatorship, we become impatient at having others to think for us. Then it is that for parents or guardians, who would retain a moral influence over their young people after the right to coerce has passed away, it will be found of the last importance that their own disposition and abilities should be recognised to be of true metal, and bear to be 'weighed in the balance;' not merely deriving fictitious consequence in right of the office they have filled. Where such is happily the case, the influence of friendship will often supervene to that of authority, and counsel be sought where it can no longer be obtruded. It is at the period when young persons are emancipated from direct control that the *interregnum* of influence is most apt to be filled up, and then a friend or wife frequently steps in to assume the post of permanent adviser. If the influence be for good, all is well; but let it ever be borne in recollection, with special reference to the case of the ductile-minded, that the human heart, almost as much as nature, 'abhors a vacuum;' and that the causes which we have endeavoured to trace will, we believe, be found to be of inevitable operation. To deduce from them, in this place, any caution as to the associations we should permit to those for whom we are interested, might seem too trite, and would come more under the department of the moralist than of the physiologist. It would likewise diverge from the immediate point at issue, which has reference to the art of maintaining influence, not to what may be the possible effects of it upon others. Our remarks, as it is, have been too much protracted; and we hasten to conclude them, after having given expression to our own opinion as to what the grand secret is in which all influence may be considered bound up. It is contained in that pithy advice of Lord Chesterfield to his son, 'MAKE YOURSELF WANTED;' and the individual possessing those mental requisites which most immediately tally with our 'wants,' will ever be found to be him who will in time acquire the most influential control over us.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

'LOUISA, my love,' said Mrs Crawford, 'I don't at all like this method of yours, or rather want of method. It shows a sad fickle disposition never to finish what you have begun, but invariably to leave it for something new. Where are the slippers you were working for papa, and which you were so anxious to finish by Christmas-Eve?'

'In the chiffonnière, mamma. There is plenty of time. I have only the grounding to complete.'

'Then those warm winter mitts you began for Aunt Townsend. She would be very glad of them this frosty weather. You have had them in hand, I think, for more than a month.'

Louisa looked annoyed. 'I mean to finish them, mamma; but I am quite tired of hearing of them. I think you need not be so very particular. I only just want to do this new pattern of a couvrette before Emily Lawson leaves us.'

'I should not mind about it, Louisa, if this were a solitary instance. But I see the disposition perpetually manifested. If you suffer it to grow upon you, my dear, you will never do anything well. Then look at the waste of material! There are three or four unfinished pieces of rugwork of yours at this moment, thrust into different corners out of the way, faded and dirty from having lain about on chairs and sofas, and which I do not believe you will ever finish.'

Louisa, whose temper was by no means perfect, made a somewhat abrupt reply; and her mother, seeing that no further good could then be done with her, ceased to speak, and soon after left the room.

The couvrette took up much more time than the little girl had calculated upon—so much, that Emily Lawson was obliged to return home before she had seen her pupil safe through the intricacies of the pattern. But she left behind what she considered plain directions for its continuance and completion; which, however, proved so little intelligible without the personal superintendence of the instructor, that Louisa, after many fruitless trials, gave up the attempt in despair; and the unfortunate crochet-work was con-

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signed, like many of its predecessors, to the oblivion of some work-table or chiffonnière.

It was now the Thursday before Christmas-Eve, which fell on a Monday. Louisa's brothers and sisters had all nearly prepared their little presents for each other and for papa and mamma, which were to be hung, labelled with the names of the persons for whom they were intended, to the grand Christmas Tree that was then to be exhibited. Louisa, less fortunate than they, was working in desperation at the only present she was at all likely to complete—the pair of slippers for papa.

'Louisa,' her mamma called from her little bedroom, 'come here before you do any more work, and arrange your drawers. I cannot allow you to leave them in such disorder.'

Louisa muttered an impatient exclamation, and obeyed; but in so hasty and passionate a manner, that her mamma remarked it, and desired her to be more gentle in her movements.

'There is no occasion to hurry, Louisa. You know that I do not like you to fuss about, as if you had all the business of the house upon your shoulders.'

'But I shall never have finished my slippers, mamma.'

'That is your own fault, my love. I told you what would be the consequence of your persisting in working at that couvrette.'

Louisa went discontentedly back again to her slippers, muttering to herself as she did so, 'I wish mamma would not be so neat. She might let me alone just till I had finished my present. How I do hate neatness and order!'

The Monday morning arrived, a joyful time to the little Crawfords, for every other occupation was laid aside that they might deck the Christmas Tree. A young fir-tree had been cut down for the purpose, and placed in a gaily-painted tub half filled with earth. Among the branches were numerous tiny tapers, fastened there ready for lighting at the time of exhibition. The children now, under the direction of their mamma, proceeded to hang oranges and apples by strings to some of the boughs, and to fasten among them bon-bons, gilded crackers, figs, bunches of raisins, and other such trifles. Then came the disposition of presents, chiefly their own handiwork, in conspicuous parts of the tree; and at this period of the proceedings mamma was requested to retire.

'Where is Louisa?' said little Emmeline. 'We want her present to hang up.'

'I will go and look for her,' said James. 'I am afraid she is in trouble. She was crying this morning; and when I asked what was the matter, she would not speak to me.'

Poor Louisa was sitting in a corner of the library, labouring at the grounding of the unfortunate slippers, the canvas on which she was working being so fine, that she could not, by the utmost exertion, advance more than one square in an hour. The tears were running down her face, dropping on the gay colours of the Berlin wool, and obstructing her gaze, so that she could scarcely see the stitches she wished to form.

'Dear Loo!' exclaimed her brother, running up to her, and throwing his arms round her neck, 'what is the matter? Are you ill? Is any one angry with you?'

Louisa wept more bitterly than before, and turned away from her would-be consoler. But James took her face gently between both his hands, and made her turn it towards him again, and drop the covering pocket-handkerchief.

'Come, dear Louisa, tell me, and I shall perhaps be able to help you?'

'No, my dear James,' sobbed the distressed child, 'you cannot help me. It is quite hopeless. I wish—I wish I had attended to what mamma said.'

'What is it, dear? Is it this work? You have only a little bit of this toe to finish.'

'That little bit, dear James, will take—— Oh, so long! I shall not be in time with it, if I work every minute of the day. There will be no present of mine on the Christmas Tree.'

'Is that all, Louisa? We will soon manage that,' said James cheerfully. 'Say nothing about it. Wait until I come back, and I will soon supply you with a present or two for the Christmas Tree.'

He was hastening away, but Louisa stopped him. 'No, brother,' she said firmly; 'I will not be so mean as to take the credit of any present that is not really my own. It is my own fault delaying so long, and I will patiently bear the mortification I deserve.'

James remonstrated, but it was of no use. Louisa dried her tears. 'Come,' said she, 'the rest will be waiting for us.'

They were all very sorry when they heard the state of the case, and would have given up anything to console their sister. The Christmas Tree was at length complete, and the schoolroom in which it was placed was locked up until the evening.

'Now, dear papa,' said Harriet, who was a year older than Louisa, after a great many nods and signs had been exchanged between the children after tea, and James and Emmeline had been quietly in and out of the room several times—'now, papa, come, if you please.'

Mr Crawford good-humouredly allowed himself to be half dragged, half pushed by the exulting children into the schoolroom. There, with its dozens of tapers blazing merrily, giving the spiked branches that peculiar tint which they only assume by an artificial light, stood the Christmas Tree. The kind father of course made believe that he was much surprised, though the same thing had occurred to him for the last three years; and the younger children danced about and clapped their hands with delight, as he advanced towards the tree, and examined its decorations.

'For dear Papa,' he read on the label of a neat little box that was suspended from one of the principal boughs.

James blushed. He had a mechanical genius, and his father having on the last Christmas-Eve placed a small turning lathe and a neat assortment of tools beneath the shadow of the Christmas Tree, the boy had since made good use of them. His present to his father was a very handy little box, to place on Mr Crawford's writing-desk, for the purpose of holding steel pens, odd bits of sealing-wax, and so forth.

The children now began to look a little closer; for while their father pretended to be merely examining the tree, he was in reality feeling in his pockets for various trifles therein deposited; which he quietly placed on the earth inside the tub, as a kind of ornamental barrier round the tree.

'Stand off! you young rogues,' he playfully shouted, making a great demonstration of fists and squared elbows; 'stand off, until I have taken possession of my share of the good things.'

'Oh, papa! papa is eating all the figs!' cried one. 'There goes my great bunch of raisins,' shouted another. 'Me some!' begged little Willie, the youngest. 'Me some, papa!'

'Look here, Emmeline,' said Mr Crawford to his wife, who stood by enjoying the scene. 'Some fairy has procured you the very thing you wanted—a new sheath for your spectacles; and here is a pincushion; and there a bag—all for you.'

'Come away, papa—naughty papa,' cried the children, who were tired of remaining inactive spectators. 'Papa is doing everything.'

Papa was ousted from his prominent position, and then commenced a general distribution of the presents. Even little Willie had been able to contribute. With

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his store of saved-up pennies he had walked with Harriet to the town on the previous Saturday, and there bought some pretty trifles for dear papa and mamma.

'Now let us look under the tree,' said mamma, when nothing remained on the branches but the tapers, and a few apples and oranges. 'Louisa, my love, the first present I meet with is labelled with your name.'

'Oh what a pretty box!' said the children. 'What is inside? Let me look.' 'And me.' 'And me.'

'Stop, my dears,' said their mamma; 'Louisa must open it herself.'

But Louisa did not seem in any hurry to move.

'Why don't you come forward to receive your present, my love?' inquired her father. 'It is a crochet and knitting-box, or whatever you call that work you are so fond of. I thought you would like something of the kind.'

Louisa blushed, and the tears stood in her eyes. 'Tell them, James,' she whispered, 'that I can't take it—I have given no present to anybody.'

When Mr Crawford knew how it was, he was very sorry; but he did not reprove Louisa just then, for her own sense of wrong was punishment enough, and he could not bear to see her young sorrowful face on that festive evening. All the children were made happy—each in his or her own way; and then they left the Christmas Tree in its native simplicity, with the remains of one or two dying tapers flickering among its branches.

The next morning was Christmas-Day, and no work was thought of; but the morning after—the children having no lessons that week—Louisa set herself with steady purpose to an undertaking she had planned in her own mind. Her mother coming into the school-room, found her in the midst of pieces of discarded rug and crochet-work, and skeins of knitting and crochet cotton, which she was sorting and folding up with the various pieces of work they were intended to complete.

'Mamma,' she said, rising and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, 'if I finish these, one by one, will you have hope of my amendment?'

'I shall indeed, my darling. By the time the last is completed, I trust you will have formed a habit of perseverance which will stand you in good stead all your life long.'

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—PRESENTS FROM CLIENTS—VEGETATION OF THE PARK—SCENERY OF THE RAINS—LAUNCH OF A STEAMER—CALCUTTA SET-OUT—VENAL MARRIAGES—DOMESTICS.

July 1*st*.—Still, up to this day, at this pleasant place, where, however, our occupations are too unvaried to furnish much matter for the journal, which has, to confess the truth, been of late somewhat neglected. We walk, ride, or drive when the weather is dry enough to permit us to get out. In the house we read, write, work, draw, or play with the merry children. All our evenings are devoted to music—a tenor and a baritone have come out in the voice department—the basso cannot leave his office just now; but our violoncello and one violin are here, so we are really busy; and sitting honestly in judgment on one another, we are likely in the end to do our parts well, and get up for our admiring friends a very creditable concert.

4*th*.—Mr Black's sick partner, who, by the by, has got almost quite well, is an extremely intelligent man. He has been a long time out in India; and from the nature of his intercourse with all varieties of natives, he has had opportunities of judging of them more accurately than many others can have done, for he did not come out young, and he had been well educated at home, belonging to a family of respectability. He tells me he is often amused with the unfortunate impression made upon new arrivals by the result of their first slight and very limited observations. They are apt to compare all they see with all that they remember; to mistake their own habits for customs necessary to all; to regard a long-cherished notion as an established truth—a law of nature! They make no allowance for the manners of other races, for the difference of climate, constitution, character, usage. He assures me that the people of this country are as happy as—happier than—the bulk of mankind; and that the reason why many of us doubt this, is because we, with our previous experience and turn of mind, could not make ourselves happy with the same very simple means. It was a gentle reproof for my frequent exclamations of pity for naked people fed on pulse, housed in matting, and lying on the ground. On the same principle I might weep that I was not born a princess! He showed me that the poor Hindoo, little as I think of him, is good-humoured, satisfied, content with his own ways, wishing for nothing beyond what he can possess, nor at present capable of enjoying any higher pleasures. And 'contentment being great riches,' what more can we wish for him, and why waste compassion where it is not wanted?

This philosophical conversation was disturbed by the entrance of a box-wahler with the most tempting Dacca muslins, on the display of which the gentlemen one and all fled to the billiard-table.

10*th*.—I am not sorry, after all, to find myself once more in my beautiful apartment at Chowringhee, even though the quiet life we led at that cool and pleasant bungalow was so much more to my taste than the company doings of this gay house. I was latterly seeing nothing of my husband, for he has really plenty of business. Another barrister has been laid up, and has left all his work to Arthur; and as every one tells me that he is sure now to succeed, we are going to prepare in earnest for our lengthened sojourn here, and we are actually arranging our establishment! We want to get a house in the town, in an airy situation, small, yet large enough to contain the law chambers; so that there being no carriage necessary for the transport of the gentleman, one pair of horses may do for both him and the lady, and we can either ride them or drive them as we like. We are no expense to my brother-in-law here beyond what we two consume in the eating way at his always abundant table, because all our servants are, like his, on board wages, as are all servants here: they all attend on their own masters, relieving the host and his household of every trouble; and if we were not here, some one else would be. That is indeed one reason why we wish to go, for we take up the spare apartment. Besides, we ought to have our own house, in which, as befits a man of business, we mean to live more quietly than we can manage to do here. We talked this all over at the Hive, and settled it, and announced it, and mean to act upon it at the proper time, having only yielded so far to Cary as to promise not to be too easily satisfied with a new lodging. I found a pair of very handsome Cashmere shawls waiting for me here from one of Arthur's successful clients; and a turquoise ring, a charm, I understand, from another. No one has again offered money. It is a system this I cannot like; but being the custom, and these presents not so very costly, I submit. I shall turn one of the shawls into furniture, this being also allowable.

Driving through the park yesterday at Barrackpore, when quitting it, I thought it all looked fresher than ever. The variety of the trees gives such a pretty effect to the scenery, the peopul and the dark richness of its massive foliage forming so good a background to the airy tamarind, with its light and tender leaf and its flexible branches: then there were clumps of curious bamboo, almost the usefullest of all most bountiful nature's productions to an Indian, combining the strength of a post with the lightness of a tube, and capable, while growing, of being bent or led into any

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shape required for after purposes. There is a hedge of bamboo between the park and the road: it makes the best of all fences, growing quite thick at bottom, and carrying up an equal and very impervious barrier for thirty or forty feet as the eye measures. The stems grow quite like our copsewood, a great many from one shoot; and when cut over, they quickly spring again. On the eastern side of India they attain a much larger size than they do here. They are the same species as the cane, but more like a reed, such as one might expect to find in Brobdignag; in fact this tree is classed with the grasses. The stems are hollow, except at the joints, above which they are constantly cut nearer or farther up the tube, at a proper distance, for different-sized cups or vessels. Houses, carts, utensils, fences, almost everything, is made of this invaluable reed. A plank or other bit of manufactured wood is scarcely ever seen in a native house, except in such as imitate the Europeans. The leaf is long and spiral, growing so luxuriantly, as quite to conceal the formality of the stems, so that when these are allowed to grow up together, the clump has a graceful shape, spreading out at the top like an arbour. The peopul, at a distance, somewhat resembles the Scotch elm, with the peculiarity I mentioned regarding the trunk—that it looks as if made up of several stems stuck together, of course affording no timber. The tamarind is most like our ash, but much more beautiful. There are one or two banyan-trees in the park by way of specimens, but they are young, and comparatively small; the effect of the shoots descending, with the long fibres attached, which are to take root, and to send up each a new tree, is very curious: they hang all round the parent from every branch like so many pendants. There are also in the park some fine trees of the cedar tribe in appearance, one or two of which show to much advantage in a group of more spreading kinds. Lord Wellesley seems studiously to have avoided planting all such trees as we suppose indigenous to the soil—the palm, the date, the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the mango—which was surely a mistake, as they are some of them beautiful, and all effective when well arranged.

There are a great many varieties of pretty flowering shrubs in the pleasure-grounds near the house, which the rains have brought out into great beauty; and there is a well-laid-out flower garden; but the flowers, to my mind, do not equal the flowering-shrubs. The pomegranate and the oleander always struck me as the brightest among a bright show. The zoological rarities were few, and made but a poor appearance; so I have no tender recollection of any of these living wonders, saving my one friend among them, the portly elephant, whom we so frequently met in the retired lanes bringing home upon his huge back the load of branches for his supper, piled high behind the little *mohaut*, always perched upon his neck.

12*th*.—Besides the vivid green, so ornamental to the once bare landscape, we owe to the rainy clouds a deep and varied sky, especially about sunset, such as we never saw during the clear hot weather, unless latterly just before a storm. The river now fills its banks, and makes quite a noble figure; and we still enjoy the luxury of sitting all day with open windows, though here at Chowringhee we lose what much enlivened the view from Tittyghur—the traffic on the Hoogly. Ever since the rains began, never less than from thirty to forty boats were in sight from the Hive, mostly sweeping down to Calcutta with the produce of the up-country. Some of these were very small and picturesque, others clumsy enough; scarcely any of them had decent sails, though all pretended to something of the kind. They are rowed by a greater number of men than one would suppose to be necessary, who do not sit like our boatmen—square to their oars—but incline their bodies inwards, and so lose half the power of their stroke—making up by numbers for want of skill, or perhaps strength. Yet I have seen a heavily-laden boat dragged along by men—towed by them, walking at a good steady pace, without apparent difficulty; the stream, however, was in their favour. In speculating on the extent of this river-traffic, we must recollect that in India there is no land-carriage, except that upon a man's head or a bullock's back: there are no roads admitting of any other. Fancy what railways would do here; the change they would make—the wonders they would work; the ease with which they could be formed where labour is so cheap, and a dead level extends on all sides for hundreds of miles!

13*th*.—It is decidedly less airy here than it was in the country, but a great deal more airy in this Chowringhee road than it is in Middleton Row, just behind us, whore I had to go to pick up a friend this morning, with whom I was to drive to see the launch of a new steamer. We proceeded first to the court-house, to secure Arthur as our attendant, and then we went on to the docks at Garden Reach. A shed had been erected close to the stern of the launch, which we found crowded with people, among whom our Parsee friends were conspicuous. They had, I fancy, something to do with the new vessel—part owners perhaps—at anyrate they were in some authority: they came over to us, and conducted us close up to the fine boat, whose hull only had been visible from our first position. At a distance, the vessel looked very gay—we had been admiring her all the way we came—dressed up with flags; her decks crowded with people. The Parsees placed us very well, for the burra bibi, who was to perform the ceremony of the christening, passed close to us, supported on one side by a member of council, and on the other by the native owner, holding in her hands a smartly-decorated bottle of claret, attached by a long string to the launch. The workmen immediately began to cut away the blocks, and in a few moments off sprung the vessel, carrying the bottle with her, which swung against her side as she darted forward, and broke; while a sound, meant to inform us of her name, seemed to issue from the moving lips of the great lady, but was lost in the shouts of the multitude. There is always something exciting in seeing so many people collected together, all intent on one object of interest; but this particular crowd made the more impression upon me, as it was the first deserving of the name I had seen composed of these dark-coloured individuals in all their varieties of costume, and many of them so near to me, that their countenances and their actions were plainly observable. I thought them very still; their voices feeble, compared with the hurra that would have rent the air on a similar occasion in our own country. The only hearty cheer given came from the few Europeans present, and the loudest proceeded from some English sailors belonging to merchantmen in the harbour.

16*th*.—Arthur has bought a pair of Arab ponies and a little phaeton; a dead bargain, he thinks—cheaper than usual, I believe, for horses are dear here: L.100 the current price for a good riding-horse—L.150 not uncommon. These are less costly than the little equipage we first fell in love with, and not exactly so handsome, but quite good enough to satisfy me. A family going to the Cape were glad to dispose of all their chattels without delay; and as I really believe we shall not keep our health either unless we ride, in a country where, for so great a part of the year, we find it impossible to walk, we consider this purchase a necessary part of the stock in trade, like the writing-table, clerk, pens, &c. We rode accordingly last night between two heavy showers, watching our time so well, that we did not catch a drop from either.

18*th*.—I have just had a visit from my little friend Selena, looking so happy, that I think she must, by some contrivance or other, have heard of the young cavalry officer. I don't believe she has forgotten him, though she is very impenetrable on the subject. We

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tried her one day at the Hive, quite unintentionally of course. Something was said about a Miss Bayley's marriage. She had displeased her friends by confessing an attachment to a young military man, when they had disposed of her in their own minds to a middle-aged civilian. Nobody could understand her folly. Girls, it seems, don't come out to India to please themselves as to the future companions of their lives, but to assist their families by making such alliances as will benefit a whole sisterhood, the fortunate husband of the docile bride being expected to contribute the funds requisite for the next importation. It sometimes happened in the good old times that he has had to repay to the lady's relations the cost of his own bargain, but this fashion has passed away since rupees have been less plenty among the Company's servants. Poor Miss Bayley is, it seems, the advanced-guard of a considerable connection, sent for by an uncle to aid in the promotion of her train, and despatched by her mother with injunctions to sacrifice every feeling for the one object in view. And she has done so. She is a pretty lively girl, showily, but not well educated; and they exposed her fresh from school to the weariness of a five-months' voyage, under the care of some lady of whom she knew little, and where was a handsome man, her first admirer.

23d.—Some great man dead! the minute-guns are firing—have been firing for half an hour. We were all in much anxiety, fearing that a friend was gone, till word was brought that the mournful event had occurred in another presidency. This was a relief to us, but there would be the grief somewhere, and the sound was saddening. We hear the guns from the Fort very plainly when the air is very still, or when the wind sets this way, or when there is a hush among the busy crowd upon the Moydaun. The evening gun quite startled me lately one very quiet night; and I recollect a lady saying it half killed her with terror one day she was dining with the commandant: it appeared to bellow forth at her elbow.

25th.—We were much alarmed to-day by Caroline fainting twice. We sent at once for the doctor, who seemed to think she had only been over-doing herself a little with all these parties during the rains—seldom a healthy season. He has kept her on her sofa, leaving her some simple prescriptions; and as one can't trust these servants, I sat up with her for fear of any relapse; but she got to sleep early, and she has slept on, and it is now past midnight.

26th.—I could not sleep, for I had gone back in thought to childish days before Cary had seen Edward, when she acted as my governess and my nurse, sitting up with me, don't you remember, in some infantine illness, and so faithfully watching my slow recovery? I went out into the veranda, to walk up and down there a while, throwing a shawl over me, and putting the lamp into a shaded corner. It was very lovely this eastern scene: the clear sky, the stars so brilliant, the moon so full, the white, flat-roofed houses all peopled by gazers like myself, the white pillars of the verandas and the projecting porches shrouded in their screens of luxuriant shrubbery—all calm, and still, and peaceful, but not quiet, for the natives love these clear, cool nights, and the servants were awake, talking gently, and moving silently; and the measured tread of the chokedars, or night-guard, alone sounded above the murmur of the stillness. There are no public watchmen; people are therefore obliged to hire their own guards, as it would be unsafe to leave the premises unprotected.

30th.—Desired ayah, just in so many words, to send my carriage (how grand we have become!), at such an hour, to the court-house for her master. I heard her deliver the message to the jemedar, who was of course on the landing, in at least double the number of words received from me. He went to find the sirdar, to whom he preached quite a sermon on this short text; and the sirdar decidedly made a lecture and a-half out of it for the coachman. The time occupied among them would have sufficed for the drive. In general, in this house we employ no medium of communication when we have an order to give; but, contrary to all Indian rule, send at once for the actual servant wanted, and tell him shortly what he is to do, otherwise a friend of yours and mine might 'lose a thrifle of timper,' as a merry Irish acquaintance, the tenor of our celebrated and rather delayed concert, would say. How true it is that these little household troubles fret us more than real disasters! It has sometimes been a difficulty to me to avoid anger for what anger would not cure—the indolence and the indifference of the servants. It is very nearly impossible to keep them in order. Their total want of pride in the appearance of the various articles of furniture they have charge of, and the damp of the climate, making rather an extra degree of care necessary, combine to render the task of supervising their occupations a very serious annoyance. Cary, who is active, fond of managing her family, and no great lover of quiet pursuits, has, I believe, pleasure in visiting every hole and corner every day within and without, including the stable department. What indolent I can make of these idle people I really fear to think of!

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

December 1850.

We are not all gone demented, though you may find it hard to believe the fact: there are some among us willing to hear, see, and say nothing, and work on hopefully. Our chemical philosophers, working in their laboratories, find the laws of affinities still pursuing their natural course; geologists have met with nothing especially marvellous to disturb their theories of upheaval and subsidence; and the astronomer-royal has not yet been frightened out of his propriety by the appearance of any flatulent planet, comet, or nebula, in the field of his telescope. The world still circles where it did.

Among a multiplicity of matters pressing for notice, I am a little puzzled where to begin: perhaps Faraday's discourse delivered before the Royal Society as their Bakerian lecture may be taken as a worthy subject to lead off with—it would not be easy to select one more interesting. You are of course aware that this distinguished philosopher has been for several years pursuing his researches into the magnetic condition of bodies, during which he discovered the prime fact of the existence of a class of diamagnetics as well as magnetics; that is to say, certain substances which are repelled by the poles of a magnet, as well as those which are attracted. He now finds that the constituents of our atmosphere come also within these series: oxygen is attracted, while nitrogen is repelled. The first experiments were performed with bubbles blown in soap-suds, and afterwards bubbles of glass were used, which admit of being charged readily with any sort of gas, and so made available for experiment and inquiry. The result shows that oxygen stands in the same magnetic relation to gaseous bodies generally as iron to the other metals. Well, with these facts as a groundwork, Mr Faraday builds up a most ingenious theory in explanation of the magnetic phenomena daily observed in many different parts of the globe. These consist, as I have more than once explained in your Journal in articles on 'Terrestrial Magnetism,' in certain movements of the magnetic needles, or rather bars, suspended in the observatories at certain hours of the day. At about nine o'clock in the morning they begin a westerly movement, which reaches its maximum at some time in the afternoon, when the bar gradually resumes its former position. These movements, known as the diurnal variations, are greatest in high north or south latitudes, and least in

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the tropical and equatorial regions. The cause of them has long been a paramount object of speculation among magneticians; and now, according to Mr Faraday, this cause is discovered.

To understand this, we must remember, that in proportion as iron is heated, so does its magnetism diminish: it is just the same with oxygen—increase of temperature, decrease of magnetism. Then also we are not to forget that the earth is a great magnet, with lines of magnetic force, as Faraday calls them, though other philosophers say they are only lines of direction issuing from one of its poles, and bestriding the temperate and equatorial zones as so many mighty rainbows, until they re-enter at the other pole. At the two extremities they are compressed somewhat closely together, but become more open as they rise high into space. These particulars being understood, we shall have but little difficulty in comprehending how that, when the sun rises, and warms the atmosphere, it immediately causes a change in the magnetic condition of the oxygen, and in the direction of the lines of force. Hence the tension by which the magnet is held in its normal position being weakened, it is left free to swing round towards the west, which is seen to be the case as the sun approaches the meridian. Besides this, which may be taken as the general effect, there are certain phenomena of disturbance occurring at irregular periods, and anomalies of movement dependent on position and climate, all of which are explicable by the theory. Mr Faraday was enabled to show from diagrams of the daily movements of the magnets at Hobart-Town, Toronto, St Helena, and the Cape of Good Hope, that the differences were apparent only, that each and all were under the same law; and in this way he solves another of nature's mysteries, one intimately connected with some of her grandest phenomena and most far-reaching operations.

The process is very simple, and yet how beautifully does it answer all the requirements of the hypothesis! and we may content ourselves by making use of it, as scientific inquirers agree to accept of the undulatory theory of light, until a better shall be discovered. It has been shown that a column of the atmosphere a foot square is equal to 8000 lbs. weight of proto-sulphate of iron; hence the fact of the magnetic condition of oxygen, and its modification under heat, becomes less extraordinary than might on a first view be considered possible.

In the course of his lecture, Mr Faraday mentioned a fact which deserves more than a passing notice. Oxygen, as he says, whenever it is brought into combination with carbonic acid, phosphorus, and other gases, immediately loses its magnetic property. Have we not here a key to the cause of epidemics? Admit that oxygen possesses a protective quality in virtue of its magnetism, and that it loses this when interfused with miasmatic exhalations from towns or waste lands, would not the supposition assist in accounting for the diseases said to be propagated by atmospheric influence?

The question or fact of the earth's magnetism, as you will have seen, remains unaffected by Mr Faraday's elucidations. He claims only to have explained the cause of the diurnal magnetic phenomena which have been so assiduously observed for some years past. But to have gained an insight into one of nature's workings, is to have seized the clue to many; and, as there is reason to believe, the able philosopher whose lecture I have here sketched is already on the scent of the cause of gravity. May he be spared to realise his expectations! On quitting this part of the subject, it is but fair to mention that Becquerel, well known as a careful experimentalist, had arrived at some results respecting the magnetism of oxygen, which were published a few months ago in the Comptes Rendus of the Académie des Sciences. He, however, stopped short of Faraday's application of the fact.

On St Andrew's Day last the Royal Society held their one hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary—to elect a new council and officers for the ensuing year; to hear the Earl of Rosse, their president, deliver an address; to see him give a gold medal to Mr Brodie, son of the famous surgical baronet, and to Professor Graham, for their chemical researches, and the Rumford Medal to M. Arago, for his highly-valuable discoveries and treatises on physical optics, and the Copley Medal to P. A. Hansen of Seeberg, near Gotha, for his astronomical labours; and then—they adjourned to dinner. Philosophers must eat as well as ordinary mortals.

The Exhibition is of course a prominent subject of talk; indeed, were it desirable, I could fill three or four columns once a month with the gossip thereupon. The worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, desirous of showing what English modellers and chasers can do, have advertised their intention of giving away L.1000 in a score of prizes for the best specimens of their craft in the precious metals. Chances here for somebody! The artificial flower-makers too, mean to show us a touch of their skill: they are preparing a wreath, which is to be stretched the whole length of the building, with garlanded pendentives, arranged so as to present a brilliant *coup-d'œil*. Then an enterprising map-publisher promises us a globe fifty feet in diameter, with all the continents and islands in high relief, and with galleries so disposed, as to enable visitors to view all the four quarters of the world, and the north and south poles to boot. It will be geography-made-easy on a large scale. And from some stony neighbourhood we are to have a huge monolith, to weigh at least twenty tons. Is this to be a *pièce de résistance*? What a pity that we can't have Ben Nevis at once, and cage the old giant over! Besides these curiosities, there will be a host of new inventions and mechanical wonders, such as will astonish unimaginative people. You may judge of anticipated 'remuneration,' to use a word from the puffer's category, from its being said of one of our city confectioners that he offered to purchase the privilege of supplying the refreshments within the transparent edifice for L.3000: his offer was not accepted. As the roofing-in goes on, and the time of completion approaches, so does the popular curiosity increase; and the number of gazers in the park and around the building on a Sunday would suffice to people some half-dozen provincial towns. On other days, too, there is no lack of onlookers, including several hundreds of labourers, loitering round the gate in hope of being hired. Some of these poor fellows have walked up to town from great distances in the country, fancying that work and wages were to be had for the asking. It would amuse you to stand near while the dinner-bell rings, and see the army of workmen file out from the interior. If the weather be at all favourable, they bivouac in groups under the trees, or in nooks and corners, and so dine in public—the neighbourhood being as yet deficient in eating-houses. Thus, as you perceive, the building has already a history, which, interesting in the present, will become still more so in future. The Society of Arts are to hold one of their ordinary meetings in it at the end of this month.

Some of our artists and students in æsthetics are desirous that the Exhibition should be made the means of creating and diffusing correct ideas and principles on matters of taste wherein we prosy islanders are said to be singularly barren. Our costume, they say, admits of being greatly improved in style and material, and made more picturesque and varied without any sacrifice of comfort or convenience. They will find many ready to co-operate with them in a reform of raiment; and if they can only succeed in devising a graceful and easy substitute for our present ugly and oppressive hat, what a relief will they not afford to the masculine heads of all civilised communities! *Nil desperandum!*

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Cheap gas and good water 'still continue' to be talked about. We have realised the one, and are in a fair way to obtain the other. The project of supplying the metropolis from the rain-fall on an extensive catching-ground is not yet abandoned. A recent exploration of the district which comprises several of 'Surrey's pleasant hills' has made us acquainted with an additional and inexhaustible source of the pure element in a number of perennial springs of remarkably soft and limpid water. Thus the objection that rain would be too uncertain a supply is got rid of. It would be a grand benefit could the new service be made available before May next, as one of the stipulations on the part of the Exhibition Commissioners is, that the providers of refreshments shall furnish filtered water free of cost to all who may require it within the building. Under the circumstances, we must hope that our present companies will lay on unstinted streams.

You will be pleased to hear that there is a prospect of the new park at Battersea becoming ere long a thing of form and proportions. The celebrated Red House, so dear to Cockney pigeon-shooters, has been purchased by government, together with such portions of territory as to them seemed meet, from which a suspension-bridge is to be stretched across to the Chelsea shore, so as to afford ready means of access to what will doubtless become a popular recreation-ground. Such an overgrown capital as ours is cannot well have too many breathing spaces. Besides the Battersea project, there is talk of a new entrance to St James's Park; of ventilating the law courts at Westminster by means of a jet of steam; of the educational institutes rising up in various parts of the land. Free libraries and museums at Manchester, Liverpool, and Kidderminster; an athenæum at Bury; and schools in benighted districts. The rector of St James's has established a lending library for the use of his poorer parishioners. It is open one evening in the week for the issue and reception of books; the charge for reading is a half-penny per volume, and already such results have been manifested as show that this additional attempt to diffuse enlightenment is worthily appreciated. The Industrial School too, lately erected near Anerly, on the Croydon Railway, is regarded as a hopeful means of improvement. As it is the combined work of some five or six poor-law unions, we shall now have an opportunity of seeing whether any permanently-practical endeavour can be made for the effectual reclamation and humanising of pauper children. The establishment affords accommodation for six hundred boys, in apartments well warmed and ventilated, and provided with the essentials of in-door and out-door instruction. There is a covered play-ground, a farm-yard, and seven acres of land laid out as garden-ground, whereby such occupation will be furnished to the lads as will make them more useful in the world than slavish bands of oakum-pickers can ever hope to be.

A few items more, selected from a hundred. One of our electricians promises to exhibit by and by a model of a globe, made to rotate by currents of electricity circulating round it; some pianoforte makers are fitting coloured glass keys to their instruments, instead of the black and white bone which have so long been in use; reclamation of land is going on in the west as well as in the east—250 acres have just been conquered from the sea at Youghall; the railway returns throughout the kingdom, from January to September of the present year, amounted to L.9,525,707, being one and a-quarter millions more than in the same period of 1849: and it is said that the number of passengers conveyed during the past year was more than double of the whole population, Ireland excepted. What will it be next year? There is comfort for timid sailors in the recent invention, by Mr Cunningham of the Royal Navy, of a means of reefing topsails from the deck. According to the descriptions, 'the sail reefs itself, and from the time the yard is lowered, it is close-reefed in two seconds. The reefs may be again shaken out, and the topsail at the masthead in twenty seconds. It is well known to officers that many a reef is kept in during the night, and, in consequence, the vessel's progress is retarded, on account of a disinclination to send men aloft, more particularly if the weather be wet. But with this admirable contrivance sail can be taken in, and again made, in a short space of time, without sending a man aloft. It must manifestly save much anxiety, and do away with the risk of losing men off the yards when reefing in bad weather, more particularly in cold latitudes, off Cape Horn, &c.' The colonising expedition, which I told you some time ago had sailed for the Auckland Islands to establish a southern whale-fishery, has arrived safely, and taken possession. Seventy New Zealanders, already located there, have been indemnified for their cattle and clearings, and the two chiefs sworn in as constables. A bed of cockles, seven acres in extent, and as good as oysters, has been discovered, as well as timber-trees fit for building purposes, pigs and wildfowl, plenty of cabbages, and grass all the year round. Here are elements of prosperity, if wisely taken advantage of. M. Ferdinand Lemaître, a Frenchman, has submitted to the Académie a project for an 'aërostatic bridge' from Dover to Calais; another proposes the formation of 'a universal sanitary congress, to arrest and destroy the cause of cholera;' and others have come forward with a scheme to establish 150 telegraph offices throughout Paris and the suburbs, for the transmission of messages to all quarters—the communications to be kept up by connecting the various stations with one central office, where clerks would be in attendance to put the signalising parties into *rapport*.

KING OF STORKS.

There has been shot near Bedford, in the neighbourhood of Hawnes, that rare and valuable bird the *lanner falco lanarius*, the king of storks. It weighs two pounds and a quarter, near four feet in the stretch of its wings, and twenty inches length of body. This highly-prized and valuable bird is said by Montayne to fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Colonel Thornton, an expert falconer, estimates the flight of this bird in pursuit of a snipe to have been nine miles in eleven minutes, without including the frequent turnings. Audubon, in his 'Birds of America,' states that he has seen the falcon come at the report of a gun, and carry off teal, not thirty steps distant from the sportsman who killed it, with a daring assurance as surprising as unexpected. It has been presented to, and is now in, the collection of Mr Mantel of Bedford.—*Zoologist.*

DECLINE OF THE STAGE.

Managers at all times have had recourse to strange, out-of-the-way expedients to excite the flagging zeal of the public, and draw the million to the theatre. Hence the introduction of horses, elephants, lions, dogs, and even monkeys. But it is not fair to lay the whole blame of this on the ill-starred speculator, who must pay his salaries on Saturday, and whose natural good taste often revolts against the course necessity compels him to adopt. If legitimate talent ceases to attract, it is something to find even a Belgian giant, or a General Tom Thumb, to retreat on and supply the deficiency. Who in his senses would lay out a large sum on a vapid spectacle, if the sterling ore of Shakspeare or Sheridan maintained its current value? Many able writers and ardent lovers of the stage have thought differently, and have penned eloquent essays to show that the managers depreciate the national taste, that the decline of the stage is entirely owing to their obtuseness, that they pander to a depraved appetite, and that the public never fail to crowd the theatre when truth, passion, and nature are placed

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before them. Alas! all this sounds well in theory, but reduce it to practice, and the sandy basis of the opinion soon shows itself. For a time, indeed, the premises may be borne out by the conclusion, but the insatiate thirst after variety wearies even of perfection itself. The manager who tries to lead or reform the public will gain the honours of martyrdom long before he accomplishes his object.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

ENGRAVING ON TILES.

Ezekiel mentions that he was commanded by the Spirit to take a tile, and engrave on it a representation of the city of Jerusalem besieged by her enemies, and invested on every side (chap. iv. 1—3). 'We may observe,' says an able commentator on this text, 'that God often suits prophetical types and figures to the genius and education of the prophets themselves. So the figures which Amos makes use of are generally taken from such observations as are proper to the employment of a shepherd or a husbandman. Ezekiel had a peculiar talent for architecture, so several representations are suitable to that profession. And they that suppose the emblems here made use of to be below the dignity of the prophetical office, may as well accuse Archimedes of folly for making lines in the dust.' Nor did our own incomparable Matthew Henry understand the allusion better than those objectors. He observes, 'It was Jerusalem's honour, that while she kept her integrity, God had engraven her upon the palm of his hands; but now the faithful city had fallen aside, a worthless, brittle tile or brick is thought good enough to portray it on.' Ingenious and beautiful as this antithesis unquestionably is, yet it is not true, for the prophet employed the material then commonly in use for public records. Had that unostentatiously-learned and most able commentator possessed the advantages which modern expositors enjoy, resulting from the extensive researches of travellers in Assyria, he would have known that the Assyrians engraved inscriptions and devices upon tiles, bricks, and cylinders of clay, while yet in a plastic state, and which, afterwards being baked in a furnace, faithfully retained the impression, without the loss of a single character, for centuries. Undesigned coincidences like this must assure us that this book of prophecy is both genuine and authentic.—*Blackburn's Nineveh.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen or sixteen. The average age of cats is fifteen years; of a squirrel or hare, seven or eight years; and a rabbit seven years. Elephants have been known to have lived to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—'Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun.' This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to fifty. A horse has been known to live to the age of seventy-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. An eagle died at Vienna of the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years; pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live much above 190 years.—*Zoologist.*

GROG-SHOPS FOR WOMEN.

A respectable New York paper asserts that there are certain secret places in this city furnished in the most gorgeous style, and patronised almost exclusively by women of wealth and fashion, who go there first for ice-creams, &c. then for claret, champagne, brandy, mint juleps, sherry coblers, and brandy slings. 'This is no fancy sketch; there are at this moment scores of women of the first rank in society who have become inveterate tipplers at these places.'—*Bristol Temperance Herald.*

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Both suckled on one mother's breast,
Both nursed upon one mother's knee,
Both by one father fondly pressed,
Who, proud to see his fruitful tree
Bearing twin blossoms passing fair,
Felt himself rich beyond compare.

And rosy cheek was pressed to cheek,
And chubby arm lay locked in arm,
When, 'neath their mother's eye so meek,
They lay in love's embraces warm;
And none except that watchful mother
Could tell the one child from the other.

Time passed—one was a witling boy
Robust of health, of stature tall;
The other wore a forehead high,
Of weakly frame, of stature small;
Their parents felt the double wo,
But bent with patience to the blow.

One was a dwarf, and one a fool:
How powerless each without his brother!
Yet when they plodding went to school,
How well the one could aid the other!
The dwarf was dux, the o'ergrown boy
Was king of every game and ploy.

Throughout the opening scenes of youth
They passed by all, admired and loved;
By mutual love and mutual truth
The strength of twinly bond was proved;
Mighty, invincible, combined,
Who shall divide whom God hath joined?

The high-browed youth toiled day and night,
The book to him a glorious sun,
Dispelling by its genial light
All doubtings vague, all shadows dun;
And in that furnace fire was wrought
One ingot pure of freeborn thought.

And when good heads were wanted, and
When mighty hearts were throbbing wild,
What spirit held supreme command
But his, that high-browed sickly child?
Who'd vowed to set his country free—
Who led her on to victory!

That strong-thewed brother, where is he?—
On in the van amid the brave:
A freeman 'mong the dauntless free,
He found a hero's glorious grave;
And by his patriot brother's side
The hero fought, the hero died.

The combat o'er, the battle won,
All shout their mighty leader's praise;
The loving twin, the duteous son,
The soul which lit the patriot blaze;
Alas! his heart's best blood is shed—
He shares his brother's gory bed!

Their birth was one, their death was one;
Clasped in each other's arms they lay;
Their love was proved, their work was done,
They passed from life and time away;
And from their daisied graves there grew
A stately pine and weeping yew.

December 1850. JAMES BALLANTINE.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'
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STATE BURDENS ON LITERATURE.

We are accustomed to rejoice in having a free press in this country. And in one great and important sense it *is* free. The state, nevertheless, imposes restrictions upon literature, the force of which is far beyond what even the state itself is conscious of. These literary trammels are fastened by the gentle hand of the exciseman, and are overlooked as only part of that general evil which consists in the necessity of raising a revenue. So insidious is the bondage, that we have even heard individuals, and these well informed in most things, expressing their belief that it is no bondage at all.

If an author has to advertise a new work, he pays one-and-sixpence to the government for permission to do so. Well, what is one-and-sixpence? A very small sum standing by itself; but then, unluckily, there is a multitude of journals in which the advertisement must appear, if the author or publisher would wish to have the whole public informed on the subject. It is also necessary to repeat the advertisement in some of the principal journals several times. If this be considered, it will be easy to see how soon five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds may be given to the state as permission to make known the publication of a single book.* When it is further considered that only a small proportion of the books published pay the expenses of paper and print, it will be seen that a publisher, advertising all his books alike, and very naturally laying on those which pay the losses of those which do not, will have a pretty large sum to reckon as the advertisement-duty burden upon his most successful productions.

Take the matter in another way. The number of advertisements of new books which appear each day in the *Times* is at an average about a hundred. In other four morning newspapers, the number on the day pitched on at random for the inquiry was a hundred and fifty. Assuming that this latter number is also an average, the total number *per diem* in five morning newspapers alone is two hundred and fifty. It therefore appears that the literature of this country pays L.18, 15s. to the government every morning for permission to make itself known through only about the one-hundredth part of our journals! This is L.5850 a year. The literary advertisements in the *Athenæum* are computed to yield L.500 a year of duty. The returns from the other literary journals, and the newspapers which have a partially-literary character, are on a similar scale of importance. If to these we add the masses of literary advertisements under the covers of magazines and reviews, it will scarcely appear an unreasonable estimate that this class of notices pays in all L.12,000 a year, being a little more than double what is tolerably well ascertained to be exigible through the five morning papers.

Think of this profession—a profession proverbially as stinted in its remunerations as it is brilliant in its results—taxed in L.18, 15s. a day through only five of the journals! Think of so large a sum as L.12,000 being even surmised as the annual amount of the tax which the literary men of this country pay for leave to toil in the business of amusing, instructing, and refining their fellow-citizens! A gentleman exposes his life in penetrating to some unfrequented region, and if he has the good fortune to return home, he writes an account of his travels for the information of his countrymen. This man, with no sordid objects in view, desirous only of extending the domains of knowledge, must pay a tax before he can be permitted to confer an obligation upon his kind. A learned student or experimentalist shuns delights, and lives laborious days, that he may be able to add some new truth to the brilliant stock already in existence, that so man may be the sooner able to comprehend the ways of God in the world, and accommodate his life to rational and happiness-conferring principles. If this man has to give his new truths in the form of a book, he must make up his mind to paying a certain number of one-and-sixpences. The most eloquent soul-stirring address on some public interest of the highest importance has to submit to a tax before it can reach, in a book form, those whom its author proposes to benefit. A vast proportion of the books which appear in the world are the composition of a proverbially poor and struggling class, who endeavour by such means to make a livelihood, often while training themselves for higher efforts in behalf of their species. The poorest garreteer of them all is taxed for permission to labour in that sad field. Our government, we believe, spends a few hundreds a year in pensions to literary men, and is by no means sure that it is doing quite a right thing in thus using the public money. But it has no hesitation in grinding twelve thousand a year, in this particular way, off the faces of the literary fraternity generally. On the whole, it takes care not to encourage too much the making of books.

But the books published in this country pay another and severer tax. The paper employed is excised in the rate of fourteen guineas a ton, being about a fifth of the selling price of most papers used for printing. This being somewhat under seven farthings a pound weight, an ordinary octavo volume pays as tax but a small proportion of its selling price; and hence the burden is thought by

* Not many years ago, when somewhat greater reliance was placed upon the effect of advertising than now, L.100 was understood to be the average cost of advertising a novel. In such a case, the burden of advertisement duty would be above the highest rate stated.

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many to be a light one. Even though it were light, the question might be asked, Shall we tax the vehicle in which the glorious illumination of knowledge is to be spread abroad? The government itself is sensible that, however light, it must operate repressingly on the dissemination of books, for it expressly exempts the Bible from paper-duty, on an understanding that the circulation of the sacred volume may be thereby promoted. In reality, the difference between four and five in the price of the chief material of books, must operate considerably on the selling price of all of them, seeing that, to cover risk, and remunerate outlay, this original charge must be increased in no small degree to the purchaser. If we reflect, moreover, that the paper-duty on unsaleable book-stock must be charged on what is saleable before the trade of the publisher can be a thriving one, we shall find that, even on the highest class of books, the burden is not light. It is, however, on the great mass of cheap reprints, and cheap original works and periodicals, that the paper-duty tells most severely. Mr Charles Knight, by his *Penny Cyclopœdia*, conferred a great benefit on the mass of the people of this country, but made nothing by it for himself. The work paid directly in paper-duty L.16,500, but was burdened indirectly through that means to the extent, as he calculated, of L.29,000. If even the smaller of these sums had remained with the publisher, his enterprise would have been splendidly remunerated. The *Miscellany of Tracts* of Messrs Chambers—one of the most popular periodicals ever started—was given up when it had extended to twenty volumes. The publishers saw some advantages in limiting the work to this magnitude; but, if its circulation of 80,000 copies had been sufficiently remunerative to compensate for the labour attendant on the publication, it would have been carried on, and might have accomplished a still greater amount of good. Now this little work, at the time of its conclusion, had paid upwards of L.5000 of paper-duty. Had that sum remained with the publishers, the profit would have been more than sufficient to induce them to go on with the publication. It may be said, why not take something equivalent from the quantity of paper and print? Because, in that case, the attraction of the cheapness would have been diminished, and the sale would accordingly have been restricted, perhaps to a point equally destructive of remuneration. The quantity of paper used annually in the office of Messrs Chambers pays above L.3000 to the state. 'That is to say,' as one of the firm lately remarked on a public occasion, 'we struggle, by means of infinite mechanical appliances, and by the highest available intellectual and moral resources, to aid in the education of the people of this country; and the state, which has never yet gone heartily into this duty itself, steps forward and imposes a burden of three thousand a year upon our exertions!' The publishing business has for some years past been rapidly going into the system of large transactions and small profits—the perfection of trade—and consequently the shade of price constituted by the paper-duties becomes always more and more telling on the business itself. Cases like those of Messrs Knight and Chambers are peculiarly striking; but the same truth holds good in greater or less degree over all those large departments of business in which school-books and popular literature generally are concerned. A remission of paper-duties might not in every case secure a reduction of price in works already in progress; but it might tell there in allowing better materials to be used, and in affording a higher scale of remuneration to authors. All future works would of course proceed on calculations in which a duty-free paper would form an element.

The paper-tax is far from being inconsiderable in its effect upon newspapers. In the *Times* it is L.16,000 a year. An English provincial newspaper, which is the advocate of every truly liberal measure, and which spares no labour, and scarcely any cost, in making itself 'a good bargain' to its purchasers, pays about L.1000 a year in paper-duty. This is a mere shade upon the single copy; but the profit of the proprietors is only a shade also, and this thousand pounds would raise their concern from a somewhat bare to an amply-remunerative one. The poorest country prints would save from L.80 to L.100 a year by a remission of the paper-duty, and this is a saving which would prove an immense encouragement to many of those small but useful concerns. We have in this country hardly any idea of the convenience of an untaxed press. A newspaper is with us so dear, in consequence of its taxes, that only rich people can afford one for themselves. Possibly the nineteen-twentieths go through a succession of hands, pass from town to country, and from country to town, in order that the expense may be defrayed or justified by the multitude of readers. The trouble thus occasioned is very great, and of course for a fifth or sixth reader the news are likely to be somewhat stale. The American has the *New York Herald* every ordinary day of the week for about a penny; and there are similar daily papers in almost every town of the Union which has 3000 inhabitants. The convenience of the cheap press is precisely the same as that of the cheap post. It is one of the things necessary in a community to complete the condition of a high organization. The comparative numbers circulated by the untaxed press of foreign countries is comparative to post-office returns since the Rowland Hill revolution. The publishers of the *New York Herald* have a circulation far beyond the *Times*. Proceeding at the rate it does, they expect it to be 100,000 in a very few years, besides a back-sale of equal amount per week, or 700,000 per week in all. The paper used for the *Herald* would in this country be taxed to the amount of L.48,000 a year*—a sum probably much exceeding the whole expenses required for obtaining intelligence for a first-rate London daily journal. A light tax indeed! It might be a trifle in the days of the printing-*press*; but in those of the printing-*machine* it is certainly so no longer.

The general apathy on, or ignorance of, the State Burdens on the Press, forms a remarkable illustration of the insidious nature of indirect taxation. Men childishly grumble at a direct assessment—an honest, downright tax, perhaps of no unreasonable amount. To a far heavier impost, which assumes the base disguise of a part of the price of some article they are daily using, they submit with the patience of doves. This impost may press upon some of the springs of industry; it may check the noble economy of insurance, or discourage the community in moral courses of still greater importance. No matter—it avoids the unpleasant *appearance* or *name* of a tax, and may therefore remain. An enormous expense for collecting, and a frightful amount of demoralisation through smuggling, are part of the sacrifice which the public makes for the puerile satisfaction of not being taxed directly. Unhappy John Bull, not to know that, in whatever way the money goes out of thy pocket, it is so much abstracted from thy resources—so much the less in thy balance-sheet at the end of the year! It is not uncommon to hear some one of the 'twenty-eight millions mostly fools,' as one of their favourite writers pleasantly calls them, remarking that it is of no use taking off a tax from an article of ordinary consumption; because, when the leather-tax was reduced, nobody got his shoes sensibly cheaper. Can any one prove to us that the public was shod better or so well with a heavy tax upon the requisite materials? Grant

* These facts are from a short vigorous pamphlet, entitled, 'A Letter to Lord John Russell, from a Paper-maker.' Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1850.

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it were but a penny upon a pair of shoes, the twenty-eight millions will undoubtedly pay this penny, and when the tax is taken off, they will get their shoes either so much cheaper, or, what is the same thing, so much better. One way or another, competition must bring the money to their side of the account.

We are sensible of going somewhat out of our ordinary path in thus adverting to fiscal matters; but we trust to be excused for a little freedom on account of the great cause in which we speak. The Printing Machine is now the great instructor of this nation. Freedom to write, speak, and publish, is the highest boast of our state. The masses need knowledge for their right guidance, and the few are interested in giving it to them, lest in ignorance they misuse their power. But who can adequately describe on any space of paper the vast interests which depend on the diffusion of the productions of the press throughout the land? Shall a let be suffered to remain on this mighty and most serviceable engine, merely for the sake of a few hundred thousands of revenue? Forbid it every guardian genius to whom Britain has ever looked for protection, for guidance, or for help! R. C.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

THE LAST TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PUSS IN BOOTS,' 'CINDERELLA,' 'LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD,' &c.

'ONCE upon a time,' in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was born Charles Perrault. We pass over his boyhood and youth to the period when, after having long filled the situation of Commissioner of Public Buildings, he fell into disgrace with his patron, the prime minister Colbert, and was obliged to resign his situation. Fortunately he had not been unmindful of prudential economy during the days of prosperity, and had made some little savings, on which he retired to a small house in the Rue St Jacques, and devoted himself to the education of his children.

About this time he composed his fairy tales. He himself attached little literary importance to productions destined to be handed down to posterity, ever fresh and ever new. He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for the evening's amusement. Thus were produced in their turn 'Cinderella,' 'Little Red Riding-Hood,' 'Blue Beard,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'Riquet with the Tuft,' and many other wondrous tales which men now, forsooth, pretend to call fictions. Charles Lamb knew better. He was once looking for books for a friend's child, and when the bookseller, seeing him turn from shelves loaded with Mrs Trimmer and Miss Edgeworth, offered him modern tales of fay and genii, as substitutes for his old favourites, he exclaimed, 'These are not my own *true* fairy tales!'

When surrounded by his grandchildren, Perrault related to them the stories he had formerly invented for his children. One evening, after having repeated for the seventh or eighth time the clever tricks of 'Puss in Boots,' Mary, a pretty little girl of seven years of age, climbed up on her grandfather's knee, and giving him a kiss, put her little dimpled hands into the curls of the old man's large wig.

'Grandpapa,' said she, 'why don't you make beautiful stories for us as you used to do for papa and my uncles?'

'Yes,' exclaimed the other children, 'dear grandpapa, you must make a story entirely for ourselves.'

Charles Perrault smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in the smile. 'Ah, dear children,' said he, 'it is very long since I wrote a fairy tale, and I am not as young as I was then. You see I require a stick to enable me to get along, and am bent almost double, and can walk but very very slowly. My eyes are so dim, I can hardly distinguish your little merry faces; my ear can hardly catch the sound of your voices; nor is my mind what it was. My imagination has lost its vigour and freshness; memory itself has nearly deserted me; but I love you dearly, and like to give you pleasure. However, I doubt if my poor bald head could now make a fairy tale for you, so I will tell you one which I heard so often from my mother that I think I can repeat it word for word.'

The children joyfully gathered around the old man, who passed his hands for a moment across his wrinkled brow, and began his story as follows:—

My mother and your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linendraper, who, at the time I speak of, had been residing for three years in the Rue des Bourdonnais, close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening, having gone alone to vespers at the church of St Eustace, as she was hastening home to her mother, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying her, she heard a great noise at the top of the street, and looking up, saw an immense mob hurrying along, shouting and hooting. As they were then in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, Madeline in alarm hurried towards the house, and having opened the door by a latch-key, was turning to close it, when she was startled on seeing behind her a woman wrapped in a black mantle holding two children by the hand. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop, exclaiming, 'In the name of all you hold most dear, save me! Hide me and my children in some corner of your house! However helpless and unfortunate I may appear at this moment, doubt not my power to prove my gratitude to you.'

'I should want no reward for helping the distressed,' said Madeline, deeply touched by the mother's agony; 'but poor protection can this house afford against a brutal mob.' The stranger cast a hurried and tearful glance around; when, suddenly uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye upon part of the floor almost concealed by the shop counter, and rushing to the spot, exclaimed, 'I have it!—I have it!' As she spoke, she lifted a trap-door contrived in the floor, opening on a stone staircase which led to a subterranean passage; and snatching up her children in her arms, darted down into the gulf, leaving my mother stupified with astonishment. But the cries of the mob, who had by this time reached the shop, and were clamorously demanding admittance, roused her; and quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father, who came down in great alarm.

After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. The mob consisted of two or three hundred miserable tattered wretches, who poured into the house; and after searching every corner of it, without finding anything, were so furious with disappointment, that they seized upon Madeline and her father.

'Deliver up to us the woman we are looking for!' they exclaimed. 'She is a vile sorceress, an enemy to the citizens of Paris; she takes the part of the hated Austrian against us; she is the cause of all the famine and misery that is desolating Paris. We must have her and her children, that we may wreak just vengeance on them!'

'We know not who you mean,' replied my grandfather, who in truth was quite ignorant of what had occurred; 'we have not seen any one: no one has entered the house.'

'We know how to make such obstinate old wretches speak,' exclaimed one of the ringleaders. He seized my mother, and pointing a loaded pistol at her breast, cried, 'The woman! We want the woman!'

At this moment Madeline, being exactly over the trap-door, heard a slight rustle underneath; and fearing that it would betray the stranger's hidingplace, endeavoured to drown the noise from below by stamping with her foot, while she boldly replied, 'I have no one to give up to you.'

'Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those

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who dare to resist us!' roared one of the infuriated mob. Tearing off her veil, he seized Madeline by the hair, and pulled her to the ground.

'Speak!' he exclaimed, 'or I will drag you through the streets of Paris to the gibbet on the Place de la Grève.' My mother uttered not a word, but silently commended herself to God. What might have been the issue Heaven only knows, had not the citizens in that quarter, on seeing their neighbour's house attacked, hastily armed themselves, and dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to reassure her almost fainting mother. After which, rejoining her father, she helped him to barricade the door, so as to be prepared for any new incursion, and then began to prepare the supper as usual.

While laying the cloth, the young girl debated whether she should tell her father of the refuge afforded to the stranger by the subterraneous passage; but after a fervent prayer to God, to enable her to act for the best, she decided that it would be more prudent not to expose him to any risk arising from the possession of such a secret. Arming herself, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, she performed her usual household duties; and when her father and mother had retired to rest, and all was quiet in the house, she took off her shoes, and stealing down stairs into the shop, cautiously opened the trap-door, and entered the vault with provisions for those who already were indebted to her for life and safety.

'You are a noble girl!' said the stranger to her. 'What do I not owe to your heroic devotedness and presence of mind? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust He will permit me to recompense you here below.' Madeline gazed with intense interest on the stranger, as the light of the lamp in her hand, falling full upon her face, gave to view features whose dignified and majestic expression inspired at the very first glance a feeling of respect. A long black mantle almost wholly concealed her figure, and a veil was thrown over her head. Her children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

'Thanks for the food you have brought,' said she to Madeline. 'Thanks, dear girl. As for me, I cannot eat; but my children have tasted nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave me your light; and now go: take some rest, for surely you must want it after the excitement you have undergone.' Madeline looked at her in surprise.

'I should have thought, madam,' said she, 'that you would make an effort to find some asylum, if not more secure, at least more comfortable than this.'

'Be not uneasy about me, my good girl. When my time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this place as it was to reveal to you the secret of its existence. Good-night, my child. Perhaps we may not meet again for some time; but remember I solemnly promise that I will grant any three wishes you may form!' She motioned to her to retire; and that indescribable air of majesty which accompanied every gesture of the unknown seemed as if it left Madeline no choice but to obey.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Madeline hardly slept that night. The events of the day had seized hold of her imagination, and she exhausted herself in continued and wondering conjecture. Who could this woman be, pursued by the populace, and accused of being a sorceress, and an enemy to the people? How could she know of a place of concealment of which the inhabitants of the house were ignorant? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being able to leave the vault whenever she pleased, and, above all, the solemn and mysterious promise she had made to fulfil any three wishes of the young girl.

Had you, my dear children, been in your great-grandmother's place, should you not have been very much excited and very curious? What think you? would you have slept a bit better than Madeline did? I hardly think you would, if I may judge from those eager eyes.

The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Seated behind the counter, in her usual place, she started at the slightest sound. At one moment it seemed to her as if every one who entered the shop must discover the trap-door; at the next she expected to see it raised to give egress to the unknown, till, dizzy and bewildered, she scarcely knew whether to believe her whose life she had saved to be a malignant sorceress or a benevolent fairy. Then smiling at her own folly, she asked herself how a woman endowed with supernatural power could need her protection. It is unnecessary to say how long the time appeared to her till she could revisit the subterranean passage, and find herself once more in the presence of the stranger. Thus the morning, the afternoon, and the evening wore slowly away, and it seemed ages to her till her father, mother, and the shopmen were fairly asleep.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, she rose, using still more precaution than on the preceding night, opened the trap-door, descended the stone staircase, and entered the subterraneous passage, but found no one. She turned the light in every direction. The vault was empty: the stranger and her children had disappeared! Madeline was almost as much alarmed as surprised; however, recovering herself, she carefully examined the walls of the vault. Not an opening, not a door, not the smallest aperture was to be seen. She stamped on the ground, but no hollow sound was heard. Suddenly she thought she perceived some written characters on the stone-flag. She bent down, and by the light of her lamp read the following words, evidently traced with some pointed instrument:—'Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes.'

Here Perrault stopped.

'Well, children,' said he, 'what do you think of this first part of my story, and of your great-grandmother's adventures? What conjectures have you formed as to the mysterious lady?'

'She is a good fairy,' said little Mary, 'for she can grant three wishes, like the fairy in Finetta.'

'No, she is a sorceress,' objected Louisa. 'Did not the people say so, and they would not have wanted to kill her unless she was wicked?'

'As for me,' replied Joseph, the eldest of the family, 'I believe neither in witches nor fairies, for there are no such things. Am not I right, grandpapa?'

Charles Perrault smiled, but contented himself with saying—'Now, be off to bed. It is getting late. Do not forget to pray to God to make you good children; and I promise, if you are very diligent to-morrow, to finish for you in the evening the wonderful adventures of your great-grandmother.

The children kissed their grandpapa, and went to bed to dream of Madeline and the fairy.

The next evening, the old man, taking his usual seat in the arm-chair, resumed his story without any preamble, though a preamble is generally considered as important by a story-teller as a preface is by the writer of a romance. He spoke as follows:—

It would seem that my mother, in her obscure and peaceful life, had nothing to wish for, or that her wishes were all fulfilled as soon as formed; for she not only never invoked the fairy of the vault, but even gradually lost all remembrance of the promises made her by the unknown, and the whole adventure at last faded from her memory. It is true that thirteen years had passed away, and the young girl had become a wife and mother. She had long left the house where the occurrence I have related to you took place, and

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had come to live in the Rue St Jacques, where we now reside, though I have since then rebuilt the former tenement.

My father, as you know, was a lawyer. Though of noble birth, he did not think it beneath him to marry the daughter of a shopkeeper, with but a small dowry. He found in Madeline's excellent qualities, her gentleness and beauty, irresistible attractions—and who that knew her could disapprove of his choice? Madeline possessed in an eminent degree that natural refinement of mind and manner which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in some. She devoted herself entirely to the happiness of her husband and her four sons, of whom I was the youngest. My father's income was quite sufficient for all the expenses of our happy family; for a truly happy family it was, till it pleased God to lay heavy trial upon us. My father fell ill, and for a whole year was obliged to give up the profits of his situation to provide a substitute; and he had scarcely begun, after his recovery, to endeavour to repair the losses he had suffered, when a fresh misfortune occurred.

One night, as my mother was lying quietly in bed, with her four little cubs around her, she was awakened by an unusual noise to behold the house wrapped in flames, which had already almost reached the room in which we were. At this moment my father appeared, and took my eldest brothers in his arms, while my mother had charge of Nicholas and me, who were the two youngest. Never shall I forget this awful moment. The flames crackled and hissed around us, casting a livid hue over the pale faces of my father and mother, who boldly advanced through the fire. With great difficulty they gained the staircase. My father dashed bravely forward. Nicholas, whom my mother held by the hand, screamed violently, and refused to go a step further. She caught him up in her arms, but during the short struggle the staircase had given way, and for a few moments my mother stood paralysed by despair. But soon the imminent danger roused all the energy of her heroic nature. Your grandmother was no common woman. She immediately retraced her steps, and firmly knotting the bedclothes together, fastened my brother and myself to them, and letting us down through the window, my father received us in his arms. Her children once saved, my mother thought but little of danger to herself, and she waited in calm self-possession, till a ladder being brought, she was rescued.

This trial was but a prelude to many others. The loss of our house completed the ruin of which my father's illness was the beginning. He was obliged to dispose of his situation, and take refuge in small lodgings at Chaillot, and there set to work steadily and cheerfully to support his family, opening a kind of pleader's office for legal students; but his health soon failed, and he became dangerously ill. My noble-minded mother struggled hard to ward off the want that now seemed inevitable; but what availed the efforts of one woman to support a sick husband and four children? One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. I shall never forget my mother's face, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks when one of us cried —'Mother, we are very hungry!'

She now resolved to apply for help to the nuns of Chaillot; a step which, to her independent spirit, was a far greater trial than to brave the threats of the mob or the fury of the flames. But what is there too hard for a mother who has heard her children ask for food which she had not to give them? With sinking heart, and cheek now pale, now crimson from the struggle within her, she presented herself at the convent, and timidly made known her desire to speak with the superior. Her well-known character procured her instant admission, and her tale once told, obtained for her much kindly sympathy and some relief. As she was passing through the cloisters on her way back, she was startled by a voice suddenly demanding—'Art thou not Madeline Perrault?'

My mother started; the tones of that voice found an echo in her memory, and though thirteen years had elapsed since she had heard it, she recognised it to be that of the being whom her husband was wont to call her 'Fairy.' She turned round, and as the pale moonbeams that were now struggling through the long dim aisle fell upon the well-remembered stately form, in its black garb and flowing mantle, it seemed to Madeline's excited imagination to be indeed a being of some other world.

'I made thee a promise,' said the unknown—'didst thou doubt my power, that thou hast never invoked my aid?' My mother crossed herself devoutly, now convinced that she was dealing with a supernatural being. The phantom smiled at her awe-struck look, and resumed, 'Yet fear not; you have but to name three wishes, and my promise is still sure: they shall be granted.' 'My husband—oh, if he were but once more well!' 'I say not that to give life or healing is within my province to bestow. God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thine heart?'

'Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want!'

'This is but one wish, and I would grant two more.'

'I ask not, wish not for more.'

'Be it so, then, Madeline Perrault; hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders that shall reach you before twelve hours have passed over your head.' And she disappeared from Madeline's sight as suddenly as she had appeared to her.

My mother returned home in considerable agitation, and told my father all that had occurred. He tried to persuade her that the whole scene had been conjured up by her own excited imagination. But my mother persisted in repeating that nothing could be real if this was but fancy; and they passed a sleepless night in bewildering conjectures.

Early the next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman announced to my mother that it was sent to convey her and her family to a place appointed by one whose summons there was good reason they should obey. No questioning could extract from him any further information. You may well fancy how long my father and mother debated as to the prudence of obeying the mysterious summons. But curiosity at last prevailed; and to the unmixed delight of the children of the party, we all got into the carriage, which took the road to Paris, and drove on rapidly till we reached the Rue St Jacques, where it drew up before a new house; and as the servant opened the carriage door and let down the steps, my father perceived that it occupied the site of his house which had been burned down.

Our little party was met in the entrance by a deputation of the civic authorities, who welcomed my father to his house, and congratulated him on his being reinstated in the situation he had so long held with such credit to himself, and, as they were pleased to add, to themselves as members of the body to which he was such an honour.

My father stood as if in a dream, while my mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed to her; and hastily breaking the seal, she read —'Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified!'

'Only that I may be allowed to see my benefactress, to pour out at her feet my heart's gratitude.'

And at the instant the door opened, and the unknown appeared. Madeline, with clasped hands, darted suddenly forward; then as suddenly checking herself, uttered some incoherent words, broken by sobs.

'Madeline,' said the lady, 'I have paid but a small part of the debt I owe you. But for you a ferocious

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mob would have murdered me and my children. To you I owe lives dearer to me than my own. Do not deem me ungrateful in so long appearing to have forgotten you. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me also with heavy trials. Like you, I have seen my children in want of food which I had not to give, and without a spark of fire to warm their chilled limbs. But more, my husband was traitorously put to death, and I have been myself proscribed. When you rescued me, they were hunting me like a wild beast, because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his fathers, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes Madeline Perrault!'

'But how can poor Madeline ever pay the debt she owes?' exclaimed my mother.

'By sometimes coming to visit me in my retreat at Chaillot; for what has a queen without a kingdom, a widow weeping for her murdered husband, a mother for ever separated from her children—what has she any more to do with the world whose nothingness she has so sadly experienced? To know that amid my desolation I have made one being happy, will be soothing to me, and your children's innocent merriment perchance may beguile some lonely hours. Henceforth, Madeline, our intercourse will not bear the romantic character that has hitherto marked it, and which chance, in the first instance, and afterwards a whim of mine, has made it assume. By accident I was led to take refuge in your house in the Rue des Bourdonnais, and instantly recollected it as the former abode of Ruggieri, my mother's astrologer. His laboratory was the vault which doubtless you have not forgotten, and the entrance to which was as well known to me as the subterraneous passage by which I left it, and which led to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the superior, and was about to inquire directly of yourself, when, seeing the effect of my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy once more. The instant you left me I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possessed, and money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of making once again your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy, I have still some influence, and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protectress.'

And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family, and it is to her I owe the favour and patronage of the minister Colbert.

'And now, children,' said Perrault, 'how do you like my last fairy tale?'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MOTHS.

The numbers and importance in the scale of created beings of these usually so much despised insects, are not by any means so generally known, except to the 'scientific few,' as their beauty, variety, and interesting habits and economy deserve. The idea of a moth suggests to many nothing but a destructive little insect that eats clothes, and which they are too glad to be quit of if they can. It is also very generally employed as an image of insignificance and contempt; so that the poor moths are, by the majority of mankind, sadly contemned and overlooked. There are, nevertheless, among them some of the most beautiful objects of the creation; and the most ordinary are not without a sober, quiet beauty, which accords well with their destined period of flight—the quiet hours of twilight. Indeed it might almost seem a subject of wonder that the Creator has bestowed on creatures intended only to come forth when they cannot be seen, such minuteness of pencilling and delicacy of tint. But beauty is scattered here with the same lavish hand as in other departments of nature. And certainly if the Author of nature has thought fit to create and adorn them, it must ever be one of the highest privileges enjoyed by his intelligent creatures to bring them to light, investigate, and admire them. Accordingly, it is found by those who commence it, to be a study of so fascinating a nature, that few who do so ever entirely relinquish it, but continue through life to draw fresh supplies of instruction and delight from its inexhaustible resources. To return for a moment to the subject of colour.

There are certain tribes of moths which fly by day, and in the sunshine, as well as by night; and these, according to the general rule observed in other departments of nature, are usually adorned with brighter colours and stronger contrasts, though it has been found that light has nothing to do with the production of colour, as in the vegetable kingdom, for insects naturally of bright hues, are all the more intensely so when bred in the dark; and as there is no rule without exception, some very dull-coloured species are day-fliers, while others of bright tints fly only by night.

The insects of this order, it is pretty generally known, are produced from eggs deposited by the perfect insect on or near the plants which are the appropriate food of the larvæ or caterpillars—a remarkable instance of what has been termed instinct, as the moths do not feed on these plants themselves, the small quantity of food which they require in the perfect state being derived from the nectar of flowers and other saccharine substances, of which some even do not partake, being destitute of oral apparatus. These eggs are greatly diversified in form and appearance, many of them forming beautiful objects under the microscope: those of the *Sphinges*, or hawk-moths, are generally smooth and globular; those of the *Bombyces*, to which tribe the silk-worm belongs, and which are *par excellence* the cocoon-making moths, are usually circular, but flattened; those of the great division of the *Noctuæ*, or true night-moths, are spherical, and beautifully ribbed, like little sea-urchins; those of the *Geometræ*, or thin-bodied moths, are of various forms, generally more or less oval and depressed; those of the *Tortrices*, or leaf-rollers, flat and scale-like. These eggs sometimes hatch in a few weeks, sometimes require months, and sometimes half the year, according to the species. The first meal of the larvæ is generally furnished by the deserted egg-shells, and they then consume the plants upon which they are placed in various ways, according to the tribe or species to which they belong; and here, again, the greatest diversity of habit is to be found. Almost all the large moths—sphinges, bombyces, noctuæ, and geometræ—consume the leaves in a wholesale manner, shearing them down with their horny mandibles; feeding chiefly by night, to avoid the birds, and concealing themselves during the day in the ground, behind the leaves of plants, or on the bark; the appearance of many being admirably adapted to the latter mode of concealment.

The larvæ of the Tortrices, as their name implies, generally roll or curl up the leaves of the plants on which they feed, making nocturnal excursions from their tubular dwellings to consume the leaves around. But this is not by any means a universal habit, many

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of them feeding on fruits and seeds, which they bore into and destroy; as, for instance, the codling moth (*Carpocapsa pomonana*), which commits such devastation in the apple-orchards of England; and the pea-moth (*Endopisa pisana*), the larva of which is so often found in peas during the summer. Others live in the stems of plants on the pith, and others beneath the bark of trees.

It is among the *Tineæ*, however, that the most singular and diversified economy is to be found. This is the family which contains the so-much-deprecated clothes-moth—a species far from being the least worthy of our notice, as we shall immediately see. Many of these little insects—which comprise in their ranks the smallest as well as some of the most beautiful of the order—reside during the larva state in moveable cases of their own construction, which they carry about with them, and in which they pass securely the final or inactive *pupa* state previous to the disclosure of the perfect insect. These cases are generally composed of portions of leaves, &c.; but in the instance of the different species of clothes-moths, they are constructed of silk interwoven with portions of the wool, fur, or feathers which they have been feeding on. Now, as the case which the little larva makes when newly disclosed from the egg will not long contain it, despite the elastic nature of the *materiel*, it must either alter it, or make a new one as it grows. The former expedient being preferred, the little animal slits it open on each side, and inserts a strip of new material. It is then easily lengthened by additions at the ends; and in this way the cases of the full-grown larvæ are seen to be composed of a series of concentric oval rings, having the original small case for a centre above and below.

Many of the Tineæ share with the Tortrices the habit of rolling leaves; others reside in fixed silken tubes; while a considerable number mine in the substance of leaves, feeding on the parenchyma. Among the latter are some of the most exquisite of insect gems—the purest metallic tints of silver and gold being disposed in spots and bands on glossy black, brown, orange, or pale grounds. The brilliant metallic lustre of these resplendent spots and bars is produced by the exquisite polish of each separate scale of which they are composed, contrasted with those covering the rest of the wing; and the same thing occurs occasionally throughout all the other families. Many of the Tineæ likewise feed on seeds; others on fungi, lichens, &c.; and others, again, on dead wood, and beneath bark. One species (*Gelechia malvella*) makes a gallery right through the seeds of the hollyhock while they are still attached to the receptacle. Another (*Tinea grunella*) hollows out grains of wheat, &c. leaving nothing but the shell; committing sometimes great devastation in granaries, and finally boring into the woodwork, unbaffled by even the hardest knots of resin, and wood which has been *kyanized*. A third (*Tinea cloacella*) forms long galleries in the solid fungi which grow on old trees. Others, of the curious tribe which the Germans very aptly name *Sackträgers* (*Taleporia*), feed upon lichens, and stick over the outside of their silken cases grains of sand, and little chips of the lichen they are feeding on, to strengthen and disguise themselves.

The leaf-cases are constructed in the most ingenious manner by the larvæ of a delicate, narrow-winged genus of moths (*Coleophora*), which feed on the parenchyma, like the miners; but as they do not mine in the strict sense of the word, they first remove the epidermis, of which they form their cases. When the little inhabitants of these cases are full grown, they fasten themselves firmly to the leaf, by an attachment of silk round the mouth, and then turn quite round inside—no easy process one would imagine—so that the moth invariably makes its exit by the opposite end.

Some of the Tineæ spin beautiful silken cocoons for the protection of the pupæ. One species (*Plutella dentella*), which feeds upon honeysuckle, constructs one of snowy whiteness, somewhat in the shape of a hammock. Another (*Plutella porrectella*), which feeds on the buds of the white rocket, makes a very similar cocoon, but of beautiful open network. It is among the Bombyces, however, that we must look for the most regularly-formed cocoons, of which the common or Chinese silk-worm (*Bombyx mori*) affords one of the most perfect examples. For ingenuity of design, however, though not perhaps in external beauty, it must yield to the flask-shaped cocoon of the emperor moth (*Saturnia carpini*), which is open at one end, but protected within by a number of stiff, converging points, which effectually prevent ingress, but yield to the slightest pressure from within. Very different from these is the hard, gummy cocoon of the puss moth (*Cerura vinula*), which will scarcely yield to the edge of a knife, and is not softened by all the storms of winter, but from which the moth, nevertheless, makes its way with the greatest ease, probably by the aid of some solvent fluid. A still more aberrant kind of cocoon is made by many of the Noctuæ, most of which enter the ground to complete their transformations. It consists of earth, smoothed inside into an oval cell, and sometimes lined with silk. Here we might imagine there was still greater difficulty in the perfect insect making its escape, as the larvæ sometimes go many inches into the soil, which often hardens above them. In many instances, however, the pupa is furnished with points and hooks, directed backwards, upon the segments of the body, which prevent a retrograde motion, as by its exertions it gradually bores its way to the surface, which is reached in many instances before the moth is disclosed. Often, however, the moths themselves have to make their way through very rough substances, where it is surprising their soft, undeveloped wings are not materially injured. But it is their very softness at this stage apparently that preserves them, and it is but seldom that any defect is afterwards perceptible on the beautifully-developed insect. This most interesting process of development, after the pupa-case is thrown off, is one well worthy of our notice, and we shall therefore consider it rather in detail.

After lying in its cocoon, or in the ground, its appointed period, which varies from a few days to as many years, at length the critical moment arrives, when, if the pupa has been in too dry a situation, or exposed to the sun's rays, which harden the outer covering, it will not be able to burst its prison-house, and must perish ere long within the pupa-case. If, however, all has gone on well, the sutures of the plates which cover the head and thorax part by the exertions of the enclosed insect, which now comes forth covered with moisture, and immediately seeks some perpendicular object, as a tree, wall, or stem of a plant, which it ascends a little way, and then becomes stationary. The wings are now very short, but generally quite even, and without folds, exhibiting on a small scale all the future markings. If disturbed at this juncture, the insect becomes restless, and the process of expansion is retarded; and should it fall, as sometimes happens, and struggle among the herbage below, it is frequently stopped altogether, and the insect becomes a cripple for life. If none of these casualties occur, however, after a short time—which varies according to the temperature of the air and the strength of the insect—the wings begin to lengthen, assuming an undulated appearance, which gradually disappears as the fluids swell the nervures to their full extent, and the wings appear even, but slightly concave on their upper surface. To remedy this, they are now closed above the back, meeting at the tips, after which they are again brought down on each side of the body; the insect assumes its natural position when at rest, and in a short time is ready for flight.

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One of the most interesting subjects connected with these insects is the amazing variety in the larvæ, both in form and colour, so that nearly every species, when known, may be recognised in this state as readily as when perfect. The principal families and genera, indeed, are characterised quite as much by the larvæ as by the perfect insect. Among the Sphinges, the larvæ are frequently adorned with bright colours, disposed very generally in oblique stripes on the sides. They are furnished with a projection or horn on the hinder portion of the body, and many of them possess a habit of elevating the head and thoracic segments when at rest, which probably induced Linnæus to give them the fanciful name of Sphinx. Among the Bombyces the larvæ are frequently clothed with hair; sometimes evenly, as in the tiger, ermine, and fox moths (*Arctia, Spilosoma, Lassiocampa*); and sometimes disposed in singular tufts and pencils, as in the vapourer and tussock moths (*Orgyia, Dasychira*, &c.) Here also are some of the most singular forms anywhere to be met with. One (*Stauropus fagi*) is remarkably like a lobster; another genus (*Notodonta*) has larvæ which emulate the crooked branches of an old oak; a third (*Cerura*) has larvæ of the brightest colours, which carry both head and tail in the air, from the latter of which arise two singular diverging appendages. The larvæ of the Noctuæ are for the most part smooth and cylindrical, and of dull colours, principally shades of brown, green, and gray; but some are ornamented with very bright tints, and clothed with hairs and protuberances, like the Bombyces, to which family some systematists have considered that they more appropriately belong. Their true position, however, would seem that of the link between the two.

The Geometræ are at once distinguished by the singular character of their larvæ, which are much elongated, with feet only at the two extremities of the body, so that when they move, it is by alternately extending the body, and forming it into a loop, exactly resembling the Greek letter Ω. From this curious mode of progression they received their original designation of *Geometers*, or measurers. Here the prevailing tints are brown and green. Most of them are smooth, but a few are rough and tuberculated, which, added to their ordinary position when at rest—grasping a twig firmly with their hind-feet, with the rest of their body stiffly elevated at an angle of 45 degrees—greatly favours their concealment; and although the theory of adaptation to concealment has been laughed at on the ground that some larvæ are of very bright and conspicuous colours, yet it cannot on that account hold less true, supported as it is by indubitable facts. Throughout the whole of this family it is especially evident. Green larvæ in the position described above resemble leaf-stalks; brown ones, short dead twigs. Others are coloured suitably to their food and habits. One which abounds on moors (*Eupithecia augustata*) is of a delicate pink, like the blossom of the heath on which it feeds. Another species of Eupithecia, which feeds on the flowers of ragwort, is of a golden yellow. Another, found on the juniper, is exactly the peculiar bluish green of the leaves of that plant. But it is needless multiplying instances, which occur constantly to every observer of these insects. Again, it is worthy of remark that throughout all the different families, larvæ which feed on roots beneath the surface of the ground, or in the interior of stems, &c. where colour would be of little apparent use in any way, are generally nearly without it; those cases where it does occur, as in the larva of the goat moth (*Cossus ligniperda*), being again the exception, and not the rule.

In the Tortrices and Tineæ, the larvæ generally taper more or less towards the extremities; some of them being quite fusiform, or spindle-shaped. Most of them are remarkably active in their movements, especially the leaf-rollers, which wriggle backwards out of their cases on the slightest alarm, dropping by a thread of silk until the danger is over.

Having now taken a cursory and imperfect glance at these interesting insects in their preparatory states, our space not allowing us to do half justice to the subject—many parts of which have necessarily been passed over in silence—we may, in a future paper, turn our attention more fully to the perfect insects themselves, and examine some of the families more in detail.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Sir, there is nothing like the fine, full flow of London talk.—
Dr Johnson.

Large cities have great faults. Of this there can be no question. First, the atmosphere is thick, heavy, and dank denying the lungs in great measure the aliment necessary for carrying on the functions of life—sapping the very foundations of health—to say nothing of spoiling the complexion, a matter of some little importance to all, and to ladies on the shady side of thirty in particular.

Then the noise and turmoil of a great city, from the thunder of artillery on a day of rejoicing, to the ceaseless and nameless hum that would seem to fill the very realms of space!

Then the ever-moving panorama of daily life, the multiplicity of objects for ever crossing and re-crossing before the eye, threatening to obliterate its vision before the lapse of years shall have worked their inevitable destiny!

Then the dust of the summer, and the dirt of the winter, and the suffocating smoke of all seasons!

Verily, large cities have great faults; the fact cannot be evaded even by their most ardent votaries. Horace Walpole admitted it; Johnson did not attempt to dispute it; why, then, should I seek to deny what I feel to be undeniable? Happily, however, there can be no shadow without sunshine, so that a great city is not without its one priceless advantage—its cloak of charity that covers its multitude of sins.

The citizen within its walls, the stranger within its gates, the wayfarer within its streets, may each venture, in an honest way, to think his own thoughts, speak his own words, and rejoice in the unspeakable comfort of having an opinion and a will of his own. He may proclaim it from the pinnacle of St Giles's, the Column in Sackville Street, or the dome of St Pauls, if he choose to do so, and no one shall challenge his right to this glorious privilege. Yes, this luxury that would seem the birthright of Britons, is the peculiar grace accorded to its denizens by a metropolis alone. Talk of trial by jury and the Habeas Corpus! They do not deserve to be mentioned in the same category with it.

Such is now my settled conviction, yet how lightly did I appreciate it a single month ago!

'*La vie ne se revele à nous mêmes qu'avec le choc des occasions*,' says the French philosopher; and truly enough, since, but for the accidental circumstances I am about to detail, the full worth of one of the most valuable of the social comforts of life might never have been revealed to me.

In the beginning of September in the past year of grace, I made up my mind to turn my back upon London, where I have resided all my life, not for Paris or Venice, as everybody else had been doing, but for a secluded village in a county that shall be nameless, nearly equidistant from London and the metropolis of the sister kingdom. Yes, I resolved to rusticate in real earnest—to snap at once a chain of annoyances great and small, which seemed to have accumulated upon me 'in Ballalious,' and seek in the serenity of the country that peace which seemed scared away from me in town.

My usually tranquil life had been invaded by a complication of losses and vexations, and I was on the verge

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of a nervous fever. My income, never very large, had been diminished nearly a third by the depreciation in the value of railway property; my landlord, after beguiling me into renewing my lease for another seven years by a promise of doing to my house everything that the heart could desire, had finished by an eloquent silence on the subject, which indicated very clearly his determination to do nothing at all; my new neighbour, Mr Marjory the solicitor, whose lady's elaborate civilities I had some difficulty in evading, had been heard to hint something about an action for trespass after having caught my nephew, a Westminster lad of fifteen, scaling the party-wall between our house in search of a vagrant ball. My old neighbour on the left had begun painting his house on the day of my dinner-party; but this was mere accident. My beautiful King Charles spaniel, with the shortest of noses and the longest of ears, had mysteriously disappeared, simultaneously with the arrival of the plumbers and glaziers; and the old friend to whom I lamented my loss, and the three guineas I had expended in advertising my misfortune, had referred me to the Life of Sir Astley Cooper for information as to the part he had taken in the final destiny of many a drawing-room favourite, by way of solution of the possible ultimate fate of mine; and finally, to complete my annoyances, when stung into an unusual fit of asperity and energy by all these *contretemps*, I had ventured to remind my middle-aged cook that it was unbeseeming a woman of forty to encourage the attentions of a footboy of eighteen, I was struck dumb by being requested to 'purwide myself' that day month, as she had been married to poor William 'a fornight come Monday;' and after having served me faithfully for twelve years, did not deserve, she thought, to have her feelings rent by such remarks.

For these vexations there seemed but one remedy. I wrote to the friend who lived farthest from the scene of my worries, and accepted on the instant the invitation that annually arrived with the basket of game, but which had hitherto been put off with the platitude 'of the pleasure to come,' or postponed to that indefinite period, 'a more convenient season;' placed my house at the disposal of the newly-married couple for the remainder of the honeymoon; gave my parlour-maid leave to visit her friends and take her board-wages with her; secured the right-hand corner of the *coupé*, and bade adieu to every disagreeable, save the whirl of forty miles an hour, and the smell of the locomotive engine.

How calm and beautiful is nature even in the close vicinity of a great city! How invigorating the gush of fresh air that seems to welcome you as you emerge from the wilderness of brick and mortar—how broad and expansive the sweet undulations of upland and lowland—how refreshing to the eye the smooth green pastures—how holy seems the brooding silence of the country—how calm its solitude, only varied here and there by some secluded dwelling! Now and then may be descried some sign of mortal life in the progress of agriculture, but so few and infrequent, that it would seem as though the primeval curse had been withdrawn, and the teeming earth brought forth her rich produce irrespective of the labours of man.

Instinctively I felt about for my copy of Cowper, that sweetest painter of pastoral life. Could I have forgotten it? No; there it was, and it opened at the passage—

> 'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
> To peep at such a world—to see the stir
> Of the great Babel.'

The *Sortes Cowperianæ* had not been propitious. I closed the volume, contented to enjoy the present, and resolving not to be too solicitous for the future; and in this happy frame of mind I journeyed on, every milestone passed convincing me of the wisdom of my decision, though it had been a hasty one. My crumpled nerves had already been smoothed into calmness; my mind had sympathised with my body. From the tremulous it had subsided into the peaceful, from the peaceful it had grown into the poetical, and from the poetical it had risen into the sublime; and I was in the midst of Milton's 'Morning Hymn' when the train stopped at the little station which announced the termination of my journey.

I at once descried the family livery on the platform. In a few minutes my wardrobe properties had been disinterred from the van, and full of pleasurable hopes and anticipations, I was in the pony-chaise trotting along cool green lanes, and within a quarter of an hour both my hands were clasped in those of my hypochondriacal male cousin at the garden gate, whilst a long silent kiss from his sister-in-law was as eloquent of welcome as the 'At last you are come!' of her low sweet voice.

My dear cousin herself installed me in my pleasant chamber; wheeled the low arm-chair to the bright crackling fire; drew out a hassock for my feet, placed a cushion for my head; and whilst the 'neat-handed Phillis' was busied with the bandboxes, herself dispensed the fragrant coffee that was to solace me after the fatigues of my journey. How delightful was all this! Was it not worth coming a hundred miles to enjoy?

For a time we could do nothing but gaze at each other, and, with the freemasonry of affection, read the thoughts that were common to both of us. Since we had parted, nearly twenty years had elapsed. I was then a blooming miss in my teens, assiduously cultivating the airs and graces proper to the age, whilst *she* was the very type of finished womanhood. Calm as a seraph, bright as an angel, I had thought her when we met after her marriage tour. Alas! ere the anniversary of that day had come round, she was a widow in the house she had so briefly graced as a bride! and in compliance with wishes rather implied than expressed by her late husband, had thus continued ever since, meekly fulfilling to an exacting brother-in-law the duties of a wife, without either its dignity or its solace to sustain her.

How long our fit of social silence might have lasted I know not. I was aroused from mine by a stroke on an Indian gong. 'It is only the dressing signal,' said Lucilla, in reply to my look of inquiry. 'Dinner will be served in an hour; but I hope you will not trouble yourself to dress much, for I am sure my brother will excuse you after so long a journey. If, however, you will pardon me,' she added, 'I will go down to Charles now, as I can easily dress when you are in the drawing-room.'

Now, as I never had the slightest intention of changing my handsome black *moiré* dress on the evening in question for any other, I felt a little surprised that my cousin's permission to do as I chose in so simple a matter should seem to be necessary. However, I made no remark, but at leisure donned my demi-toilette cap, exchanged my rumpled muslin sleeves for a pair of lace ones to match it, drew on my gloves, shook out my handkerchief, descended the first flight of stairs, returned for my netting-case, and found my bachelor cousin installed in the most comfortable bergère in the drawing-room. I congratulated him on his good looks—a compliment from which he plaintively dissented, returning it, however, with much *empressement* of manner, and with, I doubt not, equal sincerity.

As the clock struck six, dinner was announced. My cousin, with the grace of Sir Charles Grandison, took my hand, drew my arm within his, placed me on his right side, and again bade me welcome to hearth and board.

Having so lately taken coffee, I was about to decline the soup, when I *felt* rather than saw the shadow of a shade crossing the bland countenance of my host. The suspended plate was therefore accepted; the servant

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who was handing it seemed rather relieved, and I felt somehow as if I had been on the verge of committing myself.

The remainder of the dinner was pleasant and chatty, though, by the way, the subjects discussed were purely of a public nature—the Queen and the royal children, Prince Albert and the Exhibition of 1851; and as we were all agreed in our loyalty, we had little to do beyond echoing each other's sentiments. We sat, I thought, rather long over the dessert; at length Lucilla gave the signal for our departure. Her brother rose and opened the door, bowed gravely as we passed, held it open till we crossed the hall, and then closing it very softly, returned to his port-wine and siesta.

I know not how it was, but though a bright fire burned in the grate, a sense of chilliness came over me when we entered the drawing-room; and as the evening was delightful, I proposed a walk in the grounds. Lucilla agreed that the sunset had been most brilliant, but continued with her arm in mine pacing up and down the room. At length I drew her through the conservatory to the very steps. She, however, gently prevented my egress, observing that perhaps dear Charles would prefer showing me the grounds to-morrow, if I did not much mind waiting till then. I remembered that Louis le Grand had drawn up with his own princely fingers the programme of the arrangements for visiting the gardens of Versailles, and is even suspected of having coveted, to his dying day, the office of cicerone to the fountains and terraces. I concluded, therefore, that my good cousin shared the royal predilection in this respect, and was quite satisfied to restrain my curiosity for his gratification until the next morning.

We resumed our chat and promenade together. How many trifling events lived in our remembrance, as one circumstance recalled another, which else might have slept in oblivion for ever! We spoke of the strong tie of affection that had bound us together, notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, and endeavoured between us to trace its origin.

I reminded her of many trifling kindnesses on her part which she had long forgotten, but which had had no small influence in the love I bore her; and was in the midst of a reminiscence of a rather early date, of which my childish awkwardness and her Christian charity formed the principal features, when I fancied I felt a slight pressure of the arm, and at the same time a jingle of spoons announced that tea was served. Had the sound startled Lucilla, or was the pressure a mute warning to be silent? The conversation had nothing in it either very treasonable or very confidential, and I concluded, therefore, that in the latter surmise I must have been mistaken. My cousin now made his appearance, roused up the sleeping fire into a bright blaze, and I could not help thinking that its ruddy light reflected as contented a trio as any in the county.

As the evening advanced, Charles challenged me to a game of chess. I accepted the proposal, as in duty bound, though I had much rather have 'fallen to talk.' I, however, made the best fight I could; watched his tactics, and acted on the defensive, till, at the end of two hours, the board was cleared, and myself soundly beaten. 'Dear Charles' was in charming spirits, though too well bred to manifest much triumph at my discomfiture. He praised my play—I rather wondered at it—and promised me my revenge on another occasion. The wine and water was then brought in, and I retired to my room, where everything seemed redolent of dried rose leaves, lavender, and peaceful security.

The song of birds, the bright light, and the unwonted sound of the mower whetting his scythe, awoke me at an early hour. I turned to sleep again, but in vain; the entire change of scene and associations rendered further sleep impossible, and I therefore arose and regaled my senses by gazing on the bright landscape beneath me. Should I surprise Lucilla at the breakfast-table with a bouquet of my own gathering, as an evidence of my improved habits of early rising? Yes! —the temptation seemed irresistible! I threw on my shawl—for there was a freshness in the morning air to which I had not had time to become inured—and descended the staircase, where I encountered the housemaid at her duties. She looked at me with undisguised amazement, inquired if I was unwell, or had mistaken the hour, as it was only eight o'clock, and the family never assembled in the breakfast-room till half-past nine. I was about quieting her fears on the score of my health by passing through the open door into the garden, when a *something* in her astonished face reminded me of Lucilla's words, 'Perhaps dear Charles would prefer showing you the grounds himself.' I stood self-convicted; I had not even the presence of mind to get up a little shiver, and to profess to find the morning air too cold for a walk. I quietly retreated to my room, and unpacking my few books, read myself into patience until breakfast.

After a sufficient time for the comfortable digestion of that most comfortable of meals, my cousin proposed himself the pleasure of showing me the grounds. I congratulated myself upon the self-denial I had practised; bonnet and shawl were again, more successfully, in requisition, and taking his arm, I proceeded to make myself acquainted with the various beauties with which I was surrounded in a properly-accredited manner.

My host conducted me successively to the best points of view which the domain afforded, making me remark how a walk of upwards of a mile could be secured by following a winding path in the limited extent of a few acres. He led me to the sunken fence, which afforded an unobstructed sight of the park-like meadows beyond, while it effectually excluded trespassers, without offending the eye by any visible boundary. He called my attention to rare shrubs planted by the hands of distant friends—loving memorials of their regard—and exhibited flourishing exotics raised from minute slips by a process peculiar to himself.

I cordially felicitated my cousin on all his arrangements, for, in truth, they appeared to me singularly happy. The grounds were the perfection of good gardening; the rock-work was decidedly the best I had ever seen; and the rustic chairs and sun-dial might have been fashioned by Arcadian peasants of superior taste. He admitted, in a half-deprecating, half-gratified tone, that in his 'wretched state of health' his garden was a resource; observed, with a warmth decidedly complimentary, upon the real enjoyment of sharing one's objects of interest with a friend possessed of 'the virtue of appreciation,' and in the ardour of the moment intreated that I would afford him the advantage of my admirable taste, by suggesting some alteration for the improvement of his grounds, and thus link my name with those of the other friends who had aided to make them what they were.

Where everything seemed, of its class, to approach so nearly to perfection, it appeared a work of supererogation to suggest any change. At length, when duly pressed, I remembered having once seen the broad-leaved ground-ivy planted, star-like, round the foot of a spreading beech, and that its glossy leaves, meandering on the green sward, looked like the spreading roots of the tree. I therefore suggested whether such an appendage to his own drooping Swiss lime might not perhaps enhance its beauty, even more than the closely-cropped turf by which it was surrounded.

My cousin listened attentively, seemed, I thought, struck with the idea, thanked me 'very much' for the suggestion, said he would think the matter over, and then proposed our return to the house, as he had, he

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feared, little more to show me worthy my attention. Alas! his cordiality of manner had subsided into his habitual bland politeness. I felt that my usual tact, on which I specially pride myself, had here failed me, and reproached myself for the unnecessary candour which had caused me to forget that a request for advice was too generally merely a claim to approbation.

We walked together to the vestibule, and I was on the point of returning to enjoy another stroll by myself, when Lucilla, putting some letters into my hand which had arrived in my absence, suggested whether I should not fatigue myself by walking any longer, and that, as many of our friends were aware of my expected arrival, we should doubtless have visitors, and perhaps, therefore, I would seat myself in the drawing-room with as little delay as might be agreeable.

As it was a matter of entire indifference to me where I wrote my two unimportant notes, I offered no objection to this arrangement; and having reformed my toilet, which my morning stroll had somewhat disarranged, I took my blotting-book and embroidery, and seating myself at a writing-table in an embrasure of one of the windows, commenced my morning's occupation. A sound of wheels, however, soon interrupted my employment. I exchanged my seat at the window for one next the sofa, leaving the post of honour vacant for the arrivals. Lucilla also arose, and in passing the table where I had been writing, gave herself the needless trouble, as it seemed to me, of closing my portfolio, and re-arranging the writing materials which I had been using. She received her guests with a grace peculiarly her own, presented me to them as one long known to them by good report, and we were soon gaily discussing the news of the day. It did not seem the *usage de maison* to work, so I laid aside the embroidery I had taken up on quitting my writing, and devoted myself exclusively to the conversation around me, which was carried on with much spirit and intelligence. Other arrivals succeeded the first party, and a long morning was thus cheerfully whiled away.

Once or twice I fancied my cousin looked at me with an air of some disquietude, for which I was wholly unable to account. I was conscious of being in a most amiable mood, and not in my worst looks; my *cachemire brodée* I knew to be the mode, and my simple morning cap irreproachable; still I felt the look had some reference to myself, though on what account, I found it impossible to divine.

At length all the guests had departed. I congratulated my cousin on the pleasant circle she had drawn around her. She felt, she said, that they were fortunate in this respect, though the health of her brother precluded her from seeing as much of their neighbours as she could wish; and after a pause of a few minutes, during which I resumed my work, she inquired, with a little hesitation of manner, whether I never wore mittens.

I confess I did not exactly see the bearing of the question, but I answered that I did so sometimes, offering her, if she were in want of any, a selection from an assortment of every description, from the Irish gossamer to the veritable Maltese. I was about to add, however, that mittens were decidedly *passé* in London, when she interrupted me by smilingly thanking me for my offer, and observing that she would only trespass upon my kindness to ask me to wear them myself. I probably still looked rather puzzled, for she explained that she fancied some of our visitors had noticed their absence, and as every one wore them there, she feared they might think me rather odd. I was about to say what I thought, that if they did, I would endeavour to survive it; but Lucilla looked so meek, and fearful of having offended, that I could but kiss her, and promise to give no ground for any imputation on that score for the future.

Day succeeded day of tranquil uniformity, unmarked by even the variety of 'the migration from the blue bed to the brown.' I thought of Rasselas in the Happy Valley, and reasoned as he did. I sometimes longed for a ramble instead of a promenade, and discovered myself that the path of daily life may be even too smoothly macadamised. My mind is by no means antagonistic; but I felt it would be a relief now and then to say, 'I differ,' instead of, 'Do you think so?'—the nearest approach to dissent that the nerves of my cousin seemed capable of sustaining.

At length the circle of visits having been received, it became necessary to acknowledge them. The return calls went off, on the whole, very satisfactorily, notwithstanding one or two shortcomings on my part. On one occasion, when closely pressed, I was unable to deny (for I knew both) that I thought worse men were to be found upon earth than even Dr Pusey, and few better than Baptist Noel, though he had gone out from among us. I confessed that I had listened to the reasoning of Dr Chalmers on church establishments, and of Dr Wardlaw on the voluntary system, and thought with Uncle Toby 'that much might be said on both sides.' I acknowledged also that I read the two great rival reviews, and was not prepared to pin my faith exclusively on either. Alas! all this was inexplicable to my inquisitor, who recognised no divided allegiance, and whose motto seemed to be in the words of ancient Pistol—

'Under which king, Bezonian?—speak, or die!'

As a matter of feeling, as well as of taste, I never undervalue the productions of any one, yet when called upon, on another occasion, to express an opinion on a Saracen in Berlin wool, I found I fell far short of what was expected of me, though I awarded to it the meed of praise it richly deserved, as 'a matchless piece of needlework.' Alas! I could not say that I should ever have mistaken it for a painting by Landseer, as the fair artist assured me everybody else had done.

As the period drew near for my departure, I felt an increasing conviction that I was not adapted for 'life in a village.' I was sensible of a constant fear of offending some prejudice, or running counter to some prepossession. My preference of books to Berlin work was decided. I could not make a magazine last more than three days, or a memoir extend beyond a week. I was accustomed to be understood when I spoke in metaphor, and to be allowed the privilege of laughing at, and being laughed at by, those I loved, without being supposed to derogate from their dignity or my own. The general impression, that 'you may do as you like in the country,' appeared to me to be utterly fallacious: 'the crust of bread and liberty' of Prior's country mouse was certainly a delusion. Everybody seemed to live under a species of domestic espionage, and to labour under a constant fear of provoking the 'wonder' of his neighbour, to evade which appeared almost the business of life. The chains might be invisible, and light as gossamer, but chains they were notwithstanding.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said, as plain as words upon the ear,
The place is haunted.

I am almost afraid that Lucilla suspected my weariness, for she redoubled her exertions to entertain me. Alas! could she have diminished them one half, she would, I doubt not, have attained her object, for there is a neglect that is flattering, and a seeming inattention that is the perfection of welcome; for to be constantly reminded that you are a visitor, is not the best way to make you feel perfectly at home.

My cousins lamented my approaching departure, and urged me to extend my stay with them a little longer. I therefore delayed my journey a few days, to prove

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that I was not tired of the country. They spoke of the blank my absence would occasion in their quiet household; and when Lucilla, with tears in her eyes, bade me farewell and God-speed, I felt a sense of almost self-reproach as I thought of the monotonous winter that awaited her, and longed to carry her away with me.

Oh how welcome was the distant view of the great 'wilderness of brick and mortar!' How tolerant had I grown of all its imperfections! How pretty seemed the roadside villas, as we approached its vicinity! How smart and trim the young nurse-maids; how bright and intelligent the well-dressed children; and what an air of pleasant bustle and activity the busy streets presented! My spirits rose with the sight of the vitality around me: I would have done anything for anybody. In my fervour of rejoicing, I determined to grace my return, after the manner of the kings of old, by a general amnesty. I would no longer respond to Mrs Marjory's civilities by the 'mutilated curtsey,' and would even endeavour to tolerate (provided I had not to do so too often) the stealthy step and lynx-eye of her respectable husband. I would make one more gracious appeal to the conscience of my landlord before finally giving him up as the most faithless of men; the memory of my lost favourite should weigh on my spirits no more, and the cook and footboy rejoice in a free pardon!

How pleasant were the first days of my newly-acquired liberty of action!—the recovery, as it were, of faculties that had seemed useless, if not actually burdensome. I could now question the soundness of a proposition without offending the propounder, or laugh at his favourite theory without having my good faith doubted for so doing. I could now and then lounge in my chair, or even put my feet upon the fender, without being supposed to have irrevocably compromised my dignity. I could acknowledge a belief that an English household might not be the worse for a French *cuisine*, and not lose my character for patriotism; and confess to a friend my preference for simple blue over yellow, without the necessity for a previous reference to the colour of her window curtains.

True, indeed, it is that blessings must be lost before they can be fully appreciated. The story of Peter Schlemil has ceased to be a mystery to me. I can sympathise in all the trials and perplexities of that much persecuted young man, and understand how the loss of even one's shadow may be a misfortune, after having all one's life had the comfort of possessing it.

MORLAND THE PAINTER.

The biography of a painter, in most cases, if it could be truthfully gathered from the treasury of his own experience, would portray the action of struggling both within and without—struggling with the difficulties of his art, and with the social difficulties to which the pursuit usually subjects its disciples. In most cases the painter's career is marked at its outset by the uneasy fretting of energies chained to an uncongenial employment, from which, after an unfulfilled apprenticeship, it frees itself to follow the bias or instinct, whichever it be, which makes men resign present comforts, and often friends, to become painters. Then succeeds the epoch of economical troubles: the age of privations supported by hope, and ambition sustained by the consciousness of improvement—the age of withheld patronage—painful shifts for subsistence—of shifts (harder still) to maintain appearances—of overstrained physical and mental powers—of, *sometimes*, a pencil of late afternoon sunlight in the shape of acknowledged merit, and the sympathy and praise, not to speak of world comforts, which it supplies—and lastly, *always*, we believe, that prophetical consciousness which real genius experiences of an aftertime of fame. This is a skeleton life, which will fit most of those who have stamped the emotions of noble minds in form and colour, and whose long suffering under their labours we admire as much as their consummation.

To the subject of this sketch, George Morland, whose white horses, country storm, sensual pigs, and leaning pollard oaks, are nearly all that the sight-seeing public connect with his name, these general remarks will in no one particular apply. There is no early struggle on his part to be recorded either as to his art or his social circumstances—he never had to glance reproachfully at an unsold picture—he never lacked friends, admirers, or purchasers—knew no evils of poverty but what he wilfully created, rather we should say, courted—and for the glory or reward which attaches to posthumous fame, the anecdotes sprinkled in the following outline will show at what value he appraised articles so difficult in this mammon age for a prudent person to pretend to value at all.

We wish it to be understood that it is in the light of a warning, and not merely a criticism, or for the sake of catering to the amusement of readers, that the notices of his life, now almost lost to the public, are reproduced. Our English Teniers had many of the rude social virtues: they *would* have been virtues but for one besetting, unresisted vice, which had a hundred lower satellites. George Morland, the painter of his day, lived and died a drunkard. Like Naaman, he was the captain of a host, but a leper. Alas for us that such a leprosy should not in that age have been pronounced unclean! He was born in 1763 in the Haymarket, London, a lineal descendant of that ingenious mathematician, Samuel Morland, who received knighthood from Charles II. His father was a painter by profession, but of little note. At a wonderfully early period, his taste (whether by instinct within or accident without we determine not) was developed—a gaudy coach, stopping for a few minutes before his father's door, caught the boy's attention. The form lived in his mind's eye; an old pencil, rummaged from the débris of a painter's study, and a soiled piece of paper, equipped him with the instruments for reproducing the image. The drawing, which was wonderfully correct, was taken from his hand by the astonished father just as the urchin had concluded his first essay. It was shown about, pronounced a wonder, and forthwith his father dedicated him to the profession.

Before he could read, he was supplied with pencils and colours, and set down to copy the dull woodcuts which most of us can remember to have seen heading the doubtful poetry of Gay's fables. Such an employment did not harmonise with the lad's taste: he saw the figures never *could* run, and the paper was straightway covered with guinea-pigs and rabbits instead. As soon as he had arrived at the dignity of coat and breeches, he became a student at the Royal Academy of Somerset House. Here his time was equally divided between a keen attention to his studies and an indulgence in practical jokes, from the awkward consequences of which his extreme youth and the quaint piquancy of their nature seem to have saved him. It was during this nonage that he became acquainted with the excellences and defects of Hobbima, Cuyp, and Ruysdael, the study of whose chef-d'œuvres assisted much in the formation of his style.

During the first part of his career in this nursery he was regular and earnest in his studies—a lecture-room full of half-employed, and not quite reserved lads, was far more congenial than the dull study at home; but he met with older companions, whose habits and tastes out of the lecture-room were most depraved. For a long while, absorbed in the subject of his inner dreams, he fenced off their invitations to join them in their orgies. But one day he was tempted to enter a neighbouring tavern, and induced for the first time to taste

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a glass of gin. A personal friend—one who often stood between him and ruin in after-days—records sorrowfully the criticism he uttered after swallowing his first dram—'He liked it so very much!' About this time he had attained wonderful proficiency for his age; but when he was about fourteen or fifteen years old, his father tracing symptoms of unsteadiness, took the precaution of apprenticing him to himself for three years, an arrangement which seems to have met with no opposition on his side. A still more dangerous example of vicious principle was suggested by his own father, though happily his successful career preserved him, in after-times at least, from any temptation to follow it. He possessed a wonderful faculty of imitating the masters of the Dutch school, whose every touch he knew. Copies of them, prepared by the son, were put into the market by the father, and sold as originals; one especially on an old oak panel after Hobbima, which deceived the best judges—a gross breach of honesty, for which the unprincipled parent subjected himself to an action for recovery. George soon found that he could turn his talents to a private account. Though closely watched, he found opportunities of painting small pieces, which were furtively let down from the study window, and received by agents below, who repaid him by the discharge of certain bills for spirits, the amount of such payment being regulated according to the actual area or square inches of canvas thus disgraced.

Young Morland was, as we might expect from one so fond of animals, an equestrian; and yet, strange to say, always an unskilful one. About this time he indulged his taste by bestriding certain sorry hacks, the property of a cautious stable-keeper in the neighbourhood. Here, too, he was obliged to defraud his father of his services, canvas, and time, to gratify his passion. Money being scarce with him, he paid the horse-keeper in kind, and painted himself and family as a set-off for the use of his beasts. At the close of his apprenticeship he left his father, and formed an acquaintance with a Mr William Wane, a mezzotint draughtsman, whose sister he shortly after married, her brother at the same time marrying George's sister. For a brief period after their marriages the two young couples occupied the same house; but a speedy dissension between the ladies ensued, and they parted company, Morland, then only twenty years of age, taking and furnishing a house near Kentish Town. Here for a while he lived soberly and steadily. His pictures sold as fast as he could produce them, and the society of his young bride chained him to his home. But soon comes a cloud. His wife, after giving birth to a stillborn child, fell into ill health, which marred her remarkable beauty, and impaired her cheerfulness. Very soon Morland began to absent himself from home in the evening; his old habit of dram-drinking revived; and some boon companions at such places as Mother Red-cap's and the Britannia Tavern offered far more enlivening society to his taste than that of a sickly and querulous wife. It was now that his early habits of intemperance were fatally confirmed: from this period he may be said to have become a confirmed toper.

Still the mornings were given to the study—his taste was rapidly rising towards maturity, admirers gathered round him, and many an amateur considered himself lucky in having obtained the promise of the 'next' picture, thrown off, rather than elaborated, by the pencil of a young man under twenty-two years of age. With this success his ideas enlarged as to expense: a larger house, extravagantly furnished, was taken in the neighbourhood, and fitted up in a manner becoming the possessor of an income of little less than L.1000 per annum, chiefly, if not entirely, of his own earning. It was about this time that he exhibited, in Somerset House gallery, a picture, 'Visit to a Child and Nurse,' which was especially admired, and deservedly so. His fortune now was at flood-tide; but, hampered with evil habits and vicious associates, he trifled with his hour, and never again could find strength to rouse himself to a reform. His increased expenses began now to outrun his handsome income; his labours were generally forestalled, the picture having been paid for before it was painted, and the price frittered away in tavern bills. He was not twenty-six years of age before he had commenced a system which will show sadly enough the deep entanglements in which he was involved: this was to borrow money for a certain date, and when, at its expiration, he found himself unprepared to meet the claim, to *paint a picture for the renewal of the bill*. The unhappy young man thus actually paid the creditor a bonus for indulgence in time, equal often to the value of half of his debt.

In 1789 two historical or rather political pictures were finished by him, from which prints were struck, which created a great sensation. The titles, 'The Slave Trade,' and 'African Hospitality,' will partly explain the unbounded popularity which they obtained. Soon after appeared a series of six of a domestic character, entitled 'Letitia, or Seduction,' following a poor unfortunate victim through her sad career; and these were pronounced to embody the terrible vigour of Hogarth with such tenderness as Goldsmith would have displayed if he had changed the pen for the pencil. Passing on to 1790, George was earning money fast, and spending it much faster. His home was embittered by domestic grievances: a splenetic wife, a crowd of duns, and often tipstaves dogging his steps, drove him for amusement and excitement elsewhere. Every morning, coachmen, grooms, and especially a body-guard of prize-fighters, amused him with their coarse jests while he worked at his easel. Spirits and wine in abundance were provided at his expense, and the levée generally terminated by the whole party sallying forth in a state of intoxication. Nor was his confidence in his sparring friends shaken when, one of them having borrowed a horse, which he forgot to return, and Morland having demanded his property, his instructor in the art of self-defence coolly reminded him of his inferior strength and science, and threatened personal chastisement if any further allusion were made to the subject.

Yet in the atmosphere of such a 'soul-swamp' as this he produced a picture entitled 'The Fruits of Extravagance,' which was a direct satire upon his own practice. The scene is a garret, occupied by a family group, with some wretched, crazy furniture, in keeping with the appearance of the room. A genteel middle-aged man forms the principal subject: he is sitting in a musing posture, with crossed legs, and hands tightly grasping one knee; at a little distance sits the poor meek wife, mending a tattered shirt; and near the chimney corner an engaging female figure is abstractedly using a pair of old worn bellows to kindle up the sinking embers, the wonderful art of the painter having given an air of age to the thin drapery in which she shivers, without impairing its cleanly appearance. A meagre, sharp-visaged boy, seated on the ground, is looking almost wolfishly into his father's face, yet with a tear on his cheek; a party-coloured quilt, hung in a recess, screens off the wretched beds; bare lath protrudes from the damp-looking walls all around; and a few ornaments of broken china—keepsakes of better days—conclude the schedule. A noble lesson this! and yet the man who designed it was at that very time consuming a bottle of fiery spirits during his morning hours of labour!

Morland's latter days were marked by a series of eccentric follies, half whim, half insanity, from a number of which the following may be selected as characteristic of the man:—He had been constant in his patronage of the neighbouring publicans, and had run in debt with and disappointed *all* of them so often, that

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they unanimously refused him any further credit. To be revenged, he proposed himself for the office of boroughreeve, which appointment, however, he could not obtain, owing to his well-known unsteady habits. An acquaintance was nominated to the post, and Morland forthwith paid him five guineas that he might be allowed to act as deputy. The offer was gladly accepted, and immediately he commenced a series of annoyances against his quondam allies the taverners. Soldiers were billetted on them in shoals, spies placed on their houses, gaugers summoned at all hours, searches instituted on suspicion of concealed spirits. At last the victims rebelled, and threatened a prosecution for conspiracy: the sequel was, that George Morland was compelled to pay five guineas more to be allowed to resign the office. But these last few years of extravagance and low debauchery had already brought their punishments. Many times he had been arrested, to be only released by the interference of his friends; and no sooner was he at large again, than suspended actions for debt recommenced, officers dogged his steps at every turn, and only by a most intricate system of guarded doors, paid spies, and bribed bailiffs, was he enabled to evade fresh imprisonment.

This round of pecuniary difficulties, dissipation, low company, and, when hard pressed, really laborious attention to his profession, continued, with little intermission, until the close of the eighteenth century, which found George Morland deserted by all his better friends, broken in constitution, ruined in purse and credit; yet still, in spite of a declining style and vigour, as much as ever a favourite with the public. About 1798 he had been literally hunted out of London by the pursuit of the myrmidons of law. His exit was very characteristic; and its immediate cause was as follows:—A friend named Carts had advanced about a hundred and fifty pounds in an hour of need, on condition that a set of pictures should be furnished by a prescribed time. The bargain was not altogether a matter of friendship. Risk there was none. If the pictures could be obtained, the lender might expect eventually a very splendid interest on his venture. The money thus received by George was soon spent, and the terms to be fulfilled were forgotten. The day for payment arrived: Carts, having discovered his retreat, paid him a sudden visit, with a couple of officers, ready to arrest him. Morland had been employed on three pictures, almost finished, which had been purchased by an amateur, and were to be delivered the next morning. On entering his room, Carts, in a towering passion, bade him prepare for jail. He was then in the height of a Bacchanalian revel. Not a whit discomposed by the unexpected interruption, he took his angry creditor aside, and showing him the three pictures almost complete, promised that he should have them by daylight the next morning. Completely pacified, and ashamed of his sharp practice towards an old companion, Carts dismissed the officers, and was easily persuaded to join in the debauch. In a very short time he was made almost insensible, and conveyed to bed. Immediately Morland packs up his simple baggage, pictures and all, and starts by the morning mail for the Isle of Wight, leaving nothing for his gulled creditor to carry away with him except a full-length caricature of himself, pinned to the wall of the apartment.

Having passed a week on the island, and taken a few sketches, news reached the painter that a pursuit was raised. In consequence of this he migrated to Yarmouth, and took up his abode at the inn. The next morning, while at breakfast, he was startled by the entrance of a party of six soldiers, with a lieutenant in uniform, who in courteous terms informed him that he was suspected of being a spy, and that he must consider himself under arrest. Fearing to give up his name and address, he merely assured the officer that he was a travelling artist, and by way of proof opened his case, which contained two sketches, bearing every appearance of having been recently finished. In spite of all remonstrance, he was marched off by his body-guard to the nearest bench of sitting magistrates. The pictures were there laid before the dignitaries. The first was simply a spaniel, with a rough background of the island coast; the other a stable, in which stood the usual white horse, saddled for a journey, and a farmer outside, holding his purse, in an attitude of hesitation as to the amount of fee due to the ostler. Slight evidence, we may say, but most sapiently interpreted by the gallant officer. The former piece was supposed to be a symbolical notice, giving the enemy a plan of the island, the dog being supposed to designate the spot most favourable for the enemy landing. The latter was still more laboriously deciphered. The white horse was somehow held to represent the configuration of the bay, the stable being the island, the farmer the French paymaster, and the ostler the spy or draughtsman, who would not give up his work till the enemy paid him. Absurd as the whole charge may now appear, it was, in those days of panic, by no means too ridiculous to produce a serious discussion among the magistrates. After a suitably severe reprimand for having been suspected by them, Morland was released from arrest, and left to find his way fourteen miles on foot to his quarters as best he could.

Soon after this absurd incident, he stealthily moved back to London, and became an inmate of the King's Bench. Having in due time obtained the rules, he occupied a house in the Lambeth Road, and for the fiftieth time plunged into his old courses. His house now became a very Noah's Ark: all kinds of domestic animals—cats, guinea-pigs, fowls, rabbits—filled not only his garden and paddock, but even his rooms; and from these he made numerous sketches. His friend Collins states that while here, in the space of less than four years, he produced nearly two hundred pictures—a seemingly incredible number, were it not that their generally small size, united with his wonderful rapidity of execution, may somewhat reconcile us to the statement. One evening a trip into the country, coupled with a dinner, was proposed, at which, under forfeit of heavy recognizances, Morland was to be present. On the morning of the specified day, Collins happened to call, and found him in very low spirits; the meaning of which was, that on examining his pockets, he found himself without a shilling. After a few minutes, Collins was invited into the studio, where, having picked up a volume of Swift, he commenced a desultory conversation with his dejected friend, who was just beginning to lay on the ground-colour of a new piece, not then outlined. Insensibly conversation flagged, and for an hour the fortunes of Gulliver entirely engrossed the reader's mind; at length, on looking up, he saw, to his surprise, that what had been on his entrance a mere white piece of canvas, was now a half-finished picture with three figures. Morland was too busy to notice his friend's surprise; he continued to be absorbed in his work; and within two hours and a-half this afterwards celebrated picture was complete, when Morland turned with an air of triumph and exhaustion to invite his friend's criticism. The only reply of Collins was to offer him a ten-pound note for it as it stood. The offer was accepted, the picture removed, the money paid; and within six hours the greater part of the sum was dissipated in paying for the evening's expenses of himself and friends. The picture, so strangely produced and sold, fetched afterwards forty guineas. Its value is now far above that sum.

But Morland's days were numbered: in 1804 the strong enemy of the human frame and mind, to whom he had been captive so long, closed upon its victim; his appetite failed, his cheeks sunk, and a bloodshot eye, a staggering gait, a vacant look, and especially

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the tremulous hand so discernible in his later works, foretold a speedy death. For a little while, by dint of care and medical aid, he seemed to rally; but the drunkard's apprenticeship was served, and the wages were ready: a fit of apoplexy, followed by another still more severe, cut him off on the 22d October 1804, in his forty-first year. The genius who, by mere force of native power, when scarcely of age, was making nearly a thousand a year, and who possessed originally an iron frame and constitution, died in a sponging-house!

A few words on George Morland's art. Romance was not in his thoughts; he knew little of anatomy; and from nice discriminations his habits totally debarred him. His studies were for the most part confined to animals; and we believe that of those subjects that he has drawn so strangely natural, there were few which were not portraits preserved in his memory, or taken on the spot.

The aspects of social life were his great treasury. His storms are not grand, but they are all natural, and create a sense of discomfort rather than awe in the beholder. His horses are all natural in the extreme, and betray a minute acquaintance with their stable habits; but of all his rustic creations none surpasses the genuine Morland pig. The true epicurean model pig he *has* achieved; and if Sauertaig's theory concerning a porcine dynasty could be established in Dreamland, Morland certainly wanted no qualification to entitle him to the office of court painter.

THE METAL-FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

When we gaze in admiration at some great work of plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see realised first started into life, than to any difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such unity throughout; material, form, and dimensions, are so adapted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughnesses or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. There stands the achieved fact in its perfect completeness: there is nothing to remind us of its progress towards that state, for the aids and appliances thereunto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realised creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze, have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attended on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these for the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength, and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses into fury, and then subjugates to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace heaps of brass—cannon upon cannon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing what we have yet seen of fire, and growing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonized with its own efforts; but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is too hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters, are scorched, and if the ordeal last much longer, all will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above it a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides!

Lest it be thought this picture is too highly-coloured, or that it owes anything to the imagination for its interest, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Bavaria, it was Schwanthaler whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might still be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty cwt. were added to the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought: nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now, not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and still increasing, as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who had directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot, but, like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes, when his wife roused him with the appalling cry, 'Awake, awake, the foundry is on fire!' And it was so. Nothing could stand such terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the usual way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal, the consequences would have been frightful: the furnace would have been destroyed, and the 400 cwt. of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore, the burning rafters were covered, to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire!—the heat is not enough; the metal boils not yet! Though the

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rafters burn, and the walls glow, still feed, and gorge, and goad the fire!

At last the moment comes!—the whole mass is boiling! Then the metal-founder of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams, 'Let them burn; the metal is ready for the cast!' And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out into the mould below.

All now breathed more freely: there was an end of misgiving and foreboding; and the rude workmen, as if awe-struck by what they had accomplished, stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal for extinguishing the burning roof.

In due time the bell of the little chapel of Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

STREET INDUSTRY OF LONDON.

The number of costermongers—that is to say, of those street-sellers attending the London 'green' and 'fish' markets—appears to be, from the best data at my command, now 30,000 men, women, and children. . . . But great as is this number, still the costermongers are only a portion of the street-folk. Besides these, there are, as we have seen, many other large classes obtaining their livelihood in the streets. The street musicians, for instance, are said to number 1000, and the old clothesmen the same. There are supposed to be at the least 500 sellers of water-cresses; 200 coffee-stalls; 300 cats'-meat men; 250 ballad-singers; 200 play-bill sellers; from 800 to 1000 bone-grubbers and mud-larks; 1000 crossing-sweepers; another thousand chimney-sweeps, and the same number of turn-cocks and lamplighters—all of whom, together with the street-performers and showmen, tinkers, chair, umbrella, and clock-menders, sellers of bonnet-boxes, toys, stationery, songs, last dying speeches, tubs, pails, mats, crockery, blacking, lucifers, corn-salves, clothes-pegs, brooms, sweetmeats, razors, dog-collars, dogs, birds, coals, sand—scavengers, dustmen, and others—make up, it may be fairly assumed, full 30,000 adults; so that, reckoning men, women, and children, we may truly say that there are upwards of 50,000 individuals, or about a fortieth part of the entire population of the metropolis, getting their living in the streets.—*Mayhew's London Labour and London Poor.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN LOOMS.

One of the partners in the firm of Messrs George Ashworth and Sons, woollen manufacturers in Rochdale, and Mr Thomas Mitchell, their manager, have patented an exceedingly ingenious mechanical contrivance, which detects the breaking of the weft and stops the loom, with the shuttle and healds in the most convenient position for the weaver. An invention obtaining similar results has been applied to cotton looms for some time, but could not be used where wheeled shuttles were employed; hence the necessity for the patent now spoken of, which in noway depends on the form of the shuttle. In addition to this, the invention comprises a nice piece of mechanism, by which any given number of picks can be inserted in an inch of cloth, independent of the interference of the weaver, or the use of weights and levers, which are entirely dispensed with.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE GERMAN ARTISAN.

The artisan, it is known, is compelled in most German states to expend several of the best years of his life in the ranks of the army; much of what he has learned in the workshop he has unlearned in the barrack. An artisan whose ingenuity is great, and who may be possessed of ample capital, cannot establish a business for himself: he must wait until a vacancy has been made for him by the death or withdrawal of some predecessor in his trade—the law prohibiting more than a fixed number of persons of any trade from practising such trade; consequently competition is a thing unheard of, and there rarely exists any stimulus to achieve excellence.—*Art Journal.*

CHRISTMAS.

CHILD of humanity,
Wearied with vanity,
Dear must the dawn of this morning appear;
For the glad festival,
Happiest rest of all,
Comes to bring peace to thee—Christmas is here.

Peasant laborious,
Beautiful—glorious
Sound the sweet chimes, as they fall on thine ear;
All who toil drearily,
Witness how cheerily
Flies the good news around—'Christmas is here!'

Ye that from chalices
Quaffing in palaces
Dream not of want, nor calamity fear,
Treat not disdainfully
Those who so painfully
Labour in penury—Christmas is here.

Christmas! what history
Equals thy mystery?
Angels to herald thee sang from the sphere:
Let us with gratitude
Own our beatitude,
Caroling joyfully—'Christmas is here.'

S. C.

BOOK-COLLECTING.

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them: the mere possession is a fantasy. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads anything but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village, and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don't *steal!*—a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority. If your friends are churlish, and wont lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can't even subscribe, still you can *think*—you must try to remember what you *have* read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did in old Chaucer's tale. You'll save your eyes too; and when you get beyond forty-five, that point is worth attending to. After all, what do you collect for? At most, a few years' possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, 'That is good drink, if a man could only stay by it.' So are rare and curious libraries good things, if we could stay by them; but we can't. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and china go too, and are knocked down by the smirking, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poulterer wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, whilst you are writhing in unspeakable agony.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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PARTNERSHIPS 'EN COMMANDITE.'

We lately took occasion to notice the establishment of associative trading concerns, composed of workingmen, in London and elsewhere, and ventured to express a hope that societies of this nature, as possibly exhibiting in a practical way some improved view of artizan life, were deserving of sympathy and support. From communications that have since reached us, it would appear that the most serious obstacle to the progress of not only these, but various other trading associations, is the present state of the law of partnership. A word on this subject, therefore, may be thought not unworthy of public attention.

The law of partnership in England and Scotland is briefly this—that any one receiving even the smallest portion of profit in a business is deemed to be a partner, and is liable to the last farthing of his fortune to make good the losses of the concern. The only restriction on this broad liability is in the case of societies specially established by act of parliament, or by royal letters patent; but to obtain the benefit of these, or any other form of protective charter, will cost perhaps L.1000; and, after all, unless guarded by a special legislative enactment, the limitation as to risk may be litigated and found unavailing. In short, the danger of investing in ordinary joint-stock concerns is so great, that comparatively few undertake the hazard; and consequently trading partnerships are confined chiefly to parties who are intimate with each other, and who each take a personal interest in the business. No doubt the unlimited responsibility of partners, irrespective of the extent of their shares, is designed for the protection of creditors; and so far the law has a good meaning. But in protecting the public from one evil, the law unfortunately, by the inflexibility of its provisions, commits a grave injury on society, and stands much in need of amendment.

What seems desirable is the continuance of the present law as respects all trading partnerships which neither wish nor require to alter their conditions; but to supplement this with a new law which shall provide for the union of parties who desire to place capital in trade on a risk commensurate with the amount of their investment. In plain terms, to have the benefit of a specially-protective act of parliament, without the formality or expense of an appeal to the legislature, or seeking for a charter which nobody understands. Partnerships such as we desiderate are by no means a novelty. They exist to a large extent in France, and also in the state of New York—a state which has lately put England to shame in the matter of law reform. In France, the kind of association we refer to is called a Partnership *en commandite;* and we shall explain its more remarkable provisions.

According to the French code, there are three kinds of partnership, one of which is that *en commandite*, or *in commendam;* that is, a limited partnership, where the contract is between one or more persons who are general partners—jointly and severally responsible—and one or more other persons, who merely furnish a particular fund or capital stock, and are thence called *commanditaires*. In such concerns the business is carried on under the associated name or firm of the general partners only. The names of the special partners with limited risk do not appear, nor do these partners take any active management; were they to do so, they would assume the responsibility of *general* partners. They may, however, advise as to any course to be pursued, and are at liberty to inspect the books and affairs. From these provisions it will be observed that the special partners, or commanditaires, occupy a position analogous to what is usually termed *sleeping* partners, but without the risk of these persons. In the event of a bankruptcy, the special partners are liable for nothing beyond their investment or share; and they can claim no dividend till all the other creditors of the partnership are satisfied. The law of limited partnership is precisely the same in the state of New York; and in France, as well as in America, partnerships of this class cannot commence till they are inscribed in a public register, with the names of all the partners, and their several shares and risks. By this registration they are fully known in the trading community, and no one is deceived as to their real character.

The advantages flowing from these limitations are obvious. Capitalists in quest of means for investment place such sums as they can spare in the hands of small traders, on the agreement of receiving a certain share of the profits, and that without being haunted with the fear of being dragged into bankruptcy and ruin. If the concern prosper, well and good—a reasonable profit is realised: if it fail, the money is lost, and that is all. When we say *capitalists*, we do not exclusively refer to men with vast fortunes, but include persons with small savings of L.50 or L.100, which, instead of being necessarily, as with us, deposited in a bank at 2 per cent. interest, may, by the commandite system, be put out in trade with a fair hope of bringing from 6 to 10 per cent. interest per annum. As tending to relieve small traders from the obligation of borrowing or discounting bills, the plan is said to work admirably; while as regards the promotion of business it has been of the greatest consequence.

The subject of limited partnership, as now described,

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was some years ago under the consideration of parliament; but being a novelty in Great Britain, it naturally failed of support. In the report of Mr Bellenden Ker, presented to parliament in 1837, that gentleman observes—'With respect to the working of the law in France and New York, as far as information has been obtained, it appears to be beneficial; and certainly, as regards the French law, the cases which are reported do not afford evidence that this branch of the law of partnership furnishes any peculiar facilities for committing fraud on creditors. In France, according to the opinions of some well-informed merchants, it is very useful, as affording the means of directing to commercial enterprise much capital which would not be so employed; as affording the means of bringing forward intelligent and skilled persons, who have not capital to enable them to enter into commercial speculation; and as enabling a retiring trader to leave in the business a portion of his gains, and thereby continue the credit of the house to its successors, which the retiring partner might not be inclined to do if his whole fortune were to be liable to the partnership engagements. The principal arguments in favour of the measure are—that capital is wanting in many districts for safe commercial enterprise, and is not so beneficially distributed as it would be if partnerships with a limited responsibility were allowed: that, by the present law, the increase or productiveness of national capital is retarded or diminished: that much additional capital, which is now lent on foreign loans, would be employed in the commerce of this country; and that the combination of capital and skill would be best obtained by allowing limited responsibility: that laws having the effect of compulsory protection are mischievous; and that many respectable firms would be enabled to obtain advances of capital on terms less disadvantageous than those in which it is sometimes procured from large commercial houses, who, on making any advances, either stipulate or expect that, in addition to the payment of the highest rate of interest, the borrower shall also purchase a portion of his goods from them—a mode of dealing rarely favourable to the borrower; and that, in fact, the security to the creditor would often be greater under such a system than it is at present, when the trade is carried on either by means of credit or with borrowed capital.'

A remarkable instance of the value of *commandite* partnerships is mentioned in the evidence of Mr A. Levinger, commercial traveller for a house in Basle, Switzerland. This house, wishing to take advantage of the law of limited partnership, established a sugar-refinery on French ground, about twenty miles from Basle. Here, he goes on to say, 'a *commandite* was established for two active young men, formerly clerks, and well-known in Basle; a large capital was immediately subscribed and paid down, and it was advertised in the *Basle Gazette* that so many, perhaps a dozen gentlemen, had subscribed and paid down half a million of francs as a capital, for which they were to receive 5 per cent. interest, and a half share or two-thirds share of the profit; and the two *gerants*, or managing partners, should have the sole management and the sole signating. This concern prospers to this day; and there is a striking case in one general way, which is the city of Mulhausen, on French ground, in the department of Haut et Bas-Rhin, which is now a second Manchester, which would not have risen to one-tenth part of the importance and riches it possesses now, were it not for these *commandites*. All the capital they traded with these thirty years, to my knowledge, was lent by Swiss houses of Basle, Zurich, &c. to these French borderers, and has returned more than 100 per cent.; in fact it has become a city of palaces, and now, though so much inland, buys the raw materials at Liverpool and Manchester; manufactures, at the utmost north-eastern part of France, printed cotton, and sends it back to England, paying even 30 per cent. duty, or smuggling it at 15 per cent., and sells it now in Cheapside, which my cousin did last year [1835]. Such *commandites* might be established by laying before the Chambers of Commerce here the deed and proofs of their establishment, and announcing it in the *London Gazette*, by which the liability of the contributors or shareholders would be limited to the amount subscribed; the capital of the young, enterprising, and yet prudent men, published; and every change of partnership afterwards announced, without the too formal and too expensive method of the present acts of parliament and charters.'*

All parties concur in representing that the United States could not possibly have attained their present prosperity without the law of limited partnership. By one authority we see it stated that—'If there be prosperity in the United States—enterprise—full and profitable investment of capital—steamboats traversing the rivers, and speeding not only along the coasts, but to remote parts—a commercial navy traversing every sea, and sweeping "even to the uttermost parts of the earth"—railways which intersect the entire of that mighty continent—and cities springing up, as it were, in a single night—this has mainly resulted from the aggregation of small means into large amounts by means of limited partnership. Capital, energy, industry, and skill, form a very formidable combination. The cotton-spinners of this country complain that they are too many, and have even held meetings, and set on foot subscriptions, for the purpose of drafting a portion of their number out of the country. The labour market of England may be overstocked; but the United States will receive this surplusage, employ it, and pay it with high wages. There, provided they are temperate in their habits, and attentive to "the main chance," there is great probability that they will not only do well, but prosper. The small cotton-spinning factories in America are all doing well. There is no such thing as "short time" nor "half wages" there. The demand is very much greater than the supply, and so it will be for many a long year. The American factories are founded and worked in this manner:—A man of capital in the United States gets three or more good cotton-spinners, and sets them up in a small factory driven by water-power, of which there is abundance: the cost of the first factory established in Lowell was only 3000 dollars. They pay him a rent for the factory, and a partnership is formed to work it. The capitalist puts down a limited sum, say L.2000. The men put down what they may have to invest; small sums perhaps, but their real capital in the concern is their labour. There is one partner with money, and three or four with skill. The workmen strain every nerve to gain a profit, for it is profit which alone can

* We extract the above from the work, 'Partnership en Commandite;' Effingham Wilson, London, 1848. For much practical information on *commandite* and other partnerships, we beg to refer to an able digest, entitled, 'Commercial Law, its Principles and Administration,' by Leone Levi. 4to. London: 1850.

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give permanency to the concern. They know that, in case of loss, their monied partner, whose L.2000 is sunk, will leave them. If they succeed, they can throw their gain into the concern to increase the capital, and the monied partner would probably join in extending a profitable concern. All this would be done—it is done constantly—because the law of limited partnership was free there.'

Readers of the *Times* will lately have observed in that newspaper letters from 'a Banker' on the subject of partnership with limited risk, in which views similar to the foregoing are expressed. He ascribes the surprising increase in American shipping to the readiness with which skilled men with slender means can procure capitalists as partners. 'There is nothing in the state of the American law to prevent a shipowner from having many *commanditaires*, or to prevent capitalists from applying their money to the extension of the American mercantile navy upon a system of restricted liability; and no doubt very many ships are so owned. Thus we see that an American capitalist, without involving himself in such unlimited liability as he must necessarily incur were the law in America the same as it is here, may and can profitably encourage honesty and enterprise at home. An Englishman also may, if he pleases, advance a limited sum to an individual shipowner or a firm in the United States, receiving the profit attaching to that sum, but not incurring any liability beyond the amount for which he is registered as a partner. Could an Englishman enjoy the same facilities at home for employing his money? And could the enterprising and industrious English captain, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, add to his means by a similar process? Without wishing to introduce any matter foreign to my subject, I cannot help here expressing my belief, that if a comparison were instituted between the emoluments which an English and an American captain respectively obtain from their profession, it would be found that the Englishman is greatly underpaid. The law, besides this, as we see, shuts him out from the advantage he might otherwise derive from the opportunity of obtaining capital, and setting himself up in his business, by recourse to the system of partnership *en commandite*. The Englishman is therefore under very many disadvantages compared with the American; and this does not apply to shipping only, but to all the branches of industry and commerce. The law should therefore at once be changed, to give parties at home the same facilities for obtaining capital as they have abroad. In this respect the commercial code of England and America should be assimilated forthwith.'

Much more might be said of the advantages likely to arise from the introduction of commandite partnerships; but we need only refer to one class of benefits—namely, the extension of schemes likely to improve the condition of the humbler orders. For example, plans are almost daily proposed to get up improved dwellings for workmen; but while many generously-disposed individuals would be willing to risk L.10 or L.20 as a commercial adventure in working out such schemes, all are deterred, from the fear of being involved as partners. Consequently the schemes, after being talked and sighed over, are laid aside as impracticable. But for similar fears, hundreds would extend help as capitalists to workmen associated in trade. Here, then, in the form of an antiquated legal institute, we bring before the artizan classes a distinct evil, palpably injurious to their interests. What subject more worthy of being pressed on the attention of the legislature?

NOTE BY ANOTHER HAND. — It occurs to me that by such an improvement in the law of partnership as is here pointed out, an immense advance might be effected in the *moral* condition of the working-classes. The small extent to which saving is carried in these classes has often excited surprise, more especially when contrasted with the habits of the class of small traders, whose gains are in general no better. There must be causes for this; and may it not reasonably be surmised that one of these lies in the want of channels of investment and improvement for the spare money? The little trader feels that every new pound is a new power in his business, and an exaltation of his prospects. The artizan can only keep it in a bank at small interest, till perhaps some accident deprives him of the whole. It is obvious that the principle of hope—on which the conduct of men in the world so much depends—would be much more stimulated by the having a little money ventured out in business with a good return, albeit at some risk, than by having a sum lying cold, hard, and comparatively unfruitful in a bank. Hence I can see a moral regenerative force in partnerships *en commandite*. There would be incidentally an economical advantage, in as far as by that arrangement, men desirous of employing small sums in trade would be enabled to join good concerns already established, and thus saved from setting up small rival ones, in which any gain that arises is apt to be entirely swallowed up in expenses. The multiplication of shops and other concerns so far beyond what is necessary for the convenience of the public, and the great waste of money in rents, assistance, and other expenses which follows, may be considered as owing in a great measure to the difficulties and hazards which at present attend association. Let these obstructions be removed, and a clever tradesman, who was beginning to flourish, would find himself supported and advanced in the world by the spare capital of those neighbours who at present are tempted to set up a counterpart of his shop next door, or on the opposite side of the street. There would also no doubt be a saving in iniquity; for we could not expect to see so many tricks and lying professions resorted to for the securing of custom, as what appear to be necessary in the present over-excited state of the competitive principle.

A DINNER IN THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

EUGENE MARSOUIN is, without exception, the most eccentric young man it was ever my fate to fall in with. Handsome, well-made, even striking-looking, both men and women are always sure to turn round and stare after him as he strolls along the Boulevards of Paris, his only walk, for he was never known to extend it farther than the Place de la Concorde. The Champs Elysées is to him an unknown land. He came to Paris ten years ago as a law student, and took a cheap lodging, at L.12 sterling per annum, in the Rue de Seine. Here he vegetated on his allowance of L.4 a month, and made an effort to study. But the effort was almost vain: he fell asleep over his law books, and was never known to rise in time to attend to the morning lectures. At the end of three years, in the twenty-first year of his age, he had made so little progress, that his father determined to recall him. But Eugene was too idle to pack up his things for a journey, too indolent to engage anybody to do it. His portress, a good old woman between fifty and sixty, cooked his dinner for him, fetched him novels from the circulating library, and arranged his room. He could not change his existence. His father threatened to stop his allowance, but Eugene wrote back that he would just as soon starve as travel two hundred miles.

About a week later he was called on by a lawyer, who announced to him the important fact, that his mother's eldest sister, a maiden lady, had just died, and left him 12,000 francs per annum—nearly L.500 sterling. Eugene bade the lawyer sit down, rose from his own chair, and taking up his student books, one by one put them on the fire. He then returned to

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his chair, and proceeded to calculate what this allowed him to spend every week. The lawyer stopped him, and demanded instructions. Marsouin told him to receive his money for him, and to let his old woman have it, at the rate of 230 francs every week, on his written order. The man of law readily consented, got him to sign the necessary papers, and bowed himself out.

The existence of Eugene Marsouin scarcely changed. He kept his old lodging at L.12 a year, but he had it beautifully furnished; he removed old Catherine from the porter's lodge to the post of his sole servant; he dressed well; he subscribed to two libraries, to be sure of having the book he should want; and instead of dining at a sixteen-penny ordinary, took his dinner *à la carte*, now at the first *restaurant* on the Boulevards, now in the Palais-Royal. He awoke with clock-work regularity at eight, took his chocolate; and turning round in his bed, went once more off to sleep. At eleven he again awoke; and lounging half-dressed in a huge arm-chair, attacked his breakfast. It was composed of various delicacies, of which he scarcely ever ate two mouthfuls; but he amused himself by lazily cutting up some small pieces, and offering them on a fork to his old servant.

'Here, Catherine, eat,' he would say. This was in his days of effervescing gaiety; for if he was at all grave, he said nothing, but sat stupidly looking at his bottle of wine. About two he was dressed. If a friend came in, he was generally discovered lying on his back puffing huge volumes of smoke towards the roof.

'What are you doing, Eugene?'

'Nothing.'

'What are you thinking of?'

'Nothing.'

This was his universal answer. About three he would take his hat, his cane, and his gloves, and descending the stairs, make slowly for the first bridge which led him across the water towards the Boulevards. As an invariable rule, he dined one day at the Café de Paris, the next at Very's. He said he was fond of variety, and showed it by this regular alternation between two houses. He dined well, sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend, if he happened to meet him exactly in his way. He then took his coffee, lit another cigar, and strolled home. A divan, his pipe, and a book, were his ordinary resources of an evening; except when a party of friends came in, and then he roused himself sufficiently to order punch, &c. and sometimes ventured on an unexciting game. But he never encouraged late hours. He could not live without his eleven hours of bed.

And thus did his existence move on for years. He neither changed in habits, manners, nor looks. When the Revolution happened, he was annoyed at having to dine at home for a few days; and that was all the effect it had on him. As he did not sell out of the funds, his income continued unabated; and as soon as the last shot was fired, he resumed his placid existence. He was not a bad fellow, though so essentially selfish and wrapped up in himself: he would often rouse himself slightly to serve a friend, and took in good part the practical jokes sometimes played upon his indolence and absence of mind.

One morning, a few months after the Revolution of February, Marsouin had just risen to his eleven o'clock breakfast, when a knock came to the outer door. Eugene looked uncomfortable, but nodded to Catherine to open. A young man immediately entered. He was tall, well dressed, and strikingly handsome. Intellect was stamped on every feature of his face. He was, however, ghastly pale; his cheeks were livid, his eyes hollow and fiery. He came in with a poor attempt at a strut, and sank in an arm-chair.

'I have come without ceremony to breakfast with you,' he said, with a terrible effort at a laugh.

'Eat,' replied Eugene indolently, after a languid shake of the head. He really liked his old schoolfellow Gustave de Simonet, but he rarely could muster more emotion than he now showed. Gustave was four years younger, and an artist, hard working, and full of talent, and they met rarely. But they both remembered the friendly days of school, and kept up their acquaintance.

Gustave ate quietly, and with evident caution. He touched no wine, but drank a large bowl of chocolate. As he made his breakfast, his cheeks flushed, his eyes lost their horrid glare, and when he threw himself back in his chair, he seemed a changed man. Seizing an instant when Catherine was away in the kitchen, he exclaimed, 'This is the first meal I have eaten for three days!'

'Gustave! you want to give me an indigestion!' cried Eugene, looking like a man who had seen a ghost.

'I am serious,' replied the young artist; 'and having been pretty nearly starved for four months, have come to ask you to use your influence to get me a place of say a thousand francs a year (L.40).'

Eugene heaved a deep sigh. He saw trouble before him.

'Could I not lend you a thousand francs?' he said.

'Eugene! I have not lived for four months on a two sous of milk and two sous of bread for breakfast, and on six sous of meat and bread for dinner, since the Revolution—I have not lain three days on my divan starving, to come and borrow money. I ask for work! I cannot just now find artistic work; let me get a place as copying clerk. You have influential relations.'

'My dear fellow, I am a lazy dog, but there is my hand. Reach me that writing-desk. I will give you a letter to the Countess de Montdely, which will serve your purpose. She has great weight—I forget with which minister; and she is my cousin. I have only seen her once, because she lives in the Faubourg St Germain, and I hate to go out of my way. But she invites me once a week, and my father reproaches me every month for not going. Some of these days I will.'

Gustave, rather surprised at his long speech, handed him pen, ink, and paper. Eugene took the affair in hand with intense energy, wrote off four pages in a very short time, and then sank back almost exhausted in his chair. Gustave thanked him warmly, and without offering to read the note, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed it. Eugene then gave him one of his cards, and stating that this was her reception-day, hurried him off that he might reach before the general company. He further appointed to dine together at Very's, in the Palais-Royal, at six. Gustave borrowed five francs of his friend. With this he bought gloves, had his boots cleaned, and hired a cab. At two o'clock he was before the superb hotel of the Countess de Montdely.

He rang, and entering the large and well-paved court, inquired of a tall menial if the countess were visible. The man hesitated, but rather civilly, as doubtful of admitting a stranger at that hour. Gustave produced the card and the note. The domestic bowed, and showed the young man up a splendid flight of stairs into a perfectly gorgeous *salon*. He then again bowed respectfully, took the card and note, and retired. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before Gustave, who was admiring a rich collection of pictures, was interrupted by the quick entrance of a lady. He started involuntarily, and then bent profoundly to a lovely young creature, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and sparkling with animation. She was not more than three-and-twenty.

'Be seated, monsieur, I pray you,' she said after a rapid glance at the artist, from eyes in which stood fresh-started tears: 'my cousin is a most strange person. He quite forgets the Revolution, and the death of my husband. He writes as if my husband were alive, and enjoying the confidence of the late king. This is

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most annoying. It is true that when my husband was alive—he has been dead two years—I had some little influence, and could serve my friends.'

'Madame,' exclaimed Gustave, rising, not wholly unable to disguise his sorrow, 'I am very sorry'——

'Monsieur,' said the young widow a little impatiently, 'are you aware of the contents of this letter?'

'Madame, I understood it to be a note recommending me to your notice for some modest place.'

The countess handed it to the artist, who, with burning cheeks, read in it every detail of his misery and suffering. He rose again, his eyes bowed with humiliation and shame, and muttering something about the folly of Eugene, was about to rush wildly from the room.

'Monsieur, have a little regard for me,' said the countess somewhat quickly, but evidently with much emotion, at the same time ringing her bell. A servant came.

'Deny me to everybody. I wish to consult with monsieur about the Eastern Gallery, and about my portrait, which Monsieur V—— has so long neglected. Let the gallery be ready in half an hour;' and then she continued, when they were once more alone—'I am rich, fond of pictures, and shall be proud to find you employment suited to your talents. Do you paint portraits?'

'That Diana of Poictiers over your own picture is mine,' said the young artist modestly: 'Eugene bought it of me two years ago.'

'It is the only politeness I ever received from him,' replied the countess, not without much satisfaction, for the painting was full of talent and promise: 'I hope you will paint me as well?'

'Madame,' cried Gustave impetuously, 'you offer to take a poor unfriended artist by the hand. I can never show my gratitude.'

The countess shook her head, and led the way, after some farther conversation, to the picture-gallery. While waiting for this to be ready, Gustave told his whole history. The countess pressed him so delicately, he could not refuse, especially when Eugene had told the worst. Madame de Montdely casually explained that she had married the aged ambassador, who had been her husband, to settle some disputed claims about estates, at an age when she had no will of her own. Both of an imaginative cast of mind, the countess and the artist soon became good friends, and before an hour, had got rid of all the reserve of strangers. The widow, used to the world, and to all kinds of society, found pleasure in the talk of the ambitious, talented, but poor artist; and when she came to settle with him the hours of her sittings, the best position for her to sit, and other details, they were already on familiar terms. Gustave was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and this the lady at once saw.

At last the young artist took his hat to go, long before the countess seemed at all inclined to be fatigued with his company. She then told him that several public men dined that day at her table, and she should be happy to see him. Gustave remembered his engagement at six, and politely declined. He did not mention with whom he was engaged, lest he might be tempted to disappoint him who had served him so efficaciously. The countess seemed a little surprised at his not accepting her invitation, and at his preferring to keep an engagement in the Palais-Royal.

'Poor, handsome, talented, modest, unhackneyed in the ways of the world,' said the countess as she sat musing alone after his departure; 'this has always been my ideal. Married at seventeen to a good old man, a formal diplomatist, who was like a second father to me; thrust into the society of nothing but politicians, I always dreamed of taking a real husband from the talented crowd of struggling geniuses. One has fallen in my way. I like him much, and fancy I shall like him more. He seems a man of honour and principle. That is all I ask, for I will never marry a man to whom I cannot confide my property. Ta! ta! ta! here am I like a wild girl talking of marrying, and I know nothing of the man! Who is he going to dine with to-day? If I know, I might judge him better.'

The countess rang, and ordered a carriage and her companion to accompany her—another *protégée* raised from misery. In ten minutes more she was on her way to the Palais-Royal, and soon lounging along the arcades, as if in search of something. It was just six o'clock, and she saw Gustave walking in the garden before the café of the Rotonde, as if waiting for some one. The gay young countess felt a little annoyed at her own curiosity, but the desire to know who was his companion in the dinner overcame all. A quarter-past six, and still no one came. Gustave went and looked in at Very's, but the person he expected was not there. Then she saw him turn his back to the crowd, and count his money. It seemed only to be a few coppers. Half-past six, and Gustave seemed to grow impatient. The poor fellow was hungry. He seemed anxious and doubtful. Suddenly he darted away towards the Rue Vivienne. The countess, who was beginning a second round in the arcade, stood still and looked, all the while leaning on the arm of the astonished Mademoiselle de Fonsec. In five minutes Gustave came back with a small loaf in his hand, which he began to break and eat. No one noticed him. He still walked up and down, but evidently not as if he expected a dinner. Suddenly, as he began his second loaf, a thought seemed to strike him, and he moved in the direction of the Faubourg St Germain. But in a minute he stopped, looked at his soiled gloves, felt his cravat, and turned back. Decidedly he would dine on dry bread.

The countess now hurried back to her carriage, convinced that Gustave was to have dined with some one, and not some one with him. The whole force of the affair was now in the question—Was he to have dined with a man or with a woman? Lucie de Montdely, in all her experience in society, young and beautiful as she was, had never been in any way affected by the passion of love. Neither was she now. But the talent and misfortunes of the young and handsome artist had excited in her an interest she had never felt before; young as she was, she was quite persuaded that, should inquiry satisfy her as to his honourable character, she should feel much more.

About twelve o'clock the next day Gustave rang at the door of Eugene Marsouin. Catherine opened, and to his surprise he found the Countess and Mademoiselle de Fonsec breakfasting with the indolent Eugene, who was, however, trying to look amiable, and eager to oblige. He looked intensely relieved when he saw Gustave.

'I came,' said Gustave, after paying his respects to the ladies, 'to reproach you with keeping me an hour waiting for you in the Palais-Royal. I refused an invitation to dine with Madame la Comtesse, because you had made me a promise to dine with you at Very's.'

'Fatal mistake!' cried Eugene with a tragic air. 'I was so confused yesterday morning, I must have said Very's; but it was my day for the Café de Paris, where I waited dinner an hour for you. Why didn't you speak to the *garçon*—he would have told you?'

'So, monsieur,' said the countess with a smile which unconsciously was radiant, 'you deserted me for my cousin? I shall punish him by making him dine with me to-day; and as I know his indolent habits, I shall send a carriage for him. You recollect, Monsieur de Simonet, that this day at two is my first sitting. Will you take a seat in my carriage?'

Gustave accepted, and that afternoon the picture was commenced. Three times a week did the young man stand before the canvas, and strive to make a copy

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of the living, breathing, beautiful thing before him; but it was more difficult than he expected. The beauty, grace, and unaffected charming character of the young widow, the easy and elegant familiarity of her tone to her *protégées*—Mademoiselle de Fonsec was always the companion of these sittings—the real nobleness of her character, and, above all, the deep gratitude which he felt for her kindness to him, produced a result which would have been surprising if it had not been produced. Gustave made scarcely any progress with his picture.

About two months had passed away. It was May last year; the three were in the very midst of a sitting. Lucie was leaning back in her chair, while Gustave corrected some defects in the expression of the countess's eyes. A servant suddenly summoned Mademoiselle de Fonsec away. As the door closed behind her, the artist let his pencil fall. He stood pale, and almost with tears in his eyes, before the lovely woman.

'Madame la Comtesse, I give it up! I cannot complete your picture: it is a vain attempt. I am not worthy to do so.'

'What mean you, sir?'

'Madame, I am frank and honest. I have looked too often on your face for two months past. No artist can paint the features of her with whom he is madly, hopelessly in love!'

The countess closed her eyes an instant, and spoke not; then she rose, and advancing near to the young man, who stood with his eyes fixed on the unfinished portrait: 'Why hopelessly, Gustave?' she said, laying her hand on his arm.

Half an hour later, when Mademoiselle de Fonsec returned, and entered the room unannounced, she started back, and would have retired. Gustave was kneeling at the countess's feet, one hand in his, the picture of proud, unalloyed happiness. Lucie was speaking in a low tone, and telling him of some project for their mutual happiness.

'Come in, Laura,' said the countess with a sweet smile, 'and share our happiness. We are affianced, and all the world must soon know it.'

It was in June, and at the church of the Madeleine. The door was crowded by carriages. It was a splendid wedding; all the *fashionables* of Paris were present, and all the leading men in the arts, for a rich and beautiful member of the circles of the Faubourg St Germain was giving her hand to a young and talented artist. There were some sneers about the matter, but only a few. Most persons agreed that it was a well-assorted match. The pair were equal in all but money, and Gustave brought genius, while Lucie brought gold. He was, even in these days, at least her equal.

It was a warm day, and the crowd smiled as Eugene Marsouin, with a grim countenance, ascended the steps of the splendid church. The poor man suffered intensely from heat and a day of dissipation. He had actually risen at ten o'clock! But he was really attached to both Lucie and Gustave, and he did not seriously grumble. He resisted, however, strongly an invitation into the country; but at last he yielded, and spent the autumn of the year with the happy couple. He has, moreover, so far broken in upon his habits, as to dine once a week with them during the season; and he never fails, after the first glass of wine, to deplore his mistake about the invitation to Gustave, and to apologise for giving the other so poor a dinner in the Palais-Royal. The husband and wife always laugh, and I hope they always may. Certainly in all my experience of life, which has been varied enough, though short, I know not a happier, a more deserving couple, than Gustave and Lucie de Simonet. Their love is founded on mutual esteem, and no worldly feeling has any share in its composition. They advise Eugene to follow their example, but he declares that he could never endure a courtship and a wedding, to say nothing of the chance of finding a wife who would bear with his eccentricities. But perhaps in time he may envy the happiness of his cousins. We shall see.

MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

The subject of the present sketch was born on the 25th April 1769, at Hacqueville, in the department of l'Eure, not far from Audely, the birthplace of Poussin, the greatest painter of the French school. His parents were respectable agriculturists, and had four children, two boys and two girls, of whom Mark was the eldest. In the earliest days of his boyhood he manifested a decided taste for mechanical pursuits, and what is called exact science; and on being sent to the seminary of St Nicaise at Rouen, soon grew tired of studying Demosthenes and Cicero. Naval science, machinery, mathematics, and design, possessed greater attractions for the young scholar, and absorbed his mental powers. During the vacations, which were spent at his father's house, his greatest pleasure was to pass the day in the workshop of the Hacqueville joiner, where his faculty of investigation and thirst for knowledge declared themselves in endless questionings, which the worthy artificer replied to with the best of his ability.

It was in this shop that Brunel acquired his knowledge of tools, and of their manipulation, and that ideas of mechanics began to assume a definite form in the brain of the future engineer. When twelve years old, his skill in turning was such as would have satisfied a good workman. He constructed also models of ships and instruments of navigation and music—proofs of ability which were far from being satisfactory to his father—a man of rigid character, who wished his son to enter the church, or to follow some mercantile calling, and who resisted the youth's inclination for a profession in the mechanical arts with all the weight of parental authority. 'Mon cher Isambard,' he would say, after having opposed a host of apparently sensible objections to his son's wishes—'Mon cher Isambard, if you take up that line you will vegetate all your life.'

This parental prognostication might have been forgiven in that day, when industrial art had scarcely begun to develop the mighty resources which it has since put forth. Now we may smile at its shortsightedness; but then the application of steam as a motive power was in its infancy—spinning and weaving had not become supereminent branches of trade. The only cotton-factory in that part of Normandy was at Louviers: the attempts made to introduce machinery into Rouen had been ignorantly and destructively resisted by the populace of the city. The first steam-engine imported into France from England was landed at Rouen in 1793 under the eyes of Brunel.

On leaving the seminary, at the age of fifteen, Mark Isambard obtained his father's permission to pass some time at Rouen, where, under the eye of M. Carpentier, an old friend of the family, he went through a course of lessons in drawing, perspective, and hydrography. Delighted with the astronomical notions acquired in his nautical studies, he undertook a series of observations of the celestial bodies on his return home, his observatory being a plain a little distance to the north of Hacqueville, greatly to the astonishment of the peasantry of the village, who were set agape at seeing the youth 'measure the sun.' Shortly afterwards, his attention having been excited by an octant in the possession of his hydrographical tutor, he made a similar one, his sole guide being a treatise of navigation. The instrument not proving to his satisfaction, he re-examined and reconsidered its construction, and, assisted by a few crowns which his father ventured to risk for such a purpose, he made another of ebony, and was content with his performance. Two octants, which he

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subsequently used while a sailor, were also of his own fabrication, and, with the facts previously adverted to, may be taken as indications of intellectual and mechanical precocity.

Brunel's hydrographical studies, and perhaps the influence of his friend M. Carpentier, who had been a trading captain, led to his entering the navy as simple volunteer in 1786, from which date, up to 1793, he made several voyages to the West Indies, without seeking any higher rank in the service. While fulfilling the laborious duties of a mariner, he was always remarked for gentleness, gaiety of disposition, skill, and extreme intelligence. *Le Marquis*, as he was called, in a *jeu de mots* upon his name—*Marc I.*—was beloved by the crew and passengers, whom he astonished by the diversity of his talents, of which he gave a notable instance by constructing a pianoforte during their stay at Guadeloupe.

In 1793 Brunel became involved in a dispute which led to his departure for a foreign country. At a meeting of one of the political clubs in a café at Paris, he had dared to raise his voice against the ferocious doctrines of the demagogues of the day, and in consequence risked his personal liberty. He, however, obtained permission from the minister of marine to pass over to America, where he hoped to find scope for the exercise of his abilities.

After staying a few days in New York, the young Frenchman set out for Albany, where he met two of his compatriots, who were preparing for an exploring journey through the unsettled lands to the borders of Lake Ontario. Brunel offered to accompany them, and act as captain of their party—seven individuals in all—in their remote and difficult enterprise. The object was to take possession, in behalf of a French company, of uncleared lands, comprising about 220,000 acres, and to survey and lay down plans of the property. The expedition presented somewhat of an adventurous character, from the uncertainty as to the precise situation of the lands, which lay between the 44th degree of latitude and the Black River. The party were provided with two tents, ammunition, and other necessaries; and for the two months that the survey lasted, encamped in the woods, in a strange country, with whose character they were entirely unacquainted, and succeeded in accomplishing their purpose.

Brunel often dwelt with pleasure in after-life on the incidents of this journey, in a region which subsequently became the property of Joseph Bonaparte, and related that Louis-Philippe, when king of France, on hearing his narrative of the exploration, remarked that the party had *voyagé en prince*. The monarch himself had visited these countries with two of his brothers; and, being unprovided with travelling gear, not unfrequently found themselves obliged to pass the night without shelter, and far from human habitation.

In 1794 Brunel's career as an engineer may be said to have commenced. He was appointed, conjointly with one of his companions of the exploration, to survey the country from Albany to Lake Champlain for a canal, to connect the waters of the lake with the river Hudson. In the execution of this work he displayed so much ingenuity in overcoming difficulties, as clearly to establish the peculiar character of his genius. He afterwards sent in a plan for the Houses of Congress at Washington, which, in its well-considered yet noble and handy composition, uniting elegance of form with majesty of arrangement, excelled all competitors. Although greatly admired, it was thought to be too costly and magnificent a palace for republican legislators. Subsequently, a modification of the same plan was chosen as the original of the Bowery Theatre at New York. Besides these, Brunel was employed in other public works—the fortifications erected for the defence of the city, and the establishment of an arsenal and foundry of artillery, in which his novel and ingenious contrivances for boring cannon, and for moving heavy masses of metal with facility, showed that, like Brindley, he could bring a host of fertile ideas to bear on the work immediately in progress.

While thus developing his talents as architect, mechanician, and engineer, Brunel felt a desire to exhibit his powers on a higher stage. To compete with men of science seemed to him not only possible, but attractive. Several reasons induced him to fix his abode in England, not the least important being his attachment to Miss Sophia Kingdom, with whom he had become acquainted in the family of his friend Carpentier at Rouen. They were married in 1799; and in the amiable qualities of his wife Brunel is said to have found a fitting accompaniment to his own eminent abilities.

He made his début in this country by an autographic machine designed to copy drawings, maps, and written documents of a very complicated nature. Although of secondary importance, this invention laid the foundation of his prosperity in England; and from that time he rejected all the offers and invitations made to him to leave the land of his adoption for the service of other governments.

In England we have no privileged corps of engineers as that of the Ponts-et-Chaussées in France, which requires from its members a certain preliminary and indispensable amount of study. Here any one who will may profess himself an engineer; but before he can be called upon to undertake any work of importance, he must have displayed intelligence and capacity. Hence Brunel, whose early studies were less complete than those of other individuals devoted from their youth to exact science, bnt whose constructive talent was incontestable, was enabled to rank himself among the chief of English engineers. The success of his autographic apparatus encouraged him to further efforts, and ere long, his machine for the manufacture of block pulleys was made public.

He had first conceived the idea of this machine in America; but, considering that it could be employed advantageously only by a great naval power, he did not make it known prior to his arrival in London. It was not without encountering and conquering a jealous opposition, and struggling against the multiplied irritations provoked by his French origin, that he at length succeeded in obtaining a trial of his plans in the arsenal at Portsmouth. For this opportunity of proving his ability he was indebted to the friendly offices of Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, and to the countenance afforded him by General Bentham, to whom the marine service of England owes much of its efficiency. Among other projects imagined by the general, was one also for a block-making machine, which he was about to carry into execution, when Brunel, at that time but little known, submitted his plans to him. Their superiority was at once perceived and recognised by the general: he not only renounced his own designs, but declared for those of his competitor. The ingenious machinery was completed in 1806; since when, it has performed with admirable precision, and furnished the British navy with blocks superior in all respects to those before used. The government acknowledged their approval of Brunel's contrivance by a grant of L.20,000—a sum which in a short time was more than saved to the nation by the economy of his process.

In the fitting out of vessels of war, and the operations of the dock-yard, about eighty sorts of blocks are used, of different form and size; some complicated, others simple, with one or more wheels, traversed in certain instances by one or several axles, but all requiring the same exactness and solidity. A whole chapter might be taken up by a description of the block-factory at Portsmouth, without conveying an adequate idea of the simplicity of the manufacture,

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which can hardly be gained without a visit of inspection. Logs of wood are first cut to the required lengths by a cross-cutting saw; these are afterwards brought to the various dimensions by means of circular and reciprocating saws; the blocks are then bored, mortised, the angles removed with the 'corner-saw,' and shaped in an apparatus which revolves with extraordinary rapidity. The next operation is to make the score or groove to receive the strap, either of metal or hemp, when, with a few touches of hand-labour, the shell of the block is complete. The final process consists in inserting the *lignum vitæ* sheaves, which are prepared by the same machinery.

In 1801 the Admiralty employed Brunel to effect improvements in the national establishments at Chatham and Woolwich, and it is said that he introduced order and economy where he had found only disorder and dilapidation. It was then that he constructed the steam-sawing machinery, with vertical and circular saws, which execute their work with marvellous speed. From the revolving saw for ship-timber, he passed by refined stages to the circular saw for harder and finer woods, which doubled the number of veneers into which each inch of plank or log could be divided, and has consequently tended materially to the cheapening of articles of furniture.

Besides these inventions, Brunel produced a machine for making wooden boxes of various shapes and dimensions; for making nails, an apparatus controllable by a child's hand, and striking many thousands of nails in an hour; the hydraulic packing press; two small and simple machines, designed one to twist, measure, and skein sewing cotton, the other for ruling paper; the fabrication of crystallised metallic plates for ornamental purposes; the construction of flat arches of wide span, with bricks and hydraulic cement, without centres or scaffolding, by the sole adherent force of the mortar, combined with fibrous or metallic bands; combinations for suspension bridges; and a machine for making seamless shoes for the use of the army.

The latter was brought into operation in 1813, invalid soldiers being employed in the process, at the suggestion of the Duke of York. With this machine thirty men could produce one hundred pairs of shoes in a day. The principal difference between them and ordinary shoes consisted in the superiority of the workmanship. But excellent as these shoes were, they presented one inconvenience—the sole not being stitched to the upper leather, they could not be resoled; and besides this economical defect to prevent their general use, the termination of the war led to a reduction of the army. After two years of trial, the machinery was given up.

Navigation by steam could hardly fail to attract the attention of such a man as Brunel: the construction of one of the first Ramsgate steamers was intrusted to him, in which, as is said, he introduced the principle of a double pump. And it was he who urged the Admiralty to build a steam-tug for towing at sea—an operation the possibility of which had previously been doubted. Its success and wide applicability are no longer matter of speculation.

We next find Brunel engaged on a machine with carbonic acid gas as the motive power. Faraday had proved by decisive experiments that this gas, as well as several others, when submitted to pressure at a low temperature, became condensed and liquefied, and afterwards, on the application of a moderate heat, vaporised with an enormous expansive force. The thought had once occurred to Davy that this tremendous property in the gas might one day supersede the use of steam, and it was to the realisation of the idea that Brunel devoted his abilities. His apparatus admitted of the liquefied gas becoming alternately expanded by heat and condensed by cold; but the difficulty of producing metallic cylinders or receivers sufficiently strong to resist the explosive force of the gas on the slightest increase of temperature, was a hindrance, not yet surmounted, to the useful applications of which it is susceptible. It was patented by the inventor in England and France, so great were his hopes of reducing the energetic agent to tractability. This result has been, however, reserved for later times, and he who shall first accomplish it, may hope for fame not less ample than that which yet honours the memory of Watt.

But of all Brunel's works, that by which he will be most remembered is the Thames Tunnel. The idea of such a project had been present to his mind long before it was carried into execution; for when the emperor of Russia visited England in 1815, the enterprising engineer submitted to him a plan for a tunnel under the Neva, a river over which the permanence of a bridge would be doubtful, owing to the great accumulation of ice during the intense winter frosts and its sudden disruption in the spring. The necessity for a passage across the Thames, without interrupting the navigation of the stream, had led to two attempts to effect it by subterranean means—once in 1799 at Gravesend, and again in 1804 near the present tunnel. Brunel, therefore, found a favourable reception for his views when he first published them in 1823. Science, art, and trade, were all interested in the result.

The history of this subterraqueous edifice is so well known, that to have called attention to it in this place is sufficient. It was commenced in March 1825, and opened to the public in the same month of 1843. The water broke in more than once during the progress of the excavation; and so formidable and disastrous was the last irruption in 1828, that the entire abandonment of the works was for a time deemed inevitable. Brunel's energies and resources, however, did not fail him; for each emergency he found a remedy; and at length his persevering genius triumphed. It is not the first time that Norman capability has shown its strength on English soil; and it affords another instance, if more were wanted, that genius has no geographical limitations. Mankind are nearer akin than they commonly believe.

If a man lives in his works, Brunel has left perpetuations of himself in many parts of the United Kingdom. His reputation was such as to cause him to be consulted and employed on works in several of our most important ports and manufacturing towns. His genius was of that nature which can occupy itself successfully with great designs or small endeavours. It is related of him that, being one day at a party where the card-tables stood open, Lady Spencer playfully requested him to produce a contrivance for cutting and shuffling the cards without the aid of fingers. A few days afterwards, Brunel presented the countess with a little machine which effected the desired object. To this apparently insignificant circumstance he may perhaps have been indebted for much of the encouragement accorded him by the agents of government by her ladyship's influence.

In stature Brunel was below the middle height; the expression of his features was modest and benevolent, yet stamped with genius in the amplitude and development of his brow: to look upon it was to feel the assurance that a brain of marvellous energies lay beneath. The gentleness of manners which he manifested when a boy characterised him to the last. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1814, and was chosen as one of the council, and vice-president of that learned corporation in their session of 1832-33; and in 1841 the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. Towards the close of his life he was frequently the subject of a disease the first approaches of which had been felt about the time of completing the tunnel; and his death took place in December of 1849. He had lived to nearly the venerable age of eighty-one, rich in the

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esteem of those who knew him best, and could understand his worth. He left a widow, and two daughters, both married, and a son, whose reputation worthily perpetuates that of the father.

Such are the leading incidents in the life of an individual who, in common with Franklin, Brindley, Herschel, and Watt, began life in a humble sphere, and won fortune and a name by his own persevering endeavours. Sir Mark Isambard Brunel experienced what has so often been experienced by others—the opposition of events and persons, material as well as moral obstructions. That he conciliated the one, and removed the other, is perhaps to be attributed to the 'high character of his inventions, the dignity of a career devoted entirely to usefulness, and the elevated tone of his private virtues;' these have gained him 'the celebrity which now distinguishes his name; the admiration of men of learning and of labour, and the affectionate remembrance of all those who, fortunate enough to know him personally, could appreciate his simple and noble character.'

For the substance of the foregoing notice we are indebted to a memoir recently published in the 'Travaux de l'Académie de Rouen.'

PEN-TROTTERS.

'THAT is a strikingly clever novel,' said I to my friend Wilford the other day, as we were walking together.

'It is,' he replied: 'I hope the author will not sink into a pen-trotter; but by the haste with which it was followed by another (and *from* its haste, of course an inferior one), I see great hazard of it.'

'Pray what do you mean by a pen-trotter?' I inquired: 'the term is new to me.'

'It is my name for a literary hack, and one which was suggested for my own edification and warning when I found myself in great danger of becoming the thing it defined.'

'I did not know you had ever been a candidate for literary distinction,' said I.

'I was though,' he replied; 'but it is now some thirty years ago, when you, my friend, I apprehend, as yet were not.'

'And what did you write? I should like to know, for I would certainly be the reader of your lucubrations.'

'Then I think you must make interest with the trunk-makers, to give you an opportunity of overhauling the inside of their wares. I do not know where else I could send you for works that have been forgotten these twenty years.'

After a little more bantering, I succeeded in drawing from him a sketch of the circumstances which had nearly involved him in the occupation of a pen-trotter, and which I shall give, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

'It was my misfortune,' said he, 'to be born with very little to do, and the inheritor of an estate which made it a matter of no particular consequence whether or not I did that little. Hence I dawdled away my three years at the university, without what is called distinguishing myself, unless, indeed, as a crack hand at the boating, riding, driving, and other pastimes peculiar to many young gentlemen in *statu pupillari*. I got my degree, however, and being my own master, I launched upon London and Paris life with the zest of twenty-one, and became sated and sick of it sooner than might have been expected. I believe this desirable result was hastened in my case partly by the nature of my mind—which is not fitted for conventional and artificial views of human life—and partly (perhaps principally) from my meeting with a very severe and unexpected disappointment on the side of my affections. These are strong things with some people' (and he fetched a heavy sigh)—'they were always strong and earnest with me. I was fool enough to dream of constancy and solidity in a coquette. Poh! such froth! such whipt syllabub!'——

'But the pen-trotting?' said I, anxious to recall my strong-feeling friend from the labyrinth into which he was wandering.

'Oh, true, the pen-trotting. Well, I was languishing and pining away with the burthen of having nothing to do; nauseating the very name of what is called amusement; broken-hearted, yet scorning myself for every sigh that misery wrung from me, when suddenly it occurred to me that I would write a novel. Never was a spirit better charged with the materials for a love-story, and never, *let me tell you, Jack*'—(and most significantly did he five times nod his head as he uttered these five words)—'*never*, as I believe, did any love-story do its work more faithfully than that strong effusion of my heart—my heart, mind you, not my pen! The heart was the agent there: really 'twas a sweet employment—I love that book even now'——

In vain I asked its title: he was inexorable in withholding it; but this mattered little, as I doubted not that among some of our mutual acquaintance I should easily come at it.

'Thus far, you observe,' he continued, 'the thing was well. I wrote naturally and easily, and found in a harmless, if not in a particularly elevated occupation, a delightful resource—a pleasant city of refuge wherein to hide myself from vain and humiliating regrets.'

'And what could ever make it otherwise?'

'Just the intoxication of success; just that delicious chalice of profit and popularity which more or less inebriates everybody who drinks of it.'

'Surely there are not many that find this cup of fame and gold so deadly as you seem to have done?'

'I can only tell you the effect it had upon me. I was sober enough while writing my first work, for it was occupation I wanted, and not cash. I never dreamed of its making any noise in the world; and when I offered it to a publisher, it was not on account of any money I expected for the copyright, for I asked none, but simply because it would be pleasant to see myself in print, and still more delightful to watch, unobserved and unsuspected, the effect it would make upon young people, wounded and broken-hearted like myself.'

'Had you any difficulty in getting it accepted by a bookseller?'

'A good deal; quite enough to show me what a soul-crushing thing it must be to depend upon literature as a means of subsistence. That manuscript, Jack, enfolded in brown paper, travelled first to a great publisher at the West End, who kept it three months, and then returned it "with much regret that it was not in his line of publication." It then went to the Row, to a great firm there, who would none of it. At last a certain publisher, now no more, undertook to bring it out upon the terms of our sharing its profits, if any. I neither looked nor longed for any; but the book making its way, on the strength of its truth to nature, a second edition was called for in about three or four months, and Mr W—— wrote me word that he hoped at the ensuing Christmas to hand me a hundred pounds. Jack, did you ever have the vision of a hundred pounds, and yourself perched upon a pedestal in the Temple of Fame, before your mind's eye?'

'Never!' I replied.

'Well, until you have some experience in this kind of gratification, you must be lenient to the frailty that

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inclines the heart to enjoy and greatly covet the prolonged possession of it. To sit down and write another novel was the work of the next three months you may be sure—hundred pounds don't grow on every bush; and people don't often find themselves enshrined in the Temple of Fame as easily as if they had been brought there in their sleep. 'Twas a pretty position, and I meant to keep it; but oh, Jack, be lenient once more, I say, to the frailty of human nature, when I confess to you that the hundred pounds—the hundred pounds, did I say?—the many hundreds, for of course I should grow in my demands for any future work—this pleasant many hundreds, then, of golden sovereigns, and all the charming things of which they stood the representatives, looked lovelier still in my money-warmed imagination, than the niche in her temple which Fame proffered me.'

'It was not in human nature to be otherwise than very much pleased with both results,' said I. 'Without the stimulus of fame and profit, who would undertake any work of labour and difficulty?—though yours, to be sure, could hardly come under this class of efforts.'

'At the best, it could not be supposed to involve much study or labour,' he replied; 'but even that which all works of the mind and fancy demand I found it so difficult to give to it, that at length I threw up the occupation altogether, just as I would have smashed the brandy bottle that was secretly enslaving and degrading me.'

'I cannot understand why you should have been driven to this extreme measure,' said I. 'Could you not compel yourself to pursue the thing quietly, and in subordination to other engagements?'

'Why no, really: that is just where the danger and difficulty of the matter existed, and where it ever will exist, to persons thus peculiarly tempted. Money is power; not, indeed, of the most exalted kind, but of the most available for all human purposes. Hence there is no sort of stimulus that so completely enervates and confuses the mind, and occasions it to lose its proper balance.'

'But how? I am at a loss to understand in what way a person like you, in no need of such a stimulus, should be thus its victim?'

'Well, it was in this sort of way it operated:—I found myself in a hurry while writing. There was not, as in the first instance, a throwing myself into my subject; and thus absorbed, forgetting everything of the real and tangible, and living in the invisible and imaginative region of my interior world. There was none of that earnest and sincere pouring forth of passionate remembrance, which was so mournfully sweet as often to make me linger over my employment as I would in the society of a dear delightful friend; but (oh Jack, I can scarcely bear to speak of the base reaction!) there was a counting of pages and lines, and a sordid calculating of how many would make a volume, which I do declare to you I was ashamed of, even when I practised it.'

'That was rather low, I must confess,' said I.

'As low as it is, I believe it is what most successful novelists come to; for when lines make pages, and pages make books, and books make money, every word has its price; and, in point of fact, it sometimes happens that an amplification of words forms the staple commodity of wares thus hastened into the market. The producer of them is in a hurry to get rich; that is the simple and right interpretation of such rapid and voluminous authorship; and it's all Canterbury to call it anything else.'

'Well,' said I, laughing, 'I agree with you in some measure; at least I do think that the rapidity with which "another and another still succeeds" in the wake of a successful novel, is rather deteriorating to the proper self-respect of the writer, and also to the respect due to the public; for it is not possible that proper pains should be taken, and the mind allowed to revise and mature its conceptions, when thus constantly working'——

'Working!' and he hastily interrupted me; 'working do you call it? Grinding is the more proper word—grinding, if you please! Depend upon it there is no work in pen-trotting. There is not time for it. Hey! Presto! get the steam up! and grind and thrash away to be first in the market. That's the secret of successful literaturation, Jack; and that is the fate which I hope does *not* impend over the author of the book we first talked of.'

'I am sure I hope it does not,' said I; 'for we want a few such vigorous pens in the department of fiction.'

'I doubt whether we shall have them,' he replied.

I asked his reason for this doleful doubt.

'I can only go over the same ground, and say that the excitement is too strong,' he replied. 'When a person finds that to write a novel, or anything else, involves no more trouble than to write a cheque which he knows will be honoured, how is it in the nature of possibilities that he should not be drawing on his banker (the public) as often as possible?'

'It is a strong temptation no doubt; but you broke through it, it seems.'

'Yes; but how? Only by forswearing the occupation altogether. I could not have withstood it had I gone on with it. But I have a habit of listening to an interior counsellor, as Socrates had; only we may differ perhaps in the name we give this companion of the mind.'

'And what did this bosom friend say to you?'

'Solid, excellent, though somewhat stern truth. "Do you know what you are about?" it asked of me. "Do you know that you are in a false, sordid, low position of mind? Are you aware that it is the love of wealth, the plain, mean, unmistakable craving after money, that is actuating and enslaving you in this pursuit? Do you not see that every book you write (I wrote three, Jack, in fever heat!) is getting more hastily, crudely, and emptily conceived and executed? Are you content to become a mere literary hack—a truckling, trading, contemptible pen-trotter." Where the word came from I cannot tell you, Jack, but it struck upon some chord in my nature which most exceedingly disrelished, though it could not disown it. "A pen-trotter!" I mentally repeated; "no, that I never will be. I will be still a while, and let things cool, and see what comes of it."'

'And thus at last nothing came of it. "Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!" I think your views of the matter are extreme and exaggerated,' I continued; 'but it is your nature, you know, a little to overdo things. How would the many thousands who have to depend upon their literary exertions for a livelihood—how would they get bread to eat were they to anatomise and refine upon their proceedings after your fashion?'

'Poor souls!' and he gave a heavy sigh. 'It is not of this class that I consider the genuine pen-trotter to come. God forbid that I should brand with any name of contempt those individuals whom the force of circumstances constrains to labour with their pen! It was not of such persons I thought or spoke. It was of those who, like myself, had a career of important influence opened up to them, and who, under the strong excitement of success, merged the nobler object of extensive usefulness in the poor, isolated selfishness of getting money.'

'Perhaps they do not altogether lose sight of the higher motive,' said I; 'or at all events not to the degree you suppose? In fact I don't believe that you yourself did so to anything like the extent you are pleased to describe. But you like to take human nature, and more particularly I think your own nature, on its most infirm and disagreeable side.'

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'I always take the bull by the horns,' said he.

'Keep out of its way, and don't meddle with it at all.'

'Good counsel; but this wild animal of Self is always putting itself in our way; and then and there, I say, take it by the horns—look it in the face. Never be ashamed of seeing and knowing the worst of yourself, Jack. The thing to be ashamed of is the putting a fine embroidered robe of spangles and satin over the old Adam, admiring the beauty thereof, and strutting unabashed in all the dreams and dramas of self-love; at once the idol and the idolater in your secret "chambers of imagery." In short, once admit the dominion of self-love and self-pleasing, and there is not a single precious and exalted sentiment that will not be trampled to death whenever it stands in the way of these all-absorbing influences.'

'Well, now I can go along with what you say,' I replied: 'now that you come down to the common-sense of things, I can understand and sympathise with your sentiments.'

'I will tell you,' said he, 'where I draw a distinction, and where I think as much haste as you will in writing and publishing is quite allowable—always in those who have to live by their exertions in this way. People *must* live, although some impudent French sovereign (Louis XIV., was it not?) doubted the necessity. Let them live, then, as best they may. Again, there is a class of authors whose range of authorship and its whole success depends upon their seizing hold of the public mind in a particular way, and keeping themselves constantly before it in that way, and no other. Fancy so and so'—(and he named one or two popular writers)—'being lost sight of for two or three years, and then coming out in a philosophical novel—coming out, I mean, with any work that would induce thought, and contain sentences that you would wish to remember for personal edification!'

'The sale of their productions would be wofully reduced, I fear,' said I.

'Of course it would. Well, then, to writers of this kind I would grant a large license for rapidity of publication. A man in that case writes to amuse: it is his line, and his mine, and let him work it in the best way he can. He has found it on his own estate, and he has a right to get what ore it yields—whether gold, silver, copper, or tin.'

'It's not much gold, I am thinking, that comes showering forth from mines so continually worked,' said I. 'But gold does not seem the thing that people want from literary diggings now-a-days. These are not the times for people to produce anything that appeals to the deeper and nobler principles of humanity. Everybody is in a hurry. They are going somewhere else—they have got something else to do than to sit down and think. Everything is strange, startling, rapid—a meteoric flash, and no more of it; and people who would write to be read, must in some sort adapt themselves to the public taste.'

'People who would write to be read must do as you say,' he replied; 'but people who would write to be felt, to be remembered, to be resorted to again and again in their works, and in those works to speak to something deeper, something nobler, than the sofa-reclining "lend-me-something-amusing-to-read" of the public mind, must take time and pains, if not to write, most certainly to revise what they have written. How many thousand crude imaginations require pruning away, which fancy, more particularly when it is vivid and luxuriant, pours forth in its first fervour! How many forcible conceptions demand consideration both as to their truth and the proper application of it, all of which needful measures require time.'

'You are thinking now,' said I, 'of works of a different and higher calibre than a novel, which was the point we started from.'

'No, I am not; I am thinking of the novel as occupying a place in a very important, because a very influential department of literature. I am thinking of the novel as presenting a vehicle for the conveyance of every sort of impression which the most "comes home to men's business and bosoms." For where are our realities but at our firesides? Where are our characters—where are we, in short, *ourselves*, but at home? The *domestic* demonstrations, Jack, the "never-ending, still beginning" drama of home life, that is the circle in which my sympathies move; and oh the matchless way in which the pen of some novelists has moved a magic wand over it! Do you ever tire of the touches of nature from Jane Austen?'

'They are wonderfully neat and clever; but still, Wilford, it is but a sort of Dutch painting after all.'

'It is not in the highest department of novel writing, I grant; but it is great in its way. It manifests no haste, no substitution of words for things. It is this seizing of the strong points of human nature in its every-day dress which constitutes the charm and the usefulness of works of fiction. And this, I say, is not to be done'——

'Without genius,' said I, willing to condense the argument, of which I began to think we had had enough.

'Certainly not without genius,' he replied; 'but not also without something else; without which no genius will avail to keep a writer from making shipwreck of his gifts; and that is, a high and noble aim of usefulness, as well as of amusement.'

'That is to say, you would weave a sermon between every three or four pages I suppose?'

'I would never stop to preach. There would be no need to make formal harangues "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Only let any man or woman of competent ability and experience in human affairs, interweave in a tale, or novel, or whatever you like to call it, such circumstances and their results as they themselves have certain knowledge of, and the events of life will preach their own sermons. But when, instead of this, the process is to make a book for the market—a three-volumed lucubration that is to sell for so much money—it is nothing else, I declare, and will maintain, than a regular systematic science of pen-trotting; from the which—to end where we began—may all authors of works of power and genius be henceforth and for ever delivered!'

'Well, I have no objection to say Amen to that;' and therewith our walk and our dialogue came to a conclusion.

MALTA AND GIBRALTAR.

Of all the fortresses from which Great Britain watches the movements of the world, Gibraltar and Malta are the most extraordinary; and we think the author of the 'Nile Boat' and 'Forty Days in the Desert' has exercised a sound discretion in choosing them for the subject of his new illustrated volume of what we hope will prove to be an annual series.* These three volumes are all intimately connected; and all exhibit a degree of tact which is not often met with in productions of so elegant and luxurious a character.

Mr Bartlett is an unpretending writer, who never assumes to be what he is not, or undertakes what he does not know he is able to perform. He writes, therefore, with ease and confidence as well as modesty; and, disclaiming all pretensions to a special originality, he gives a roundness and completeness to his subject which is highly satisfactory to the reader. The account of Malta is historical as well as descriptive—taken

* Gleanings Pictorial and Antiquarian on the Overland Route. By the Author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1851.

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from books as well as personal observation; and there are few persons, however well acquainted they may be with the subject at large, who will not be happy to read the fortunes of the Knights of St John in this striking and compendious form, and illustrated by pictorial sketches in a high style of art. Malta is what he justly calls it—the stepping-stone to Egypt and the Dardanelles, the post of observation from which France and Russia are overlooked, and an impregnable station for our Mediterranean squadron. Originally a sterile rock, owing a great portion of its very soil to importation, it is yet the most populous island in the world, containing a population of 100,000 souls, or 1200 to the square mile. 'Although the pasturages are so limited, the breed of cattle is remarkably fine; the oxen, asses, and mules are of superior size and quality, and the mares were formerly sent by the Grand Masters as valuable presents to the sovereigns of Europe.'

Malta is about the size of the Isle of Wight, but so different in character from that 'garden of England,' that the principal streets of the city of Valetta are flights of stairs. The general aspect of the country, however, is still more remarkable. 'On clearing the fortified enclosure, we issue into the open country, over which an extensive and striking view suddenly bursts upon the eye. On a hot dry day, and under a glaring sun, it looks almost like an arid desert of white stone, thinly veiled here and there with a patch of feeble verdure, or sparsely dotted over with round black-looking carob-trees; and one is utterly perplexed as to the sustenance of the dense population with which it evidently teems; for, look which way one will, large villages, or *casals*, everywhere salute the eye, solidly built, and invariably overtowered by large and handsome churches. After the rains, however, this bare surface is suddenly carpeted with a most vivid green; and then, although there is nothing worthy of the name of scenery to be met with, it is really pleasant to peregrinate the island—the pleasure being mainly derived from the spectacle of industry triumphing over natural obstacles. A mere rock, to which, from its central and important position, a crowded population has been attracted, every practicable nook has been laboriously cultivated—the rugged soil cleared of the stones with which it was covered; the "crop-rock," which formed the surface, broken up; and the bed of subsoil which is beneath it brought out and industriously laboured, while the more impracticable portions have been covered with a coating of foreign soil. The island has thus been rendered extremely productive—cotton, still extensively grown, being the great staple in the time of the Grand Masters, under whom its manufacture was a source of immense wealth. But the fields of beautiful *silla*, or clover, indigenous to Malta, are what will more especially strike the eye of the stranger. It grows from three to five feet from the ground; its luxuriant leaves, surmounted by a large crimson flower, have at a short distance all the beauty of a plantation of China roses. Groups of broad-leaved fig, or carob-trees, thickets of prickly pear, and gardens filled with pomegranates and vines, and evidently cultivated with extreme care, at intervals also relieve the general meagreness of the landscape, which, after all, gives us the idea of a desert, only to be maintained from lapsing into its native sterility by that same laborious industry which originally reclaimed it from barrenness.'

This singular rock, however, was the centre of some congregation of the human kind long before the time of the Knights of Malta—long before the rise from savagism of the nation that is now its master. But the ruins of what is called the temple of Hagiar Chem defy conjecture. 'Was anything ever seen so strange and inexplicable—so unaccountably intricate and eccentric—so unlike any known monument, from the rude Druidical circle up to the consummate proportion of the Grecian temple? Or, to form a somewhat clearer idea, let him clamber upon one of the highest blocks, and cast with us a bird's-eye glance over the interior of the enclosure. Even then he will not be much the wiser. These strange irregular circles, formed of upright stones, surmounted, Stonehenge-like, with transverse ones—these doorways, and passages, and flights of steps—these rude altars—this odd jumble of nooks and niches—this enormous enclosure of colossal stones, battered and disintegrated by time and tempest, till all trace of the shaping-hammer is gone; what are they—and who reared them? The mind insensibly associates them with some religious purpose—with the rites of some dark and debasing creed. These weird-looking circles once resounded perhaps with the orgies of extinct superstitions; and upon these altars the blood of innocent victims may have poured forth in sacrifice; or, as some suppose, the structure may have been intended as a burial-place, since in this edifice, and another presently to be noticed, are chambers evidently sepulchral, and bodies, urns, and pottery have been dug up within. Perhaps they may have served for both purposes—have been at once temples and tombs. But, whatever they were, no one could look upon them as we did, in the profound stillness of a summer noon—unbroken but by the hum of the gilded fly, or the rustle of the lizard as he furtively stole forth, and then disappeared again, from among the chinks of the masonry—by the soft waving of the scented wild-flowers and silken rye-grass—or wandered about their gray avenues of stones, with the wild and desolate landscape around, and the blue sea, upon which imagination pictures the barks of the roving Phœnicians, to whom tradition assigns the structure, without a feeling of intense curiosity, and almost of awe, which perhaps no other description of edifice is, in an equal degree, calculated to call forth.'

There are other remarkable ruins, called El Mneidra, of the same kind, but displaying a higher degree of arrangement and constructive skill. They stand on the brink of a precipice overhanging the sea, and no other work of man is seen on this desolate part of the coast, excepting some solitary watch-towers, erected as look-outs for the Barbary corsairs.

From Malta our author sailed to Gibraltar, and his first view of this equally celebrated Rock is given with spirit:—'"The Rock ahead!" was the joyful sound that saluted us next morning as soon as we turned out of our berths. We hurried on deck: there it was, sure enough, not yet having taken off its night-cap of white sea-fog—a huge, indistinct, mysterious monster—looking as it might have looked to the first Phœnician navigator whose daring keel first broke the stillness of a sea to him unknown. As the sun rose higher, the mists gradually dispersed, and disclosed every detail of the majestic spectacle. Europe and Africa, hitherto separated by a wide extent of sea, were seen gradually approaching each other, till they almost appeared to embrace. On the right we admired the romantic shores of Spain, rising from gentle corn-covered slopes into bold brown hills, swelling into purple mountains. On the African side, more dimly seen, were the rock and fortress of Ceuta, backed by the tremendous precipices of Mons Abyla, or "Apes' Hill," forming with the Rock of Gibraltar, which boldly occupied the centre of the view, the two "Pillars of Hercules," the entrance of the strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic Ocean. This was the sight I had so often wished to see. As we approached the eastern side of the rock, connected with the Spanish shore by a low, sandy isthmus, it towered above our ship in one long unbroken precipice of fourteen hundred feet in height. At its foot, near its northern extremity, crouched the little village of Catalan Bay, the only one in view, with its white houses, looking as if it must inevitably be crushed some day by falling masses of rock. Running

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rapidly along the eastern side of the rock, we turned its southern corner along its western side, which fronts the deep Bay of Gibraltar, when, Proteus-like, it assumed an appearance entirely different. Ranges of batteries rising from the sea, tier above tier, extend along its entire sea-front, at the northern extremity of which is the town. Every nook in the crags bristles with artillery; white barracks and gay villas, embowered in green gardens and groves, occupying the midway ascent; while above towers in rugged grandeur the summit of the Rock itself. No contrast could possibly be more striking: on the one side a scene of crowded life, on the other an absolute solitude. The whole prospect is one of the most exciting description; and our first impression of Gibraltar altogether surpassed even the highly-wrought anticipations we had been led to form of it.'

This variety of surface is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Rock, and the combinations of scenery it presents are such as could be expected only in some very spacious area. 'Among the villas which stud the side of the Rock, is one which may compare with any for the romantic peculiarity of its site. It consists of two ranges of large and airy apartments of only one storey, with a shady corridor, running along two sides of a quadrangular space, elevated some height above the road, and laid out as an Italian garden, with its ranges of statues and fountains abounding in parterres of flowers, and hedged with fragrant box. Clusters of cypress, orange, and palms, and tufts of flowering shrubs, form an impervious shade against the fervours of a Mediterranean sun, and mingle their odours in the intoxicating atmosphere of the south. Seated under these trees, and looking upward, the Rock, broken into precipices, and covered with wild shrubs, is seen overhanging and sheltering the garden; while through the thick foliage below peep out the blue bay and its white sails, the town, and the mountains of Africa and Spain.'

Among the wonders of the Rock, where everything is wonderful, St Michael's Cave deserves special attention; although it is supposed, we cannot tell with what truth, that the whole Rock is honeycombed with galleries and caverns. Travellers visiting the abyss we have named usually provide themselves with blue lights from the Signal Tower, the effect of which throws a congenial illumination upon the Pandemonium. 'Our guide lighted a pile of brush, which, as it blazed up, dimly disclosed to us a lofty vault-shaped dome, supported, as it were, on pillars of milk-white stalactite, assuming the appearance of the trunks of palm-trees, and a variety of fantastic foliage, some stretching down to the very flooring of the cavern, others resting midway on rocky ledges and huge masses of congelation, springing from the floor, like the vestibule of some palace of the genii. At a given signal the blue lights were now kindled, when the whole scene, which had been but imperfectly illuminated, flashed into sudden splendour—hundreds of pendulous stalactites, before invisible, started into view—the lofty columns, with their delicate and beautiful formation, glittered like silver, and seemed raised and enchased by the wand of enchantment. But this glimpse of the splendours of the cavern was, alas! but momentary; for our lights speedily burning down, we were compelled to retreat before we were involved in dangerous darkness.' Their exit in utter darkness was not made with absolute equanimity of mind; for they remembered that an apparently bottomless pit had yawned at their feet on one side as they made their way in. Another traveller describes the effect of torches, stones, and crystals, thrown into the gulf by his party, and mentions the disastrous fate of a soldier who attempted to explore it, and never returned. But Mr Bartlett goes a pitch beyond this. 'This chasm bears, moreover, somewhat of a sinister character, and it has been supposed that more than one unfortunate has met with foul play, being enticed within the cave by some assassin, and after being plundered, pushed into this horrible gulf, as a place that would tell no tales. Shortly before our visit, a gentleman who was desirous of exploring the place, caused himself to be lowered with ropes, bearing a light in his hand; but what was his horror, so soon as his foot came in contact with resistance, to find that he was treading upon some substance that yielded to the pressure, while at the same time the pale gleam of his torch fell upon the ghastly features of a murdered man!' The extent of the cavern never having been ascertained, it of course affords abundant materials for the imagination; and the vulgar devoutly believe that it communicates beneath the Straits with Mons Abyla, and thus afforded a path to the numerous colony of African apes which still form a remarkable portion of the population of Gibraltar.

After all, Gibraltar is more important to the English traveller than to the English nation:—'Whether this stronghold is, or ever will be, after all, worthy of the immense expenditure that it has occasioned, has often been called in question. A recent writer has observed that Gibraltar lives on her former credit; and that as it has cost us an enormous sum, we conclude it must be of corresponding value. Yet, destitute as it is of a harbour, like that of Malta, it cannot be a fortified stronghold for our fleet in the Mediterranean; it can hardly, as will already have appeared, be said to close the Mediterranean against a hostile squadron. It is not, to say truth, very clear what it commands, or what it protects. A conjunction of circumstances might, however, arise in which it would prove of importance. Since the establishment of the Overland Route it has acquired a new value, as one of a chain of posts connecting England with her Indian possessions. One thing is certain, that having expended millions upon it, and covered it with the prestige of a glorious defence, it is not very likely to be given up, especially as it is understood that, by improved management, it is made to pay its own expenses. Yet unless international morality be indeed a fiction, every one who knows how it fell into our possession, and that when it was reluctantly ceded to us by Spain, it was on the condition that it should not be made a nest for smuggling, must desire to see the end of a system which, though we defend by *might*, we cannot justify by *right;* and which is as discreditable to our national good faith, as it is justly provocative of the hatred of the Spanish nation.'

The smuggling here mentioned, we are sorry to say, is the principal trade of Gibraltar. We not only occupy, without any adequate temptation, a portion of the Spanish territory, but make use of it to deluge Spain with our contraband goods. That this is the deed of the English government cannot be denied, since the authorities are not only all aware of the practice, but occasionally make use of their guns against the Spanish revenue force:—'The smuggling boats, felucca-rigged, and carrying a heavy gun concealed under their netting, take in their cargoes at the Rock, and watch their opportunity to effect a landing on the neighbouring coasts, where the "contrabandistas," a daring body of mountaineers, are ready to carry the goods into the interior, assisted, it is said, by the co-operation of certain Spanish officials, who find their account in encouraging them. The Spanish government maintains a number of fast-sailing *guarda costas*, or revenue cutters, which keep a sharp look-out, and will sometimes cut the smugglers from under the very batteries of Gibraltar, at the risk, however, of being sunk by our guns, if invading the jurisdiction of our waters—*a fate which has befallen more than one of them before now.*'

From these few extracts, the reader will perceive that there is abundance of interesting and amusing information in the volume; but this refers only to its

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literary department. As a work of art, we must add, it possesses very considerable merit, having nearly thirty steel vignettes, and more than a score of woodcuts, all beautifully executed.

AMBER.

Surrounded with a vivid charm as the relic of a bygone vegetation, amber is yet invested with a greater scientific interest from the fact that the very name—*electrum*—bestowed upon it by the Greeks, has been perpetuated in that given to the greatest and most mysteriously all-pervading of the natural forces.*

Upwards of 500 years before Christ, Thales, the philosopher of Miletus, discovered the power which amber possesses of attracting to, or repelling from, itself certain substances. Exulting with joy, and perhaps dimly foreseeing the important truths hereafter to be deduced from this discovery, he announced to his admiring and wondering school that this amber contained within its substance an essence, or living principle, 'which, lying dormant, was awakened only by friction, and then wandered forth to attract to itself various surrounding particles,' laden with which, it returned into its own body. Such were the first faint glimmerings of our knowledge of Electricity.

That amber was known to, and valued by, the ancients long before the date of this discovery, has been amply proved, though some difficulties have been cast on the page of its early history, on account of the name electrum being also applied to an amber-coloured amalgam of gold and silver. There is no doubt, however, that amber is in some places actually referred to by Homer; for instance, where he describes a necklace made of 'gold and silver, bound or held together by amber.' And again, where he classes together, or rather places in opposition, 'gold and electrum, silver and ivory'—proving that it was at this period in use as a *gem*; though probably its odoriferous and inflammable properties first gave it its value, and brought it into notice as *incense*.

That the Phœnicians, the early merchants of the south, traded in amber is well ascertained; but whether they actually reached the shores of the Baltic, or even the western Cimbrian coast, or whether they received it from thence through the medium of Britain, remains doubtful, though the former opinion appears to be gaining ground. We must, however, remark that amber, in tolerable quantities, has been found in Britain itself, and that its use by the ancient Britons has been evidenced by the disinterment of amber necklaces, or detached beads, from different barrows. Tacitus appears to be the first writer who *positively* mentions the amber of the Baltic, the trade in which furnishes Humboldt with a beautiful example of the humanising influence of an inland traffic, though in but one single article of use or luxury. The amber alluded to was handed, as it were, from people to people throughout the length of Germany, and so across the Alps (where a road, sacred to commerce, was protected by all the neighbouring tribes) to the banks of the Eridanus, or Po, from whence it circulated through the south of Europe—thus bringing us at once to the typical myth of the *sunstone* of the Eridanus; in which, when Phæton was struck into the Po, his sisters remained lamenting on its banks until they were turned into poplars, while their tears continued to flow in the form of amber, being, as Ovid tells us,

> 'Hardened into value by the sun.'

This beautiful allegory was still more closely connected with the region of fable by the nations of the East, who made the tears of which amber was formed to be those of a certain sacred sea-bird; thus the poet—

> 'Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
> That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept.'

Strange and varied, indeed, have been the origins assigned to this substance, which has been alternately removed from one kingdom of nature to another, until, fixed by the magic wand of science, its proper birthplace in the vegetable world was conceded to it. Here, as in many other instances, we find the accounts of Pliny more correct than those of many of his successors through a long series of ages. He considered it to be the resin of *either* the poplar or a 'cedar of the pine kind.' On this account the Romans called it succinum, from *succus*, the juice of a tree; and by this name it is still known in our medical language. By later writers it was supposed to be a natural mineral; and we find the careful and accurate Ray, in giving his opinion respecting some amber from Thedle Thorpe, on the Lindsey coast, qualifying his decision by saying—'I am but a learner, and a very young one, in *minerals*,' &c. Others regarded it as animal matter which had undergone some peculiar alteration from the action of the waves. Some affirmed that it was a sea-plant, which, growing at the bottom of the deeper parts of the ocean, was occasionally broken, when its fragments were washed on shore. Others went so far as to imagine that, because insects were found in it, it was produced by them. Patrin indeed concludes that it was honey mineralised by vitriolic acid, and that the flies, &c. were killed on touching it by means of its electricity; for insects, he says, are not found except in substances on which they feed; pithily adding, as indisputable proof, that 'where bees *are* found, amber *may be* discovered!' The mysterious doubt with which it was surrounded was further increased by alleged instances of clear and legible Hebrew and Arabic characters being found enclosed in its substance—an idea which very probably originated in what Göppert and Dr K. Thomas of Königsberg have proved to be specimens of fossil mould. Gradually the vegetable theory regained its ground, until at length it was clearly and universally acknowledged that amber is the fossilised or bituminised resin or gum of some of the cone-bearing trees—of kinds, however, which, according to Göppert, were far more resinous than any of the recent species, as this substance is produced not only as in our present trees—between the wood and the bark—but also, as proved by the microscope, in the wood itself following the course of the medullary rays.

Lignite, or, as it is more generally termed, wood-coal, brown-coal (Braunkohle), or bovey-coal, abounds on the Baltic coast of Prussia—and here, too, is the largest known deposition of amber; yet, until a very recent period, the obvious connection between the two substances was unnoticed. It is true, indeed, that the frequent occurrence of fossil wood on the shores—trunks of enormous trees being sometimes exposed by the action of the waves—induced the peasantry of the district to distinguish it by the name of 'amber-wood;' but the learned drew a broader inference from the fact, and decided, says Dr Thomas, that the trunks were those of the palm, and that *consequently* the long-disputed situation of the garden of Eden must of necessity be on the Samland coast! To the above-named gentleman we are chiefly indebted for the attention which has recently been given to the subject. In the year 1829, he accidentally met with some fir-cones on the hills along the coast of Rauschen, which were, in opposition to his own opinion, pronounced to be recent. Determined, however, to decide the question, and encouraged in his own belief by an account—which appeared almost likely to fade into fable—of the finding, some years before, of a fossil fir-branch, with well-preserved cones, in the Hubenik amber-district, he, as soon as circumstances permitted it, properly explored the locality,

* The name amber—or *ambar*, as it was formerly spelled—is derived from the Arab term *ambra*, and indeed some of our older English writers use the word in its original form.

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and was amply rewarded by a collection of cones of various species. As before-mentioned, amber had long been recognised as the resin of a conifer, and it was now apparently shown in connection with the coniferæ from which it was formed—an idea which was strengthened by the fact, that many of the pieces of fossil-wood, on being burned, gave out a smell of amber. For greater accuracy and certainty, however, these cones were transmitted to one of the highest living authorities on fossil woods, Professor Göppert of Breslau, who, after careful examination, stated that two species 'reminded him so exactly of the now existing forms, that they could not be distinguished from them;' while the others, which formed the greater portion of the collection, 'were forms which *do not now exist*.' Yet he negatived the idea that these ancient trees were connected with the origin or occurrence of amber, partly founding the denial on the non-presence of the smell of amber in some of the wood and cones, and partly adhering to a theory that the amber of the Prussian coast had originated in an abundant vegetation which grew on an island of temporary existence, and of the date of the Tertiary formation, which rose to the north of Samland in the Baltic.

Dr Karl Thomas afterwards investigated the subject, with results which seem to require little besides a candid examination to secure their general adoption. In the first place, he treated a portion of the fossil wood, which *had no smell of amber*, with nitro-sulphuric acid; it gave no useful explosive matter, but yielded a resin strongly reminding him of the artificial musk produced from amber by nitric acid. In consequence of this result, Dr Reich submitted fourteen fragments of the wood, which were selected at random, and which appeared to belong to different species of coniferæ, to examination; thirteen of which yielded succinic acid, as did also cones from the same bed, though they were also devoid of any smell of amber. 'If, then,' says Dr Thomas, 'the occurrence of succinic acid, except from amber, is so problematical that amber may be considered as its only source, we must admit also that the coniferous woods which contain it belonged not only to the amber Flora, but that they were that portion of it which actually yielded it;'* and, as a necessary consequence, that though other species may co-exist with the amber-trees, the principal mass of wood to which the lignite owes its origin is amber-bearing.

The next argument which may be advanced is found in the geological outline of the Samlandic coast, given by Dr Thomas as that with which he is most intimately acquainted, and of which the following is a brief abstract:—

A seemingly horizontal stratum of sand and coal-bearing clay, which is an alluvial product, reaches from Lapöhn to Warnik. Between Warnik and Grosskuhren a peculiar sand formation—in which amber is sometimes found, though always much worn and outwardly decomposed by the atmosphere, while in the subjacent beds it is constantly in the natural state—rises from the sea-level, making an angle of fifteen degrees west; it is composed of parallel layers whose limits are marked by the deposition of red ochre. These layers are vertically cut through by tubular fossil bodies resembling encrinites, and also contain other marine remains. Under this sand-bank, and extending in similar directions, lies the stratum of amber-earth, which is blue or mottled; this earth has been explored wherever it rises high enough above the surface of the sea. Beneath this is the bed called Schluff, which is only distinguished from the above by its having no amber. Carbonised wood, of coniferous character, and similar to that at Rauschen, is found in this amber layer, while sharks' teeth, together with impressions of echinites, have been found in *both* the amber and the schluff beds. From Grosskuhren these layers continue at the same angle of elevation to the villages of Great and Little Kuhen, where they rise to the height of from forty to sixty feet above the sea, and, to the great profit of the miner, expose the amber beds. The western extremity of the formation is covered, behind Little Kuhen, by hills apparently of diluvial structure; but it crops out again from the superincumbent mass, so that the Samlandic shore presents a most interesting *profils* of the formation. At Rosenorth the strata dip rapidly to the south, so as to elude observation, but at the same time rise abruptly from the sea to the south in such a manner that the separated strata are merely covered by a diluvial loam of ten feet thick. Another member of the amber formation lies almost horizontally in the coast hills of Dirschkeim, in which the amber bed, which lies four feet deep, is not very productive, but it evidently extends under the sea, as has long been shown by the quantities of amber thrown on that part of the coast—a storm of but moderate length and violence on the first day of January 1848 having brought to light in a very brief space no less than 800 pounds.

Attention having been thus drawn to the subject, every fresh examination seems to tend to the confirmation of the inferences of Dr Thomas, and will probably lead to the result which he announces as his great object—namely, to the enlargement of our knowledge of the localities of amber beds, with a view to increase the supply of this valuable commodity. Already it has been discovered at various points along the coast of Prussia, as well as inland; in parts of Russia, and in Siberia. Sicily may rank next to Prussia as an amber-producing country, but the substance appears to be very widely distributed over the world. In Britain, amber has been dug up in the neighbourhood of London, and it is sometimes washed up by the sea on the north-east coasts; while Pennant mentions the cliff of Holderness as a clay formation from which amber is sometimes washed out in considerable quantities, but always covered with the coating, caused by atmospheric decomposition, which is mentioned by Dr Thomas as appearing in the amber of the sand layer near Warnik.

The uses to which amber has been applied are various; and though not now prized so much in jewellery as formerly, yet it is still greatly valued in the East as a material for the mouthpieces of smoking apparatus, as well as for many articles of decorated furniture; while its agreeable and wholesome scent, together with its inflammability, render it an almost necessary ingredient in perfumes and incense. Regnard, writing in 1681, expresses the great astonishment which he, who 'made so little use of it,' felt on finding that it formed the principal article of commerce between the Dutch and the nations of the East. And in the anonymous account of Thibet in the eighteenth century, published by Pinkerton, mention is made of the merchants whose practice it was to collect amber beads for sale in the markets of Bûtan—as Thibet is called—where it was so valued for the purpose of burning at feasts, in the Chinese fashion, that the *serre*, or nine ounces, of beads which at Patna were purchased for from 30 to 40 rûpis, were resold in Bûtan for from 250 to 300 rûpis. In Eastern lands, the smell of this burning amber is considered a specific in headaches of every description. The ancients prized it at a very early period for its medicinal powers, and it still takes its place in our healing list. Some time ago the vapour from burning amber was received on woollen cloths, with which rheumatic or paralytic limbs were afterwards rubbed; but this is now quite discontinued, it having been long acknowledged that it was the friction, and not the vapour, which formed the remedy. The use of powdered amber in cases of hysterics has also been almost abandoned as inefficacious; but the *rectified oil*,

* Annals of Natural History.

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which is of a highly bituminous nature, is still applied in paralysis, rheumatism, and as a warm stimulant, in complaints of the spine, as well as in hooping-cough and other convulsive attacks. It is also said that intermittent fevers of long standing have been cured by it. The fracture of amber is conchoidal, and its specific gravity 1·078. The succinic acid is procured from it by heat, and the oil is afterwards separated from it by repeated washings; but if the acid be exposed to lengthened heat in a closed vessel, the oil becomes thick and dark, and leaves a residue of 'thick black *shining coal.*'

The whole of the Prussian amber 'fishery,' as it is termed, belongs to the king, and yields him a considerable income. In the time of Regnard—when it belonged to the Elector of Brandenburg, since merged, first in the dukedom, and afterwards in the kingly power of Prussia—it produced about 25,000 crowns a month, but we do not imagine its profit to amount to nearly that sum at present. After a storm, or an unusually high tide, the amber coasts of Prussia exhibit a scene of the greatest animation and interest; for though a guard of soldiers is drawn up on the beach for the prevention of any infringement of the king's rights, yet it is a day of unwonted activity for the peasant. In fact the chances and uncertainties attending the gathering of amber give it all the charm of a sport. Men, women, and children issue forth as soon as the tide falls low enough, and hasten in cheerful groups to take advantage of the hours which shall elapse before the return of the sea to claim and cover its own.

Very different accounts are given as to the size of the lumps in which amber is generally found, but most modern naturalists agree that it seldom exceeds a pound-weight in one piece: yet Regnard tells us that the Margrave of Brandenburg presented the emperor of Russia with a chair of amber, which was supposed to be the greatest curiosity in the world; and that he also gave the dauphin—by whom we suppose he means the hereditary grand duke—a mirror of the same, which was considered a masterpiece. Santos talks of a lump found on the coasts of Melinda in 1596 so large, that a man might easily hide behind it; and adds that no person could be found who was possessed of money enough for its purchase, and that it was consequently broken into smaller fragments. We should remark that, notwithstanding various rumours to the contrary, no method has been yet discovered of joining amber into one piece, as the application of heat separates its particles.

STREETS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The public thoroughfares of the metropolis were unpaved, and were little better than the country lanes; the inhabitants, and even the butchers, threw the offal into the streets, and swine revelled unmolested in the gutters. In Paris a French prince of the royal blood was killed by a fall from his horse in consequence of a sow running between the animal's legs. An order was issued to prohibit them from wallowing in the muddy streets; but the order, it is said, excited the anger of the monks of the abbey of St Anthony, who from time immemorial had enjoyed the privilege of turning their swine into the public thoroughfares. The monks urged their plea with such pertinacity, that it was found necessary to grant them an exclusive right of sending their pigs about town without molestation, only requiring that the holy fathers should turn them out with bells hung round their necks. The swinish multitude grew fat upon the filth, and formed, with the kites, crows, and other ravenous birds, the only scavengers of the busy streets of Paris and London. In France the people were allowed to throw out of their windows into the streets filth of the most offensive nature on calling out three times, 'Gare l'eau!' The principal streets of Paris were not paved until the latter part of the twelfth century, and those of London not until a much later period. Holborn, the great artery of modern Babylon, through which pour in quick succession one loud, busy, rattling stream of life and commerce, was not paved till the commencement of the fifteenth century. Some of the minor streets were scarcely passable. Narrow lanes with hedges, broken only here and there by a straggling house, were the primitive Wood Streets, Gray's Inn Lanes, and Aldgate Streets, of modern times: some would venture to traffic them in the day, but few would risk such perilous thoroughfares at night. Some of the streets were so bad in the prosperous days of King Henry VIII., that they are described as 'very foul, and full of pits and sloughs; very perilous as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot.' Along such dangerous paths the traveller at night had to grope his way about town in total darkness, except he was near enough to be guided by the lanterns on the steeple of Bow Church, which served as the only landmark to the bewildered stranger.—*Lights and Shadows of the Olden Times.*

THE MOON IN THE MORNING.

Back, spectral wanderer! What dost thou here!
Are not the streets all thrilled with morning beams,
While the hill-city bathes in misty streams
Of living gold; and ever and anear
The fresh breeze from the Firth sweeps coldly clear!

It *shall* be morning! I step forth as one
Who bears youth's royalty on heart and eye;
As if those pale years at my feet did lie
Like dead flowers, and I crushed them! and passed on
Boldly, with looks turned forwards—backward, none!

Oh breeze and sun of morn! Oh castled steep,
And distant hills that dream in still rejoice!
Oh infinite waves, that with unceasing voice
I know are thundering on the bay's curved deep,
Wake ye my spirit from its palsied sleep!

Yes, I will grasp it—life's fair morning-time;
I will put strength into these pulses dull,
And gaze out on God's earth so beautiful,
And change this dirge into a happy chime
That to His footstool may arise sublime.

I look up to His heaven. Ha! art thou there,
Dim, waning moon! watched, a bright thread, at eve;
Then fuller, till one night thy beams did weave
A magic light o'er hill and castle fair;
Back, thou pale ghost! haunt not the morning air!

Blank thing! Would I could blot thee from the sky!
Why troublest thou the brightness of the morn!
'I do but as all things create or born
Serve my appointed course, and then—I die.'
This answer falleth downwards like a sigh.

I have said ill. Then, pallid crescent, hail!
Let me look on thee, where thou sitt'st for aye
Like memory—ghastly in the glare of day,
But in the evening, light. Grow yet more pale,
Till from the face of heaven thine image fail.

Then rise from out earth's gloom of midnight tears
A new-born glory! So I know 'twill be
When that pale shade now ever following me—
Unexorcised phantom of dead years—
Grows an orbed angel, singing in the spheres.

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A PARISH CLERK'S TALE.

I AM not a garrulous old man, though young folks think me so, and pay no heed to what I say. Young men are not now what they used to be when I was young. I was brought up with old people, and learned old people's caution and steady habits. I profited by the experience of others. I had no need to squander my health and money in learning wisdom, to starve in after-life, and drivel of what I would do if I had the world to begin again. My old uncle taught me to be careful, and saving of money, and repeated to me the maxims of 'Poor Richard' till I got them by heart. He warned me, too, of all the cunning devices of the evil heart of man; and when artful rascals, who look upon a youth as a prize, sought to inveigle and bring me to ruin, they found me a match for them, and left me to seek for easier prey. I saw through the lying stories of those who live upon the industry of others. I knew the worth of their boasts who call themselves 'jolly fellows,' with which they would have enlisted me in their devil's army. Social companions forsooth! I have seen them meet an old acquaintance in the street—a lank, shabby, pale-faced, fishy-eyed specimen of what they were coming to themselves—and slink away; or if they couldn't do that, stare him in the face, as if they had never seen him before, and pass on. God forgive me, if I chuckled at the sight, to think I had no need to wait for years to know the result of such a life, but could see at once the boaster and the humbled side by side. As to women, although I have never married, I once looked forward to the time when I should be able to keep a wife. I was not poor, but I was too prudent to marry, and run the risk of a family to support, till I had ample means, and to spare. I didn't run after girls, as some young men do: I had my living to get. I minded my own business. If a steady, virtuous woman, likely to have made me a good wife, had come in my way in the course of business or otherwise, I should have been glad to marry her; but I never found one, and so I was never married. However, that does not grieve me: I have a contented mind; I have much to be thankful for: I never was a grumbler.

When I look back upon my life, I don't think I have more sins to answer for than my neighbours—nor so many perhaps. I can only remember one very grave fault that I have committed, and that tormented and haunted me enough; indeed I think it nearly drove me mad for a time. I have expiated, and done all in my power to repair it; and it did no harm to any one in the long-run, as we shall see. Except this, I do not find much to reproach myself with. I have always paid my way, to the farthing and to the day; and I have expected others to do the same. I have shown respect to authorities; I have never got into trouble by breaking the laws. I was a regular attendant at church before I was a parish clerk, and after that, it became my duty, in a double sense, so to do. I have not been an uncharitable man, though I never gave to whining beggars and impostors, like a fool with more money than brains; however, I gave many a guinea to charitable institutions, where I knew that committees of intelligent gentlemen would investigate, and sift the truth from the lies, and bestow my money upon worthy objects.

I repeat I am not a garrulous old man. If I happen to talk much, I mean much. I do not mumble over and over one thing. I am eighty years of age, but I have more life in my old body than any two young men I know. My memory is as strong as ever it was, and so is my eyesight. I remember what I am going to relate as well as if it all happened yesterday, although I speak of forty years ago, and everybody who knew me then intimately is dead and buried.

My uncle left a sum of money between me and my sister—enough to keep both of us pretty comfortably. I was not on friendly terms with any other relative but her. I know what relatives are; I have seen enough of them. She was a widow, without children; but she and her husband had adopted a little girl. I don't know where they found her: I never asked. I never took much interest in children. All I know is, they both seemed bent on spoiling the child, and making her unfit for everything; which they would have done, no doubt, if they had lived. But they didn't: they died—he first, and she afterwards. I was very sorry for both of them. I didn't know any one I liked better; but, however, it was not for me to repine at the decrees of Providence. I was with my sister constantly in her illness. I cannot say what was her complaint: some say she fretted after her husband. She was only eight-and-twenty, and, if I am any judge of beauty, was a nice-looking woman. She was more grieved to leave the child than anything else on earth. She loved her better than me, her own brother. This is generally the way with people who have no children of their own, and adopt a strange one: it's a plaything for them. Let them have nine or ten, and slave to keep them, and they will tell a different story. The girl sat with her day by day—read to her from the New Testament—gave her the medicines, and prepared what food she could eat. She was a sensible child enough for ten years old, and a pretty child too. The day my sister died, she told me she had provided for her, and intreated me to be a friend to her: and I said

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I would. She held her in her thin arms, and played with her hair, and kissed her; and some time afterwards leaned back upon her pillow, and spoke no more. We listened, but we could hear no breathing. We put a mirror against her mouth, but it was not tarnished: she was dead. The doctor wrote his certificate, and went for some one to lay her out. Meanwhile I opened her drawers, and found a will, which I put in my pocket for safety, and then sealing up all boxes and drawers, I roused the child. I had to drag her away from the body like a soldier's dog. I took her home with me.

I was at this time clerk of a parish in the heart of London. I had given up all other business, for this and the collecting of rates occupied all my time. My employment was an agreeable and a respectable one. The church was situated up a long yard, as silent and retired as if it had been in the country. Moss gathered between the pebbles round about, for seldom any one came up there except on Sundays, and then the church was never more than one-third full. It was a heavy building, erected soon after the fire of London. There was a small churchyard, in which, in spite of the sprinkling of grass seeds, only a few thin blades ever made their appearance. Here and there were a few dilapidated tombstones, their inscriptions obliterated with soot and rain. We had long ceased to bury any one there; all coffins were placed in the vault, a few steps down from the level of the ground. This was a stone chamber, under the whole extent of the church. Here we piled up the coffins, one above the other, like clients' boxes in an attorney's office. The place was damp, and they rotted fast. However, when a funeral was coming, we put all the new coffins on the outside for show, and burned some lime to purify the air; and when we had sprinkled the ground with sawdust, it looked very clean and comfortable. The undertakers used to tell the mourners that it was as nice a little vault as ever they had seen. Inside, the church had a mouldy smell. The pulpits and pews were oak, with much carving about. From the roof was suspended a long brass candelabrum, with innumerable candle-holders branching out. Round about the organ there hung several banners and old gauntlets. I do not know their history; they probably were saved from the old church before the fire. Only the minister and myself lived up this yard. Mine was an old-fashioned house, of which I only occupied a part. The rest was empty, for I had not been able to let it. It was thither that I took the child to live with me.

She continued to sob, so I sent her to bed with my housekeeper. I sat down to read the will, although it was past midnight, for I was curious to know its contents. The dispositions were rather strange. First, it appointed me executor, with nineteen guineas for my trouble. Nineteen guineas to me! I must say I felt rather angry. As to my trouble, I should have thought nothing of it; I did not want any recompense for that. Who would not undertake such a duty cheerfully for his own sister? It was only the look of the thing. To leave me, her only brother, about enough to purchase two suits of mourning! This prevented my being put to any expense for her to be sure, but I thought it was cutting rather close. I was not in want of money, it is true; but that did not justify her in forgetting her own flesh and blood. There was something unnatural in it. Next, she left all the residue of her property to me in trust, to apply the interest in bringing up the child till she was twenty-one, or until her marriage, when the principal was to be vested in her. There was no restriction whatever—nothing to prevent her property being taken to pay a spendthrift husband's debts. I reflected on the dangers to which that child would be exposed if the will were suffered to be proved. She would grow up into a beautiful woman; there was no doubt of that. Before she was seventeen, some fellow would fall in love with her, or pretend to have done so. I had no power to prevent his marrying, and dragging her down to ruin; and if she escaped that, and reached twenty-one—I should like to know who fixed twenty-one as being years of discretion: he knew little of life, whoever he was. On the other hand, if I destroyed this will, I was my sister's only next of kin, and her estate would be mine. I had no wish to wrong, but to protect the child. I could still expend the income in educating and maintaining her, as my sister intended, and I could bequeath the principal to her if she behaved well. I ask any man whether there was any great crime in all this? Some people would have done it like a matter of business, and never have thought of it again. Yet because I had the boldness to carry out my resolution, I have been fool enough to torment myself for years, and to the verge of madness.

My determination was fixed. I looked round the room, turned the key till it covered the keyhole, and drew down the curtains, though the shutters were fastened on the outside. Then I took the will and flung it on the fire; but before the paper had time to ignite, a thought struck me, and I snatched it off again. I had had a brother and sister, who emigrated many years before. We had heard of their deaths, and I believe they were dead; but might they not have some representatives, who would one day perhaps claim and carry away two-thirds of this money? To be sure they might. I had no right to endanger the poor child's fortune like that. Now, if I kept the will, I could at any time pretend to have found it, and shield myself against any such claims. So I resolved not to destroy, but to secrete it somewhere, in case of need.

At the end of a week, the vault under the church was again swept and sprinkled with sawdust. My sister's coffin was added to the number of outsiders. Only myself, the little child, and the old woman who laid the body out, were present. Our worthy relatives had understood that no will had been made, and did not trouble themselves to attend. However, they were not done with me. The next day they came down in a body, and insisted upon the house being searched from top to bottom. I did not refuse their request. I had the place thoroughly searched, and they were convinced, and departed, after plentifully reviling the deceased and her next of kin. Soon afterwards I obtained letters of administration, which, as my sister had no debts, put me in possession of all her property.

No one suspected me: my character was above suspicion. I had been executor and trustee, and had often held large sums of other people's money. My honesty had stood every test. Forty years I had lived in that neighbourhood, and nobody had breathed a word against my honour. I was universally known for a grave and upright man, and had the confidence of the parishioners, who elected me to my office almost unanimously. I was not wanting in boldness; I had the consciousness of a good purpose to sustain me. As to my relatives, will or no will, they would get nothing; I had not robbed them of a halfpenny. I knew that, and could look them in the face.

However, no sooner had I passed the excitement of the first fortnight, and got, as I may say, out of danger, than the thought of what I had done began to torment me. I could not find a place which seemed to me safe enough for depositing the will. Little children are very curious. I always suspected my housekeeper of prying, though I had never caught her at it; but I know what old women are. They must have something to gabble about. How did I know that she had not a key to fit the very place in which I had put it? She would find it perhaps one day, and spread the intelligence through the neighbourhood, or perhaps retain it, and threaten me with exposure, and extort money from me, and make me her slave. I resolved

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not to keep it at home. In the church, on a spiral stone-staircase leading to the belfry, was a closet in the wall, in which I kept the rate-books and vouchers for safety against fire. It was double-barred and studded with nails, and had a massive lock with intricate wards, of which I only kept a key. It was here that I finally deposited it.

I felt a little more easy, for it was no compunction of conscience that had troubled me. I feared only the result of my act becoming known. So long as I carried the key about me, I knew no one could open the closet but myself. However, soon afterwards a little incident arrived to disturb my tranquillity. I was sitting one evening alone checking the receipts torn out of my collecting-book with the cash in hand, when my housekeeper announced a stranger, who wanted to speak with me. I desired her to show him in. He was a little man in black, and he introduced himself as having acted as solicitor to my late sister. If I had had any colour in the cheeks, I believe it would have left them at that moment. I begged him to be seated, which gave me time to collect myself, and ask what was his business with me?

'Your late sister,' said he, 'died rather suddenly. I have only this day heard of her death, and I understand no will has been found?'

'None,' I replied: 'my sister died intestate.'

'It is strange,' said the lawyer: 'I can say that I prepared a will, which she executed about two years ago, leaving all her property to the little child she had with her. Now she might have added a codicil to that will without consulting me; but I think she would not have destroyed it without having another one prepared.'

He looked at me intently, but I did not shrink. I felt sometimes like a coward before imaginary terrors; but under the pressure of an actual necessity for boldness, my courage seldom forsook me.

'Every search has been made,' I replied, 'in an open manner, and in the presence of my relatives, but without success.'

'It is remarkable,' said the little man musingly. 'Unfortunately a duplicate was not made. I remember the terms were rather unusual, by reason of her instructions. She appointed you executor, but would not make your permission necessary to the marriage of the infant. She said, laughingly, that a bachelor was not a fit judge on such matters.'

'Ha!' I exclaimed. 'She perhaps repented of leaving the child thus unrestricted, and destroyed the will, intending immediately to make another, and not expecting to die so soon.'

'It is possible,' replied the lawyer; 'but I can hardly believe that she would allow her little favourite to remain an hour exposed to the possibility of being left unprovided for.'

'As to that,' I returned, 'women are not so cautious as lawyers. However, I had myself frequently heard my sister say that she had amply provided for the child. Indeed I was so convinced that such was her intention, that I have taken her under my care, and intend to charge myself with her maintenance and education, as well as providing for her by my will.'

My visitor seemed satisfied, from my manner, that there had been no foul play, and after some apologies, took his departure. But he left me alarmed. It was the first time that any one had breathed a suspicion that a will was still in existence. I did not know where such a suspicion might end. I sat till a late hour brooding over it. The possibility of my secret being discovered, and myself being dragged to prison, stood up vividly before me. I saw myself pointed at by my neighbours; forty years of integrity gone for nothing; every little harmless act of my life raked up and misrepresented, to fit the theory that I had been all along a cool rascal and a profound hypocrite. And I was suffering all this on account of a remote possibility of some one, whose existence no one but myself had imagined, suddenly coming from the other side of the world to claim a share in the money! It was too much. I resolved to destroy the will.

An accident diverted me from my purpose for a while. The rector, who had been some time ill, was taken worse, and I was to and fro at his house constantly. He was a young man, but was much liked in the parish. He was attacked with consumption. Some said his house was too near the vaults to be healthy. I don't know how this may have been. I lived on the other side of the church, as close to the churchyard as he did for twenty years, and I never felt any the worse for it. He died at last. It was near Christmas, and the weather was cheerless, and bitter cold, with snow upon the ground. I was with him at the time. I have seen many deathbeds, but I never saw any one die so hard as he. He rose up in the bed with agony, struck his head violently with his fist, and died with his eyes staring half out of their sockets.

The sight had moved me. I had no sickly sentiment; but I was a man, and had a man's feelings. I returned home in a thoughtful mood, inclined to be more kind than usual to all about me. I met the girl upon the stairs, going up to bed, with the candle in her hand. Having been much occupied, I had scarcely spoken to her since my sister's death, and my heart half reproached me with having neglected her. She bade me 'good-night' quickly, and would have avoided me; but I called her back, and patted her on the head, and bade her enter my room and sit and talk to me by the fire. I saw she feared me, but I attributed it to her not knowing me yet. I sat beside her; but she shrunk from me. I spoke kind words to her, but she hung down her head and cried: I felt angry to find my kindness repelled. 'What is the matter with you?' I asked sharply. She continued to cry. A thought struck me. 'Some one has been speaking to you about me,' I said. 'Some one has been poisoning your mind against me—saying you would have had a deal of money but for me, or some other falsehood.'

'Oh no, no, uncle!' she exclaimed, sobbing violently. 'I know you are very kind to me: I know you are my only friend, and I am grateful. But my life is so different now to what it used to be when mamma was alive. I never see any old faces now; I stay all day in this great house, and I wander about alone, and sit in the empty rooms, and think of poor mamma, till my heart is almost broken like hers. This is all that makes me cry—indeed it is.'

Notwithstanding her explanation, I felt sure that there was something more lurking at the bottom of her heart. It was not probable that an infant should grieve incessantly for two months. Besides, having lost every friend in the world, it was natural she should feel a love for a new benefactor, who fed, and clothed, and housed her, while other beggar children shrank in doorways from the inclement season.

'Go,' I said, 'you have some secret which you will not tell me; but I shall find it out. Go to bed, and pray for a better heart and a more thankful spirit!'

She rose and went, without saying a word. My suspicion was confirmed. This was, as it were, another cloud in the horizon! I was excited: the events of the day, the dreariness of the weather, and, above all, the baseness and ingratitude of the world, had wrought me almost to a frenzy. I reproached myself with my tardiness in neglecting to destroy the will. I went to bed, and brooded long over these things till I fell asleep: my dreams were vivid and terrible. Every possible evil which could arise out of my act passed before me in fearful reality—the altered faces of my old friends the parishioners; myself arrested and dragged through the streets; the trial, and the terrible reprimand of the judge, pointing to my previous good

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character, and contrasting it with the degraded position into which I had brought myself. And all this to a man who had done nothing that he could not justify to his own conscience—who had wrought a little harmless evil only that good might come—who at most had been guilty of an imprudence. Forty years of age is not so far removed from youth that every trace of its indiscretion and erroneous judgment should be expected to be entirely obliterated. The little lawyer was the witness who had found the will. I heard him relate the suspicion which induced him to bribe the pew-opener to show him all the closets in the church to which I had access; how the very strength and security of the one on the stairs induced him to think that I had chosen that for my hidingplace; and how they had procured another key and obtained the evidence of my guilt. I reproached myself bitterly for allowing the fatal document to exist. I clenched my teeth and fists in anger with myself. I could have dashed my head against the dock for my folly.

My passion awoke me: I panted with the exertion in my sleep. The perspiration trickled down my cheeks like great tears. The veins in my neck and head were swollen and throbbing, as if all the blood in my body had rushed there; for my limbs were cold, like those of a dying man, when death begins in the extremities. I had but one thought: it was to arise and dress myself, and go immediately to the closet in the church, to satisfy myself that the paper was still there; and if so, to destroy it without a moment's delay. I could not wait till morning; I could not turn to sleep again; nay, I could not rest in my bed till I had assured myself upon this point.

I did not know how long I had slept, and my watch had stopped at eleven. I looked out of the window, but it was too dark to see the clock in the tower. I had no superstition in my nature—I had been well schooled against that: I would as soon have entered a church at night as my own house. If my housekeeper awakened, I could say I was going over to the rector's house, where it was known that there would be some one up all night, and it might be supposed that something urgent had occurred to me relative to the deceased. However, I had no wish to awaken her; so I took my keys, and having lighted a candle in a horn lantern, and wrapped it about with my handkerchief, to hide the light, I walked down stairs in my stockings. Then I unlocked the street-door slowly, and put on my shoes; afterwards I put the key in the lock, on the outside, and turned it back, so that I could shut the door; then pulling it out again, the lock fell back, and fastened the door without noise. It was a keen frost: there was no wind, and the snow had ceased to fall, although it lay deep and untrodden upon the ground. Everything was still and desert, as if I had been many miles from any human habitation. I walked a shuffling step, to obliterate my footprints. As I was about to turn the key in the little side-door, I was startled by the clock suddenly chiming the four quarters: it struck slowly two. The hammer vibrated audibly for half a minute, and left the silence deeper than before.

I shut the door behind me, and unveiled my lantern. A man of weak nerves might have been terrified. My lamp threw a faint glimmer for a yard or two around me: all the rest of the church lay in thick darkness. I had first to go into the vestry-room, at the bottom of the aisle, for there hung the key of the entrance to the staircase. At length I reached the closet, and my heart beat with joy on finding the paper exactly as I had left it. I locked the door again hastily, and descended.

I had been a little excited, it is true, but I knew what I was about. I was no madman. Moreover, I was never the man to fancy and coin things out of my own fears. But, as I am a living man, I heard footsteps behind me, descending the staircase from above! I walked quickly, and regained the vestry-room, when I listened, and heard them no longer. A terrible conviction oppressed me that I could not completely destroy the will. However, fire seemed the surest means, and I opened my lantern to get at the candle.

The room was three steps below the pavement of the church, and from where I sat, looked right down the aisle. The light at first obscured my sight for things beyond; but suddenly, feeling that there was something standing in the doorway, I lifted up my eyes. Oh my God! there stood my sister, looking at me! My lower jaw fell, like that of a dying man! I stared at her in silence for some time. At length I spoke.

'What do you want, sister? Speak—tell me!'

But she stood still, looking at me sorrowfully, and saying nothing. She was not in night-gown or shroud, but dressed as I had always known her. Some of my courage returned to me at the sound of my own voice.

'Oh, sister!' I exclaimed, 'if you are angry with me about the child, I will repair all. I will restore to her the money. Indeed I had no wish to wrong her'——

But I stopped. My words, which I had repeated to myself till they became a conviction, seemed to me false. My terror made me view my conduct in the light of a cruel fraud. I can't blame myself now. I might be as great a fool again, if I were so wrought upon. A world of pious resolutions rushed through my mind. The tears fell from my eyes.

'Oh, Lucy!' I continued, 'wait only till to-morrow—give me only till the blessed daylight comes again, and see how I will act. I will be another man: I will lead a different life: I will be kinder to the child: the money shall be hers: I will aid her and protect her while I live.'

I spoke earnestly, as if I had said a prayer. I did not see her go, but she was no longer there. I shaded my eyes with my hand to see more clearly; but she was gone. I waited some time, fearing to go into the church. At length I stole out with my lantern, slammed the door behind me, and hurried down the aisle, and out into the cold air, locking the door behind me. Explain this as you will. I care not who disbelieves it. I know it to be true, for I saw it all with my own eyes. For many months the memory of this night influenced all my actions.

In the morning I descended and sought the child, and told her I was sorry for my roughness to her overnight, and coaxed her into being friends with me. I gave out that I had accidentally discovered the will under the green baize cover of a family Bible, part of my sister's effects, which I had preserved. The little lawyer was thoroughly convinced of the injustice of his suspicions when I told him how I had discovered it, and requested him to get it proved.

I could not rest in the neighbourhood. Strange ideas possessed my mind at that time. It seemed to me a slow suffocation to live among the masses of habitations, and in the smoke and gloom of London. I pictured to myself country scenes, where I longed to pass the rest of my days—the girl my sole companion. Moreover, I could not enter the church without a shudder; and the form of its great tower, opposite to my bedroom window, at night fretted my spirit, and cast a breadth of shadow across all my dreams.

I sent in my resignation, and the vestry met and passed a vote of approbation of the manner in which I had discharged the duties of my offices. The chairman expressed the regret of the meeting, and its high sense of my integrity. I could not in my heart accept their compliments. Under the influence of an unhealthy feeling, the simplest and most innocent actions of my past life seemed to me the effect of baseness and cunning. I taxed myself secretly, like a religious fanatic, with crimes which I had never committed. Happily I am not now what I was then. I know we are none without sin, and at church I call myself a sinner as sincerely as others do. But I do not take that to have

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a strictly literal meaning. There are many worse than I; nay, if all men acted as uprightly, the world would be better than it is.

'Come,' I said to the girl one fine spring morning after all my arrangements were completed—'we are going away from here to live in the country among woods, and meadows, and corn-fields.' The thought seemed to make her happy. She put on her bonnet, as if we were going to take a short walk, and went with me to the coach. We took up our abode in a small village on the banks of the Thames, about thirty miles from London.

She seemed at first to take a delight in her new way of life. But she was a sullen, fretful child. I could scarcely get her to speak. I felt she did not like me; nay, I believe she hated me in her heart, though, with her deceitful lips she would call me 'dear uncle,' and cry when I was angry. What wonder, then, when I knew my kindness towards her, and all that I had undergone on her account, if I came to dislike her in my turn? I could not help treating her with some rigour. I was her guardian, and I was bound to train her up properly, and endeavour to eradicate evil propensities. This I did, though I never struck her. I was sick of her. I will tell the truth: I was not sorry when she died. It was exactly one twelvemonth from the night when I crept into the church. The weather was exactly similar—still bitter cold, with snow deep upon the ground—the sky heavy with snow ready to fall.

My sister's property returned to me, according to the provisions of the will. And all this shows me the folly of doing a wrong act even with a good intention. Principles must be adhered to in spite of all consequences. Do well, and keep out of disgrace, and you'll find it will answer better in the long-run. 'Honesty is the best policy!' This is an old maxim; and if the experience of an old man of eighty be worth anything, it is a true one.

TEA AND POTATOES.

Tea and potatoes are such common articles of our dietary, that we are apt to overlook the important effect they have had upon modern civilisation and social progress. And yet there is no doubt that their introduction and extensive use have very greatly influenced us, and that for the better.

The mode of living of our ancestors was very different, as far as regards food, from our own. Butcher-meat seems to have formed the greater portion of at least two meals in the day. Farming, however, was in so wretched a condition, that a stock of food for winter could not be provided for more than a very few domesticated animals. It was therefore the custom to fatten as many animals as possible upon the summer's grass, slaughter them, and salt their carcases for winter consumption. In the houses of even the highest nobility fresh meat ceased from appearing upon their tables by Christmas, and animals could scarcely be fattened in summer before the end of July. People in a lower rank of life could not procure a supply of fresh butcher-meat for more than three or four months of the year. The writer of this article remembers seeing the remains of this mode of living in a remote district in the north of England, to which agricultural improvements had not extended. Here a family who lived by 'teazling' woollen goods by hand—a practice now and for long quite obsolete—had a few acres of land, upon a portion of which they raised oats, the meal of which was made into unleavened cakes. The remainder was in grass, upon which, during summer, they fattened an ox, which was slaughtered and salted in November. These oaten cakes and the salt beef constituted, together with cheese, almost their sole food during the winter.

Our ancestors used along with butcher-meat bread made from oats, rye, and to a smaller extent wheat. They possessed kail, and perhaps red cabbages, but scarcely any other kind of vegetable. When the wife of Henry VIII. desired a salad, she had to send to Flanders for it. A root, formerly called potato, but now extinct with us, although we believe it is cultivated in Spain to this day, was in use in the fifteenth century. This was the plant alluded to by Shakspeare in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'—'Let the sky rain potatoes and hail kissing comfits.' The true potato was brought from Virginia by Hakluyt in 1584, but did not come into general use for two centuries later. The Jerusalem artichoke, still too much neglected, was brought from Brazil in 1617. Turnips were first cultivated to any extent during the Commonwealth. Carrots were brought into England by the Flemish refugees during the reign of Elizabeth. Other vegetables are of still more recent introduction; and there is no doubt of the fact, that our forefathers consumed, in addition to bread, scarcely any other vegetable food excepting kail, and that only in very restricted quantities.

Then their ordinary beverage was fermented drink. The higher classes consumed wine, partly imported from France, and partly manufactured at home. Those lower in social position seem to have preferred ale and intoxicating drinks prepared from honey, such as mead and metheglin. The quantity used of all these drinks appears to have been very great.

The mode of living now practised strikingly contrasts with the above. Farming—much as it has to learn, and it has very much—can now sustain and fatten animals even more readily in winter than in summer; and salted meat, excepting in the form of ham and bacon, does not constitute an important article of food. Very much less butcher-meat, however, is consumed than formerly. For the last seventy years potatoes have been extensively cultivated, and form one of the standard dishes of the masses. Tea and coffee, particularly the former, have to a great extent taken the place of fermented drinks, and as beverages of the morning meal, have quite superseded them. A man, to say nothing of a woman, who would sit down to a breakfast of corned-beef, oaten cakes, and strong ale, would now be considered a lunatic. The consumption of tea in this country is really enormous. It is probable that 500,000,000 of gallons of its infusion are annually drunk; a quantity which would fill 9,000,000 ale hogsheads.

So great a change in the daily mode of life would naturally be expected to produce a change in the condition of society. And whether owing to these causes or not, a change certainly has taken place. In the first place, human life is very much extended; as is shown by the tables drawn up something less than a century ago for the calculations of the insurance companies of the average number of deaths for each year of life, and which were doubtless correct at the time. Moreover, many diseases which, besides shortening life, produce much sickness and incapacity for active exertion, are now banished. Ague, for example, and other intermittents that were the constant pests of our progenitors, may be pronounced to be virtually extinct. This, however, is not owing to a change in the national mode of living, but to the extended drainage of the country. But the alteration in the diet, and the introduction of potatoes, have abolished one dreadful, very dreadful disease; and the substitution of tea for strong ale, especially at breakfast, has completely changed, and changed for the better, the type of the greater number of diseases to which mortality is liable.

There is a disease commonly known by the name of sea-scurvy, not that it is peculiar to or has any necessary connection with the sea, but because it has in modern times been most carefully observed on board ship. It was formerly the scourge of northern Eu-

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rope almost every winter, and besides causing great mortality, gave origin to much suffering and incapacity for the active employments of life. So great were its ravages in Denmark, that about two centuries ago the medical faculty of Copenhagen published a 'consilium' for the benefit of the poor in that country, giving an account of its causes, prevention, and cure. In Scotland it was prevalent under the name of *black legs*. It is described by all the medical writers of the times, and all agree in stating that it prevailed in the latter part of winter and spring, and that it uniformly disappeared in summer and autumn.

But though scurvy was endemic at these seasons in Europe, it was where people suffered great privations, and were crowded much together, that its symptoms were most distinctly witnessed and described. It is in armies, in cities during sieges, and in long voyages, that the malady has attracted greatest attention. During the siege of Breda by the Spaniards in 1625, the inhabitants and the garrison were severely affected with scurvy, and in the middle of March (the end of winter), an inquiry being instituted, 1608 persons were found to be suffering from it, and the number increased daily until the surrender of the town towards the end of June. In 1720, in the wars between the Austrians and the Turks, when the army wintered in Hungary, many thousands of the soldiers perished of scurvy; nor did the disease, although every kind of treatment was tried, abate until summer. In the British troops stationed about a century ago at Quebec, which had been taken the year before from the French, scurvy extensively prevailed. The force amounted to 6000 men, and so much did they suffer from want of vegetables and fresh food, that before the end of April 1000 were dead of scurvy, and 2000 men so shattered in constitution, as to render it necessary that they should be invalided. Even in late years, when our troops were not supplied with a due amount of fresh vegetable food, scurvy has broken out, as it used to do every year with our whole population. In 1836 it prevailed to a great extent among the troops at the Cape of Good Hope. It first appeared in July, and continued till December, a period corresponding with spring in our latitude. The men had no harassing duty to perform, but were not supplied with vegetables. The records of continental armies present innumerable instances of the appearance of scurvy among the men when the supply of fresh vegetable food was diminished.

The same consequences of a deprivation of fresh and vegetable food have occurred not unfrequently in our jails. One of the most remarkable, because one of the most thoroughly-investigated of such instances, occurred in the spring of 1823 in the Millbank Penitentiary. Here scurvy broke out because the prisoners had not their usual allowance of fresh succulent vegetable food. In 1836, 1837, 1838, many cases of scurvy occurred in our jails, all of which could be clearly traced to the long continuance of a diet in which fresh vegetable food did not form a part.

The earliest account of the existence of scurvy at sea is to be found in the narrative of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the passage to India by the Cape. He had a hundred and sixty men, of whom a hundred died of scurvy. In the subsequent voyages of the early navigators still more disastrous results were produced by this cause. Sir John Hawkins (rear-admiral of the English fleet sent against the Armada) affirmed that during the twenty years he had served at sea he could reckon ten thousand sailors who had died from this disease. Admiral Hosier, who commanded seven ships on the Jamaica station in 1726, actually lost two successive crews in each ship from scurvy, and eventually died of a broken heart at the sight of the desolation that surrounded him. Dr Lind, an undoubted authority, states that during the year which terminated at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, scurvy causes were more destructive, and occasioned more deaths, than the warlike operations of both French and Spaniards. Even so late as 1795, the Channel fleet, under the command of Lord Howe, was so ravaged by it, that very serious apprehensions were entertained of the efficiency, if not of the very existence of the whole fleet. The cause was the failure of the gardeners' crops at Portsmouth through the severity of the winter.

The most familiar example of the ravages of sea-scurvy is that of the crews of the squadron of Lord Anson, sent to capture the Manilla galleon. He buried four-fifths of his men, and on arriving at the island of Juan Fernandez, out of two hundred survivors of his flag-ship, only eight were capable of duty. Sometimes, indeed, a whole crew has perished from scurvy,* as in the case of the Spanish ship *Oriflamma*, which was thus left to be driven about at random, until she was at length discovered with the dead bodies on board. No wonder that the disease, though common to land and water, received the name of the Sea-Scurvy.

It was frequently observed that fresh vegetables prevented and cured the sea-scurvy. Still, so strong in many is the dislike to innovation, that it was not until Captain Cook sailed round the world with a loss of only one man, that the Admiralty ordered each man in our navy to receive a daily allowance of some vegetable acid. The consequence was immediate: the diminution of sickness and death was in the proportion of four to one, and scurvy was by the change completely banished from our fleets.

In the navy the vegetable acid fixed upon is lemon juice. It is selected on account of the convenience with which it may be stowed away; and the discipline of the service is such, that no difficulty is felt in enforcing its daily use. It would be impossible to manage this upon land; and fortunately we have a substitute in the potato, which is the only fresh vegetable that can be eaten without satiety every day; and as long as it is so consumed, the community may depend upon being safe from that scourge of our ancestors—land-scurvy.

We every now and then, however, get a warning that we cannot neglect this invaluable root with impunity. Cases of scurvy from time to time appear in our lunatic asylums and our jails, and it is in such cases invariably found that the rations of potatoes have been wanting. Dr Baly, the physician to the Millbank Penitentiary, observes upon this subject:—'Whenever this disease (scurvy) has prevailed, there the diet of the prisoners, though often abundant in other respects, has contained no potatoes, or only a very small quantity. In several prisons the occurrence of scurvy has wholly ceased on the addition of a few pounds of potatoes being made to the weekly dietary. There are many prisons in which the diet, from its unvaried character, and the absence of animal food, as well as green vegetables, is apparently most inadequate to the maintenance of health, and where, nevertheless, from its containing abundance of potatoes, scurvy is not produced.' It will be in the recollection of our readers, that during the construction of the Hawick Railway, the *navies*, owing to the high price of potatoes, resumed the barbarous dietary of a previous age, and subsisted upon flesh and bread. As a natural consequence, an epidemic of scurvy broke out among them.

We have dwelt so long upon potatoes, that we have very little space left for tea, the other article in our dietary which has helped to completely change the physical condition of ourselves as compared with that of our forefathers. Passing by some very important effects upon the public health usually allowed to be

* It still too often occurs in the mercantile marine of this and other countries.

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produced by tea, we will only cite one that is not generally known.

It has long been familiar to physicians, that the type of diseases has completely changed. When we read medical authors of one or two centuries ago, we can understand the diseases which they describe and their symptoms; but we rarely or never see such now-a-days. We read of violent and sudden inflammations, pleurisies, pneumonias, and the like, extremely ardent, and after much suffering, rapidly causing death. Sometimes they yielded indeed to immediate and profuse bloodletting, which in its turn produced a cachectic state of the system, from which the patient was long in recovering, or perhaps never did recover. Then we read of fevers, with furious and ungovernable delirium, passing on rapidly to a fatal termination. Now, we never or rarely witness such things. Like our dispositions, our diseases have become milder, and the absence of these fierce maladies and of the Sangrado practice (a physician in moderate practice does not bleed perhaps now more than once in a twelvemonth), must in a great measure be ascribed to the substitution of tea for ale to breakfast. Hakluyt, when he brought over his first potatoes, and the East India Company, when they bought two pounds two ounces of tea, 'as a present for his majesty,' little thought what a boon they were conferring upon society!

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

THE 'constant reader' of the newspaper always reads, or at least glances at the advertisements. Those who merely take up the broad sheet to glean the passing news of the day, might think time so employed wasted or ill-bestowed; but the experienced and leisurely newspaper reader knows better. He has discovered that the department mentioned contains bits of news, and information, and amusement, very varied, often very curious and useful, and such as are to be obtained through almost no other channel. He has learned gradually to find in it something more: something to open his mind, to excite his imagination, to soften his heart. In the case of a metropolitan print, it appears to him to be an epitome of London, just as London is an epitome of the world; and his soul expands as he sees within its grasp, in one sweep, as it were, of his mental vision, the joys, the sorrows, the recreations, the sufferings, the longings, and attainments of society—in short, the whole social microcosm. And from long practice, his experienced eye, ranging from column to column, can pick out all that is peculiar and interesting in these paragraphs as readily as a deer-stalker can detect a royal hart upon a distant hill-side, or an alderman the tid-bits of turtle in the wide tureen. An acquaintance with the order in which advertisements are usually arranged, according to their classes, accounts for this facility, which to the uninitiated would look like an instinct. On the peculiar class of advertisements, for instance, of which we have thought some specimens might prove amusing to our readers, the connoisseur can pounce at once. They are to be found almost exclusively in one paper; but in that one paper unfailingly, and always in the same position in its columns.

Most newspaper readers have observed for themselves, or have heard allusions to, 'the second column of the *Times*.' At the top, generally of the second, though sometimes of the third, or even the fourth column of the first page of that wonderful journal, appear day by day announcements so miscellaneous, and at the same time so peculiar, that it is impossible to find a term wide enough and yet sufficiently distinctive under which to class them. They are 'the advertisements in the *Times*' second column.' They are generally short, three or four lines being the average length; they seldom extend beyond six or eight, and sometimes consist of only a single line, or even a single word. Though they do not admit of close definition, it may be said that they fall into two classes—first, those that are intended to lead to the recovery of persons or things lost, stolen, strayed, or fled, or the discovery of the owners of property found by honest persons, or persons who are willing to be honest—for a con-sid-er-a-tion; second, those that are intended as mere media of *communication* with persons unknown, or desirous of remaining anonymous, or who, though known, choose for any reason to conceal their whereabouts, or hide their correspondence in mystery.

For a month or two past we have occasionally amused ourselves by cutting out from time to time one or two of these queer little bits of print from our copy of the *Times;* and anybody who cares to be at the same trouble, might at any time, we believe, in less than six months, amass quite as complete and varied a collection.

Those advertisements which we have reckoned under our first class embrace a very wide range of objects. At one time the announcement aims at the recovery of a father of a family, at another of an umbrella with a black handle; to-day of an erring son, to-morrow of a stray terrier. Dogs are a very frequent subject of advertisement—lost and found; such as Newfoundlands, Skye terriers, pointers, retrievers, and 'curs of low degree.' And so are husbands and wives, but more especially the former. If the two sexes are equally liable to go amissing, it is remarkable that the husbands so rarely advertise their loss. Jewellery, too, is often sought for—bracelets, rings, watches, brooches, lockets—and rewards of various degrees offered for its recovery. Among miscellaneous articles lost we note—a letter with money enclosed, bank-notes, bills of exchange, a paper parcel, a parcel-book, a pocket-book, a Chinese parrot, a bunch of keys, an umbrella, a cane, a lady's boa, &c. &c. Of the notifications of obviously serious import and interest we scarcely feel authorised to say much. They refer to private affairs, and nothing but the voluntary publicity given to them would justify our reprinting the following specimens here. In such cases all styles of appeal are to be met with, from the simplest request to the most painfully-urgent supplication. Thus some are in plain, business-like style; such as—

'William Henry D. is requested to write to his friends at No. 8 immediately.'

'Bl**ks.—Write at once to the undersigned, out of regard to yourself and your family. If you do this, all will be well, for all parties are favourable. Believe me, this is true—G. O. N. G., XXVII.'

'D. M—S, having left his home on Saturday, the 27th of July, is requested to return to his disconsolate wife. By so doing, all that has passed will be forgotten.'

Some are a shade warmer, as follows:—

'E——n S——th, who left his employers' on the 7th inst., is affectionately requested to return to his friends, and all will be forgiven.'

'To the party who left home in the afternoon to visit the eldest sister.—You are most earnestly intreated to return home. The step taken was wholly unnecessary. Come at once or communicate. Most of your family do not yet know of your absence.'

'The friends of two ladies, who left their homes together, are earnestly requested to communicate confidentially, by letter or otherwise.'

Another absentee—'Is earnestly requested to go to his

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brother Thomas without any delay: his presence is absolutely requisite for the security of his friends, who are arranging his affairs. He may implicitly depend upon perfect freedom of action.'

Another is informed, as one of the evil consequences of his position, that his wife is in the greatest distress, and is affectionately intreated to write to her immediately.

A wanderer is invited to return, or write to his disconsolate parents, or any of his friends—not because of their disconsolateness, but because 'they can greatly promote his future prospects.'

Some of these cases no doubt are bad enough, but here the domestic tragedy deepens—

'Caroline.—She is dangerously ill; her life is despaired of: come at once.'

'H. P. C. is earnestly requested to see the party who is broken-hearted by his unaccountable conduct. The secret is safe. Write, or they cannot live.'

'Alfred—Your father is no more. For your own sake, for the sake of your M——, to whom your absence is ruin, you are implored to write. Will you not even attend your father's funeral?'

To another undutiful son it is said—'Return at once, and save your distracted mother from death, or, what is worse, madness. Communicate with your father. Arrangements can be made for you to be with him. Delay not.'

And to another, 'who visited his father's house between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, that if he does not return before Wednesday next, not only will the life of his oldest relative be endangered, and his own be thereby rendered miserable, but his future prospects may be utterly ruined.'

The withdrawal and continued silence of a husband make him too late, apparently, for anything but devoted love. 'Your wife and family implore you to give them some address. Although you (from the great anxiety I have been in) have seen little outward show, you cannot know the deep anxiety of my almost broken heart. Oh that we could have communicated with you! The kindness of public and private friends, could they have drawn you back, would have reinstated you. I intreat of you to empower me to communicate with you.'

Here is another gentle and loving appeal from a friend—'Dear Sophy—The loving hearts and true friends you have left only await your immediate return to prove to you their sincerity by the heartfelt reception they will offer you. Delay but a little, and you yourself know how bitterly you will and must repent it. Your friend Fanny.'

And here is one, no doubt from an alarmed sister—'Maria H., pray come to me. I have been all day searching for you all over London, and have sent money home. Sorrow enough.'

These two last are, as it strikes us, peculiarly touching and suggestive. Their two or three lines contain a story full of misery and pathos.

In addition to the above, there are not unfrequent advertisements of individuals missing, with careful descriptions of their persons, dress, manners, &c. These are sometimes inserted with the view of bringing the individuals to justice for misdemeanours or crimes, but more frequently they emanate from the friends of persons who have left their homes, it may be from some whim or slight cause of offence, and whose return is desired for their own benefit, no less than for the satisfaction or consolation of those they have left. 'Left his home, a youth,' &c. is a common beginning of these advertisements, and it is surprising how many there are of them. Boys or lads, induced by a juvenile longing after a seafaring life (inspired perhaps by our old friend Robinson Crusoe), constitute, we presume, a considerable portion of the class. In an advertisement before us, for example, the 'disconsolate parents' offer, if their son will let them know where he is, 'to make arrangements for him to go to sea, if he wishes.' Sometimes, however, young men leave the comforts of home, and give up to torturing anxiety their relatives and friends, merely to gratify a love of wandering and adventure, the remains, doubtless, of that savage instinct which distinguishes the man of what is called nature from the man of artificial society. A case of this sort of self-exile occurred within our own personal experience, which could not be accounted for in any other way. The young man, after several months of wandering, communicated with his family, and ultimately returned to them and to his studies, and now fulfils the duties of life like any commonplace mortal. Such an escapade, however, is dangerous, and we fear is not often attended by so pleasant a dénouement.

A good many of these advertisements are of a purely business-like character. Thus a reward of L.25 is offered for information such as would lead to the conviction of the thieves of some silk goods from a shop in Cheapside; the widow of a man killed by a railway accident requests witnesses to send their addresses to her solicitor, evidently to assist her claim for damages; and for some similar purpose, we conceive, is the following:—

'Wreck of the *Superb*, from St Malo to Jersey.—Should any of the surviving passengers have arrived in London, and will communicate immediately with Mr J——, 81 Queen Street, Cheapside, he will feel greatly obliged.'

Many intimations from solicitors inform persons named that 'they will hear of something to their advantage,' by applying to Messrs So and So. Acknowledgments of donations to charities are also made through this singular medium. We have one before us acknowledging L.100 given to a missionary society; and many references to the receipt of 'conscience money' from persons who had forgotten to pay their taxes: it is the Chancellor of the Exchequer who is usually favoured by these virtuous delinquents. Not uncommon either are such sharp intimations as this:—

'If —— does not fetch his things away, left at my house in May 1849, within seven days from the date hereof, they will be sold to defray expenses.'

It is not very clear in this undated advertisement whether the things were to be fetched away in seven days, or were left seven days before; but the conscience of the careless owner would no doubt be able to interpret.

The more remarkable and mysterious communications, which we have arbitrarily ranked in our second class, we must be content to deal with very cursorily. They are exceedingly miscellaneous. Here is a semi-sporting one:—

'Voltigeur.—Beware of the Derby.—S. is requested to call on his brother as soon as possible, in order that arrangements may be made for his return to his employer without delay.'

Many are requesting communications of one kind or other:—

'If Mr N. will communicate with Leonard, he will oblige.'

'Pimlico is requested to give the fullest particulars addressed as before; also where a letter can be directed.'

'Important.—If this should meet the eye of the gentleman who dined at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden, on Monday, November 11, he is particularly requested to communicate' to such an address.

'G. S. A. is requested to send her marriage certificate by the first post.'

'E. is requested to write to A., at his residence, instantly, under initials, before his departure, which is daily expected.—(Signé) Huit Astres, non pas L'Astre. There are sermons in stones.'

'A. F., the gentleman who sent, about a month ago,

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from the country a sealed brown paper parcel to a solicitor, with strict injunctions to keep it safe and intact, he is earnestly intreated to instantly communicate with his relatives, or with the solicitor referred to, as circumstances of the most urgent nature require the immediate presence of A. F., whose explanations will be favourably received by all parties.'

To these requests we append a few acknowledgments:—

'Fishing.—A. B. thanks Q. for his very polite note.'

'R.—A thousand thanks for your kind consideration of my wants. Let me earnestly intreat you to give me some address, where I may write you a line.'

'To a Well-wisher.—T. F. wishes only the restoration of the lost, and has no further intentions. Will a Well-wisher send T. F. his name, address, and appoint a place to meet him in London on Tuesday?'

'A. B. C.—The communication of the 13th inst. has been received by N., who will be greatly obliged by some further information, and promises A. B. C. the strictest secrecy.'

'B. B. agrees to the plan, and is satisfied, as it is the wish of the party.'

'L.'s letter has been received and destroyed, and he shall not again be troubled.'

'Received, ii. Cor. 6, 17, 18, with sincere thanks. A. R. is desirous to know the right application of the above text.'

This last is a somewhat peculiar one, for in the text there is a warning against touching 'the unclean thing,' which the recipient would of course understand to be money. Many of the following receipts refer, likewise mysteriously enough, to sums of money:—

'Restitution.—L.20 received by post.'

'Shareholder—received. Anonymous and conditional subscriptions declined; L.5, less the expense of this advertisement, is held at the disposal of "a shareholder."'

'E. G.—Received L.60.'

'No. 82,287 again received. But you have raised a scruple.'

The figures here we presume to be the number of a bank-note. The additional remark is mysteriously significant. Here is an appointment made—

'A. B. C., 92 Piccadilly, this evening.'

A few strange zoological paragraphs give an agreeable variety—

'A. W.—The Wolf is not dead, but has been dangerously ill. Letters are intercepted. I trust no one. Break not your pledge. Communicate personally.'

'A. W.—The Dog "Wolf" is dead. The experiment has fully succeeded. The "Bear" mourns. "Tidus vale amicus."'

'The One-Winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies.'

'Somerset.—S. B. The mate of the Dove must take wing from England for ever, unless a material change takes place.'

At times we have a little Greek, or Latin, or French. We give a specimen of each, such as it is—

'Ανωνυμος και Ανωνυμος.—A note with the above address has been left. Directions for forwarding it are requested.'

'Non veni, non vidi; with many thanks.'

'His honor ne manque que toi seul. Welcome in poverty. Ecris. Viens. Je meurs.—Jennie.'

Many are more remarkable for brevity than anything else. Our first of three short ones is evidently from a friend of Oliver Twist's, for, like him, he simply asks for

'More.—W. C.'

'E. F.—Write. Why did you wait?'

'There is a letter for H. B., as before.'

It would appear that the aristocracy are not above taking advantage of the facilities of the *Times'* second column—

'Egypt.—If the Hon. H. A. M——y will forward his address to Lord M——, he will hear of something to his advantage.'

Its character for peculiarity and mystery is also sometimes dexterously pressed into the service of ordinary advertising. Thus the following curt announcement—

'A Bit of my Mind.—A. M., March 25,'

appeared in several successive numbers of the *Times*, and when the phrase had thereby become familiar to many thousand eyes, it next met them as the title of a series of papers in *Punch*, 'A. M.' being the initials of Miss Amelia Mouser.

The most impenetrably and provokingly mysterious are those printed in cipher. They defy even speculation. That which heads our examples looks like an insane attempt to put into words the war-shrieks of a Red Indian—

'Suhwwb zhoo — Qrw bhw — Brx, pdb vdihob — Ydxjkwrq Whuudfh, Edovdoo Khdwk.'

'No. 3.—S. lmpi. F. npi. C. qgnl. F. pil. ogpk. S. ongq. of. C. hgo. lnho. B. hkq. ogki in F. hnio. C nhgq. B. qkln. F. pil. C. qikl. in. D. qkl. C. qmgh Austens F. klmn. are. now qphi to B. qnp. C. lpi. pnig. hlpm F. pil. S. nlgk. E. lipg. F. ihmn.—J. de W.'

'No. 6.—Slmpi at Cqgnl and Fpink. Fmqho olhi Chgo, Fpgnm Eomin 22d Fmnhq, oing Epqig, and Fnpkl by Enhkp, Foghm npmq ogpi. Chgik and Cnhgq Fnpqm, Cqknp in Fhnio. Cpoml Snigl Enpqh Sonqh. Fkqpo hipk mqho olhi, Enqkh. Clgi S. to Fmlgi Cqkin.—J. de W.'

'T. R 45 5 3d 41 t 349 h 11 936 dt 7 p 79 t 763 wy 78 kt 758 tp 77 13 y 7 u 89 h 1927537 f 16469 t 4 h 1 v 3 t 843 d 8 t 7 uw 311 p 81 yf 78839 t 7814769181839-31.'

'31 31 389 p 79 1 t 74897 63 d 4832 1 3 dl 7 y 7471 h 389 17 58 t p 77 1 317 b 32 111 f 787 hh 31 v 3683917 312 h 71 h 38 p 81 y 131 53 h 318 f 875 y 7 u.'

But there is no natural ending to this sort of work, and we must leave off in the middle, giving first a little random lot, some of which are so very peculiar, as to baffle while they challenge curiosity:—

'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.—M. P., who travelled in the express up-train on Tuesday, the 25th of June, takes this medium to apologise for anything he said likely to have given offence to * * *, and hopes this advertisement will be seen by the party.'

'Lost.—The person who took in mistake a dark Penang Cane not belonging to himself, from the Polytechnic Institution, on Wednesday evening last, is requested to return it to the check-taker there.'

'A lady desires to express her thanks to a gentleman for his kindness to her in Regent's Park on Friday morning, May 31st, which long illness and absence have prevented her acknowledging before.'

'W. M.—Yes.—It shall be brought forward this evening. Read the first paragraph (with note), page 84, and law, No. 3, page 86, of the Book of Constitutions.'

'Anonymous.—"Confidential."—The "Good Fellow" would really be obliged if the "Friend" would help him out of the scrape by a little further advice as to the "party." Direct the letter, with the Christian name in full, to No. 8.'

'To A. B.—I intend to oppose, but others should join me. I shall be glad to receive another letter without delay, and I will consider it confidential.'

'If C. H. will immediately return the book, agreeable

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to promise, A. D. will think nothing further of the matter.'

'The number of obliterated postage stamps required by the young lady about to enter a convent being already collected, it is particularly requested that no further contributions may be sent.'

After all this darkness and mystification, our readers will be glad to get hold of a substantial and intelligible fact; and for ourselves we are delighted to have at length something to rest upon as we conclude. We give, therefore, with no small pleasure as our last specimen of the curiosities of advertising literature, the following simple and manly—no pun intended—announcement:—

'Mathew Mann has left his situation.'

WANTED—A PROSECUTOR.

Public feeling has lately been scandalised by accounts of the cruel treatment of a servant-girl by her master, a person moving in the rank of a barrister in London. Our sole reason for referring to this lamentable case is to direct attention to the perplexity of the examining magistrate—a perplexity which continued for several days—on making the discovery that nobody appeared as prosecutor. A crime of no ordinary nature seemed to have been committed, yet no one presented himself as vindicator of the law. Not until a public excitement had been created, did a person connected with the poor-law take the field as prosecutor. And, after all, except from motives of humanity, it is difficult to see why this official should have come specially forward on the occasion.

Still more recently, there has been a case in the bankruptcy court, which gives equal cause of astonishment. It appeared, on an investigation into the affairs of a bankrupt trader, that in his capacity of actuary of a National Security Savings' Bank, he had embezzled large sums of money lodged by depositors. The judge (Mr Commissioner Holroyd), in dealing with the civil case, had no power to punish or even to challenge the robbery. That department of the affair fell to be prosecuted criminally, but there was no one to prosecute. In delivering his opinion, the judge declared that 'this was one of those numerous cases which now almost daily occur, exhibiting the want of a public prosecutor.' And so a heinous offence has been committed—hundreds of poor people have been cheated of their money—but, singularly enough, it is nobody's business to undertake the duty of prosecution!

Happy land, where the misfortune of being plundered of our property brings an additional loss of time, anxiety, and money in seeking for justice! With the obligation to prosecute in his own name, and probably at his own charges, the wonder is, that any one tells the story of his wrongs; and there cannot be the least doubt of the fact, that under the pressure of this obligation vast numbers of offences are never inquired into, and the perpetrators escape punishment. Greatly, indeed, must we admire that nice sense of public duty which leads a man to reveal aggressions on his property, when the revelation is sure to bring neither restitution nor thanks, but a positive repetition of loss.

One scarcely knows whether most to pity or laugh at the stolid indifference with which a great and enlightened people submit to an evil which is acknowledged to be in all respects discreditable and grievous. Can any ingenious observer explain why, with a constantly recurring necessity for a public prosecutor, no public prosecutor is appointed? It is the more strange that, in another part of the same island, and in a country under the same monarchy and legislature, there has been a system of public prosecution from times beyond the reach of record. There the Lord Advocate, with his deputies, prosecutes all grave offences for the public interest, at the public expense, before the higher tribunals; while to all inferior jurisdictions an officer charged with similar responsibilities, and styled Procurator-Fiscal, is, as a matter of course, attached. In short, no private party in Scotland is ever called on or expected to prosecute criminally. An offence is with us viewed not as a private or personal, but as a public wrong. The individual may have suffered, but it is the *law* which is outraged; and accordingly the law is publicly vindicated. All this is so reasonable, and, as experience has shown, works so smoothly and satisfactorily, that we are at a loss to understand why the English, with this example at their very doors, should not long since have adopted similar expedients. We should imagine there is only one rational explanation. Let the subject be brought before any individual Englishman, and he will at once avow that the appointment of a public prosecutor is desirable. But whether from negligence, or a too engrossing attention to ordinary pursuits, no such opinion is aggregately expressed. The entire control of law matters is committed to lawyers, and lawyers are, through the influence of education and interest, the natural enemies of change, however obviously it may tend to the public benefit. Besides this solution, it is to be remembered that the English abound in strange contradictions of character. Stern lovers of truth and justice, they are also admirers of what is old and national; and hence, notwithstanding professions to the contrary, they are slow to admit in a practical way of any institutional novelty. Had the practice of public prosecution come in with the Wittenagemot, had it been sanctioned by Hengist and Horsa, or even obtained a fixity from William of Normandy, all good and well. The case being otherwise, the introduction of such an arrangement may be considered as almost beyond hope. England has had its religious and political reformation; its law reform is yet in a great measure a thing in the womb of time. Much is heard of the marvellous abilities of lord-chancellors and chief-justices; works are eloquently written in their praise; we read of industry the most persevering, uprightness beyond the reach of challenge, learning the most profound! Far be it from us to dim the glories of these lofty personages! Nevertheless, the circumstance that they are at the head of systems of administration unintelligible in their language and forms, and which possess the faculty of half-ruining nearly all who are dragged within their influence, cannot but produce a certain lowering tendency in public estimation, scarcely compatible with true hero-worship.

While we write, a case of oppression, under colour of law, has attracted so much notice, that one might venture to hope it will not fail in its due effect. A man has been liberated from prison after a confinement, through mistake, of fourteen years; the original ground for his incarceration having been some species of contempt of a Chancery order!* Fourteen years under lock and key by a mere misconception! After this, we shall require to speak with some degree of moderation of the Bastile and *lettres de cachet!*

The Court of Chancery, out of whose proceedings the foregoing instance of privation of liberty originated, is unquestionably the inert and uncompassable obstacle that stands in the pathway of reform, and till it is either extinguished as a nuisance, or vastly reformed in its operations, little good can be expected. Latterly, the subject of Chancery reform has been under some sort of discussion. It has been shown by an intelligent American lawyer, that in the state of New York the administration of law has been united with equity, in a simple routine of courts, much to the satisfaction of practitioners as well as of suitors. The explanations of this gentleman, valuable

* For a notice of this case see the *Times* of December 29, 1850.

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as testimony, afforded a glimpse of nothing new. Law and equity have always been united in the practice of the Scotch courts; and if reform is to assume this character, it is comfortable to know that there is no actual necessity for seeking models beyond the Atlantic. But will English law-reformers, either in this or in the matter of public prosecution, copy from Scotland? Already, indeed, after much doubt and debate, they have copied from Scotch practice in two particulars. We refer to the privilege enjoyed by the prisoner of addressing the court by counsel, and to the establishment of county courts for the recovery of small debts by a cheap form of process. Why should they not make another importation from the North? Let them be under no apprehension of conferring too great a compliment on Scotland by so doing, for the system is not peculiar to her, but exists, in descent from feudal times, in most of the other countries of Europe.

A DOMESTIC MAN.

[The following sketch is translated from a French feuilleton, and shows amusingly enough our volatile neighbours' conception of the character of a gentleman who busies himself with the minutiæ of household affairs more than is usually thought consistent with masculine dignity. The species is Gallic, but the genus may be found throughout the four quarters of the world, and we doubt not also in Australasia.]

'WIFE, my handkerchief! give me my handkerchief! It ought to be on the arm-chair, in the middle window.'

The lady invoked came out of her dressing-room, and gave the handkerchief to her husband, who had not yet risen. Ere applying it to his face, he paused, and began to examine it closely.

'This is not mine: my handkerchiefs have no coloured borders: 'tis yours, Caroline.'

'Very possibly, my dear.'

'Yes, it must be yours; but then your handkerchiefs have blue borders, and this is brown: what is the meaning of that?'

'It means, I suppose, that I have also handkerchiefs with brown borders.'

'Really? How long have you had them?'

'Since I bought them.'

'But you never told me you had bought them.'

'Really I did not think it necessary to do so. Am I never to purchase the smallest article without asking your permission?'

'No, no, I did not mean that; but you see it was natural that I should be surprised at finding a handkerchief with a brown border.'

Monsieur then got up, and when nearly dressed, looked for his slippers: he could not find them, and rang for the servant.

'Jeannette, where are my slippers?'

'Here, monsieur'—pointing to the floor at the foot of the bed.

'There! And why did you put them there? Is that their usual place, I ask you?'

'I don't know, monsieur.'

'Stupid! Under that arm-chair near the chimney is their proper position. Remember that in future: nothing must be out of its place in my house.'

Breakfast was served. Madame read the newspaper while she drank her coffee, and monsieur knelt down and toasted some bread before the fire. Presently he said, 'Caroline, did you put a log of wood on the fire last night after I went to bed?'

'A log, my dear! I don't know; what are you saying?'

'One would suppose I asked you the question in Hebrew! When I left the room last night at ten o'clock there were two logs on the fire—quite sufficient to last for the remainder of the evening. I don't want to hinder your having a blazing fire if you feel cold; but you ought to tell me how much wood you put down, for now I see the burned ends of *three* logs; and how could there be three if you had not put on another?'

'Really, Antoine, you bore me to death with your logs! I'm sure I never remarked whether wood was put on or not. I am reading a most interesting paragraph, and you interrupt me to ask about a morsel of wood!'

Monsieur was silent; but he whistled an opera-tune between his teeth, which he always did when not well pleased. After eating for some minutes, he began—'This milk is not good; there is very little cream on it, and I don't think the milkwoman gives just measure. The pan ought to hold a certain quantity, and then we should know. Have they a pan on purpose for the milk?'

No answer. Caroline continued to read.

'Don't you think I am right? By having always the same measure, we could tell whether we got the proper quantity in the pan.'

'Yes, yes! we will get a pan—ten pans if you like—only let me read in peace!'

'I did not say ten; I said *one:* it will not cost much. I know a place where I can buy a very nice one for twelve sous. Ah! this butter is not good. How much do you pay for it, Caroline?'

'I don't know.'

'How is that?'

'Jeannette buys it.'

'But I presume you look at her bills?'

'Oh, certainly. Now I recollect—the price is thirty sous.'

'Jeannette!—Jeannette!'

The maid appeared, with her mouth full of something she was eating.

'What's the price of this butter, Jeannette?'

'Thirty sous, monsieur.'

'The pound?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Much too dear. I ate some the day before yesterday, when I breakfasted with one of my friends, which was far better than this, and cost but twenty-seven sous.'

'Then monsieur asked his friend to tell him the price?'

'Of course—why not?'

Jeannette was retiring, but her master stopped her.

'What were you eating when you came in, Jeannette?'

'Some of the cold leg of mutton, monsieur.'

'Ah! was not there some of the beef remaining that was dressed on Tuesday?'

'It was finished long ago, monsieur.'

The maid retired, and her master muttered to himself, 'I think some of the beef ought to be there still.'

When the time comes for sweeping the sitting-rooms, monsieur contrives to be always in the way of the broom, watching lest the servant should leave any dust in the corners. The girl, who does not approve of this supervision, manages adroitly to sweep the crumbs, &c. into her master's shoes, and to fill his eyes with fine dust.

When monsieur is going to walk out with his wife, he examines and criticises every part of her toilet.

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'Are you going to put on that gown?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'It fits you very badly. I see you are taking your lilac bonnet.'

'Certainly. Is it not pretty?'

'Tolerably. But I don't like the flowers in the border. Why have you taken the lace off your black visete?'

'Because it was too handsome for the visete, which is now growing shabby.'

'I assure you it looked very well with the lace.'

To please her fidgetty husband, poor Caroline was obliged to recommence her toilette, and it ended in her becoming so tired and annoyed, that she refused to go out at all that day.

One morning she told Antoine that she wanted to purchase two or three summer dresses. He did not reply, but the next day he brought her three pieces of some gaudy manufacture, saying triumphantly as he presented them, 'Am not I a polite, attentive husband?'

Caroline feigned to be pleased, in order not to disappoint him, but the dresses were by no means to her taste; and they had cost considerably more money than she would have given for pretty ones.

Regularly before dinner, our busy man of the house made it a rule to go into the kitchen, and take an affectionate survey of the spits, stewpans, pots, and saucepans, with their contents. He would then call the cook—'What is this, Martha?'

'A fricassée of chicken, monsieur.'

'Are there mushrooms in it?'

'Certainly, monsieur.'

'Very odd, I can't see them! Ah, yes, there they are! Have we vegetable soup to-day?'

'Yes, monsieur; here it is.'

'I see. But you put too many carrots: how many are there now in this soup?'

'Ma foi! monsieur, how can I remember? Do you think I reckon the carrots I put in?'

'You ought to do so. I'll venture to say there are at least six in that pot;' and monsieur stoops gravely over the steaming soup, and tries, with very indifferent success, to count the vegetables; while the angry Martha feels greatly inclined to pin a dishcloth to her master's coat.

During dinner monsieur's peevish prying comments are so numerous as to defy repetition; but on this occasion he ended by reproving his wife for fastening her napkin to her dress with one pin instead of two.

In the evening some company arrived, and monsieur scolded Jeannette because two of the gentlemen forgot to dust their shoes on the mat. He then went to superintend the mixing of the *eau sucrée*, and afterwards ran to assist in taking off a lady's bonnet and shawl, saying, 'I'll put them in a safe place for you, madame: when you are going home, ask me for them, and I'll get them for you!'

It happened, unluckily, that monsieur, in his anxiety to do things better than any one else, put the articles into a room which was seldom frequented by any one but his favourite cat; and when the lady was going away, she discovered, to her horror, that her beautiful cachmere and delicate satin bonnet had been converted into a very comfortable cradle by Madame Puss for the accommodation of five interesting little strangers, who had made their appearance during the last hour!

Before retiring to rest, our domestic man always visited every room in the house, to see that all was right, and every candle extinguished.

Servants seldom stay long in the house of a 'domestic man:' they ask for their wages, and go away; but as his wife cannot follow their example, it becomes her truest wisdom to bear with his failings, and to seek by gentle influence to lead his mind towards loftier and more dignified pursuits than that of prying into the details of domestic management.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

MONOTONY OF CALCUTTA LIFE—THE RAINS—THE JEMEDAR AND HIS GRANDEUR—A PARSEE FAMILY—A SCOTCH PARTY.

August 1.—Life in Calcutta is almost as monotonous as it is at sea. Everybody does everything exactly at the same time, and nearly in the same way. One after the other in regular routine follow the never-varied occupations of the day—if we may call them such, for there is little to do—no outdoor employments, and few absolutely necessary within. Yet our existence is easy, quite devoid of care, and that is in itself comfort. Arthur and I, out of perversity, will not show ourselves and our new equipage in that everlasting Course. There being no dust now, we drive through all the byroads, and in this way we have seen a great deal of the neighbourhood. On our riding evenings we take a canter round the race-ground, which we both enjoy exceedingly, having had latterly for our occasional companion one of the chaplains of the cathedral, a kind and very agreeable man. Idle people can hardly pass their time happily here; they have to depend so much upon their own resources, and there is so little to do or to see beyond what they can prepare for themselves. Such persons, indeed, only get through the hours without much enjoying them anywhere; but they have helps in other lands, which are wanting here. This causes many Indian men to resort to cards when they can't command billiards to wile away the long mornings, and they welcome these eternal large parties as their chief resource for the evenings. Our small family party is certainly very fortunate in this respect. Our gentlemen are all men of business; our ladies none of them idle; Helen and Mary have their children, Cary her orderly habits and her home correspondence; I my journal, the greatest resource in the world; besides which, I am studying the language, and pass an hour every day with a moonshie, that I may be better prepared to manage my part of the household in our new abode. Then we have our music besides, and fifty other pleasant pursuits when the weather is cool enough to permit us to engage in them. What I miss most is our poor: no sick to feed, for they wont touch our victuals; no ragged to clothe, for they need no covering; no ignorant to teach, for their doctrine is not our doctrine. One hardly feels as if doing one's full duty here. All seems for self almost; or perhaps it is the pride of our nature offended at not being 'up and doing,' our vanity that likes to offer assistance, forgetting that there are quiet as well as active virtues, and that, 'charity never failing,' we can exercise it always, if we be so inclined, in one way or another.

2*d*.—When the rains first set in, I fancied the air would continue as much cooler as it then seemed to become. The temperature is lower, as is seen by the thermometer, which is never higher now than 84 degrees. Still, a hot and breathless feeling fills the atmosphere before the heavy showers, and a steam rises often afterwards, oppressive to me, though others do not complain of it. The open windows and the cloudy sky are great improvements, however; for the fiery blast which entered during the hot season, when by chance the outward air got admittance into our darkened chambers, was not the least like wind from heaven. I used then to long so for the evening hour, when the sun sinking to the level of the earth, we feared his rays no more, and flinging open the venetians, seemed like prisoners released to breathe the freer air while looking out on all sides unrestrained. An account of Bombay, given us last night by one of the members of the law Commission,

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made me envious. The greatest heat at any season there is 88 degrees, and no hot winds; a hill station within reach where there are no heavy rains; Mahableishwar at no great distance, just as good as the Neilgherries for slight indispositions; the scenery, too, quite beautiful. We were all enjoying the moonlight on the roof of this high house, looking over most of our neighbours' far into the distance, palaces all round us, the esplanade, the fort, the river, the distant town or suburb, all indistinct, and all interesting; and we did not feel alone. Several of the nearest house-tops had people on them—native ayahs and bearers, with children beside them, looking so Eastern in their white garments, the men all turbaned, and the women with the saree flung over their head and shoulders, falling in long drapery to their feet. Our new friend described Bombay—its fort, and town, and harbour; its plain covered with villas; its noble bay crowded with wooded islands, high and rocky, and adorned with caves, and images, and temples; shipping far outnumbering ours: the wide sea around, and for a background a chain of the ghauts piled up irregularly into fantastic shapes, high towering towards the clouds. We were quite struck with the picture. 'After all,' added he, 'rupees are more plenty here.'

3d.—I saw to-night, in almost every compound, the large pans of earthenware of native manufacture, set out to catch the rain water for the next year's consumption, or, more properly speaking, the store of drinking water for the next eight months, until the rainy season come again. It is preserved quite sweet in the large jars I formerly described, by a process of which the obdars are apt to make a mystery. Over each of these open pans is set a frame of bamboo, supporting a loosely-spread sheet of coarse canvas, with a stone in the middle of it to insure the proper dip, like a jelly-bag, through which strainer the rain is filtered into the pan underneath. In these pans it is to remain some little while in order to settle, that all impurities may fall to the bottom, when it will be poured carefully into the jars, and set by for use. Ayah tells me that some obdars put alum and other similar substances into their jars of preserved rain water, which consequently becomes *hard*. The best plan is to run a red-hot iron down into the jar every ten days or so, and then fix on the top so as to exclude the air. I always think that, drunk plain, the water has a vapid taste; but it is quite sweet, and answers perfectly for general use. The natives call it English water; they are very anxious to get a little, and have no other name for it; and I fancy, however well looked after, many an obdar makes a few stray annas now and then by obliging his friends with a chatty of pure water. I remember after first landing, when Cary took us over the house, I was quite struck with the water godown, where all these large jars were ranged; and then to hear what they contained—so carefully husbanded, so precious—the size and shape of the jars was no longer my greatest wonder. Do you recollect our all laughing so much at Edward long, long ago, when I was a very little girl, and he was visiting us for Cary's sake: you asked him one evening what was the greatest luxury of all the many luxuries of the East, and he answered so gravely, 'A cup of cold water?' How little do any of us, brought up among English comforts, know of what the world is made! The luxuries of the East!—mere contrivances to make existence endurable—necessaries here—and thought nothing at all about unless we should happen to miss them.

The loudest clap of thunder we have yet heard shook the house to-day. It was really rather frightful, and some damage was done in the suburbs. Also the steeple of one of our churches was struck by the lightning, and after came such rain as quite satisfied the obdar; for the last look I had of his pans they were all overflowing. Arthur walked home through it all, cooled effectually after the hot court, where he had been detained very late, as he has been so often latterly, that we never wait dinner for so busy a lawyer.

8th.—We met to-day Rahun Roy, the adopted son of Ramohun Roy, who has just arrived from England, where he has been educated. He was visiting the wife of Mr Black's long partner—we cannot call him sick partner now—with whom Caroline and I had gone to spend the morning. She was busy with a dirjie at one end of the veranda, making under her directions her children's frocks. A cook was at the other, with his charcoal stove, and pots, and other requisites, to whom she was teaching some stew. Half-way between them sat a jeweller, with all the implements of his trade, mending a bracelet. To this scene of industry we were ushered by the jemedar, a strikingly handsome man, who always amuses me by the excessive pretension of his manner. The whole class are very grand, quite theatrical; but Mary's jemedar exceeds all jemedars in the airs and graces of his calling. He rises from the landing at the head of the stairs with the dignity of some Prince Achmet or Houssain of the fairy tales; and there he stands, so turbaned, so shawled, and with such a glittering dagger! He motions back the other attending bearers with such a solemn wave of his gracefully-flexible hands, and precedes the company into 'the presence' with such noiseless dignity, that I can never keep my gravity, nor help fancying myself looking on at a play, these stately proceedings being so little suited to our home position. No wonder half the girls have their young heads turned. There is nothing striking either in the appearance or the manner of Rahun Roy. The Company's servants are said to look very shy upon him: they do not like the notion of a native becoming one of us. At home they gave this lad a writership, but the appointment was cancelled after a representation from the government here. The most liberal persons seem to think it was premature, nothing being as yet ready for the success of such an experiment. They say, too, that people at home, or just fresh from home, are incapable of comprehending the matter. One would suppose that the better we were all educated, whatever may be our variety of complexion, the better should we perform the duties that fall to us. Some young man, a great Sanscrit scholar, going to take a professional part in the bishop's college, dines with us this evening: a Persian, a wonderful Persian adept, is promised us for to-morrow. After such learned repasts, what may not be expected from my pen!

15th.—Went to-day with Helen, who has a great mercantile connexion, to visit the newly-arrived family of a Parsee—quite an event, as you shall hear. We were received at the door of their pretty garden-house on the Circular Road by the head of the house himself and his two elder sons, all looking supremely happy. The twenty-five souls just imported from Bombay are established for good in this suburban residence. There are the father, his wife, their daughters and their husbands, with their children, their sons and their wives with their children, a nephew, some cousins, and then a considerable number of attendants. It is two-and-twenty years since the old Parsee parted from his wife. His eldest daughter was then six years old, and his youngest son an infant. The sons were always sent for here as they grew up to a useful age, but the mother and daughters the old merchant had not seen from that time to this. Such a thing was never heard of as for a Parsee woman to travel, to go by sea, nor perhaps in any other family has it been even thought of—everybody looking upon this bold proceeding as a step in advance of the age, the customs and the prejudices of all classes of the natives being so much against it. Should not all credit be given to the spirited individual who thus breaks through such a barrier to improvement, and all due praise to the courage of the old lady,

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his wife, to whom the effort must have been extraordinary? I know not whether the Persians so entirely seclude their women; the ancient Hindoos, I hear, did not; but from the time the banished Guebres settled at Surat, they adopted the Mussulman habit, if they had it not before, of never trusting their wives and daughters beyond their gardens, unless closed up in a carriage, or perhaps very early in the morning, when those of lower class or of an older age may go to the bazaar, or to the tank for water.

The Parsees, whose name, I believe, is a corruption of Persians, first found refuge at Surat after their expulsion from their native land on account of their dissent from the established religion. By and by a certain number removed to Bombay, which must have been just such an event to the race as this family making up their minds to come here. The men have always been great wanderers, travelling at once wherever business required their presence, but the women have been invariably stationary. Besides their retired habits, one reason given for their always remaining strictly at home was their dread of abandoning the Sacred Fire which had been brought with them from Persia, and has been kept burning ever since at Surat—some three or four hundred years. A portion of it was duly carried to Bombay, where every preparation had been made, at great cost, to enable them to keep up their peculiar ceremonies. Probably a small quantity has been conveyed here; but if so, it has been quietly arranged, for nothing has been heard of it. The ladies of this household have announced it as their intention to receive all visitors, gentlemen included, as many of either sex as are kind enough to honour them by an acquaintance. They threw off their exclusive habits at sea, where they mixed naturally with the other passengers, thus losing gradually any little awkwardness consequent on so great a change in their manners. I cannot think any of them handsome, merely agreeable looking. The mother may have been a beauty, and there still remains a fine expression of intelligence and benevolence. Though only forty-two, she has the air of seventy, so early do the native races lose the charm of youth. The wives of the sons, and the daughters, all look older than they really are. They generally marry at fourteen, having been betrothed in their infancy, often when only three or four years old, which is also a Hindoo custom. The betrothal is frequently celebrated in a most expensive manner, and the bride in most instances accompanies her little bridegroom home to his parents' house, where she is brought up to suit the family she has entered. At the second or actual marriage, the costly magnificence displayed at the first is seldom repeated—it is for the most part a private festival. Helen speaks Hindostanee so well, that she entered into quite an animated conversation with the younger ladies; while my stammering attempts, very kindly assisted by the mother, got on, I thought, remarkably well too. It is an easy language, very meagre, without much grammar—no great effort of memory required to get a tolerable knowledge of it. The Parsee gentlemen all speak English fluently, and they announced their intention of having it immediately taught in their family. What a step will this be!

The dress of the ladies was very handsome: very short petticoats of striped silk; English shoes and stockings, both certainly innovations on their national costume; a tight half-high jacket, with short sleeves, of a richer silk; and a saree—a large long web of silk thrown in a peculiar fashion over the head, from whence it descends to the shoulders, enveloping the upper part of the person, with the exception of the right arm, and being gathered into full folds round the waist, it falls in a graceful drapery over the figure. These sarees were of bright-coloured figured satin; this being a toilette evidently full dress. The ladies were covered with jewels. Pearls and emeralds and gold sparkled on heads, necks, and arms, which last were absolutely loaded with bangles. Long pendants dropped from their ears, and standing up beside the nose, fixed by a ring through the right nostril, was a branch, or in some cases an open circle of gold, from which emanated small stems of the same metal, each bearing on its point a fine pearl or diamond, or emerald or sapphire. Some people in time get much to admire this very peculiar ornament: the Parsees themselves greatly esteem it. I consider it the very reverse of becoming. On common occasions much less splendid dress is worn, and inferior ranks are of course attired suitably to their condition; but, as I understood, the form of the costume was in every particular the same, and a jewel or bit of gold or silver essential to complete the poorest toilette: the bangles being always numerous, and made of coloured glass, when better cannot be obtained. The hair was very neatly arranged, the complexions fair—much fairer than the Hindoo; teeth good, and large lozenge-shaped eyes, full of expression. The children were merry little creatures: the little boys, full of fun, dressed up like the Eastern princes we see upon the stage—tunics of rich silk, embroidered in gold and silver, the two younger at least with pretty fantastic turban caps: the eldest boy was of the age when they adopt the less picturesque attire of manhood, stiff high cap and all; the girls were very sedate, in dress exact imitations of their mothers; and a baby, curiously swaddled up like a bundle of silk, had bangles both on arms and ankles, and a net of seed pearls over her hair. It was really an interesting visit, giving such promise too of what will come. We promised to repeat it before very long, and took leave amid a storm of civilities.

20th.—Such a merry party as we have been at! Arthur has been in love for some time with two persons here—a Scotchman and an English wife, about both of whom he raves, so I have to make up my mind at anyrate to listen to him. They are great people too, and I am to be flattered by their notice. This was some particular day with them; it was therefore a compliment to be remembered on it, and it was a peculiarly select party; and altogether Arthur assured me it would turn out a white day. We found fourteen people assembled, all bearing the one surname. We two were the only guests unconnected with it. During the dinner it was very pleasant, all the party shining in the enchanting art of conversation. In the drawing-room afterwards a lady sat down to the pianoforte, and played a real Highland reel so well, that up jumped a gentleman to dance to it. He *set*, as they called it, before another lady, who could not resist his comically-beseeching invitation, and this brought up a second pair, and by and by a third, and so on, till the whole Scotch company were twirling and turning, and reeling and setting, and flinging and shuffling, in a way perfectly astonishing to us two English spectators; and it truly was the liveliest, lightest, neatest style of dancing I ever looked at. This wild sortie over, the performers, in fits of laughter, threw themselves on the sofas, spent with fatigue, but only to rest before fresh exertions; for a violin having been sent for to accompany the pianoforte, the largest man among them began to flourish about the room in a strange sort of dance which he called the Chantreuse, doing such difficult steps as were really astonishing, which, when they saw how greatly all this diverted us, brought out his nearly as heavy brother, who proposed to outshine all previous feats by executing these same mysterious steps in the smallest given space—a bit about a foot square chalked out for him, and then he proceeded to a still higher branch of art. He laid two sticks across upon the floor, and danced over them, his feet figuring in and out and round about, and this side and the to'ther side, without ever once touching the sticks, so that they were not in the least dis-

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placed: he called it *Gillis Callum*, and quite screamed with fun when we tried to repeat this Gaelic name. Then they all jumped up, and reeled away again, sometimes to a slow measure, which was very graceful, and the steps beautiful; then they sprang about to quicker time, cracking their fingers to a sound like castagnettes, and giving a short shout now and then, the most inspiring cry ever uttered, and reeling off after it like mad people. The violin was the greatest improvement to this rather wild music: there was something in the sweep of the bow at times which gave such spirit to the dancers. I fancy it was very well played, this being a common accomplishment among the Highlanders. The first pair then volunteered a real old Strathspey, danced rather slow by only two persons: it was in the Irish jig style, but a different measure—much more stately. It seemed also to be a game of fun or mischief, for the partners followed one another here and there, set at each other, ran round each other, the fingers cracking merrily, sometimes gaily, sometimes saucily, sometimes almost angrily. The lady had the best of it; for, after many evolutions, she pursued the vanquished gentleman fairly into a corner. By way of conclusion, four of the gentlemen got up to dance the reel of Tulloch to such a tune as would have made even the lame try to move, and stirred up the paralytic. I could not sit: I never was so excited; the music, and the dancing, and the shouting, altogether carried one out of one's self. Well might Arthur assure me this would prove a white day; so many happy people—clansmen I fancy—a great tie, all meeting on the banks of the Hoogley, so many thousand miles away from their mountain home, all well, all thriving, and all with the warm heart for the land of their birth; and the spark of nationality awakened by the music of their country remembered in childhood! It was a moving scene.

Supper was requisite after such active doings: it was a truly merry one; and to add to the enthusiasm, an old bottle of whisky was brought out which had been smuggled to India by one of the party, and had been treasured up for some such heart-stirring occasion as this. Most of it was converted into punch, in which we all drank to another happy meeting. I have not an idea what o'clock it is: I only know I cannot sleep; those stirring whoops are in my ears still. I hope the punch may not have affected the head. Surely all these people will be nearly dead to-morrow.

NEW ART OF SILVERING GLASS.

Of all the fabrics that now contend for the palm of beauty in art manufacture, glass is at once the most elegant and the most superb. Coloured or gilt, our modern works in this pure and fragile material begin to excite just admiration, owing especially to the almost perfect quality of British glass. This circumstance has enabled our glass-stainers, with their improved artistical taste and chemical skill, to compete with and distance completely the antique productions in stained-glass, some of which have long remained the wonders of art, from their imperishable quality of colour and quaint expression of character or design. In common coloured ornaments, formed of glass pervaded by colour, the Bohemians have long eclipsed the world, and we had till lately no expectation of being able to compete with them in any department of ornamental glass manufacture, although their material, as stated in the 'Revue Polytechnique,' is understood to hide its imperfections under the cloak of the colour interfused. A recent invention by Mr Hale Thomson will henceforth place the British manufacturer far ahead of all such competition in the production of ornamental glass. It consists in coating the inner or reverse surface with pure silver. To this process it is that we owe the gorgeous orbs that begin to appear in London and Edinburgh drawing-rooms as pendants to the gaselier. The exhibition of the varied results and applications of this novelty in art is, however, still comparatively unknown, being almost limited in London to the private friends of the patentees, and in Edinburgh only displayed at one establishment in Princes Street (Mr Millar's). The extraordinary reflective power of the surface, and its capacity to throw back rays without more cleaning or polishing than might be required by a window-pane or common tumbler, render the process specially applicable for the reflectors used in railway signal lamps and in lighthouses. It is contemplated even to employ it in the construction of astronomical instruments, and not only so, but already have its extraordinary powers in the multiplication and reflection of light been rendered available in surgery as an important auxiliary in conducting the most difficult operations.

The dull amalgam applied to ordinary looking-glasses, and which derives nearly all its lustre from the glass, the back being opaque, and devoid of radiance, can bear no comparison with this silvering, which is effectually beyond the reach or possibility of being tarnished or impaired, except by the destruction of the object into whose superficies it is interfused. A sparkling warmth emanates from the metallic radiance, contrasted with which the Bohemian glass is merely pretty or tinselly. The gorgeous glow of the antique Venetian glass, the secret of which is now a lost art, seems here restored; but even the Venetian absorbed the light, and before its exquisite beauties could be descried, had to be held up, whereas the English silvered glass flashes back the light, and at night, when surrounding objects are obscured in partial gloom, is then most radiant and conspicuous. Professor Donaldson, in a recent address to the Royal Architectural Society, in advocating the use of this gorgeous material in shop fronts—which would give us indeed crystal commercial palaces, and eclipse in London the boast of Augustus at Rome, of having found it built of brick, and left it of marble—pointed out that, independently of the silvering, many of the tints produced are entirely new, and such as no combination of prismatic hues had hitherto disclosed to the most experienced colourist. The nomenclature of art has in fact at present no vocabulary expressive of these novel results. But purples, sapphires, pinks, vermilions, pearls, bronzes, and every chromatic hue from brightest steel to deepest gold, are thrown up in this new argentine reflection. Another characteristic never, according to the German prints, attempted since the discovery of glass itself by Hermes the Syrian, distinguishes this manufacture—that is, embossing. The thing, it is true, is an optical delusion. To the touch, the apparently raised or sunken surface, dead or frosted, cut or burnished, does not exist. But the eye nevertheless beholds such results.

Crystal silver cups, goblets lined with burnished *gold*, epergnes, candelabra, wine-coolers, salts, tazzas, ink-stands, ewers, sugar-boxes, and all sorts of ornaments, are the objects to which we have seen this invention applied. Candlesticks it seems impossible to distinguish from actual silver; and looking-glasses, with frames made in the same piece, are warmly praised by the Liverpool press, where it has been stated that frame and glass together, composed of embossed and variegated glass, have also been prepared expressly for the residences of certain eminent London artists from designs furnished by themselves, and are perhaps a greater source of astonishment than any of the smaller achievements in chimney, toilet, or table ornaments. But the mirror globes which we have already mentioned are in their exquisite simplicity the gems of the whole collection. Of all sizes, of all colours; from two to thirty inches in diameter; from the capacity of half

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a pint to that of forty gallons, these magnificent mirror balls, placed on the shoulders of an Atlas or under the talons of an eagle of bronze, are at once the type and glory of this exquisite art.

STEAM MOTIVE POWER IN 1700.

The discoveries which are from time to time made in the Egyptian tombs authorise the belief that many of the inventions and machines of the present day were known to the ancients, and used by them. A gentleman who is curious in such things, says the *Baltimore Patriot*, sends us the subjoined extract from the History of China, by Père du Halde, which was published in 1741 (folio edition). It is certainly nothing less than a miniature locomotive and steamboat which was here noticed. The extract is taken from a description given by Du Halde of the various inventions made by the Jesuit missionaries in China for the instruction and amusement of the Emperor Kanghi, who died in 1722. The inventions there described were made about the beginning of the eighteenth century:—'The pneumatic engines did no less excite his majesty's curiosity. They caused a wagon to be made of light wood, about two feet long, in the middle whereof they placed a brazed vessel full of live coals, and upon them an eolipile, the wind of which issued through a little pipe upon a sort of wheel, made like the sail of a windmill. This little wheel turned another with an axletree, and by that means the wagon was set a-running for two hours together; but for fear there should not be room enough for it to proceed constantly forwards, it was contrived to move circularly in the following manner:—To the axletree of the two hind wheels was fixed a small beam, and at the end of this beam another axletree passed through the stock of another wheel, somewhat larger than the rest; and accordingly, as this wheel was nearer or further from the wagon, it described a greater or lesser circle. The same contrivance was likewise applied to a little ship with four wheels: the eolipile was hidden in the middle of the ship, and the wind issuing out of two small pipes, filled the little sails, and made them turn around a long time. The artifice being concealed, there was nothing heard but a noise like wind, or that which water makes about a vessel.'—*Boston (American) Journal.*

CULTIVATION OF MIND AMONGST ARTIZANS.

In the course of my life I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with many individuals of the working-classes who had, by self-education, attained not merely a large amount of knowledge, but a high degree of mental cultivation and refinement. At this moment I could name to you some half dozen of my artizan friends whose acquirements and intellectual refinement would do honour to any scale of society. All these men are, to my knowledge, good and contented workmen, and regard their own position in relation to that of those above them in the philosophical manner I have pointed out. They all cherish the knowledge and the love of knowledge which has become part of their mental being, as the grand treasure of life, as a talisman which, by opening up an endless source of happiness to themselves, and disclosing the real sources of happiness in others, has equalised to their view all differences and distinctions among men of a merely worldly character. These men are all extremely temperate in their habits; and they are unanimous in the opinion, that the dreadful intemperance of the lower classes—at once the curse and the disgrace of this country—is mainly owing to their ignorance. The beer-shop and gin-shop are frequented because they supply, in their degrading sociality, the materials for mental occupation which their frequenters have not within themselves, and too often cannot find in their own family at home. To see how perfectly compatible is the existence of such a mental state with the condition and habits of labourers of the very lowest class, we have only to refer to the lives and writings of these noble brothers, those heroic peasants, John and Alexander Bethune, whom I cannot but regard as casting a lustre on their country, and even on their age, by their matchless fortitude and independence, and indeed by every virtue that could adorn men in any station of life.—*Dr Forbes's Lecture on Happiness, &c.*

SECRETS.

I've a secret in my heart, and I can tell it unto none;
But I say it softly to myself when I am all alone.
It resteth in my bosom like the centre of a rose;
All its perfume, all its sweetness, from that hidden centre flows.

And yet I am not joyful; oft-times I weep and sigh:
'Tis a holy thing this guarding of a sweet, sweet mystery.
I can tell it unto no one, and the tears that sometimes start
Are but the blest relief unto an overwhelmèd heart.

But I whisper it to tiny waves, of fresh and low-voiced streams,
To forest birds and flowers, and to angels in my dreams;
And to me the birds' gay carollings a meaning aye contain,
And the flowers and the streamlets tell it all to me again.

The whole fair world of nature my precious secret knows,
I have told it to the summer sun and to the winter snows;
To the beauteous earth beneath, and to the holy heaven above,
I have lift my voice exultingly, and cried—'I love, I love!'

Ah! there's yet another secret nestled in this heart of mine;
Since it came there, life has been to me so happy—so divine!
And joy burst in upon my soul so keen, 'twas wellnigh pain
When first I knew the blessedness that I was loved again!

The world is far more beautiful than e'er it used to be—
Surely a change is o'er the earth, or has it come to me?
Is there more music in the air, more brightness in the skies?
Or is the music in mine heart, the sunshine in mine eyes?

Oh happy world! oh happier heart! oh gracious Heaven that gives
Such joyfulness as this to gild our lowly human lives!
The sun of Love pervadeth o'er my spirit with its rays—
I am dazzled with its brightness—my faint soul dissolves in praise!

ZETA.

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PROGRESS.

We have heard much during the last few years of Progress—by which seems to be generally meant an advance of the physical and moral conditions of society. To promote this progress by the education of the masses, and the diffusion of intelligence through all classes, has been a ruling object with many active minds; while, on the other hand, a portion of society has appeared almost as devoutly bent on establishing a retrogressive movement. Prominent as the idea has been amongst us, there are several misapprehensions, or imperfect apprehensions, regarding Progress.

It has even been a question whether the destiny of humanity does really involve such an idea at all or not. Those who take the negative or doubtful view, point to large portions of the earth, as Asia and Africa, where, to all appearance, there has been no progress whatever for many centuries—in many parts of which, indeed, there has been retrogression. It may quite well be, however, that the movement is liable to indefinite retardations, and even partial retrogressions, and yet be a true onward movement in the main. Geographical accidents, producing isolation, paucity of population, or physical unhealthiness, have evidently much to do in determining the matter. Accidental contiguity to rude warlike nations may cause a partially civilised one to be thrown back or effectually checked. Such things are to be admitted. Yet it may be questioned if even in those nations which appear to be the most stereotyped, there is not some small change almost constantly going on. The most receivable theory seems to be this—that, conditions being allowed to have an influence, the rate of the progress is rapid in proportion to the amount of time passed over: so slow at first as to be imperceptible; then a little faster, so as to tell during a few centuries of history; finally, so rapid, that one generation is sensibly in advance upon that which immediately preceded it. Thus the Asiatic nations, for example, may be only in one of those early stages of progress when the movement is so slow as to escape superficial attention. Supposing the same conditions to last, the next two or three thousand years of their history may present only a slight improvement of the rate of progress. But the chance, to be sure, is, that European civilisations will break in and communicate an external impulse entirely subversive of the present rate. Perhaps India is at this moment brought up by the British domination to about the ratio at which England itself was in the time of the Heptarchy. The last fifteen years have probably done more for China than any influences at work within her for progress during the last thousand.

There is something sublime both in the vast spaces of time required for the problem, and the accidents by which it may be affected. In a rate like that of most Asiatic nations during the time we have any knowledge of them, a generation is nothing. The individual man wakes into the world, goes on labouring in his course through youth, maturity, and eld, and dies without having been able to appreciate the slow movement of that index on the dial of time. The dust and the memorials of such a set of generations is of scarcely any more importance in the moral retrospect than that well-compacted mass of the leafy honours of many successive summers which we can trace in a stratum of peat-bog. But who can tell when the Interference is to take place? Amidst all the monotony, Providence brings, some morning, a fleet of strangers breathing totally different aspirations, and from that day the ratio of speed is changed. All old things begin to pass away, and men begin to find literally a new heaven and a new earth placed before them.

Even in the most progressive nations a generation is not of much account. Amongst ourselves, seventy years pass, and produce only a number of minor changes. Manners are softened in some particulars; improvements take place in matters affecting the conveniency of life; classes of men take a more enlightened and liberal aspect. But it is given to few such spaces of time to see great revolutions in thought and opinion, in politics, in religion, or in the plan of society. The individual must be content to see only his small part of some of those grand movements, the issues of which form landmarks in history. It were well for the most forward class of minds to see and resign themselves to this view of their lot. Seeing with tolerable fulness and clearness what society is working towards, they are apt to chafe themselves in vain efforts to realise what only shall be vouchsafed to their children's children. Better to reserve themselves in a calm anticipation of the joys to come—glad to think that such things are *to be*, though they shall have gone far hence before they *are*. Minds of this class, by their vehemence, often retard the movement they desire to promote. It is just one of the fatal points in the history of all great causes, that first the tremendous obstructions raised by their injudicious advocates are to be overcome. But this is not all. By aiming directly at remote results, the efforts of the progressive are rendered of comparatively little avail, seeing that remote results are not to be immediately achieved. The true duty of all who wish to see the best interests of humanity developed, is to promote whatever intermediate things promise a partial benefit towards the main object. The generation, in short, should seek to do

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only a generation's work. If it does that well, without attempting anything further, it will be more in the way of a true progress than it could be by the most energetic efforts to propel the general machine beyond the rate of speed which, in spite of everything, the general mind will determine.

This counsel, it must be observed, is only applicable to extreme cases. It would not do to bind down every mind which entertains generous and aspiring views in behalf of humanity to some tame ideal of what is possible to be done in any particular space of time. In fact they will not be so bound down. It is their nature to be ever pressing on the bounds of the practicable; and this, within a certain limit, is an admirable and serviceable feature of such minds, tending to overcome petty difficulties, and really to produce an acceleration of the mass of inertia. One could almost say that there is an idea of progress seated in human nature, and filling a space in what may be called the end or final cause of life. Most men will be conscious, in the latter part of their course, of having originally burst in upon it with a vague consciousness that there was something to be done in the world which they were to have a share in doing. It led them on from year to year, always perhaps getting a little duller, according as it was found unverified, but yet always exercising a sustaining power and forming a lively enjoyment, until at length the approach of the night, which closes man's work, turned their thoughts to other objects too apt to be neglected in the noon and pride of the day. We had almost said that a sense of the vanity of the feeling at last steals over the mind; but surely that cannot be vanity which has an evident place amongst the influences by which the great ends of Providence are worked out. A man's day's work is not a vanity because he sits down weary and perhaps disgusted with it at the close. Neither is this impulse a vanity merely because its force is at last spent. Its effects remain, though perhaps too small to be appreciable. With a reflecting mind the worst disappointment that can take place will be that attending the correction of the original idea that something great and definite was to be done, and to be *seen* done. In at length finding that we can only do our part, and that perhaps a small part, towards some huge result to be realised long after we shall be forgotten, our sense of power will be sensibly mortified; but still we may rest tolerably satisfied with the consideration, that we have done all that God designed a single generation to do in the case. It is scarcely necessary, moreover, to suggest that some higher pulse of joy is yet to be awakened in another state of being in looking down on the accomplishment of the good work to which our mortal hands contributed.

Although there certainly is some such impulse as this in human nature, it obviously is of very different degrees of force in different nations. How vivid among the Anglo-American people—how dull amongst the Esquimaux! But so also is the sense of beauty dull or brutified amongst some people. So also are some nearly deficient in industrial inclinations. If torpid, or at least inactive, amongst the great majority of mankind, so also can it be dispensed with as a source of enjoyment. The poor wanderer of the desert, the miserable savage, the neglected low-living portions of Celtic nations, as the Highland cotters amongst ourselves, will be found content if they only can obtain immediate daily necessaries. Sad, indeed, it is to reflect how to so many on the face of the earth, and from age to age, this mortal life is little better than that of the coral insects or the siliceous animalcules, which only leave their dust for future generations to tread upon! The fact no doubt has its import in the Great Design, though we do not readily see it. But it may meanwhile be allowable to congratulate ourselves on having attained a point so different in human progress, when, in the very idea of that progress, and our workings upon it, some of the purest sources of happiness are laid open to us.

MORAN SHILLELAH.

Some years ago a packet-boat, in which I had sailed from an English port to cross the Channel, was fearfully tossed about in a squall, and finally driven into the open sea far from the place of her destination. The passage, which was generally made in a single day, thus became long and perilous; and it was no small relief when, after being eleven days at sea, we hailed the brig *Swallow*. It received on board the passengers and crew, and took in tow the remains of our little vessel, with its broken mast and shattered rigging. Among the passengers was an aged and venerable-looking Irish priest, whose name, I learned, was Murphy. He was accompanied by a lad—an object perhaps as revolting, at first sight, as any that ever wore the semblance of human form. Moran Shillelah had been an idiot from his birth: he had reached his eighteenth year without having acquired a single idea; he had no articulation, and his only talent appeared to be that of imitating with tolerable exactness the movements which he witnessed. In the midst of the storm he assisted the sailors, accompanying their nautical strains with a singular one of his own, consisting simply of 'La-la,' like the song of a nurse putting a child to sleep. These syllables were modulated to every tone, and made to express every emotion of the poor creature, from the highest joy to the deepest despair or wildest terror. Whether he performed his devotions, or climbed along the masts, or partook of the sailors' rations, or received a glass of grog or quid of tobacco from his new friends, or suffered a manual intimation of the awkwardness of his work, it was the same 'La-la,' varied by intonations, which determined its meaning. At night he crept to the feet of the priest, and fell asleep, lulled by the roaring of the wind and the motion of the vessel's pitching and tossing, which kept alarm awake in every bosom but that which never harboured a hope or fear for the future. The assiduous and self-possessed conduct of Moran in the time of danger gained the good-will of the sailors; and when he was transferred with us to the *Swallow*, its crew became no less favourably disposed towards him.

The fate of Moran was as sudden as it was melancholy. One day he fell from the top of the mast, dashed his head on a hatchway, and was killed on the spot. Every one on board seemed concerned for the event—the cabin-boys, who used to smile and nod when he passed them; the officers, who had sometimes given him brandy; the old sailors, who had repeated his monotonous 'La-la'—all seemed to have lost something; but poor Father Murphy was inconsolable. The crew desired to bury him as a comrade; and the priest consented that they should use their own rites and customs, on condition that, during the ceremony, he might read the Latin prayers of the Romish ritual. The body was sewed up in a hammock, wrapped in sailcloth, and stretched on a trellis, which is generally used for this purpose; two cannon-balls were deposited at the feet, and this mummy-like object was placed between two gun-carriages on the middle-deck.

In ordinary cases, eleven in the morning is the hour for funeral solemnities in English vessels; but in the present, the state of the weather occasioned a delay. The night came, dark, gloomy, and stormy; numerous lanterns were lighted, and attached to the bulwarks at regular distances; and the great mast, hung with lamps up to the yard, swung with its burthen of brightness before the breeze, which was freshening every moment. The great bell summoned the crew: every head was un-

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covered, the rain beat on the naked foreheads of the men, and the spray dashed over the mortal remains of the idiot. I have seen coffins on which names of renown were engraved; I have witnessed funerals rendered pompous by the vanity, theatrical by the affected grief, or revolting by the party spirit that directed the ceremonies: and who is there that has not observed mercantile speculation and thoughts of gain following the most lamented to their long home? But a funeral service on board a ship at night, and in a storm, banishes every trivial thought; and never did I witness obsequies more affecting than those of poor Moran. Imbecile as he was, and the most helpless of mortals, the idiot was the acknowledged possessor of a human, an immortal spirit; and now two different religions met to honour his burial: the wind and storm chanted his funeral dirge; and a crowd of brave mariners stood uncovered round his corpse!

The sea ran high, and the prayer-book of the old priest was drenched with the dashing waves and pouring rain, as he murmured his solemn litany. There was no English chaplain on board, and the captain took on himself the office of reading aloud the service of the Reformed Church. The bell ceased its tolling; all the sailors pressed around the bier, and kept profound and reverential silence. When the captain pronounced the words, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection, when the sea shall give up her dead,' the trellis was heaved into the water; the body, weighed down by the cannon-balls, was engulfed, while the trellis, being lashed to the bulwarks, remained hanging by the ship's side. All was over; the stormy night gave place to a calmer day, and we landed at Ostend.

On the following day it was my lot to be again Mr Murphy's fellow-traveller, and on our way to Paris he related to me the story of the poor idiot in the following words:—

His mother was a widow, who lived some years ago in one of the suburbs of Dublin. A little stall, on which apples and cakes were exposed for sale, constituted all her wealth, and this unfortunate child the sole object of her care and affection. Never was a creature so low in the scale of being honoured with the human name. That continual swinging of the body which you have remarked, and the senseless repetition of the syllables 'La-la,' made up the sum-total of his existence. His confidence in his mother seemed the only instinct by which he was allied to humanity. Some schoolboys in the neighbourhood of the stand delighted in tormenting him, and he had neither strength nor spirit to act on the defensive. When stones were thrown at him, he crouched down, and clung to her side, repeating his plaintive cry. The poor widow was herself a helpless enough being, and could scarcely even protect her little store against the depredations of the boys. She went by no other name than 'the idiot's mother,' and it were useless to relate the many cruel tricks that were played upon her. It is true she was ugly, decrepit, and diseased; and her cry of rage against her persecutors was less like the human voice than the nocturnal hooting of the owl. I had occasion almost daily to pass the corner of College Street, where she kept her stall. At first the sight of the child—half-brute, half-man—appeared disgusting, and there was little in the mother to mitigate the repulsive feeling; but in the end my pity was awakened, and my interest deeply excited.

If that flat head, with low, sloping forehead, hanging jaw, and projecting eye, hardly animated by a vacant stare, made one ready to shrink with horror, God Almighty, whose works are incomprehensible, had placed a heart under this ungainly and almost brutal exterior, a soul of exquisite tenderness, though ignorant of itself. Moran was beneath many a brute in understanding, but above man in the faculty of loving. His mother was all the world to him: when he saw her pray, he imitated her gestures; and at night, when she had lain down on her mat in the garret where she lodged, he would kneel and kiss her feet, murmuring an imperfect litany. No articulate sounds escaped his lips; it was a mental orison without human words. Surely the idea of God had never entered that narrow head; and yet I know not what hymn of gratitude and love may have thus arisen. It seemed a mechanical and instinctive piety towards God and towards his mother: he saw Deity through her; she was to him the visible image of religion, morals, social life, the past, the present, the future. In the morning, at five o'clock, when she went to take her usual stand, he kept a little in advance, looked all round to see if the enemy was in ambuscade, and if he perceived the object of his terror, he ran back, pulled her gown, shrieked his 'La-la' with a loud and terrified voice, and thus put her on her guard. At night, when she folded her stall, and returned home to bed, carrying her goods on her head, and holding the boy by the hand, the children of the purlieus used to run shouting after the idiot; but he hid his head under her old black apron, and sought protection in the maternal bosom.

These wretched beings, who lived but for each other, began to excite my interest, and I endeavoured sometimes to relieve their poverty. In this deep and disinterested maternal love I found a refutation of Rochefoucauld's doctrine; for what enjoyment could she hope from Moran? The idiot absorbed half of her slender gains, and much of her time also was spent in tending the wretched object that could neither put on his clothes, nor attend to the most common wants of his own life. But had you seen her frantic despair one evening that she had left her stall for a few minutes, and missed him on her return, or the relief when she found him soon after in the midst of the highway, flying from a troop of juvenile banditti, screaming his two syllables with a strength that revealed the extremity of his distress!

One day I was surprised to see neither the woman nor child at the corner of College Street. I knew where she lived, and went to see what had happened. Perhaps you have never seen a garret in the purlieus of Dublin, and I will not distress you with its description. I found the poor woman lying dead, the child stretched beside the corpse, holding it in a close embrace, and singing his melancholy ditty in a voice more plaintive than ever. Though incapable of forming sentences himself, he seemed at times to comprehend in part what was said to him. On seeing me enter, accompanied by some people of the house, he rose and fixed his tearful eyes on us; his hand pressed that of the corpse, and his intonation became deeper, as he looked from us to it, and repeated, 'La-la!—la-la!'

He allowed himself to be removed from the body, and sat down on the ground in a dark corner.

'What shall we do with him?' asked the landlord. The idiot lifted a handful of the dust which lay thick on the floor, sprinkled it vacantly on his head, and began again to cry in a clear, sharp, piercing voice, 'La-la!—la-la!'

It wrung my heart to witness the affection of the poor imbecile. I got the mother buried, and took Moran home to my parsonage. For a time he was inconsolable. During the whole of the first year he repeated every morning the syllables with which he used to wake his mother, and in the evening he searched for her and cried. At length, the ceremonies of our worship caught his attention, and diverted him from his sorrow: he imitated the gestures of the peasants, kneeled as they did, and behaved with decorum in the chapel. To listen to the chanting, to inhale the incense, to light the tapers, to follow the processions, became the only pleasures of Moran Shillelah,

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and it would have been barbarous to forbid them. By seeing the mass so often celebrated, he learned to perform the easy duties of an acolyte; and the attachment he had shown towards his mother was gradually transferred to me. If I was sick, he stayed by my pillow; if I was absent for some days, he crouched in a corner of the parsonage, and refused to eat. It might be but the mechanical fidelity that a dog has for its master; but it gained on the heart of a poor priest excluded by his vows from more tender ties, and Moran became very dear to me, in spite of his imbecility.

I was appointed to a curacy in one of the wildest districts of the south. It was a perfect paradise of verdure, the wildest portions of it exhibiting brilliant mosses, and rocks enamelled with flowers. My parsonage was situated near the banks of the Suir, in the county Tipperary—a kind of grotto, artificially ornamented, serving me for a dwelling. There are many Roman Catholic parsonages of this kind in the remoter parts of Ireland, formed in caves, and buried in the moss. If the beauty of the landscape, and the profound quiet of my retreat, were sources of delight, I found in the barbarism of my flock abundant cause of sorrow. It was impossible to discover exactly why they fought, but they fought continually. There seemed to dwell among them a thirst for blood, a passion for murder, without the hope of any advantage to be gained from it; the bad elements of human nature, the mark of Cain, was in them and on them. They complained of nothing; expressed no sense of grievance; yet grouping themselves under different leaders, they killed each other in drink or in play just to pass the time; to feel life astir within them, to create a sight and an object of interest. Factions which neither aimed at nor accomplished anything, had their chiefs; and wars which had no object, had their trophies of death. Their parties of pleasure were almost invariably scenes of blood: these people had nothing to lose but their lives, and these they exposed in very sport. In many cases the exasperation of political and religious animosity added stimulus to this native bravura, and revenge perpetuated it from generation to generation. The history of these peasants was composed of tragic, hideous scenes, mingled in Irish fashion with reckless folly, and even mirthful glee.

Moran and I lived as we could amid this savage population. I was beloved, and the poor imbecile was perhaps more venerated than myself. He never spoke; he was obviously unmoved by human passions; and this alone, in a place where religion was pushed to fanaticism, was sufficient to stamp him with a preternatural character. In the eyes of the Tipperary peasantry Moran was like a marble saint that had descended from the Gothic pilaster. As he had been sheltered from persecution ever since he lived under my protection, and now more than ever felt he had nothing to fear in the sanctuary of the little chapel, all his former timidity was gone: when he passed among the people, dressed, as he chose always to be, in the canonical habit of an acolyte, they saluted him with the deepest respect, and he replied by making the sign of the cross. You cannot conceive what was the influence of Moran's presence in the chapel! His silence, his measured chant, his slow step, his vacant eye, separated him from human kind, and to these ignorant people he seemed a messenger of Heaven—a being above our race!

I had been about six months in this parish, and the fame of Moran's sanctity had spread more than twenty miles round. One morning I could not find him; he had left the house at daybreak, and all my search for him proved fruitless. Three weeks elapsed, and still I could hear no tidings of him, when we met again under singular circumstances.

The county of Tipperary was a prey to the quarrels of two parties, the *Caravats* and the *Shanavests*—Anglice, cravats and old coats. On both sides heroes had been hanged, and the felons received popular canonisation. To tell you why they were enemies is more than I can do; they seemed to hate each other instinctively, under the influence of some hereditary party spirit which few of themselves could explain. The fair days were especially consecrated to the display of their martial fury. On these occasions my pastoral authority was utterly powerless; even the civil and military force failed to make any impression on their habits.

One day in August—a fair day—the heavens shone in all their glory, and the beautiful valley of the Suir presented a lovely aspect. I rose early, and left my dwelling, sad in spirit, I confess, for the absence of the boy. I climbed a neighbouring hill, surmounted with the ruins of a fortress whose interior stairs had resisted the ravages of time, and here I sat down. I watched the long windings of the clear, deep, rapid, powerful river, which set in motion so many corn-mills in its course, and without overflowing its banks, filled with an abundant stream the verdant bod which nature had assigned it. 'Here,' I said, 'is an emblem of genius combined with virtue; here is energy without violence, depth with calmness, and riches without excess.' In the midst of my reflections, my eye wandered over the village of Golden, near which a great many people were collected. I was surprised at their silence; some were seated on the sides of the ditches, others formed into groups scattered over the market-place, but all perfectly quiet, and apparently without occupation or excitement.

Now I heard the sound of horses and arms, and perceived to the left, at the foot of the hill, a detachment of cavalry, accompanied by magistrates on horseback, and a battalion of infantry. It was evident that a disturbance was expected, and I hastened down with sad forebodings. The fair was over; the sale of the cattle had been hurried through; no one had dreamed of overcharging on the one hand, or cheapening on the other; and the peasants, leading away their cows and sheep, seemed impatient to clear the field for the combatants. I found myself in the midst of gigantic, half-naked men, armed with heavy clubs; peasants concealing knives and pike-heads under their brown coats; looks of fury and hatred in every countenance; and too plain it was to me that the storm was about to burst. Just then the bugle sounded, and the soldiers filed off. Called out to suppress the commotion, and seeing no appearance of it, the authorities had beaten a retreat, satisfied that there would be no occasion for their interference. Scarcely were they a quarter of a mile off, when a long shout burst from the multitude. To the cry succeeded a fearful pause; the ranks formed; the two hostile parties, each about fifteen hundred strong, who had been long interdicted by the priest of the adjoining parish from the pleasure of murdering each other, advanced into this valley, which was without the pale of his jurisdiction. Most of them were half-naked, and their weapons consisted of clubs, knives, pikes, swords, and sticks. In front of the Caravats walked a little child, dragging a sack on the ground, and crying with all its might, 'Twenty pound sterling for the head of the Shanavest!' In less than a minute the hostile force turned out from the neighbouring thicket, and the infant herald was struck down with a stone. My blood froze at the sight! I rushed towards the madmen in the hope of restraining them by a religious influence. Stones were flying thick around me; I was struck on the shoulder by an enormous flint, which knocked me down, and I fell between the two bands. I was not recognised, and my secular costume inspired no respect among these furies, most of whom were from the neighbouring villages, and did not know me. I was likely, therefore, to be trampled to death in the onset. After lying a few minutes, I

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know not how many, stunned by the violence of my fall, I opened my eyes again. Both armies were on their knees, and there proceeded from these masses neither cry of triumph nor groan of discontent, but a long deep sob. Some sudden, strange feeling of remorse had seized the whole multitude. I felt a protecting hand on mine, and near me was an unknown being, covered with a white surplice, kneeling with a crucifix in his hand, and murmuring prayers. As soon as I attempted to rise, the joyful intonation of 'Lalé!' burst from his lips, and I recognised the idiot boy.

Moran had been induced to accompany some other devotees on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Patrick, and returned at the critical juncture in full costume. He was barefooted, enveloped, as I have said, in a surplice, carrying the bell at the end of a stick, the rosary hanging at his breast, and an enormous cross, with which he had furnished himself in my sacristy, surmounting his staff. Having seen me fall in the midst of the enraged combatants, he had advanced fearlessly to the spot, stretching out his crucifix towards both parties alternately. He was believed of course to be a celestial mediator, and the people prostrated themselves in adoration. When I looked around, there were above three thousand men in the valley, all silent, and gazing on the idiot with surprise and emotion. The chief of the Caravats kissed the end of his girdle, but the leader of the Shanavests was dead. I was carried home, and the two armies dispersed. Moran and I of course become more than ever inseparable; and when I had occasion to make this journey to Paris, to secure the property of a deceased relative, he could not be left behind.

'My poor, dear Moran!' sobbed the priest, as he finished his narration.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THERE are few persons in the middle and upper ranks of life who, in their meditative moments of joy or melancholy, do not feel that they are thinking poetry, and do not recall unconsciously from the recesses of their memory some snatches of sympathetic song. The poetical pieces commonly summoned by this electric process belong, perhaps in undue proportion, to a single mind, which has contrived to place itself *en rapport* with a wider circle than usual of the refined and intellectual of its fellows. The very power, however, thus exercised over the heart defeats the claims of the poet to personal consideration; for his thoughts are ours, the images that spring up in our fancy are its native produce, and even the sweet tinklings of rhyme that haunt and bewitch our ear seem, through old habit, like the inborn music of our own soul. Numberless are the incidents of our daily existence which give rise to this refining process, conferring a moral life upon the material one, and spiritualising Circumstance, 'the unspiritual god.' Touched by this magic, My Own Fireside are words of power which fill our eyes with delicious tears; the Youngling of the Flock—'the loveliest and the last'—becomes the dove of our weary ark; the flow of time is sanctified by the memories of Ten Years Ago; the first Gray Hair on the brow we love is associated with ideas of imperishable beauty; the Death of the First-born is hallowed to our hearts by its agonies and consolations, and to our fancies by the image of the gentle mother trying to impart the comfort she does not feel—

'She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine!'

These are the titles of only a few of certain gushes of song that many men of the present day will feel to well up in their hearts in the ordinary circumstances of life; and yet, notwithstanding their being constantly reminded by the various printed selections of English poetry, many of them are ignorant, or at least can only recall the fact after consideration, that they are indebted for them all to Alaric Watts.

The writer of purely imaginative poetry is in a different position. His appeals are not to the heart, but to the cultivated faculties. He trains the mind to appreciate his own conceptions, and his identity is never lost sight of even in his loftiest flights. It is for this reason among others that we hail with great pleasure the appearance of the collected works of a poet of the opposite stamp, and in a volume of unrivalled taste and elegance;* but before coming to the book in a more special manner, we would indulge in a few remarks on the style of poetry which is the forte of our author.

The idea that the farther down we go in society, the more nearly we approach the state of nature, is not peculiar to a spurious philosophy: it infects even poetry and poetical criticism. Thus in all ages the poetical language of nature has been put into the mouths of herdsmen and shepherdesses; and from the idyls of Theocritus and the eclogues of Virgil, down to the calendar of Spenser and the pastorals of Browne and Pope, we find the muses and the god of love consorting habitually with the tenders of cattle. This conjunction seems odd to those who are acquainted with the manners of these lowest classes of society, these unskilled workers of our own time, and they make no scruple of suspecting that the pictures it gives rise to are absurd and unnatural. Poets may make an escapade from the world of life to the world of imagination; but when they forsake the realities they know for the realities they do not know, they are no more likely to be successful than their pastoral brother Des Guetaux, who haunted the fields for a whole season with a crook, a pipe, a sword, and the court jacket invented as a badge of distinction by his master Louis XIV., to qualify himself for writing *naturally* about sheep and shepherds!

It must be admitted, however, that the swains of the classical pastoral do not belong to the present working-day world, and that Pope even proposed that it should be lawful to endow them with some unshepherd-like smattering of astronomy, as well as some notions of piety to the gods. But more recent writers conceive that in the humbleness of the employment, and the destitution it implies of all social conveniencies, lies the charm of natural poetry; and in imitating the ancients, they would copy Theocritus only in his rusticity. The poetry of a more advanced stage of society is stigmatised by them as *conventional:* the muse is held to be absurdly out of place in a drawing-room; and the affections that swell beneath an embroidered corsage are regarded as artificial. Such notions have distorted at times even the genius of Wordsworth, and perhaps have permanently injured his fame. A soul like his should have known that we are only now advancing gradually towards our state of nature—that we are in the midst of our progress from the seed to the full-grown tree—and that the angel Poetry has been appointed by God to attend our steps whithersoever we go. No poet of the heart requires to look for his thoughts and images beyond the position in which he is himself placed in society. The world is full of song, if our ears can only catch and our souls comprehend it; and we but lose the music that is actually around us in listening to the indistinct sounds that float in the vague and mysterious distance. For

* Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. With Forty-one Engravings on Steel. London: Longman. 1851.

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this reason the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' considered as a poem of the affections, is a far finer pastoral than the 'Aminta' of Tasso.

The popularity of Alaric Watts's poems is owing to his nice, perhaps instinctive perception of the truths thus alluded to. He finds his muse, not in the fields, not in the woods, not on the mountains, not in the depths, but at the light, warm, elegant fireside of our middle ranks:—

'My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!'

His instrument is neither the Doric reed nor the lofty harp, but that sweet sympathetic lute whose only plectrum is the passing wind—

'A wild, Æolian lute, whose strings,
By nature swayed, no sounds impart,
Save when some fitful feeling flings
Its breeze-like impulse o'er my heart;
But waking gentle echoes oft,
Where prouder strains might fail to move—
Fond, brooding thoughts, and visions soft,
Of fireside peace, and home-bred love.'

The work is characteristically dedicated to his *wife*, to whom he presents, with kindly, loving, yet courtly gallantry, the revelations not only of his inner life, but of his personal and social existence; and the fitness of this dedication will be recognised when we say that Mrs Watts is the author of some of the pieces which rank with all but the best of her husband's.

In the 'Poet's Home' we are presented, in poetical language, with a picture of the every-day scene with which taste and competence would surround a refined and intellectual man of the middle rank; and it is curious to compare it with the 'Home of Taste' of Ebenezer Elliott, where the proud mechanic, 'rich as a king, and less a slave,' sits throned in his elbow-chair reading Locke, with his foot resting on an actual carpet! They are *both* homes of taste; the pieces are both genuine poetry; and they both throw around our hearts the link, to use the words of the laureate of the working-classes—

——— 'the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs.'

The poet of Alaric Watts has more numerous and elegant requirements. You find your way to his cottage through all the wealth of woods and waters, and in entering, have to bend your head beneath the tendrils of the jasmine—

'Bright confusion revels there,
And seldom had a realm more fair:
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined;
Tomes of wild, romantic lore,
Culled from Fancy's richest store:
(Caskets full of gems sublime
From the teeming sea of Time;)
Poets, Fame herself hath crowned,
People all the walls around.

* * * *

Mystic fragments strew the ground,
Like the oracles profound
Of the Delphic prophetess,
And as difficult to guess!
Crystal vases filled with flowers
Fresh from evening's dewy bowers;
Knots of ribbon, locks of hair,
Love-gifts from his lady fair;
Violets, blue as are the eyes
That awake his softest sighs,
And reward his love-sick lays
With their smiles of more than praise;
Here, a broken, stringless lute;
There, a masquer's antic suit;
Fencing foils, a Moorish brand,
Trophies strange from many a land,
Memory's lights to many a scene
Where his roving steps have been:
Armour bright of one who bore
Chivalry's tried lance of yore;
Breast-plate rich, and shield of price,
Veined with many a quaint device;
Sword of proof, and mailèd glove,
With the crested helm above;
And many a pictured form of grace,
Many a sweet but pensive face,
Stamped in beauty's richest bloom,
Sheds its halo through the room;
Like the smile of primal Light,
Making even Chaos bright!'

All these are what Elliott calls 'a bridge of rainbows' across the gulf of wo; and Watts, with the same poetical philosophy, holds them forth as the true medicaments for a wounded and wearied mind. The following is part of a remonstrance to a friend who complained of being 'all alone:'—

'Not all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage;
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a consecrated page:
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore, are still thine own;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh, how canst thou be all alone?

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call—
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft is His tenderest mercy shown;
Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!'

With elegant tastes like these—a connoisseur of art, and a worshipper of music—it may easily be conceived how Alaric Watts, gifted with the power of flinging his thoughts into melodious verse, should have been able to exercise the influence we have described over the hearts and imaginations of others. Look, for instance, at his manner of recalling the image of one of those girl-loves whom even the grown man remembers with a start and a thrill, and a look of wonder and

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almost incredulity thrown into the abysm of the past:—

'We met when hope and life were new,
When all we looked on smiled,
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments sweet as wild:
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring;
The bloom, that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shown:
The touch, that thrilled us with delight;
The glance, by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaimed.

We parted, chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bowed;
And blessings died upon my tongue
I dared not breathe aloud—
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand;
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
Of magic power to me;
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee:
And long through many an after-year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on!'

The touch of nature in these lines, where the boy is represented as striving for wealth and fame for the sake of his girl-mistress, reminds one of the delicious verses of Motherwell to Jeanie Morrison. It is in such passages that Watts is most powerfully *felt;* they rise upon us like thoughts and memories of our own, which we wonder to find appropriated by another. The following is one of these fine, and, we think, original thoughts:—

'He never said he loved me;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name!'

Among the gems of this volume are descriptions that occur here and there of works of art. We can merely mention, as belonging to this class, the verses on a picture by Howard, 'A Lady in a Florentine Costume,' which is too long for quotation; but we are tempted to extract two stanzas from a poem on the Sleeping Cupid of Guido:—

'But who would wound a breast so passing fair?
Look! in immortal beauty where he lies:
His flushed cheek pillowed on his hand; his hair
Clustering, like sun-touched clouds in summer skies,
Around his glorious brow; his twice-sealed eyes
With silken-fringèd lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve; and lips whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms, all sweetness and repose.

Hush! for a footfall may disturb his sleep;
Hush even your breathing, for a breath may break
His visioned trance! But no, 'tis deep, most deep;
The last low sigh of evening fans his cheek,
And stirs his golden curls; the last bright streak
Of parting day is fading from the west;
Dim clouds are gathering round yon mountain's peak,
Yet still he sleeps: and his soft-heaving breast,
Bright wings, brow, lips, and eyes, are redolent of rest.'

The reader will be struck with the gracefulness of manner so remarkable in these stanzas; but the following is quite a curious specimen of the mastery our poet has acquired over style. It is a paraphrase of the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter of the book of Ruth, and it appears to us to be absolutely perfect of its kind:—

'Intreat me not to leave thee so,
Or turn from following thee;
Where'er thou goest I will go,
Thy home my home shall be!

The path thou treadest, hear my vow,
By me shall still be trod;
Thy people be my people now;
Thy God shall be my God!

Reft of all else, to thee I cleave,
Content if thou art nigh;
Whene'er thou grievest I will grieve,
And where thou diest, die!

And may the Lord, whose hand hath wrought
This weight of misery,
Afflict me so, and more, if aught
But death part thee and me!'

We regret that we must not illustrate our opening remarks by still finer specimens; for these, numerous as they are, have been already appropriated by the various books of selections that have from time to time appeared during the last score of years. It may be well, however, to inquire into the real merits of a poet so different from the rest of the tuneful throng around him; and this resolves itself into an inquiry into the relative merits of the poetry of the imagination and the poetry of the heart. The former was wholly unknown to the ancients; and although in this country its beginnings may be traced in the age of Elizabeth, a long interval followed, studded with illustrious names, coming down even to our own day, all of which belonged to the original faith. At this epoch Shelley and Keats may be considered as the revivers, if not the institutors, of the imaginative school; and at the present moment there are few writers of note who do not belong to it.

The defects of this school consist chiefly in its extravagance, for imagination in itself is an essential element of poetry; but its great error is, that its appeals are made to the few, not to the many—that it looks upon poetry as an exercise of the wit or ingenuity, not as an instinctive revelation of the heart. Read any one of its finest productions to a mixed audience of the learned, the ignorant, the vulgar, and refined, and see how small a proportion of the listeners will even affect to be stirred into sympathy or enthusiasm! It has often occurred to us that the delight even of the initiated may have somewhat of the same origin as that which is inspired by one of those intricate pieces of music where a popular melody meanders, like a line of silver, through the cloud of wild variations that accompany it. We are bewildered and carried away by the art of the composer, as he whirls us into unknown regions; but when we come once more upon the thread of genuine song, we recognise it with a burst of admiration which we suppose to be elicited by the composition as a whole. On this principle the exquisite bits of nature we meet with in Tennyson redeem his affectations and impenetrable obscurities.

Poetry, like religion, is addressed to all classes of mankind. It has no mysteries but those of the heart, which the learned can no more comprehend than the ignorant. Its sentiment is universal, though its materials are different: the lyrics of Burns, though dealing in unknown images, are as well appreciated in the palace as in the cot. If the purely imaginative school of the present day owes its popularity to anything more than

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a passing taste, then the world, from the Homeric era downwards, has been mistaken in its views of the catholic nature of poetry. But we venture to think that we are just now in one of those lulls that occur periodically in all the affairs of time, and that by and by we shall again listen to the master touch that makes 'the whole world kin.' In the meantime, so far as the poetry of the affections is concerned, Rogers must be considered to occupy the vanishing point in the procession of the past, and Alaric Watts to follow, in the present generation, with devout and reverent steps.

So much for the nature of the poetry: with regard to the *book*, it stands, as we have said, among works of the kind unrivalled in taste and elegance. We are not in the habit of wearying our readers with notices of artists of whose genius we could offer no specimen in justification of our opinions; and all we shall say, therefore, on the subject of the illustrations is, that they are forty-one in number; and that, taking them generally, they are exquisitely engraved after many of the first painters of the present and recent times. This, in fact, will be a permanent work; for if the poems should be hereafter reprinted in a cheaper form, the volume will still remain in the cabinets of the lovers of art.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

THE ZUYDER ZEE—KAMPEN—THE DILIGENCE—ZWOLLE—FELLOW-PASSENGERS—MEPPEL—WALK TO FREDERICKSOORD.

It was on a bright Sunday morning that the steamboat in which I had taken my passage to Kampen started punctually at six o'clock from the pier at the Haring Pakkerij, the general rendezvous of travelling craft. The view of Amsterdam, as seen from a distance on the IJ, is singularly novel and striking: the city seems to rise directly from the water without any solid foundation; and but for the steeples, and here and there a higher edifice than common, you might fancy it to consist of a screen of houses only, for there is no raised background of streets or buildings, such as form picturesque effects in many towns on the coasts of other countries. Scarcely a shade of smoke was visible; and the sloping sunbeams flashed and twinkled from gilded weathercocks, brightly-painted gables, and long rows of windows, shifting rapidly as our vessel cut the water. Presently we shot past the point where the IJ unites with the Zuyder Zee, and I had taken my last look of Amsterdam. We had left the pier in company with another steamer; but here our courses diverged: she was bound to Hoorn and the Helder, while our direction lay across to the eastward. There was just breeze enough to temper the heat, and produce a gentle rolling swell, and make the trip agreeable. The shallowness of the water was indicated by its pale sandy hue, varied occasionally by a darker tinge as we passed over a deeper hollow. Its calms are not less acceptable to dwellers on its shores than to travellers on its surface; for it is the most terrible watery foe with which the Dutch have to contend. At one time—about the tenth century, as is supposed—a fresh-water basin, Lake Flevo, lay somewhere in the region now covered by the southern half of the *Zee*. It received the Yssel, and discharged a stream into another lake, and from thence by the Vlie to the sea, then fifty miles distant. In 1170, Lake Flevo rose to such a height, that the water spread over the land as far as Utrecht, and the people of that town caught fish from the walls. The dimensions of the lake, and the liability to further destruction, were greatly increased by this flood. In 1230, one hundred thousand persons were drowned in Friesland; and from this date the encroachments were rapid: the barrier islands on the sea-board were diminished in size, and the channels between them deepened, so as to admit the passage of large ships. By the wasting action of successive inundations, the *Zee* grew to nearly its present extent—80 miles long, and from 20 to 40 wide—by the beginning of the fifteenth century. On some occasions the water has stood eight feet above the surface of the dikes in Friesland and Guelderland, which two provinces are most exposed to danger from the Zuyder Zee: in them the loss of life and property has been in the highest degree severe and lamentable. The risk along these inland shores is far greater than on the Atlantic coast. The wind most dreaded is one which obeys the circular law of storms, beginning at the south, then sweeping gradually round, and blowing for a time from the north-west. This pours in such a heaped-up mass of water from the German Ocean and Arctic Sea, that the dams, except under extraordinary circumstances, are too low to repel it, and meadows and farms, towns and villages, are overwhelmed. The tide runs with great velocity through the channels between the islands, particularly at the Helder, or Hell's-door, as the Dutch name signifies, applied doubtless because of the furious currents, as was the term Hell-gate to the swift and confined tide-race in the East river, a few miles above New York, about which Washington Irving has written a pleasant legend. The growth of the Zuyder Zee (Southern Sea) has thus resembled that of the Haarlemmer Meer, but on a much grander scale. The successful results in the drainage of the latter have led several enterprising individuals to believe that the larger expanse, or a portion of it, could also be laid dry. The average depth of the two is about the same, excepting certain cavities in the Zuyder which are very profound. Hence the formation of a barrier dike in water not more than twelve feet deep appears to be a less impracticable undertaking than would be supposed possible on a first impression. The project—as yet only talked of—is to construct a dike, with buttresses and floodgates across the narrowest part of the Zee, from Medemblik or Enkhuysen, on the peninsulated portion of North Holland, to Stavoren in Friesland. The reclamation of so large an extent of land would be an important addition to the safety and prosperity of the Dutch nation, and prove the most famous of their territorial conquests. The cost, as estimated, would be L.5,000,000 sterling.

The distance from Amsterdam to Kampen is sixty miles: the passage occupies about six hours. We were for some time altogether out of sight of land. Gradually the isles of Urk and Schokland rose in the view. Had time permitted, I would have liked to visit one or the other of those lonely dependencies; for a singular and primitive state of manners prevails among the inhabitants. They build their houses above the ground on piles, and have but little communication with the mainland. The clergyman of each place would doubtless be able to speak French, and thus any difficulties from an unrefined provincial dialect would be overcome.

There was remarkably little intercourse among our passengers: smoking was evidently a more acceptable occupation than talking, and not a few drank gin and bitters. However, I contrived to engage one in conversation who knew a little French and English: he was ready to hear about the social habits and mechanical exploits of Englishmen. Indeed I scarcely spoke to a person in Holland who, next to his own country, did not profess the highest admiration of England, and, above all, for her noble example (so they called it) in free trade. The Great Exhibition, too, was a favourite topic; and if but half of those who declared their intention of visiting it do really come, we shall have much ado to find accommodation for them. After a while, my companion observed that the English and the Dutch ought to be good friends, for there was so much in common between the two languages; 'and if you go to Friesland,' he added, 'you will find still more striking

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instances. Some words are precisely the same, and the saying goes—

'Butter, bread, and green cheese,
Is good English and good Fries.'

Towards noon the low shores of Overyssel and Gnelderland came full in sight. We were approaching what looked like a long narrow reef; presently we turned its extremity, and had entered what is called the *Ketel diep*, the channel which serves to prolong and render navigable the mouth of the Yssel. The combined action of the stream and the tides has here formed a shoal, which in some places rises above the surface of the water, and in others is strengthened by the usual means—bundles of willow sticks, so as to produce a continuous bank nearly two miles in length. Coarse tangle and flags grow from its muddy surface, and help to solidify it, and afford shelter for numerous flocks of sea-birds, which darted about in short jerking flights, and shrieked discordantly when disturbed by the noise of our paddles. Midway upon it stands a small rude hut, built of wattle and straw, tenanted by a fisherman, whose boat was moored close by: a more dreary residence could hardly be imagined. Ten minutes more, and we were fairly within the river: on our left some hundred head of cattle were grazing in a spacious meadow—the Stads-veld, or common field of the town. Opposite, on the right, stood Kampen with its three spires, pleasantly situated on the rising bank. The town holds ancient rights over a portion of the adjacent Zee. From time to time land has been reclaimed from the water; and this has become so valuable, that the municipal imposts are lighter than at any other town in the country. Provisions are consequently cheap; and Kampen has thus become a favourite residence of half-pay officers and other persons of moderate income. They can live here with small means in greater comfort than elsewhere. This fact would perhaps account for the multitude of respectable-looking people waiting the steamer's arrival. The day before, I had made inquiries at the office in Amsterdam as to the best means of getting to Fredericksoord: but on this point the clerks were ignorant: they thought I might gain some information at Kampen. Immediately, therefore, on landing, I pursued my inquiries; for some time in vain, until the agent, pressing through the crowd that had gathered round, came up and said, 'Mynheer, you must take the diligence to Meppel.' This, on the map, did not appear to be the most direct route, but he assured me there was no other; I therefore paid my fare, which, instead of one florin, as advertised, was two and three-quarters, the difference being made because I had not taken a ticket at Amsterdam for the whole distance. It was the only instance of advantage being taken of me during my journeyings. The diligence was waiting; I got into the coupé, where two young men were already seated, and off we went.

Excepting occupation for the eye, I expected rather a dull ride; but we had scarcely cleared Kampen, when my opposite, addressing me in English, asked, 'Are you going to Zwolle?' I was somewhat surprised to hear my native tongue in this remote corner of the land, and well pleased to have the opportunity to converse with so intelligent an individual as he in question proved to be. In reply, I stated my intention to visit the pauper colonies at Fredericksoord. 'Ah,' he said, 'you don't find many people who know much about them, or where they are. I don't myself; but you wont be far wrong at Meppel. I should like to talk to you—my name's Klinkenberg.'

The country we now traversed was less flat than at the south of the Zuyder Zee: the occasional elevations were, however, very slight, and large districts are flooded every winter. It is mostly pasture land, but wild-looking, and ill kept, showing that the Dutch are yet in the secondary or mechanical stage of agriculture. They have plodded through the rough preliminaries, and there remained stationary, making few or no endeavours after the refinements of cultivation, notwithstanding that theological students receive instruction in agriculture, so as to be able to diffuse the knowledge in their respective parishes when they become ministers. Besides ditches, there must be a well-combined system of tile-drains before land can be brought into anything like a fertile condition; and steam must be employed instead of wind to remove the surplus waters. The latter element is too uncertain, for a freshet may occur while crops are on the ground, and destroy them, unless prompt means of drainage are at command, such as have produced extraordinary effects in our Lincolnshire fens. A ten-horse power engine will drain a thousand acres. The first cost of such a machine will be less than L.1 per acre, and its maintenance afterwards 2s. 6d. per acre; and its work in a few days will exceed months of windmill drainage. It is easy to see that in implements and other agricultural appliances the Dutch are far behind the English. Still, improvements have been made; the impetus of free trade has roused an appearance, if not the reality, of enterprise in Holland. Even within the last two or three years, the lands on which we looked from our vehicle have changed very much for the better. A ready market for cattle and grain is the immediate exciting cause, and wherever I went, I heard the remark, 'England has done well for Dutch farmers: if any one in our country is well off, it is the farmer. He has plenty of money, slaps his pocket, holds his head high, and goes into the towns and buys stocks.' The latter practice is perhaps too prevalent, and money is invested in the 'Frankfort Threes' or the 'Amort. Synd.' which ought to be expended in improving the land. It is to be presumed that, with such advantages accruing to the exporters, the importers and consumers on this side are equally benefited.

English is much studied in Holland: scarcely a mercantile counting-house in which one or more of the clerks cannot speak it, as well as French and German, in addition to their own language. M. Klinkenberg was no exception, and he, as in all other cases that came within my notice, preferred English to French. 'We can speak French at any time,' he said, 'but we are always glad to speak English whenever opportunity offers, for the sake of the exercise.' He will never complain that I, for one, did not encourage his linguistic efforts to the utmost. He had been on business to Rotterdam, and was now returning to Groningen, his native place. It appears that the difficulty of obtaining a situation in Holland is not less great than in our own country. A youth is expected to enter a counting-house and work three or four years for nothing, after which he will receive a salary of 400 florins a year, raised subsequently to 600, 800, and 1000. Sometimes 1500 are given, and my friend hoped to secure a post with this amount of emolument. To dress befitting his situation costs him 250 florins a year; 30 florins for a second-rate paletot, to say nothing of under-garments. Board and lodging costs from 30 to 60 florins a month; and taking the highest rate, 1000 florins a year just enable a man to live respectably. Some, however, contrive to save from 100 to 200 florins annually out of their income.

As the diligence was to stop for an hour at Zwolle, we agreed to dine together. In due time we arrived at the town, the capital of Overyssel. The vehicle went at a walking pace through the streets, and stopped at the door of an hotel; and here I found the walls of the public-room well furnished with maps, plans, time-tables, &c. We ordered a *biefstuk*, which was presently set before us, with pickles and potatoes. My request for a glass of beer received the reply which seems to be invariably given to foreigners in Holland, 'The beer is bad!' whereupon we each took a quarter bottle of wine.

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The meat, though acceptable to hungry travellers, was another verification of the oft-repeated assertion, that you cannot get a good beef-steak out of London. After dinner, we took a hasty walk through some of the streets, not daring to stray far, as starting-time is most rigidly kept, whether on land or water, in the Netherlands. One or two of the police of the town are generally in attendance to see the vehicle off, as was the case at our departure; and immediately that the stroke of two sounded from the tall church-tower close by, we drove out of the inn-yard. There were now two new passengers with us—one a pedlar, the other a horse-dealer; the former had a heavy pack of threads, tapes, cutlery, and looking-glasses, which he hoped to sell in a peregrination along the byways of Drenthe and Groningen to the frontiers of Hanover—a portion of the country which presents few or no natural beauties to relieve the weariness of travel. All except myself were smokers, and the most assiduous I ever saw. No sooner was one cigar or pipe burnt out, than another was lighted—a ceaseless fumification! Had it not been for the motion causing a draught through the open windows, the annoyance would have been intolerable. Tobacco can be bought so cheap in Holland—some as low as fourpence per pound—and the atmosphere is so depressing, that the universality of smoking is not much to be wondered at. Besides which, by leaving some few articles of luxury and necessity to the people at small cost, the government carries out its policy the better—that is, with less of interference—in greater matters. Like ourselves, the Dutch have to provide an enormous sum every year in the shape of interest upon debt before the other demands of the state can be supplied.

There was no lack of population along the line of route; wherever we passed a cottage or two, or a village, there the peasantry were strolling lazily about, or lounging under the shade of a hedge, engaged in rustic gossip. All were dressed in their Sunday attire, and as nearly every man and boy wore a scarlet neckerchief, the effect of their costume was enlivened. Some of the men had on tight-fitting striped vests of purple cotton, and loose drawers, decorated with numerous rows of glittering bell buttons, reminding you of the tumblers and posture-masters that make their appearance at fairs. Every woman wore her *oor ijzer*, ear-iron, as it is called, whatever the metal may be; but with the exception of a few who had on the gold plates peculiar to Friesland—extremely hot and heavy they are under a scorching sun—their heads were encircled with a fillet or hoop of silver or polished iron, from which a straight piece descended on either side, and covered the ears, just as is seen on the iron skull-caps of fighting men of former days. These were the embellishments of maidens and matrons. The youngest girls looked less comely, for their heads were covered with a tight-fitting cap of red cloth or cotton, bordered by what resembled a shaggy black worsted boa. The sight of them set you thinking of woolly-headed African warriors frizzed up to look terrible on the eve of a battle. There were numbers of pigs too, grunting in nooks and corners, or wallowing in stagnant pools, showing that the people were possessed of available resources. These cottagers get, as farm-labourers, from three to four florins a week wages; the average during summer is a half-florin a day; in winter twenty cents (fivepence). Most of them, however, have a large garden or small farm of their own, which is frequently cultivated by the wife, while the husband goes to work at one of the extensive farms in Friesland. On several of these, which are worth 200,000 florins, it is not unusual to keep from thirty to forty horses.

The country as we went on became somewhat picturesque. At intervals it was thickly wooded, and here and there you caught glimpses of shady winding lanes, such as you hardly expect to see out of England, or of a stripe of green that looked like a forest glade as it ran far among the trees, seeming the more cool and inviting in contrast with the extreme heat of the weather. The smooth brick-paved highways of Holland, by facilitating locomotion without jolting, enable you to look about without inconvenience; and the journey, which I had fancied would be dull, proved, on the contrary, very pleasant—always excepting tobacco smoke. There was no want of conversation; each one knew something that was novel or interesting to the others, and we kept up the talk with right good fellowship. M. Klinkenberg pressed me strongly to go on with him to Groningen. 'We shall arrive at midnight,' he said, 'and to-morrow you will see the finest square in Holland.' I was under the necessity of declining the invitation, on which he urged the university, and the interest there would be in observing affinities of language; 'for,' he added, 'we are not far from Friesland, and we say—

> Butter, and bread, and green cheese;
> Die dat niet sessen kan is geen opreght Fries.'

This was another version of what I had heard on board the steamer in the morning. The last line means—'He who can't say that, is not a genuine Fries.' But all his persuasions failed to make me change my plans.

At five o'clock we came suddenly between scattered groups of people sauntering along the hot bare road, while on each side lay grassy meadows and hedgerow paths across the fields quite deserted. They were some of the inhabitants of Meppel, a clean little town, into which we presently drove. On making inquiries at the inn where the diligence changed horses, I ascertained that Fredericksoord was three hours distant by way of Steenwyk, on the high road to Leeuwarden. I bade adieu to my friendly companion, and walked on without any delay. All the population, as might have been supposed, were in the streets indulging themselves with a stroll prior to evening service, and numbers were congregated in the market-place, where several fruit-stalls were set up, and loud cries resounded of *kersen!*—'cherries, two-and-a-half cents the pound!' Apparently a pedestrian traveller, with a knapsack at his back, was a sight not often seen in the locality, for every eye was on me as I passed, and once or twice a party of boys sent a derisive shout after me. There was very little touching of hats here as compared with the practice in the southern provinces.

Soon after turning into the Leeuwarden road, I came to a long slope, a great earth-wave, as it were, a mile broad, stretching far away across the country. From the top of this the steeple of Steenwyk was visible, and a wide expanse of bare and dreary-looking landscape. I fancied myself close to the village; but so numerous and deceptive were the sinuosities of the route, that it took me more than two hours to accomplish the distance. Here, as at Meppel, the people were out walking or sitting about on patches of grass in quiet enjoyment. There was no noise in their Sunday recreation. Just before entering the place, you leave the highway, and take a cross-road to Fredericksoord, which, as a cattle-driver informed me, was a *dik uur*—literally, a *thick* hour, farther. The route lay across the broadest meadows I ever saw; the eye could not take in their limit; but though a route, it could scarcely be called a road. It was a loose sandy track on the green plain, into which your foot sinks and slides back with every step, and you find out, if you never knew before, what really fatiguing walking is. In winter it must be nearly or quite impassable. A row of short white posts are inflxed along its margin at regular distances, probably to serve as guides in uncertain states of the weather. An hour passed: still no signs of my destination; the league was indeed a *thick* one!

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Now a turn in the road brought me among scattered trees, wild and straggling hedges, where labourers' cottages from time to time presented their high-pitched gables to the route, with the eaves of the roof descending to about four or five feet from the ground. There was little about them indicative of Dutch cleanliness or neatness. The sun had set, and I was beginning to feel weary, when I came to a plantation of oaks forming a pleasant avenue, at the end of which stood what appeared to be an arched gateway—it was the white-painted frame of the bridge over a canal. I crossed, and was in Fredericksoord. Lines of trees that seemed interminable stretched away in the dusk before me; immediately on the left stood a long low building—it was the *logement*, or inn. My entrance surprised the elderly host and hostess; the latter, however, bustled about, and prepared tea for me. As a matter of course, I had to tell who I was, where I came from, and where I was going. When they heard that I had come to see the colony, they sent, without acquainting me with their purpose, to apprise the director of the fact. His residence adjoined the inn, and I was yet at table when he paid me a visit.

After reading the document, he made a few general remarks, with a view to ascertain the precise object of my visit, and promised to send me in the morning a guide who could speak French, to conduct me over the establishment, and show me all that I desired to see.

THE BONZE'S VISION OF YEARS.

When St Francis Zavier and the learned bonze Fucarondona, in the middle of the sixteenth century, concluded their celebrated dispute, on which the faith of the entire court and city of Fucheo had been supposed to depend, they parted in mutual astonishment—St Francis at the bonze's inveterate prejudices, which stood out against the host, notwithstanding all the logic he had spent upon him; and the bonze at the saint's obstinate refusal to believe, according to the doctrine of transmigration, that he had sold him a quantity of cheap silks at a certain Eastern port exactly five hundred years before. The bonze departed to his college, after intimating to the authorities his private opinion as to the management of troublesome strangers; while St Francis returned to mass-saying and sermons. But excepting a large increase of the bonze's popularity, and some half-dozen converts to the new doctrine, things in Fucheo went on much as they had done before the saint landed or the bonze emerged from his college.

So closed the year 1549, and dawned that of 1550, on the capital of the ancient and powerful kingdom of Bungo; but the close and dawn found place only in the reckoning of St Francis and his few missionary brethren. The nations and empires around them in the far East had followed a different computation through many a dynasty, and being zealous for orthodoxy in all its forms, the saint particularly enforced on his converts a consideration of the 1st of January, as it was recognised throughout Europe at that old-style period. The more effectually to fix this part of his teaching in their remembrance, he determined to celebrate that New-Year's Day with a mass, and a sermon of unusual length and solemnity, at which their presence was specially enjoined. St Francis and his assistant counted the proselytes carefully when they assembled at an old warehouse built by early Portuguese traders in the city, from which the mission records tell us he had ejected certain spiritual inhabitants long in undisturbed possession, by converting their chosen apartment into an extemporary chapel. But one of the flock was missing. In spite of clerical commands, Nanqui, the sandalwood-merchant, was nowhere to be seen. His defalcation was not to be passed over in silence, for Nanqui was at once the least certain and the most important of the proselytes. He was of true Japanese descent; his family had been reckoned among the nobility of Bungo; he was believed to be learned beyond the wont of merchants, and his trade in sandalwood was considerable.

It was therefore without surprise that his subordinate brethren of the mission saw the Apostle of the Indies, as soon as mass and sermon were over, clothed in the identical ragged gown in which he had rebuked the pride of the Venetians, and denounced wrath upon the vices of Malacca, take his way to the house of Nanqui, to seek an explanation of his absence. Nanqui did no business that day, as his porter informed all inquirers, but sat in an upper room, into which only his counting-sticks and customers of special mark were ever admitted; for the merchant kept his accounts in Eastern fashion, with the help of the aforesaid instruments, and his money was believed to be deposited in that room. The saint was nevertheless admitted without ceremony, to find his proselyte engaged with neither counting-sticks nor coin, but with a thin volume, such as composed the most select libraries of his country. It was bound with japanned wood, and written on silken leaves. A faint suspicion of relapse or heresy crossed the mind of Zavier; but, true to the policy of his order, no trace of it appeared in glance or tone, when, after responding to sundry Japanese compliments, and being established on the seat of honour in the centre of the room, he inquired, 'What has happened to detain my son from mass on this morning of the Christian year?'

Nanqui in reply explained that his great ancestor, Kori Qu, on whom the hundred and fifty-fifth sako of Japan had conferred the yellow sash and dignity of perpetually silent bonze, and who was known from Cochin to Kamtchatka as 'the divider of time,' from the improvements he had effected in the Japanese calendar, having attained to both his honours and wisdom chiefly by the revelation contained in that volume, had commanded not only his own descendants, but all who desired instruction, to read it on the first day of every year. In compliance with this injunction the prudent trader in sandalwood endeavoured to compromise matters between his family saint and his adopted teacher by transferring the old duty to the Christian New-Year's Day.

'It is doubtless an excellent book,' said St Francis, who perceived that the merchant's pride in his great ancestor had still the advantage of his later faith, and whose knowledge of the Japanese language belonged rather to the practical than the literary order. But even the saint was curious regarding what a perpetually silent bonze had to say, and therefore added, 'Let me also hear the wisdom of so renowned a sage?'

Thus requested, Nanqui placed himself in that most reverent of Japanese postures, on his heels, turned back the few silken leaves he had read over, and recommenced his ancestor's narrative in a tone of self-satisfied humility:—

'Kori Qu, chief of the silent bonzes, by whom this tale was written, was once a schoolmaster in the town of Teik See. In those days the teachers of youth were honoured, but none more than Kori Qu, for through the judicious method of instruction, and the general exercise of the bamboo, for which his school was celebrated throughout Japan, he sent forth many distinguished scholars, to shine in court and temple. Besides serving his country to this extent, the schoolmaster was renowned for his skill in stars and seasons—navigators from every port sent to consult him as to lucky days for sailing, and families of the first rank arranged their marriage feasts according to his announcements of benignant planets. His school was flourishing, his household prosperous, and he had completed a correction of the calendar, which had been his secret study for fifteen years, and was to make his name famous in the annals

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of the East—yet there remained in his days one root of sorrow, for his only son, Linn Ho, had hitherto defied his utmost efforts to make him a scholar. It grieved the soul of Kori Qu to think that there should be no heir or successor to his fame, when he had gone to join the other sages of earth in the moon. He thought with inward bitterness of the remarks which common men might make on the notelessness of his son; for Linn Ho was growing fast to man's estate, and his long-despairing father sat in the now empty school, casting a last earnest look over his laborious correction, which was to be submitted to the sako's inspection next day, while his family were engaged in preparing the feast of time, to be celebrated as soon as the gongs of Teik See should announce that another year had commenced, for it was the evening of the vernal equinox.

"It is complete," said he at last, finishing the survey; "his sublimity will doubtless approve, and distant times will rank my name with those of the sages who have taught men to reckon their years. Yet I cannot teach mine own son a tithe of the knowledge I have gathered," continued Kori Qu, the shadow rapidly following the sunshine of his soul, as he recollected how many blunders Linn Ho had that day made among the five ancient dynasties in the hearing of the school. From that grievous fact the father's mind naturally reverted to his own school-days, and the triumphs of learning he had achieved, to the envy of rival scholars and the glory of his teachers. "Small were their pains and great their reward compared with mine," said Kori Qu, with a half-grudging remembrance of the labour he had expended not only on his own, but on other people's sons, how poorly it had been recompensed, and how lightly esteemed; for the schoolmaster felt that in this respect morals and manners had degenerated since his youth.

'Just at that point his reflections were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a strange company: they were men belonging to no nation of which he had ever heard or known, yet their faces seemed familiar as those of old friends, and he marvelled how or in what manner he had offended them, for almost every one looked reproachfully upon him. Kori Qu was skilled in politeness as well as in learning, and he rose to make his compliments; but they were cut short by the oldest of his visitors, a man of simple look and flaxen hair, who said,

"Master of Teik See, thou hast grown wise and famous; the youth of the province crowd to thy school for instruction, and rich men inquire of thee concerning the stars, but we are thy teachers, whose lessons thou hast neglected, and whose wisdom thou hast despised. We have counselled thee in all thy goings under the sun. We have opened to thee the page of knowledge, and made known the mysteries of life. Instructor of the simple, let us behold some recompense of our labour!"

"Friend," said Kori Qu, his wrath and good-breeding striving hard for command, "I owe you nothing: ye never were teachers of mine, though your faces are not strange to me. Where we have met I know not; but this is certain, that I studied languages at the chief school of Fucheo, and science in the college of Jeddo, the records of which will testify to the fact. I say it in all humility that my masters were honourably paid, duly reverenced, and undoubtedly proud of their scholar."

"All but us!" cried the whole company in chorus. "Dost thou think to deny us, because it is said we are dead and forgotten? Know that we are of those who never die. Our shadows haunt the memories of men on earth, and we reckon with our scholars before the judge of the grave. Therefore, oh master of Teik See, refuse not now our claims!"

"It may be that my memory has slept," said Kori Qu; for a great fear fell upon him, as he perceived that not only were their faces indefinitely known to him, but that he had a dim recollection of having somehow before seen the volume which every one carried in his hand. "It may be that the voices of the past have forsaken me; but what books are these?"

"They contain the lessons we have taught thee; know them at least if thou hast forgotten thy teachers," said the flaxen-haired man opening his volume. Like all the rest, it looked used and worn. Its binding was plain boards, and its leaves of coarse bark paper, like the books allotted to young scholars in Japan; but with those poor pages, as the stranger rapidly turned them, there came up pictures of a low dwelling among rice-fields by a river which he knew, of children at play under tamarind-trees, and of many a group in which the learned schoolmaster recognised his mother's face. He stretched his hand for the book, but the stranger shut it, and stepped back to make room for a man of bolder aspect, who opened his before him. It had been gay with gilding and painted flowers; and as its leaves were quickly turned, they showed pictures of towns which he had seen, and schools where he had studied, of early companions whom his memory had long reckoned among the old, the distant, and the dead; but the volume was closed as the first had been, and its owner made room for another.

'Kori Qu remarked of him, that notwithstanding his endeavours to look no less brave than his company, something of fear and subjection had manifestly crept upon him. The faces of women embellished his volume, but chiefly that of the schoolmaster's wife Tisona; and as that virtuous lady had been for some time sojourning among the chosen women in Paradise before this tale was written, it may be noted that the book so ornamented was larger and more worn than all the rest, and also that Kori Qu did not stretch his hand for it.

'Many were the pictured volumes thus shown him by that strange company; and at length he saw among them his school, his house, and his children. The books which contained those scenes were by far the most closely written, but partly in an unknown tongue; while here black and there golden lines crossed their pages, and were at times strangely blended.

"Let me look on that volume for a moment!" cried Kori Qu to the last, for every page he turned showed some picture of his son.

"Thou hast read them all already, and will again at thy reckoning time. Unworthy scholar! hast thou forgotten at once both lessons and teachers?" cried the whole company with one voice, pouring on the schoolmaster all manner of reproaches for carelessness, neglect, and ingratitude to them. The clamour increased beyond endurance, and Kori Qu making a great effort to reply, started up from the table covered with his papers on the calendar, to hear the gongs of Teik See resounding in his ears, for the sunset light streamed through the empty school, and the voice of his wife Tisona summoned him to the household feast. The strangers, with all their books and pictures, were gone, and Kori Qu knew that in that dream he had communed with his years. Men said that ever after the day of the vision he was less dreaded by his scholars, and more gentle with his son, who indeed never became a sage, but was known as a most successful grower of cotton: and in the after-days of his father's great honour in Bungo, this narrative was written for the instruction of all who will be admonished.'

Nanqui here concluded, with a strong suspicion that his auditor had been asleep, and the saint did rub his eyes slightly as he observed, 'My son, I fear there is something heretical in that tale, though the duties of a missionary do not allow me time to point out the erroneous passages; but if, like a good Christian, you commit the volume to my care, I will send it to the general of our order by the first ship, and receive as soon as convenient his opinion of its orthodoxy.'

The trader in sandalwood had some hesitation in parting with the work of his ancestor, not to speak of

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its Japanned bindings, till assured on the faith of St Francis that it should pass through the hands of all the great doctors in Christendom, and carry his name with it. In short, the saint departed with that book in his ragged pocket, and it is said to have been actually sent to Europe; but as the Christians were banished from Bungo in the following year, and Nanqui preferred resuming the Bonze faith to losing his sandalwood warehouse, he never learned the conclusion of St Francis' general concerning the volume. Some say that Kori Qu's tale is still to be found among rare and curious manuscripts in the Vatican library; others that it was included in the Inquisition's last consignment of heretical books to the fire. We have not yet ascertained which account is true, but the narrative seems worth preserving. It speaks of a far Eastern people, in the knowledge of whose language, customs, and faith, Europeans have made little progress since the days of Zavier's mission. Yet the attenders of Christian churches, and the readers of broad sheets in our gas-lighted towns, may learn to look backward on the teachings of time, and perhaps to make some allowance for less advanced scholars from the Bonze's Vision of Years.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

January 1851.

If Madame de Sevigné were your correspondent now, she would very likely begin with an event, and qualify it by a long string of adjectives, with which it would become the most curious, the most singular, the most remarkable, the most extraordinary, the most wonderful, the most astounding, the most marvellous, the most bewildering—that makes Dr Mantell put on his spectacles, and Professor Owen look to his homologies, and the Zoological Society hold up their hands—and wherefore? you will be ready to exclaim, or mutter something about a mountain and mouse, after all this preparation. Well, the wherefore is, that a large bird, the first ever seen (that is, by civilised folk), has been knocked down by a valorous hunter somewhere on the banks of the White Nile, and is now in the hands of that famous ornithologist Mr Gould, who will shortly render a true and faithful account of the *rara avis*. And so I shall say no more than that the creature has long legs, long neck, the head of a whale, and lives on young crocodiles. There *is* something new under the sun after all!

What next? The Exhibition of course. I went up to look at the building a day or two before eighteen hundred and fifty ran off the reel, and it was easy to see that finishing by the end of December was out of the question; and now the contractors have a month's further grace. All parties connected with it, thinkers as well as doers, have a busy time of it, for the amount of business is overwhelming; but the commissioners have now removed up to their offices in the Crystal Palace, and there, with some forty or fifty clerks to aid, they will doubtless accomplish their task. Already the number of cases of goods 'advised,' as about to be forwarded, is about 2000; and the receiving and unpacking of these will not be a little task. The plan suggested for arranging the manufactures and products is to place them geographically—that is, to begin at one end of the edifice with northern contributions, and so go on, zone by zone, the transept serving as the equatorial region, until the southern limit is reached. We are to have something particularly famous in the shape of cabinet furniture from Vienna, and 10,000 visitors to boot; and if metropolitan seers are to be depended on, 1,000,000 of foreigners at least will be attracted hither. At the rate of 5000 a day, it will take 200 days to bring them all over. Mr Owen Jones's theory for the painting of the inside of the glass-house excites some discussion: one set of partisans condemn it, another set uphold it: these cry, tawdry—those, elegant. It is a question of importance when one considers the vast extent of decoration. Such of your country readers as are fond of walking may amuse themselves by taking 700 paces along a level road; they will then have a pretty true idea of the length of the Exhibition-room.

Leaving this *ferrivitreous* subject—to borrow a word of recent coinage—there is news of a feat peculiarly refreshing to Fellows of the Geographical Society. That Mexican mountain, Popocatepetl—I hope you will be able to pronounce it!—has been ascended for the first time since the days of the Spanish conquest under Cortez, by a party of eight Englishmen, who came down faster than they went up, and made a holiday of the event. Old Chimborazo's turn is to come next. There are tidings, too, of the African Exploring Expedition conducted by Mr Richardson: the party had travelled the great Soudan route from Ghat to Aheer, and when last heard of, were at Selonfeet, in the latter country. Of course you know where it is, so I need not particularise. Besides this, there are projects for the further exploration of Southern and Central Africa, as well as the north. Then there is a man named Wise—is he really so?—who proposes to fly round the globe in a balloon at such an elevation in the atmosphere as to insure a steady current blowing in one direction. It will be a long time before he writes *probatum est* after his recipe for this performance. And apropos of travelling, as though there were not ocean steamers sufficient, a company at Rotterdam contemplate the building of four powerful vessels to trade between that city and New York. More social links! And as though all present emigration fields were over-populated, Vancouver's Island is to be colonised. Fine climate; fertile soil for grain, grass, or greens; land in twenty-acre lots at L.1 an acre; and provision for religious worship and scholastic training; all promoted and sanctioned by the Hudson's Bay Company. It is but a few days' sail from California. Think of that! And the electric telegraph has a word to say for itself: it is always thrusting itself into places where it has never been before. The B. E. T. C., which means Brit. Elec. Tel. Comp., are making demonstrations towards stretching their wires from Dublin along the coast to Belfast, and from thence submerging them to Scotland. Holyhead, too, is to be brought into a wiry connection with Liverpool, whereby the merchants of the Mersey may have early advices about storms and steamers, shipwreck and ships. In New York some of the leading manufacturers have a telegraph from their counting-houses in the city to their factories two or three miles away in the suburbs, and find a saving in the items of errand-boys and messengers. Then, to come to another topic, the fumifugists are talking about the abolition of smoke: London is to get rid of its fuliginous canopy, and Manchester is cited in proof of possibility. At one of the factories in that Lancastrian mart, which during the smoke system consumed seventy-eight tons of coal per week, not more than twenty-eight tons are now required to do the same amount of work. In another the saving is forty tons per week, and the proprietor wished that the practice of enforcing the new regulation were more general. 'It would,' he said, 'save no trifle in the cleaning of windows, as well as prove beneficial to the public health.' Let us hope that the talk will not end in smoke. Talking of Manchester reminds me of Macclesfield, where the working-population have collected L.300, entirely among themselves, towards a park and free library. Well done, weavers! And this in turn reminds me that our baths and washhouses are flourish-

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ing, though as yet we do not come up to our foreign neighbours. There are 125 bathing establishments in Paris, exclusive of those on the Seine. We beat them, however, in cheapness, for there the lowest price is forty centimes, the highest, eighty—4d. and 8d.: here it is 2d. to 6d. The number of persons who bathed in the year was 2,116,300, which, for each inhabitant, gives rather less than three baths in the twelvemonth. And last, to wind up these miscellaneous items, a good deal of debate is going on in legal circles touching reformations in law; there are many lumbering processes which, after the example set by the Americans, might, in Red Republican phraseology, be 'neutralised'—that is, strangled.

What next—science or literature? You will perhaps say both; and so for the first-mentioned. The secretary of the Royal Academy of Brussels tells us that Signor Capocci of Naples gives an account of an aërolite which passed over the Mediterranean in November, and fell near Tunis. The remarkable fact connected with it was, that it moved in a zigzag line, and the noise of its explosion was followed by a luminous appearance, which gradually assumed a smoky character, and remained visible for half an hour. The phenomenon is supposed to be in some way connected with the periodical showers of falling stars. The same secretary makes known also that, as nearly as can be ascertained, the number of earthquake shocks that took place in all parts of the world in 1849 was eighty. The greatest number was felt in December. One of the most remarkable occurred in February at Katwyk, on the coast of Holland. During one of the lowest tides of the North Sea, the water rose suddenly to an enormous height, and flooded the shores, and two minutes afterwards fell to their former level. No shock was felt, but a submarine earthquake was supposed to be the cause of the disturbance. M. Morren, a member of the Academy, has succeeded in an undertaking commenced ten years ago under the auspices of the institution—the growing of *vanilla* in Belgium. After numerous trials, disappointments, and delays, he now says—'Experience has proved that the culture of vanilla on a large scale is possible in Europe; some pods produced at Liege were sent to Mexico, and brought back to Belgium, to circumvent ridiculous prejudices, and by several first-class merchants were taken to be a superior quality of American growth.' I need hardly add that the plants must be grown in a hot-house.

It seems to have been a point of interest with botanists of late to bestow a more than usual attention on foreign vegetable productions; and apart from what is going on here, one continually hears that the members of the Académie at Paris are pursuing the same subject. The minister of the interior has recently requested them to take measures for bringing over specimens of the *aracacha*, an edible root likely to become a useful alimentary resource. If matters can be arranged, a French traveller now in South America is to be the bearer. Then a M. Pierre proposes the bark of the baobab, *Adansonia digitata*, as a remedy for intermittent fevers, and states that a French physician at Guadeloupe makes use of it in treating the negroes. He himself has tried it for two years in hospitals at Paris with perfect success. The dose was thirty grammes in a little more than a pint of water; the taste of the decoction is not unpleasant, and it is free from some of the inconveniences peculiar to Peruvian bark. Considering the high price of preparations of quinquina and of sulphate of quinine, even when adulterated, M. Pierre is of opinion that the Académie would do well to import specimens of various kinds of bark, and test their properties; and thereby confer a benefit on the community. Already, at the suggestion of the School of Pharmacy of Paris, the minister of agriculture and commerce has caused several hundredweights of the baobab bark to be imported from Senegal, which is to be distributed gratuitously to practitioners who may be desirous of trying it. We shall probably hear more of this new remedy before long. Bearing on the same subject is the communication by M. Herran, chargé d'affaires of the republic of Costa Rica in Mexico, concerning a grain used as an antidote to serpent bites, which the Indians brought for sale to Carthagena for the first time in 1828. It is called *cédron*, and grows on the slopes of the Andes. Its remedial action on the most deadly bites was found to be so prompt, that it sold for a doubloon the grain. It is taken as powder in some liquid, mostly brandy, and a piece of linen wet with a solution of the same spirit and saltpetre is to be applied to the wound. A repetition of the dose or dressing is seldom needed to effect a cure; and it is said that cédron will relieve certain cases of fever in which quinine has failed.

While on the subject of medicine, I may mention that M. F. Curie has laid before the Académie his views as to a means of preventing sea-sickness. Tourists and voyagers will assuredly erect a monument to his honour. He explains that, as it is the movement of the diaphragm which causes the sickness, we have only to countercheck it by inspiring as the vessel descends, and expiring when it rises, breathing faster or slower according to the vivacity of the wind and the motion of the vessel. Another *savant*, M. Clément, has sent in a memoir with a long title—'Researches on the Modifications which the Blood undergoes in Men and Animals, otherwise in a state of Health, when they are Momentarily subjected to Acute Pain capable of rapidly expending the Organism.' The author states that he had a double object: to prove that modifications do inevitably take place in the case indicated, and in what they consist. The result briefly expressed is, that under the influence of pain the blood loses a portion of its fibrin and albumen without parting with any of its globules. And on comparing the chemical composition of the blood with that of the soft tissues, especially muscle, he is led to entirely new considerations on the functions which the fibrin and albumen perform in the offices of nutrition and respiration, of which he promises an account in due season.

The news from America respecting electro-motive power has now assumed a more definite shape, Professor Page, the inventor, having exhibited a machine at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Its construction and working are based on the fact, that a soft iron bar will remain suspended within a magnetised helix, although placed vertically; and thus by a mode of suspending a pair of heavy bars, each three feet long and six inches in diameter, within a pair of helices, and rising or falling according as the galvanic circuit is open or shut, he has produced an engine of ten horse-power. The heavier the bars, the greater the power and economy; the addition of some half-dozen pairs of plates to the battery suffices effectually to energise the greater weight of metal, and 'the expense was found to be less than the most expensive steam-engines'—ten cents an hour, it is said, for each horse-power. We are shortly to have more exact and circumstantial details than those as yet published.

Now we will come home again for a little while. Mr Wheatstone, whose name is well known to all who are acquainted with mechanical science, has invented an apparatus which, by a simple mechanism, shows the interference of two systems of waves—a contrivance much desiderated by British and foreign philosophers; and from the other side of St George's Channel we hear of experiments of considerable value in these days of sanitation and scientific agriculture. Professor Edmund Davy of Dublin has just published the results in his 'Essay on the Use of Peat or Turf as a Means of Promoting the Public Health and the Agriculture of the United Kingdom.' The deodorising properties of peat, in the form of charcoal, have been for some time pretty

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well known; it occurred, however, to the professor, that as creosote, one of the most powerful of antiseptics, is found in peat, the latter would possibly prove efficacious without the charring. 'Multiplied experiments,' he observes, 'on the most offensive putrid matters I could procure, more than realised my most sanguine expectations; and I have most clearly established the fact, that our common peat or turf, and turf-mould, in all their variety of colours, as black, brown, red, &c.—in all their changes of forms, as solid, compact, fibrous, friable, &c.—in what is sometimes called fluid-peat, and at other times flow-peat or quagmire, as they are all found in our bogs, but only sold in our shops as peat or turf, and turf-mould—have similar deodorising and disinfecting properties as when charred, and that these properties may be increased to a certain extent by the most simple and inexpensive means—namely, by separating water from it, either by exposure to the sun's rays in dry weather, or by artificial heat, without charring it, and by reducing it to a minute state of division, or to fine powder.' This is the grand fact; turf powder at once neutralises the offensive and noxious smells of animal and vegetable substances, converting them into a manure 'not inferior to the guanos imported,' of which nearly 220,000 tons were brought into this country in 1845.

There are 2,830,000 acres of peat-soil in Ireland; one half may be cultivated, while the other, which varies in thickness from six to forty feet, will serve as a mine of wealth, health, and labour. Professor Davy recommends that in hospitals, ships, or large establishments, wherever offensive matters accumulate, a constant supply of turf-powder should be kept, to be sprinkled from an instrument similar to a flour-dredger, whenever required.

Vast preparations, as most persons are aware, are making for the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and certain articles are already on their way from distant countries. Unfortunately, our very wretched laws of patents and copyright in design are likely to prevent parties from contributing. On this subject, which well deserves public consideration, the *Art Journal* for January has the following observations:—'French manufacturers feel that the English law, as now existing, gives them little or no protection, and they urged upon our notice the importance of some definite settlement of the question, so as to leave no doubt respecting the result. It was observed to us by the head of an extensive firm who carries on a very considerable business with this country, that his travellers visit England for orders annually in the months of January and February. "Now," he continued, "I am getting up some very beautiful things for your Exposition in May, but there is at present nothing to prevent my designs being copied, and similar goods manufactured by your countrymen, and sold in England before my agents can go their rounds in 1852. If I find this cannot be prevented, I must decline contributing."' This is to be regretted. Speaking of the Exhibition, a prize of one hundred guineas is offered for the best essay to show 'In what respect the Union of all Nations of the Great Exhibition of 1851 is calculated to further the Moral and Religious Welfare of Mankind, &c.' One 'respect' presents itself readily in reply—let manufacturers make honest goods at a fair price, and let buyers cease to believe that the cheapest is the best. And here, having touched upon literature, I may tell you that publishers are talking about the additional restrictions recently imposed by German governments on the diffusion of literature and books within their territories; and it is thought that, if persevered in, it may lead to the removal of the great Leipsic book-fair to some freer locality. Some time ago the Academy of Sciences of Brussels proposed a prize question: 'Show the Causes of Pauperism in Flanders, and indicate the Means to Remedy them.' From among the essays sent in in reply, two were selected—one for 'honourable mention,' the other for the gold medal and publication. The latter is by M. Ducpétiaux, an able writer, and master of his subject. He treats the question scientifically, showing what are permanent and what accidental causes. They may be enumerated as changes in trade, vicissitudes of labour, the minute subdivision of land, deficient education, want of foresight, and absence of institutions for the cultivation of that faculty, want of proper mendicity laws, general apathy, and misplaced charity—the whole producing a fund of misery out of which pauperism grows rankly, as foul weeds from a midden. In 1848 the average of beggars to the population of Flanders was 31 per cent. The remedy consists not so much in new methods as in a wiser application of those already operative; the credit system requires to be amended to become more compatible with the full development of industry; a system of emigration must be fostered, and schools of navigation and agriculture. Industrial operations are to be developed and perfected, new markets sought for, superabundance of population to be prevented, and supplies of food made certain at low cost. Above all, there must be a profound and radical reform in the education of the working-classes, and their prejudices destroyed by removing their ignorance. M. Ducpétiaux does not overlook the efficacy of individual effort, for he says, 'the state cannot hope to create all and direct all—to incarnate, so to speak, in itself all reform and all progress: it would sink under the task. If centralisation has its advantages, it has also its inconveniences. By absorbing, as it were, into the government the life and activity of the nation, the national strength is in reality weakened in the same way that, by causing a flow of blood towards the head and the heart, the limbs are weakened and the body predisposed to apoplexy.' One of the examiners to whom the work was referred is of opinion that the misery now endured by so large a portion of society is only a state of probation through which we are to pass to better things, if we will but have patience and faith in honest endeavour, and not assume to ourselves the 'foolish pretence of laying down the itinerary of Providence.'

There, if you are not tired, I am; so farewell till next month.

THE CROW AND THE GOOSE.

'Kakopee guttre, jodhee kanchonanee,
E Rokhee pakhe, mooktho adhe bodisto;
Heera dee manikau chooncho prodehe,
Tauthappe kangau, lotchun hungshorajo!'

I HAPPENED to be in London last Michaelmas-day; and it was while inhaling the sweet-smelling savour, and contemplating the plump yet delicate proportions of a goose (certainly not an octogenarian) which was placed on the table before me, that I caught myself ejaculating the above lines. I had often heard them repeated during my sojourn in India, in tones of solemn admiration by my learned pundit Rane Narain, though I could never cordially join with him in the enthusiastic eulogies he bestowed upon them. They may be rendered into English thus—'Though the crow were ornamented with pearls, and bedecked with gold, diamonds, and rubies, yet in mien he would never equal thee, oh goose!' Some learned commentators will have it that the swan is here meant; but in this I cannot agree with them; simply because you may travel from the Indus to the Megna, and from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, and neither see nor hear of a swan, black or white. Hungshorajo, therefore, means a goose, and as, since the above-mentioned Michaelmas-day, I have been gradually coming over to my old pundit's views, I shall now endeavour to show that this admiration was not altogether misplaced.

The rook is unknown in India, and ravens are rare, and, as elsewhere, rather shun human habitations. The crow here alluded to is therefore the jackdaw, which abounds in Bengal, and is the same noisy, vain, pert, and

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familiar animal which we find depicted in Grecian fable—ingenious enough when filling the half-empty jug with stones, but vain and presuming—cheated out of his cheese by the flattery of the fox, and plucked of his borrowed plumes by the indignant peacocks. By the Bengalee, the crow is looked upon as quite a pest. Immediately after dawn, his noise and chatter disturb alike the invalid and the sluggard; nor can any one, heathen or Christian, indulge in a siesta, without finding the crow perched in the neem-tree which shades his hut, or sitting on the shutter of his window, cawing away, as if quite in love with his own discordant music. He is withal an unscrupulous depredator. The cook of the European cannot turn his back without finding a chop abstracted, and the sweetmeat of the child is hardly safe while on its way to his mouth. The crow may sometimes be seen making hasty darts at a confectioner's viands, which he is preparing for a sacrifice, or leisurely picking the grains of rice from a lotus or plantain leaf, after a wedding or a *shradhoo*; or occasionally, to the horror of the Hindoo, he may be seen floating in company with the raven, perched upon a bloated and half-burned human body which has risen to the surface, after having been for a time immersed in the sacred bosom of Gunga. The crow, therefore, is looked upon as anything rather than a clean animal, while he is generally regarded as a pert, noisy, and cunning thief.

As the goose, on the other hand, was looked upon with respect by the wise nations of antiquity, and revered by the Romans as the saviour of their capitol from the Gauls, so with the Hindoos it is a favourite bird, and is frequently kept in their villages. The Hindoo loves the goose because it is a paragon of cleanliness—ever, like himself, dabbling in water, performing its ablutions, and smoothing its white plumes; living also, like himself, on rice, or on the paddy or young grass of the plant. The goose also is the Bahon or vehicel of Brimha, the creator, and meets on that account with no small modicum of reverence. Wild geese are admired for the wisdom they show in their migrations and well-arranged flight, and also for their prudence and circumspection in guarding against surprise; while from the height at which they fly, and the beauty of their aërial movements, they are supposed to hold intercourse with spiritual beings. One thing used at first to puzzle me. My pundit thought he could pay no higher compliment to his mistress than to compare her walk to that of a graceful goose! but I have since learned to think this natural enough—the kind of gait which we speak of disparagingly as 'a waddle' being perhaps inseparable from that degree of obesity which an Oriental considers an essential ingredient in female beauty. I may add here, what perhaps was not known to my Hindoo friend, that the goose is an affectionate animal, and capable, when kindly treated, of forming a strong attachment to its human protector; an instance of which was given in a previous number of the 'Journal.' But, on the whole, I cannot help thinking that my worthy pundit's admiration of the goose would have been still more intensified, could his prejudices have allowed him to share my last Michaelmas dinner, and to see his favourite, divested of his plumes, and served up, stuffed and seasoned, in the most approved style of fashion.

ROMAN MEDICINE STAMPS.

Professor Simson lately read a curious paper in the Royal Society of Edinburgh upon the subject of ancient Roman medicine stamps. The immediate subject of attention was a stamp of this kind which was found a few years ago in the ruins of what was supposed to be a Roman house at Tranent in Haddingtonshire. It appears that about sixty such articles have been found in various places throughout Western Europe where the Romans had stations. A medicine stamp is a small oblong stone, with a legend cut in the manner of a seal on one side, so as to produce an impression on a soft or plastic substance. The inscription usually contains the name of the practitioner, the name of the medicine, and the disease for which the drug was used. Nearly, if not quite all the medicine stamps yet discovered refer to diseases of the eyes; and co-relatively to this fact, we learn that the Roman medical writers describe a great number of *collyria*, or medicines for the eyes, many of which passed by the names of the physicians who had invented them. On the Tranent stamp there are legends on two sides, which, with some slight filling up by Professor Simson, read as follows:—

L. VALLATINI EVODES AD CICATRICES ET ASPERITUDINES.
L. VALLATINI APALOCROCODES AD DIATHESES.

Respectively translated thus:—*The Evodes of Lucius Vallatinus for cicatrices and granulations—The mild crocodes of Lucius Vallatinus for affections of the eyes.* The *evodes* was a medicine so called from its pleasant odour, and the *crocodes* was one which derived its name from the crocus or saffron involved in its ingredients. To a modern inhabitant of Scotland, it is curious to think of a medical practitioner using these medicines for ophthalmic diseases at a place which is now a colliers' village, though in the midst of a fertile district. Tranent, it may be remarked, is only four or five miles from Inveresk, which was a *colonia* or town of the Romans. The medicine stamp is among the many curious objects now shown, with great liberality towards the public, by the Society of Scottish Antiquaries at their museum in Edinburgh.

THE IVORY TRADE.

Few persons have an idea of the value and extent of the importations of ivory into Southampton, principally from Alexandria, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. The demand has greatly increased during the last few years; and although the supply has been considerably augmented, it is not equal to the demand. The tusks and pieces (nearly 3000 in all) brought here by the *Ripon* on her last voyage were lately sold by public auction in London, and readily realised from 18s. to 25s. per pound, the whole producing nearly L.25,000, the greater portion of which was paid down immediately, a discount of 2½ per cent. being allowed for cash, but the payment is not extended beyond one month from the day of sale. It appears that large quantities of tusks which have been from time to time shed by wild elephants are found buried in the deserts of Arabia. These are bought up principally on account of the pasha of Egypt, and then transmitted to England for sale. Some of the teeth imported in the *Ripon* were of this class, and in an advanced state of decay, such as it must have taken centuries to produce.—*Hampshire Independent.*

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again.—Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal.—Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride—and she will not respect you more or love you better for it.—Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault.—Do not often invite your friends to jaunt, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself.—If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof.—Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere.—Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion at least of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By doing so, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection.

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EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

Belief is an intellectual concession not always agreeable to self-love. To profess disbelief, conveys an impression of superior knowingness. There is, therefore, a great deal of scepticism which has scarcely any root but vanity. We see the operation of these feelings in the discussions which occasionally take place in social circles regarding such probationary sciences as mesmerism. When a respectable person avows his belief, the rest look on him with a kind of pity. He is thought 'green'—a terrible stigma in England. His neighbours, who had regarded him as an equal before, now feel themselves his superiors. He, on the other hand, feels it to be somewhat hard that the accidental rencontre of something which he was constrained to believe should subject him to this contemptuous treatment, with no alternative but that of a concealment of his convictions. Let him not, however, be too ready to complain, for very probably, before this rencontre, he was as sceptical as any, as resolved against yielding to any testimony on the subject, and as serenely compassionate towards those who were so unlucky as to have had their scepticism removed.

I am going to make an ingenuous confession, which I fear will cause many to turn away with disdain from this paper: so be it—I might have so acted myself three weeks ago. The contempt of the reader will give me less pain than the reflection that I have so often expressed myself with an unreasoning scepticism regarding what I now believe. But to my recital.

I was lately invited to the house of a friend, in order to witness some private experiments in what is called 'electro-biology.' The experimentalist was an American gentleman named Darling, who for some months had been giving lectures on the subject in various towns throughout Scotland. I had heard of some extraordinary feats, as they may be called, which he had performed at the mansion of the Earl of Eglintoun in Ayrshire—such as the arresting of a gentleman's hand as he was raising a glass of wine to his lips, and the fixing of a gentleman to his seat, or the causing him to start up from it under the sense of its being on fire. A Glasgow newspaper assured us that he had on several occasions thrown a number of persons into a peculiar condition, in which he fixed them in a hand-in-hand circle, so fast, that they could not separate—convinced them that they were at a feast, that they were under a heavy shower of rain, that they were drowning, that the audience was laughing at them, with the effect of drawing from them all the demonstrations of feeling suitable to the various situations or conditions in which they believed themselves to be. These were results so entirely beyond the range of ordinary experience, that anything seemed preferable to belief. There was deception somewhere—collusion—false reporting. The beholders were a set of ninnies, who had not looked sharply enough into the procedure of the experimentalist, or they would have detected the trick; and so forth. A friend whom I accompanied had precisely the same opinions, and he was under less restraint in expressing them. He openly professed his resolution to let the experiment be made upon himself, in the hope of demonstrating the fallacy of the whole matter.

The company assembled was composed of persons of both sexes, generally of the upper ranks of society. Most of them had been present at public demonstrations by Dr Darling, but these had not been very satisfactory. It was thought that a company of persons well known to each other, and whose recognised respectability placed them above suspicion, would supply patients qualified better to test the verity of the lecturer's professions. We sat down, about thirty in number, in a large drawing-room, and eight or nine persons, including two ladies, came forward as subjects. The lecturer disposed them in a row on chairs, and gave each a small disk, composed of zinc, with a spot of copper in the centre, on which he directed them to keep their eyes fixed for a quarter of an hour or so, in which time it would be ascertained whether any of them were to prove susceptible or not. Meanwhile silence was enjoined. My friend, who had seated himself amongst the rest, with the disk in the palm of his hand, cast me a waggish look before fixing himself in the proper attitude, as much as to say, Now you shall see this humbug exposed. I resolved, for my own part, to watch everything that was done with the greatest care, in the hope of detecting the *trick* on which I theoretically presumed the whole affair rested. It was soon to appear that trick on the part of the lecturer was entirely out of the question, and that all depended on the fidelity of his patients.

At the end of a quarter of an hour Dr Darling went softly up to the row of subjects, and said a few words to each in succession, apparently in order to ascertain the condition in which they were. It soon appeared that both ladies were in a favourable state, but that all of the gentlemen but one were unaffected. These accordingly retired, and took their seats amongst the rest of the company. What was my surprise to find that the one gentleman who appeared susceptible was my friend! The experimentalist was aware of his previous scepticism, and of course felt the greater pleasure in having succeeded with him. He gently laid his hands over the eyes of my friend, and said to him, 'Now you cannot open them.' A hearty effort seemed

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to be made, but in vain. The lecturer then said, '*Now* you can open them;' and he opened them accordingly. I question if he ever had occasion to open them wider. We communicated looks, testifying our common sense of surprise. We were, in fact, thrown out—he on finding himself become all at once the subject of suspicion to me and others—and I at finding myself called upon to watch one who had hitherto been my associate in the effort at detection. My friend was now requested to hold out his hands, laid palm to palm. Dr Darling, after a few passes, and pinching the fingers sharply together, said briskly, 'Now you can't separate them.' My friend tried in vain to take them asunder, till, on a nod and a word from the experimentalist, he did at length draw them apart. After a few passes along the limbs, my friend was told that he was fixed to his chair. He strained himself to rise, using the most violent muscular efforts; but all in vain, till he received permission. He afterwards acknowledged to me that he had felt as if bound down to his seat by ropes. A touch on the lips imposed an involuntary dumbness on my friend. Not till told that he might now speak, could he utter a word. He was then told that he had forgotten his name. He nevertheless pronounced it. The experimentalist performed a few further manipulations, and said emphatically, '*Now* you can't tell me your name!' Sure enough the word had vanished! Our patient looked up with a blank expression, and then a stare of puzzlement, which I should vainly endeavour to describe. He finally cast a bewildered and pleading gaze upon his fascinator, who calmly smiled and nodded, as if to undo the spell, when out came the missing vocable, apparently to the no small relief of the patient. He was after this fixed to the ground standing. Sway as he might in all directions, not a foot could he move. Dr Darling also held up his fore-finger, and causing my friend to touch it, told him that he could not draw it away. He accordingly could not. Then, this spell being undone, the lecturer held up his fore-finger, and told my friend he could not touch it. He tried, darting his finger first on one side, then on another—above, below, in all directions but the right one. In short, my friend had become, from a proud sceptic and derider, a perfect victim. He withdrew from the field utterly discomfited. It appeared that he had never been asleep, but continued throughout to possess his usual consciousness. He had really done all he could to resist the commands of the operator; but power had gone from him. He had been absolutely compelled in each case to submit.

The experimentalist now turned to one of the ladies; and here a very interesting series of phenomena was presented. The lady, I may say by way of preface, is an intimate friend of my own. She is a tall, elegant person, about two years married, and the mother of one infant. Her figure is of that rounded kind which indicates an infusion of the lymphatic temperament. When found to be in the suitable state, I observed that her face was slightly flushed, and her eyes had an embarrassed expression; but she bore no other signs of being in an extraordinary condition. Her, too, the lecturer fixed to her seat, and to the floor, and to his own finger. He caused her voice to desert her; he made her forget her name; passed, in short, through a repetition of the principal experiments which had been already practised with my friend. Then he proceeded to some of apparently a higher kind. He told the lady that she was sad; and sad to all appearance she was. He told her she must laugh; and she laughed accordingly—heartily and long, not stopping till she was bid. She was now seated in the middle of the floor, so that every gesture and proceeding could be accurately seen. The lecturer said to her, 'Here is a miniature of your husband,' and seemed to place something in her hand. She took the ideal article, and looked at it with an interested expression, then proceeded to suspend it to a chain containing similar trifles which hung round her neck, concluding the affair with the gratified look which a young woman might be expected to exhibit on having a pretty miniature of one she loved presented to her. The innocent grace shown in the whole of this fictitious proceeding drew forth exactly that kind of admiration from the company which would be bestowed on a piece of exquisitely-natural acting in a theatre. I suspect, however, it was 'a grace beyond the reach of art.' Dr Darling now ventured on a trying experiment. He bade the lady look at her husband, who, to our apprehension, sat smiling at her. He told her that her lord and master had taken a great dislike to her. She seemed arrested with a sudden sorrow, gazed painfully at her husband, and then we saw her eyes slowly fill with tears. This deception was quickly undone, but only to be followed by one not much less distressing to the patient. She was told that the company were enjoying themselves at her expense: they were all laughing at her. She assumed a proud expression, rose up majestically, and looked round and round the room with an air of contemptuous defiance. On this feeling being banished from her mind, she sat down again. The lecturer, pointing along the floor, said, 'You are fond of flowers—here is a fine flower-garden before you—you see beautiful beds of roses;' and he added the names of other favourites of the English garden. The lady looked, and gradually began to assume a pleased expression, such as she might have manifested if led into the precincts of a Chatsworth or a Kew. She became fully convinced that she saw a flower-garden, although, as she afterwards told us, she never ceased to be aware of the fact that she was sitting in a room. Then Dr Darling affected to pluck flowers and hand them to her. She took them, smelt them, and arranged them in her bosom with the same graceful simplicity which had been manifested in stringing the miniature. 'This is a water-lily,' he said; 'smell it.' She said, 'The water-lily has no smell;' but nevertheless went through the gesture of putting it to her nose, when we remarked that the expression of countenance was suitable to the fact of the inodorousness. The lecturer then told her to look at the fine sunset (we were looking through eastern windows at a heavy gray sky); she beheld a fine sunset accordingly. Then he convinced her that she saw a fine park, and three gentlemen walking in it. 'And here,' he said, 'is a nice horse; come and have a ride upon it.' She moved to the middle of the floor, with the look of one approaching a horse. She stroked the ideal palfrey, and took the bridle reins from Dr Darling's hand. He slightly raised her by the waist, and told her she was now mounted. She then went through the gestures appropriate to riding—got into a rapid movement—leant forward—suddenly clasped her cap at the back of her head, which she felt falling off—and finally stopped, a little exhausted with the exercise, and allowed herself to be in imagination lifted off upon the ground. Finally, after she had been reseated, Dr Darling put a tumbler of water into her hand, and desired her to taste that fine beer. She tasted, and admitted that it was beer. Next he convinced her that it was milk; then it was water, with animalcules driving pell-mell through it. The air of implicit belief in all these cases was perfectly accordant with the presumable feeling. No intentional acting by the highest adept could have been truer to our conceptions of what was proper on each occasion.

The other lady, who was younger, and unmarried, was next placed on a sofa. The lecturer held her hands for a few minutes, looking into her face; he then touched her eyebrows, and made a few other trifling manipulations. It quickly appeared that she had become as obedient to the volition of the lecturer as the first lady had been. On being told that she was sad, she assumed the aspect of a Niobe, forming the

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finest possible study for that character. She was then told that her father, who was in the room, was in great affliction. She gazed fearfully at him for a minute, and clasping her hands wildly, threw herself back in a passion of tears. The experimentalist hastened in pity to relieve her from her distress. She smiled with wonder at the strange delusion under which she had been. She was then told that the company were laughing at her. She looked round fiercely, panted with suppressed rage, uttered some exclamations, and twisting her handkerchief like a rope between her hands, plucked at the two ends, as if she would have torn it asunder. In her the passion of wounded self-esteem was more violent than in the other lady, which afforded the lecturer occasion to remark that the demonstrations are more or less peculiar in every case, according to the natural character of the individual. On the whole, there was a somewhat alarming degree of susceptibility on the part of this subject, and at the request of her father the experiments were discontinued. I was assured, nevertheless, that no one had ever been known to be injured even in the slightest degree by undergoing these processes.

While the party was subsequently at lunch, I had a conference with my friend, as well as with the two female patients, in order—I need not say to test the reality of all these demonstrations, for their reality was beyond a question—but to learn what the patients had felt while subjected to the lecturer's will. It appeared that there never had, in any case, been any failure of consciousness. They knew where they were, and by whom they were surrounded. They were fully apprehensive of the wish of Dr Darling to subject them to his will, and anxious to defeat him in his design, my friend particularly so. But their physical powers proved treacherous to their desire, and they were compelled to obey another will than their own. As a last experiment, I requested the operator to try if he could arrest the hand of the married lady in lifting a glass of wine to her lips. He fairly stopped it in mid air. This was twenty minutes after leaving the room in which the experiments had taken place. I afterwards learned that she felt drowsy for a day or two after our *séance;* and perhaps during all that time the lecturer might have re-established his power over her will, without going through any such preliminary process as the gazing upon the disk.

Being no longer a sceptic on this subject, I am disposed to show, if possible, that others may safely abandon the same position. What, after all, is the phenomenon professedly effected? No more than a play upon the human will. Have we not heard all our lives of people being set a-yawning by a wag who merely began yawning in their view? Have we not heard of men who were forced to imitate every gesture of some one in their company? Have we not all heard of the English officer in the Seven Years' War, whom his companions could converse with in his sleep, and convince of anything? They even conducted him through the whole process of a duel, till the ideal firing of the pistols awakened him by its fancied noise.* We are also familiar with manias for dancing, which took possession of large circles of people during the middle ages, and which clearly presuppose some possible condition in which the human will loses its usual force and tension. In the diseases of hysteria, epilepsy, and catalepsy, there are phenomena quite as extraordinary and wonderful as those of so-called 'electro-biology,' and indeed, to all appearance much allied to them, the only peculiarity here being, that, under a slight access of stupor, artificially brought on, they can be produced at will in a healthy person. It therefore appears to be not very reasonable to treat these experiments with a determined incredulity. I have been gratified to find a more rational spirit in a philosopher of the highest reputation—the present president of the British Association, Sir David Brewster. In a letter written to a newspaper after some experiments which he had witnessed, he says—'The gentlemen present were the Duke of Argyle, Mr Callander of Craigforth, Colonel Gore Brown of the 21st Fusiliers, Professor Gregory, and myself; and I believe they were all as convinced as I was that the phenomena which we witnessed were real phenomena, and as well established as any other facts in physical science. The process by which the operator produces them—the mode by which that process acts upon the mind of the patient—and the reference of the phenomena to some general law in the constitution of man—may remain long unknown; but it is not difficult to see in the recent discoveries of M. Dubois Reymond and M. Matteucci, and in the laws which regulate the relative intensity of the external and internal impressions of the nerves of sensation, some not very indistinct indications of that remarkable process by which minds of peculiar sensibility are temporarily placed under the dominion of physical influences developed and directed by some living agent.'*

Perhaps there would be less incredulity in regard to these wonders if their real character were steadily contemplated. There is a great distinction, I would say, to be drawn between such phenomena and certain so-called modern miracles. When a man tells me that a picture of a wounded person has bled at the painted wounds, I readily feel assured that he speaks of a physical impossibility, and that the appearances, if any, have been produced by trick. But when I am told that one person has established a peculiar control over another, I see nothing like an impossibility, because the alleged facts appear in some relation, although an obscure one, to phenomena already recognised. There would also be more candour towards such phenomena as are here described, if men were studious of truth alone. But some men feel that they cannot afford to incur the charge of a too ready faith in novelties. They have medical or scientific reputations to be nursed, and which they must save from any risk of damage. Some men qualified to serve science will take no step which would tend to confer a glory upon one of whose doings in science they are jealous or contemptuous. The lovers of truth for its own sake are a few, and they are not always willing to take the martyrdom attending a priority of acknowledgment. Thus all such discoveries as these have their period of struggle, with the whole band of good reputations embattled against them. They may be consoled, however—when they at length triumph, it will be not merely admitted by former opponents, but *asserted*, that all this was perfectly well known long ago.†

* Abercromby on the Intellectual Powers; 5th edition, p. 278.

* Edinburgh Evening Courant, Dec. 28, 1850.

† We deem it right to say that the above article proceeds from such a source as to leave no kind of doubt regarding the fidelity of the narration.—Ed.

THE PORTLAND PRISON.

At the extreme south-west corner of the county of Dorset, there is at the present moment being silently worked out a problem which has perplexed some of the greatest statesmen, and grieved some of the most enlightened philanthropists of this country. The problem is not, 'What shall we do with our convicts?' but, 'Can we so measure their punishment, that while justice shall be satisfied and crime expiated, the criminals themselves may be reclaimed to society without being a burden on the state?'

The island of Portland, in which this interesting experiment is at present on trial, presents some singular natural features. An immense mass of stone, upwards of eight miles in circumference, has been thrown up to, in some places, a height of 490 feet. Upon this

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rock have existed for a long period a peculiar race of people, whose chief employment has been that of 'hewers of stone,' and who, though distant only four miles from a fashionable watering-place, have ever preserved the character of a hardy, uneducated, retired class of men, who have never married out of their island. This strange 'table-land' is connected with Weymouth by the Chesil beach. For a distance of fully ten miles this beach, composed of myriads of pebbles, extends; forming an unbroken line of spray and foam to that extent whenever the waters of the Atlantic lash its shores. The island is said to produce a large quantity of wild arrow-root, and the little bird called the wheat-ear, in great abundance. Its diminutive race of sheep is highly prized by the gourmands of the adjoining watering-place.

The Portlanders continued very quietly to pursue their occupation of quarrying, until the commencement of the great breakwater at Cherbourg excited the apprehensions of those who had hitherto relied on our naval supremacy. Fears of invasion led to the idea of constructing a breakwater to protect the shipping of Weymouth; but though long agitated, the project did not assume a practical form till very recent times. It was so late as May 1847 that the bill for the construction of a breakwater received the royal assent. It is probable that the idea of making Portland a receptacle for convicts did not occur to the government until the applicability of convict labour became apparent; when, the peculiar isolated situation of Portland, its desolate aspect, its contiguity to a military depôt, added to the loudly-expressed dislike of the colonies to the reception of convicts, and the suspension of transportation for a period, owing to the want of demand for convict labour—combined to lead the government to the design of making Portland a large convict establishment, and of performing the great national work in hand by convict labour. Accordingly, in the summer of 1847, Lieutenant-colonel Jebb, surveyor-general of prisons, was directed to prepare the necessary plans, and in November 1848 an establishment capable of receiving 850 prisoners was opened at Portland. On the 25th of July in the following year, the first stone of the breakwater was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

It will now be necessary to take a brief glance at the mode in which transportation is at present carried out. Probably many of our readers are already aware that a convict is now subjected to *three* distinct stages of punishment. The first is passed in separate confinement in Millbank, Pentonville, or one of the jails fitted for the reception of convicts; the second is to be passed at Portland where practicable, or at one of the dockyards; and the third stage is to be undergone in one of the colonies, with a ticket of leave. No sooner is a prisoner made acquainted with the punishment awarded for his offence, than the law humanely places in his hands the power of commutation. The longest period of detention in separate confinement is eighteen months; but this term the prisoner may by good conduct materially shorten, and in some cases convicts sentenced to only seven years' transportation may avoid altogether the second stage, and be passed from Millbank or Pentonville direct to the colonies. Here, again, in this second stage the convict has his lot placed very much at his own disposal. A prisoner under sentence of eighteen years' transportation would, under ordinary circumstances, be detained six and a-half years, which term, by good conduct, he might reduce to three years; and even a 'life' convict may obtain, by exemplary behaviour, the comparative freedom of a ticket of leave, after undergoing a year's probation, and serving six years on public works.

The distinctive features of the discipline of the Portland prison are—'a combination of associated labour by day, with separation by means of cells at night;' and a system of rewards and encouragements to convicts, which, if they are not as hardened as the stone they work upon, cannot but stimulate them to industry and good conduct. Respecting the Combined, Separate, and Associated Systems, the intelligent governor of the establishment, Captain Whitly, observes, 'When in their cells, strict silence is enforced upon the prisoners; but during the hours of labour (which is always carried on under the immediate superintendence of the prison officers), they are allowed to converse to such an extent as not to interrupt the progress of their work. The effect of maintaining this greater degree of restraint, while actually within the prison walls, is to cause the convicts to proceed without unwillingness to their daily labour, as relieving them from the irksomeness of separation, of which they have had so much experience during the previous probationary period of their sentences. The frequent recurrence of this restraint acts also as a wholesome check on the natural tendency of the labour outside the walls to relax strict prison discipline.'

It might be feared that the Associated System would render nugatory the effects of the previous separate confinement, but (to say nothing of the total impossibility of carrying out any other system upon such works as the Portland Breakwater) it must be borne in mind that the prisoners are not confined together in yards, or left to spend their time in idleness, but are actively and steadily kept at work in the open air and in daylight, under the watchful supervision of the prison officers. The appalling vices that have brought condemnation on the Associated System have been emphatically 'deeds of darkness.' But upon this point a competent authority has, even while we are writing, spoken out in words of most significant import. 'I could not have believed,' says the Ordinary of Newgate, in his Report for 1850—'I could not have believed, had I not witnessed its results, how very important an effect is produced in prison discipline by the mere introduction of *light*. As a matter, not of luxury to the prisoners, but of supervising influence, its effects are most striking. I have referred to the improved habits and manners of convicts by merely keeping them at light and easy work; but this effect is less apparent than the alteration now visible in the sleeping wards of transports, remembering what it used to be when they slept in darkness, and what may now be seen under the beneficial influence of light. If one-fiftieth part of what has been told me by convicts sentenced to imprisonment in the hulks be true (and I admit and allow for the doubtful nature of such testimony), the transport wards of Newgate were, at their worst condition, palaces of light compared with the dark designs and deeds of those dissolute and lost men when they were shut up in *darkness of mind and body*.'

We come now to the system of rewards and encouragements. The old saying, 'One person may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot force him to drink,' was felt in all its force when the associated labour system was commenced. Upon the treadwheel the most obstinate *must* work, and at the accustomed rate; but in open-air work there is no stimulating power beyond a convict's own free will. To create this stimulant, a careful record is kept in a 'conduct book' of the prisoner's behaviour; and he is provided with a badge, which is worn upon the arm, and shifted every month. By means of a few figures and a single letter, it expresses—the length of transportation, the time spent in prison, and whether the conduct has been good or bad. To a prisoner not entirely irreclaimable, the mere exhibition of this badge among his fellows cannot be without its effects. If it record a continued course of good conduct, the wearer may be supposed to feel an honourable pride in displaying it; while, if it chronicle misconduct, there are few who could exhibit it without some feeling of shame. The system, we are

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told, works well, and even ill-conducted prisoners evince a desire to regain a lost good-conduct mark.

But the most stimulating regulation is the division of the prisoners into classes, with a direct inducement in money. The Lords of the Admiralty having allowed the sum of 1s. per week for the work of each convict employed on the breakwater, the convict, after being thoroughly impressed with the fact that, as a felon, he has no *claim* to any part of his earnings, is advised that, as an incentive to industry, he may receive, if a first-class man, 9d. per week; if a second-class man, 6d.; if a third-class man, 4d.; and that, in addition, a gratuity of from 3d. to 6d. per week will be allowed for 'extra exertion.' The total allowance to a prisoner is placed to his credit, and forwarded to the governor of the colony to which he is sent, to be applied for his benefit as that authority shall think fit. Under this humane system, therefore, a prisoner, besides the power of shortening his sentence, is enabled by industry and good conduct to amass a fund which, with the aid of a ticket of leave, may place him in a situation of comparative independence. In certain cases the government adds the farther inducement of half the passage money of wives and families wishing to join the convict in the colonies.

With all this care for the reclamation of the convict, there still exist the dangers of an overdone philanthropy. The reproach has been but too truly cast upon our prison reformers, that they have made the situation of a felon preferable to that of an independent labourer, or of the inmate of a workhouse. Too often he is fed and lodged better than the pauper, to whom the only stimulant offered is the rendering of his lot as uncomfortable as possible. It cannot be denied that there is much of truth in the assertion, that a felon is better treated than a pauper, for under no circumstances is a money reward offered to the latter, no matter how industrious or well-conducted he may be. The objection cannot entirely be removed, but in order to meet it in some measure, it is provided that prisoners of the first and second class may be removed to the lowest class for misconduct; that prisoners who habitually misbehave themselves are liable to be sent back to separate confinement, or to be removed to the horrors of a penal settlement; and that, after an uninterrupted course of good conduct in this country, they may still, for ill conduct on the voyage or at the colony, forfeit all the indulgences of a ticket of leave, and be sent back again to penal discipline.

The daily routine observed at Portland is as follows:—The prisoners rise in summer at five o'clock, in winter half an hour later; and when the weather and the season permit, work until eight o'clock. Prayers are said immediately before breakfast, which occupies half an hour. Labour is then resumed until the dinner hour, twelve o'clock; and again until supper-time, which varies with the season, from four to six o'clock. After this they attend evening prayer, and hear a daily lecture, retiring to rest at eight o'clock at all seasons of the year. Each prisoner attends the day-school half a day in each week, and the evening school in turn. The scholars are divided into twelve classes. 'Each class is opened by singing a hymn, after which a collect is repeated by one of the masters; and then a chapter in the Bible is read, verse by verse, by the prisoners.' The first hour is passed in writing, the second in reading history or geography, and the remaining hour in *viva voce* questions on arithmetic, &c. The whole concludes with the singing of a hymn and a blessing.

A question of some importance to the politico-economist will be, 'Does the labour of the convicts defray the cost of their maintenance?' In a new establishment like Portland it is almost impossible at present to separate the preliminary from the annual expenses. The estimates for the present year (1850-1) were—expenses, L.19,800; value of labour, L.15,000. The estimated number of convicts is 840; but allowances must be made for sick, &c. It is computed that, in 1849, the value of the labour actually performed was over L.16 per convict. In the present estimates, their value is put at L.18 per man. It does not appear, therefore, that the government will ever realise a profit by convict labour; nor does it seem desirable that it should do so. Compared, however, with the remunerative system of former times, the advantages are too manifest to be insisted on.

Connected with this is a question of a somewhat serious nature—'How will the system be carried out when the breakwater is completed? Other harbours of refuge and government works may be required, but where will be found a *locale* so favourable as Portland?' To this it may be answered, that the works at Portland will of necessity last several years; and that, when they are finished, the convicts may be employed in quarrying and preparing stone for the many government works that will always be in hand. And if it is objected that the employment of convict labour is a discouragement and injustice to the honest artizan, it may be urged that the labour superseded by the employment of convicts at Portland is of a difficult and even dangerous character, and that it is but poorly remunerated. Surely it is wiser and more economical, if convict labour must interfere with free labour, that it should supersede laborious and badly-paid employments here, rather than be sent abroad to flood remunerative and pleasant occupations in our colonies.

If we might venture a suggestion, we would advise the conversion into single cells of the Associated rooms, of which there are two, provided with fifty hammocks a piece.

It would be superfluous to comment upon the evident improvement which the humane and merciful system observed at Portland effects in our convict discipline. Even in our own day, the hulks and the convict-ward were described as the nearest approach to a 'hell upon earth.' Speaking of the recent visit of the Home Secretary to the Portland prison, a gentleman who holds a high official position remarked to the writer of this article—'I remember the time when it was positively dangerous to go among convicts. Now they are so changed, that you may go in among the gangs, and receive such civility that you can hardly believe you are in the company of convicted felons!' If the effect of the new system were merely a better behaviour on the convicts' part while in confinement, that alone—the fearful scenes in our old jails remembered—would be worth obtaining; but there is every reason to believe that while reclaiming, and even Christianising the present generation of felons, we are placing a check upon demoralisation that will produce a healthy influence hereafter.

THE LAST OF THE FIDDLERS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.*

THE midnight silence of the village is broken by unusual clattering sounds—a horse comes galloping along at the top of his speed, his rider crying aloud, 'Fire—fire! Help, ho! Fire!' Away he rides straight to the church, and presently the alarm-bell is heard pealing from the steeple.

It is no easy matter to arouse the harvest folks, after a hard day's work, from their first sound sleep: there they lie, stretched as unconsciously as the corn in the fields which they have reaped in the sweat of their brow. But wake they must—there is no help for it. The stable-boys are the first on the alert—every one

* Communicated in the present form by a friend of Auerbach.

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anxious to win the reward which, time out of mind, has been given to the person who, on occasion of a fire, is the first to reach the engine-house with harnessed horses. Here and there a light is seen at a cottage lattice—a window is opened—the men come running out of doors with their coats half drawn on, or in their shirt sleeves. The villagers all collect about the market-house, and the cry is heard on all sides, 'Where is it? Where's the fire?'

'In Eibingen.'

Question and answer were alike unneeded, for in the distance, behind the dark pine-forest, the whole sky was illumined with a bright-red glow, in the stillness of the night, like the glow of the setting sun; while every now and then a shower of sparks rose into the air, as if shot out from a blast-furnace.

The night was still and calm, and the stars shone peacefully on the silent earth.

The horses are speedily put to the fire-engine, the buckets placed in a row, a couple of torches lighted, and the torch-bearers stand ready on either side holding on to the engine, which is instantly covered with men.

'Quick! out with another pair of horses! two can't draw such a load!'—'Down with the torches!'—'No, no; they're all right—'tis the old way!'—'Drive off for Heaven's sake—quick!'

Such-like exclamations resounded on all sides. Let us follow the crowd.

The engine, with its heavy load, now rolls out of the village, and through the peaceful fields and meadows: the fruit-trees by the road-side seem to dance past in the flickering light; and soon the crowd hurry, helter-skelter, through the forest. The birds are awakened from sleep, and fly about in affright, and can scarcely find their way back to their warm nests. The forest is at length passed, and down below, in the valley, lies the hamlet, brightly illumined as at noon-day, while shrieks and the alarm-bell are heard, as if the flames had found a voice.

See! what is yonder white, ghost-like form, in a fluttering dress, on the skirts of the forest? The wheels creak, and rattle along the stony road—no sounds can be distinguished in the confusion. Away! help! away!

The folks were now seen flying from the village with their goods and chattels—children in their bare shirts and with naked feet—carrying off beds and chairs, pots and pans. Has the fire spread so fearfully, or is this all the effect of fright?

'Where's the fire?'

'At Hans the Fiddler's.'

And the driver lashed his horses, and every man seemed to press forward with increased ardour to fly to the succour.

As they approached the spot, it was clearly impossible to save the burning cottage; and all efforts were therefore directed to prevent the flames extending to the adjoining houses. Just then everybody was busied in trying to save a horse and two cows from the shed; but the animals, terrified by the fire, would not quit the spot, until their eyes were bandaged, and they were driven out by force.

'Where's old Hans?' was the cry on all sides.

'Burnt in his bed to a certainty,' said some. Others declared that he had escaped. Nobody knew the truth.

The old fiddler had neither child nor kinsfolk, and yet all the people grieved for him; and those who had come from the villages round about reproached the inhabitants for not having looked after the fate of the poor fellow. Presently it was reported that he had been seen in Urban the smith's barn; another said that he was sitting up in the church crying and moaning—the first time he had been there without his fiddle. But neither in the barn nor in the church was old Hans to be found, and again it was declared that he had been burnt to death in his house, and that his groans had actually been heard; but, it was added, all too late to save him, for the flames had already burst through the roof, and the glass of the windows was sent flying across the road.

The day was just beginning to dawn when all danger of the fire spreading was past; and leaving the smouldering ruins, the folks from a distance set out on their return home.

A strange apparition was now seen coming down the mountain-side, as if out of the gray mists of morning. In a cart drawn by two oxen sat a haggard figure, dressed in his bare shirt, and his shoulders wrapped in a horse-cloth. The morning breeze played in the long white locks of the old man, whose wan features were framed, as it were, by a short, bristly, snow-white beard. In his hands he clutched a fiddle and fiddle-stick. It was old Hans the village fiddler. Some of the lads had found him at the edge of the forest, on the spot where we had caught a glimpse of him, looking like a ghostly apparition, as we rattled past with the engine. There he was found standing in his shirt, and holding his fiddle in both his hands pressed tightly to his breast.

As they drew near the village, he took his fiddle and played his favourite waltz. Every eye was turned on the strange-looking man, and all welcomed his return, as if he had risen from the grave.

'Give me a drink!' he exclaimed to the first person who held out a hand to him. 'I'm burnt up with thirst!'

A glass of water was brought him.

'Bah!' cried the old man; ''twere a sin to quench such a thirst as mine with water: bring me some wine! Or has the horrid red cock drunk up all my wine too?'

And again he fell to fiddling lustily, until they arrived at the spot of the fire. He got down from the cart, and entered a neighbour's cottage. All the folks pressed up to the old fiddler, tendering words of comfort, and promising that they would all help him to rebuild his cottage.

'No, no!' replied Hans; ''tis all well. I have no home—I'm one of the cuckoo tribe that has no resting-place of its own, and only now and then slips into the swallow's nest. For the short time I have to live, I shall have no trouble in finding quarters wherever I go. I can now climb up into a tree again, and look down upon the world in which I have no longer anything to call my own. Ay, ay, 'twas wrong in me ever to have had anything of my own except my precious little fiddle here!'

No objection was raised to the reasoning of the strange old man, and the country-folks from a distance went their ways home with the satisfaction of knowing that the old fiddler was still alive and well. Hans properly belonged to the whole country round about: his loss would have been a public one: much as if the old linden-tree on the Landeck Hill close by had been thrown down unexpectedly in the night.

Hans was as merry as a grig when Caspar the smith gave him an old shirt, the carpenter Joseph a pair of breeches—and so on. 'Well, to be sure, folks may now say that I carry the whole village on my back!' said he; and he gave to each article of dress the name of the donor. 'A coat indeed like this, which a friend has worn nicely smooth for one, fits to a T. I was never at my ease in a new coat; and you know I used always to go to the church, and rub the sleeves in the wax that dropped from the holy tapers, to make them comfortable and fit for wear. But this time I'm saved the trouble, and I'm for all the world like a new-born babe who is fitted with clothes without measuring. Ay, ay, you may laugh; but 'tis a fact—I'm new born.'

And in truth it quite seemed so with the old man: the wild merriment of former years, which had slumbered for a while, all burst out anew.

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A fellow just now entered who had been active in extinguishing the fire, and having his hand in the work, had been at the same time no less actively engaged in quenching a certain internal fire—and in truth, as was plain to be seen, more than was needed. On seeing him, the old fiddler cried out, 'By Jove, how I envy the fellow's jollity!' All the folks laughed; but presently the merriment was interrupted by the entrance of the magistrate with his notary, come to investigate the cause of the fire, and take an inventory of the damage.

Old Hans openly confessed his fault. He had the odd peculiarity of carrying about him, in all his pockets, a little box of lucifer matches, in order never to be at a loss when he wanted to light his pipe. Whenever any one called on him, and wherever he went, his fingers were almost unconsciously playing with the matches. Often and often he was heard to exclaim, 'Provoking enough! that these matches should come into fashion just as I am going off the stage. Look! a light in the twinkling of an eye! Only to think of all the time I've lost in the course of my life in striking a light with the old flint and steel—days, weeks, ay, years!'

The fire had, to all appearances, originated with this child's play of the old man, and the magistrate said with regret that he must inflict the legal penalty for his carelessness. 'However, at all events 'tis well 'tis no worse,' he added; 'you are in truth the last of the fiddlers; in our dull, plodding times, you are a relic of the past—of a merry, careless age. 'Twould have been a grievous thing if you had come to such a miserable end.'

'Look ye, your worship, I ought to have been a parson,' said Hans; 'and I should have preached to the folks after this fashion:—"Don't set too much store on life, and it can't hurt you; look on everything as foolery, and then you'll be cleverer than all the rest. If the world was always merry—if folks did nothing but work and dance, there would be no need of schoolmasters—no need of learning to write and read—no parsons—and (by your worship's pardon) no magistrates. The whole world is a big fiddle—the strings are tuned—Fortune plays upon them; but some one is wanted to be constantly screwing up the strings; and this is a job for the parson and magistrate. There's nothing but turning and screwing, and turning and scraping, and the dance never begins."'

The fiddler's tongue went running on in this way, until his worship at length took a friendly leave of him. We shall, however, remain, and tell the reader something of the history of this strange character.

It is now nearly thirty years since the old man first made his appearance in the village, just at the time when the new church was consecrated. When he first came among the villagers, he played for three days and three nights almost incessantly the maddest tunes. Superstitious folks muttered one to another that it must be Old Nick himself who could draw such spirit and life from the instrument, as never to let any one have rest or quiet any more than he seemed to require it himself. During the whole of this time he scarcely ate a morsel, and only drank—but in potent draughts—during the pauses. Often it seemed as if he did not stir a finger, but merely laid the fiddlestick on the strings, and magic sounds instantly came out of them, while the fiddle-bow hopped up and down of itself.

Hey-day! there was a merrymaking and piece of work in the large dancing-room of the 'Sun.' Once, during a pause, the hostess, a buxom, portly widow, cried out, 'Hold hard, fiddler; do stop—the cattle are all quarrelling with you, and will starve if you don't let the lads and girls go home and feed them. If you've no pity on us folks, do for goodness' sake stop your fiddling for the sake of the poor dumb creatures.'

'Just so!' cried the fiddler: 'here you can see how man is the noblest animal on the face of the earth; man alone can dance—ay, dance in couples. Hark ye, hostess, if you'll dance a turn with me, I'll stop my fiddlestick for a whole hour.'

The musician jumped off the table. All the bystanders pressed the hostess, till at length she consented to dance. She clasped her partner tight round the waist, whilst he kept hold of his fiddle, drawing from it sounds never before heard; and in this comical manner, playing and dancing, they performed their evolutions in the circle of spectators; and at length, with a brilliant scrape of his bow, he concluded, embraced the hostess, and gave her a bouncing kiss, receiving in return a no less hearty box on the ear. Both were given and taken in fun and good temper.

From that time forward the fiddler was domiciled under the shade of the 'Sun.' There he nestled himself quietly, and whenever any merrymaking was going on in the country round-about, Hans was sure to be there with his fiddle; but he always returned home regularly; and there was not a village nor a house, far and wide around, in which there was more dancing, than in the hostelry of the portly landlady of the 'Sun.'

The fiddler comported himself in the house as if he belonged to it; he served the guests (never taking any part in out-of-doors work), entertained the customers as they dropped in, played a hand at cards occasionally, and was never at a loss in praising a fresh tap. 'We've just opened a new cask of wine—only taste, and say if there's not music in wine, and something divine!' Touching everything that concerned the household, he invariably used the authoritative and familiar *we*:—'*We* have a cellar fit for a king;' '*Our* house lies in every one's way;' and so forth.

Hans and his fiddle, as a matter of course, were at every village-gathering and festivity; and the people of the country round-about could never dissociate in their thoughts the 'Sun' inn and Hans the fiddler. But possibly the hostess considered the matter in a different light. At the conclusion of the harvest merrymaking she took heart and said—'Hans, you must know I've a liking for you; you pay for what you eat; but wouldn't you like for once to try living under another roof? What say you?'

Hans protested that he was well enough off in his present quarters, and that he felt no disposition to neglect the old proverb of 'Let well alone.' The landlady was silent.

Weeks went over, and at length she began again—'Hans, you wouldn't do anything to injure me?'

'Not for the world!'

'Look ye—'tis only on account of the folks hereabouts. I would not bother you, but you know there's a talk—— You can come back again after a month or two, and you'll be sure to find my door open to you.'

'Nay, nay, I'll not go away, and then I shall not want to come back.'

'No joking, Hans—I'm in earnest—you must go.'

'Well, there's one way to force me: go up into my room, pack my things into a bundle, and throw them into the road: otherwise I promise you I'll not budge from the spot.'

'You're a downright good-for-nothing fellow, and that's the truth; but what am I to do with you?'

'Marry me!'

The answer to this was another box on the ear; but this time it was administered much more gently than at the dance. As soon as the landlady's back was turned, Hans took his fiddle and struck up a lively tune.

From time to time the hostess of the 'Sun' recurred to the subject of Hans's removal, urging him to go; but his answer was always ready—always the same—'*Marry me!*'

One day in conversation she told him that the police would be sure soon to interfere and forbid his remaining longer, as he had no proper certificate; and so forth. Hans answered not a word, but cocking his hat know-

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ingly on the left side, he whistled a merry tune, and set out for the castle of the count, distant a few miles. The village at that time belonged to the Count von S——.

That evening, as the landlady was standing by the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowing with the reflection from the hearth, Hans entered, and without moving a muscle of his face, handed to her a paper, and said, 'Look ye, there's our marriage-license; the count dispenses with publishing the bans. This is Friday—Sunday is our wedding-day!'

'What do you say, you saucy fellow? I hope'——

'Hollo, Mr Schoolmaster!' interrupted Hans, as he saw that worthy functionary passing the window just at that instant. 'Do step in here, and read this paper.'

Hans held the landlady tight by the arm, while the schoolmaster read the document, and at the conclusion tendered his congratulations and good wishes.

'Well, well—with all my heart!' said the landlady at length. 'Since 'tis to be so, to tell the truth I've long had a liking for you, Hans; but 'twas only on account of the prate and gossip'——

'Sunday morning then?'

'Ay, ay—you rogue.'

A merry scene was that, when on the following Sunday morning Hans the Fiddler—or, to give him his proper style, Johann Grubenmüller—paraded to church by the side of his betrothed, fiddling the wedding-march, partly for his self-gratification, partly to give the ceremony a certain solemn hilarity. For a short space he deposited his instrument on the baptismal font; but the ceremony being ended, he shouldered it again, struck up an unusually brisk tune, and played so marvellously, that the folks were fairly dying with laughter.

Ever since that time Hans resided in the village, and that is as much as to say that mirth and jollity abode there. For some years past, however, Hans was often subject to fits of dejection, for the authorities had decreed that there should be no more dancing without the special permission of the magistrates. Trumpets and other wind-instruments supplanted the fiddle, and our friend Hans could no longer play his merry jigs, except to the children under the old oak-tree, until his reverence, in the exercise of his clerical powers, forbade even this amusement, as prejudicial to sound school discipline.

Hans lost his wife just three years ago, with whom he had lived in uninterrupted harmony. Brightly and joyously as he had looked on life at the outset of his career, its close seemed often clouded, sad, and burthensome, more than he was himself aware. 'A man ought not to grow so old!' he often repeated—an expression which escaped from a long train of thought that was passing unconsciously in the old man's mind, in which he acknowledged to himself that young limbs and the vigour of youth properly belonged to the careless life of a wandering musician. 'The hay does not grow as sweet as it did thirty years ago!' he stoutly maintained.

The new village magistrate, who had a peculiarly kind feeling towards old Hans, set about devising means of securing him from want for the rest of his days. The sum (no inconsiderable one) for which the house was insured in the fire-office was by law not payable in full until another house should be built in its place. It happened that the parish had for a long time been looking out for a spot on which to erect a new schoolhouse in the village, and at the suggestion of the worthy magistrate the authorities now bought from Hans the ground on which his cottage had stood, with all that remained upon it. But the old man did not wish to be paid any sum down, and an annuity was settled on him instead, amply sufficient to provide for all his wants. This plan quite took his fancy; he chuckled at the thought (as he expressed it) that he was eating himself up, and draining the glass to the last drop.

Hans, moreover, was now permitted again to play to the children under the village oak on a summer evening. Thus he lived quite a new life; and his former spirit seemed in some measure to return. In the summer, when the building of the new schoolhouse was commenced, old Hans was rivetted to the spot as if by magic; there he sat upon the timbers, or on a pile of stones, watching the digging and hammering with fixed attention. Early in the morning, when the builders went to their work, they always found Hans already on the spot. At breakfast and noon, when the men stopped work to take their meals, which were brought them by their wives and children, old Hans found himself seated in the midst of the circle, and played to them as they ate and talked. Many of the villagers came and joined the party; and the whole was one continued scene of merriment. Hans often said that he never before knew his own importance, for he seemed to be wanted everywhere—whether folks danced or rested, his fiddle had its part to play: and music could turn the thinnest potato-broth into a savoury feast.

But an unforeseen misfortune awaited our friend Hans, of which the worthy magistrate, notwithstanding his kindness to the old man, was unintentionally the cause. His worship came one day, accompanied by a young man, who had all the look of a genius: the latter stood for some minutes, with his arms folded, gazing at Hans, who was busy fiddling to the workpeople at their dinner.

'There stands the last of the fiddlers of whom I told you,' said the magistrate; 'I want you to paint him—he is the only relic of old times whom we have left.'

The artist complied. At first old Hans resisted the operation stoutly, but he was at length won over by the persuasion of his worship, and allowed the artist to take his likeness. With trembling impatience he sat before the easel, wanting every instant to jump up and see what the man was about. But this the artist would not allow, and promised to show him the picture when it was finished. Day after day old Hans had to sit to the artist, in this state of wonder and suspense, and when at noon he played to the workmen at their meals, his tunes were slow and heavy, and had lost all their former vivacity and spirit.

At length the picture was finished, and Hans was allowed to see himself on canvas. At the first glance he started back in affright, crying out like one mad, 'Donner and Blitz!—the rascal has stolen me!'

From that day forward, when the artist had gone away, and taken the picture with him, old Hans was quite changed: he went about the village, talking to himself, and was often heard to mutter, 'Nailed up to the wall!—stolen! Hans has his eyes open day and night, looking down from the wall—never sleeps, nor eats, nor drinks. Stolen!—the thief!' Seldom could a sensible word be drawn from him; but he played the wildest tunes on his fiddle, and every now and then would stop and laugh, exclaiming, as if gazing at something, 'Ha, ha! you old fellow there, nailed up to the wall, with your fiddle; you can't play—you are the wrong one—here he sits!'

On one occasion the spirit of the old man burst out again: it was the day when the gaily-decked fir bush was stuck upon the finished gable of the new schoolhouse.* The carpenters and masons came, dressed in their Sunday clothes, preceded by a band of music, to fetch 'the master.' The old fiddler, Hans, was the whole day long in high spirits—brisk and gay as in his best years. He sang, drank, and played till late into

* This custom is prettily related in Auerbach's story of 'Ivo.'

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the night, and in the morning he was found, with his fiddle-bow in his hand, dead in his bed. . . . .

Many of the villagers fancy, in the stillness of the night, when the clock strikes twelve, that they hear a sound in the schoolhouse, like the sweetest tones of a fiddle. Some say that it is old Hans's instrument, which he bequeathed to the schoolhouse, and which plays by itself. Others declare that the tones which Hans played *into* the wood and stones, when the house was building, come *out* of them again in the night. Be this as it may, the children are taught in all the new rational methods of instruction, in a building which is still haunted by the ghost of the Last Fiddler.

COTTON—OLD AND NEW TIMES.

A PROPOSAL has lately been made, with perfect gravity, and in a respectable quarter, to supersede the machinery used in the flax and cotton manufacture, and to revert to the good old plans of spinning and weaving by hand—the object of the proposal being, as is alleged, to find employment for the poor. According to this notion, we must go back to a primitive state of things. Every village is to have its few well-paid handloom weavers; in every cottage we are to hear the agreeable sound of the spinning-wheel; by all which the world is to be made very comfortable, and poverty is to be banished out of doors. We assure our readers that this is no joke. A certain class of patriots consider that factory labour is ruining the country, and they kindly and heartily advise such measures to avert the final catastrophe.

It would appear that the last prejudice which a man resigns is a belief in the Golden Age. The most difficult thing to learn is the fact that the world is improving. Our recollection stretches so far back as to remember the era of handlooms; we lived for years in the midst of them; and yet we cannot distinctly say that they were very powerful as engines of social happiness. At the beginning of the present century, cotton and linen weaving were well-paid crafts, perhaps the very best going; and it is quite true that weavers lived well, and that some of them saved money, and were creditable members of society. But it is likewise consistent with our recollection that at that very period of textile prosperity there were hosts of mendicants who begged from door to door, highway robberies innumerable, and the style of living among the humbler classes generally anything but refined or comfortable. If this be true as a general picture of affairs, the Golden Age must retreat to an earlier epoch; and it would serve little purpose to bring back a state of things which clearly failed in its presumed object. Let it be granted that handloom workers were not overpaid, it surely needs no logic to prove that their wages were a tax on the community, and if we can do without this species of taxation, so much the better; because more money is left at our disposal for other things. We may lament that a class of workers should have been reduced to poverty; but it would surely be unreasonable to restore an expensive species of labour that can be performed for us at the most insignificant cost by inanimate materials. As has been sagaciously observed by Mr Burton in his 'Political Economy'—'while the broken-down handloom-weaver believes that he is doomed to labour more than other men, and obtain less, the real calamity of his lot is, that he has never known what true labour is; for if we really and seriously compare it with other efforts of human beings around us, it is an abuse of words to call the jerking of a stick from side to side, with a few other uniform motions, by the name of labour. A machine does it, and a machine ought to do it: men were made for higher, more intricate, more daring tasks.'

From this moral point of view let us proceed to see what is the actual difference between the produce by hand and by machinery. In the great handloom days, every weaver required to be assisted by a female winder of weft; but if this increased the quantity of employment, it also raised the tax on our pockets. A clever man, so aided, could weave two pieces of fine shirting, each twenty-four yards in length, in six days. A lad, assisted by a girl of fourteen years of age, by superintending power-looms, can now weave about twenty-four pieces of the same kind of cloth. Here are twelve times the produce, and of course so much greater cheapness that the public receives a vast benefit from the change. Had power-looms, therefore, never been invented, is it not probable that cotton cloth would now have been as high-priced as silk, and beyond the reach of the humbler classes? Weaving by hand, however, would have been of easier accomplishment than hand-spinning. In a cotton factory, with a steam-engine of 100 horse-power, there are 50,000 spindles, which are superintended by about 750 persons. The quantity of yarn for weaving produced by this mechanism in a day would extend 62,500 miles in length—being as much as would require the labour of 200,000 persons with the common spinning-wheel. We believe there are now upwards of 2000 such cotton mills in the United Kingdom, giving motion to at least 20,000,000 of spindles—the whole doing the work of 400,000,000 of persons, if estimated by the power of hand-labour.

Now although steam is, for the most part, the moving agency of this vast manufacture, it is not to be assumed that there is not a prodigious amount of employment for workers of both sexes. Five or six years ago the number of persons, young and old, employed in spinning, weaving, bleaching, and other processes in preparing cotton cloth, amounted to 542,000—a number, we should fancy, considerably beyond what were employed in the Golden Age of purely hand-labour and customer-work. But as, besides these, large numbers are incidentally engaged in helping on the manufacture—such as shippers, merchants, machine-makers, and tradesmen—the sum-total amounts to millions. It was calculated that in the payment of wages to the above 542,000 persons, thirteen millions of pounds were dispensed every year. To talk of the advantages of hand-labour in the face of this fact! And, as there are other thirteen millions paid away among proprietors, capitalists, engineers, coal-masters, and others connected with the manufacture, it will be seen that a system so productive must have widely-diffusive effects. Adding L.10,000,000 as the cost of the raw material, it would appear that the total value of cotton goods manufactured in the United Kingdom amounts to L.36,000,000 per annum. Rather more than two-thirds of this amount, or L.26,000,000, are said to be exported, leaving about a third for home consumption. Deducting L.10,000,000, as the cost of raw material, from the L.26,000,000 of exports, it is evident that the national gain, so far as export is concerned, is the sum of L.16,000,000 every year. Let it now for a moment be considered what would be the consequences if this profit from the external trade were cut off. Were we to exterminate all the cotton-mills, and go back to the

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much-loved Golden Age, when, by the agency of the spinning-wheel and the loom, there were produced a bare sufficiency of linen shirts for the home population, it is clear that, besides all other inconveniences and losses, we should be losing sixteen millions of money in the form of annual exports. How this deficiency is to be compensated nobody has ventured to explain. Exports are but a reflex of imports. For the sixteen millions of cotton articles sold to foreigners, money, or money's worth, is returned. And so with all other articles. The total of our exports, pretty nearly all manufactures, was in 1849 estimated at L.63,000,000; and there were of course imports of one kind or other to the same amount. Wines, teas, sugars, silks, and other foreign articles that minister to the wants of a refined people, not to speak of hard cash, were, directly or indirectly, obtained in exchange; and if the nation, following the crotchet of orators and novelists, chose to revert to processes of hand labour sufficient only for home-supply, it would need at the same time to make up its mind to coarse diet, mean attire, much misery, and probably universal disorganization.

One might laugh at the ignorance, but it is not easy to excuse the ingratitude, which affects to disparage this stupendous manufacture; for if the cotton-mill and power-loom had never been invented, this country, limited in its field of agricultural produce, could never have found means to sustain itself through the marvellous struggles which ushered in the present century, and by which it still sustains its credit. The cotton manufacture may indeed be said to have become a main prop of England's greatness; and in this light we would consider the factory-worker, toiling in obscurity, to be a highly useful and estimable member of society. But how great should be our reverence for the few individuals by whose ingenuity the manufacture came originally into shape! Future times will do the memory of those men justice, when the glittering but barren pageantry of destroyers shall be forgotten.

If the early history of the cotton manufacture was signalised by some surprising efforts of genius, its later progress has developed a not less remarkable degree of spirit in matters of social concern. It is almost trite to observe that the great public movements of recent years have either originated in, or been actively promoted by, the 'men of Manchester.' Casting our eyes back a few centuries, we perceive that the principal figurants in history were individuals high in rank; so much so, that the names of commoners engaged in trading pursuits are scarcely heard of. Things are now wonderfully reversed. Rank rarely takes a lead in anything momentous; and the movements of the day receive their purpose and direction from cotton-spinners. The doctrine of a free intercourse among nations might still have been a dry theory, slumbering in the pages of the political economist, but for the practical 'go-ahead' expostulations of the cotton trade. From the same centre of mental energy there seems likely to come forth the only scheme of national education which can be practically adopted among a people divided by religious differences. And while we now write, a plan for the establishment of public libraries, accessible without cost to all, receives important significance from the spirit in which it is caught up in the cotton metropolis.

Reared from small beginnings, and conducted by men of matchless energy, the cotton manufacture, by its very greatness, is a matter of serious solicitude. Not Lancashire and Lanarkshire alone, the more immediate theatre of its operations, look on its continuance with anxiety; but any derangement in its progress, by disturbing trade, sends a startling throb through the vitals of the whole empire. Every one feels the admonitory pulsation. Some persons allege that they entertain fears on account of the unwarlike condition of the coasts of England. A much more serious ground of alarm lies in the possibility of a stoppage, or great shortcoming, in the import of raw material, on which the vast structure of the cotton-manufacture is established. Such has been the advance of this manufacture, that latterly the quantity of raw cotton introduced has fallen considerably below the demand. Supply has been decreasing, while consumption has been increasing. All the cotton that Egypt, the West Indies, and some other countries can send, has sunk into insignificance. Our great reliance has centered in the United States, from which there were imported in the year ending September 1850 not less than 1,106,771 bales; and as other European countries draw their chief supplies from the same source, it becomes a delicate question how far the States will be able to meet the growing demand. A deficient crop spreads general consternation. We observe it stated that the diminished crop of the past year raised the market price of raw cotton to England alone by the sum of at least L.7,500,000, which is equivalent to 75 per cent. of rise on previous prices. Such enhancements in the cost of the material strain the resources of the manufacturer, limit the production, and damage general commerce. What step should be taken to prevent shortcomings like this, or of a still more serious nature, is the question of the day. The supply of cotton from America is undoubtedly precarious. We fear not interruptions from war. What excites uneasiness is the social condition of the south. The cotton plant is cultivated entirely by the forced labour of slaves, and, with the example of a failure in the free labour of the West Indian negroes, it may be shrewdly guessed that emancipation in the southern states of America would act unpleasantly on the cotton market. There is, indeed, no immediate likelihood of the abolition of American slavery—and the fact on its own merits is anything but a subject of gratulation—but assuredly the day will come when this dismal system will terminate. A sudden conjuncture of circumstances might instantly shatter it in pieces.

On these, as well as on other prudential grounds, it behoves those who are concerned in the public welfare to look a-head; yet, strangely enough, the question of a supply of cotton has never been treated as a thing of vital moment, except by the few who are more directly affected. Very much to their credit, a handful of men in Manchester have occupied themselves with the subject, and gone the length of commissioning a person to inquire into the possibility of procuring sufficient supplies of raw cotton from India. The result of the investigation will be looked for with interest. It is meanwhile gratifying to know, that in the newly-set-up free black republic, Liberia, on the coast of Africa, there is every prospect of raising cotton as good as that of the United States, provided capital be employed in the enterprise. Samples submitted to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have, we understand, been reported as suitable for a large department of manufactures. In some parts of Australia also, cotton of a good quality may be cultivated. Considering the critical nature of the circumstances, how much more worthy and rational it would be to work out the problem of a future supply of this essential product, than to direct the popular energy into polemical discussions, which tend only to unprofitable discord!

Let no man flatter himself with the notion that the tide of cotton manufacture can be rolled back. We could not revert to the spinning-wheel and handloom, even if it were desirable. Millions are to be provided with food, and obligations of vast amount to be liquidated, only by supporting the mighty fabric of factory labour. Dismal that England is everlastingly to 'pirouette on its great toe'—better return to an age of simplicity. Impossible, dear, well-meaning mediævalists! There is no standing still, and no going back. Our individual and national necessities, our very inborn

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aspirations, compel us to keep moving onward. The Englishman's hopes are mortgaged. He stands or falls by—cotton! W. C.

BAB AND BILLY.*

In these days of locomotive engines it has become something rare to travel by a stage-coach; yet in a few remote districts of England these old-fashioned vehicles may still be seen, pending the completion of an arterial system of railways. The fossil remains of both carriages and horses may possibly amuse and incite to antiquarian research our descendants in the fourth or fifth generation, who will scarcely believe that their clumsy forefathers were content to travel at the rate of poor eight miles per hour. I happened lately to pass through an agricultural district of England in one of these antiquated machines, and as we stopped to change horses in a small country town, a pretty, rosy, well-dressed young woman came out of the inn and asked the coachman if there was a seat.

'All full outside, missus, but there's one inside place.' And opening the door, our future fellow-passenger stepped lightly in.

Our party before consisted, besides myself, of an old gentleman and his wife, a quiet, benevolent-looking pair, who, as they told me, had left their shop in Manchester under their son's care, in order to take a month's holiday, and visit their married daughter in the country, whose three younger children they had never yet seen. Judging from the huge light-looking parcel carefully placed between them, and from whose scanty paper covering peeped out the furry mane of a wooden horse, the bright yellow leathern arm of a wax-doll, a portion of a painted velvet ball, and sundry gear of a like nature, to say nothing of a round solid package on the old lady's lap, labelled 'From T. Richards, Confectioner to her Majesty'—arguing, I say, from these phenomena, there seemed little doubt that the arrival of grandpapa and grandmamma would be joyfully hailed by their juvenile descendants.

Having accepted a pinch of snuff from the old gentleman's silver box, and exchanged with both my companions a few of those original meteorological observations which form the orthodox introduction to every English conversation, we became quite good friends, and had just entered deeply into a discussion on the corn-laws, when tariffs, fixed duties, and sliding-scales were banished from our thoughts by the entrance of the fourth traveller.

A joyous-looking creature she was: twenty-three years old, five years married, and the mother of three children, as, in reply to the kind matronly inquiries of the old lady, she soon informed us. The elderly pair began after a time to converse with her as freely as if she were their own Margaret, and her little ones the three unknown grandchildren, for whose benefit the toy-and-cake trades in Manchester had received such decided encouragement. Not seeing, I suppose, anything very awful in my gray hair, wrinkled cheeks, and spectacles, our young companion chatted away gaily, and told us how anxious she was to reach her home, which she had left for a day or two in order to make some necessary purchases in the town.

'I'm afraid the dairy is going on badly,' she said, 'and then my master must be lonely; and the poor little things, I daresay, are calling out for mamma. Now,' she continued, as we passed a milestone, 'in half an hour we shall reach the cross-roads, where Robert said he would meet me with the children; and old Neptune, the watchdog, and poor Bab, I'll answer for it, will be there too.'

'And who is Bab?' I asked with a smile.

'Ah, sir, if you only saw her!—the most beautiful mare you ever beheld. Her skin is so sleek, her eyes are so bright, and she is as intelligent as any of us here!'

Seeing us smile, our young friend blushed, and continued—'Well, without comparing brutes with human beings, I may say that I love Bab, because I brought her up, and fed her with my own hand, ever since she was foaled. I was almost a child then, and she used to follow me about mother's house just like a dog. When I married, father made her a present to me, and I used to ride her to church and market. I might do anything I pleased with her: a word from me was sufficient to guide her without using either whip or bridle; but to every one else she was as tricky as a kitten, and as vicious as a mule. My husband was quite afraid of her, and, to say the truth, she did not show him the slightest consideration. In process of time it pleased Providence to send us a little boy, and almost before he could walk, Bab became his constant playfellow. The little monkey used to tease her in every way—pull her fetlocks, and strike her with his little whip; a thing she would not endure even from me. When he was creeping between her hoofs, or rolling with her on the litter, she used to treat him as gently, and take as much care not to hurt him, as I could possibly do myself. He used to go with her into the fields, climb on her back, and play with her the livelong day; in short, there never was a more attached pair of friends. It has been just the same with the two little girls who came after our boy.'

'And I daresay,' remarked the old gentleman, as he tapped his snuff-box, 'that Bab will be equally kind to the little boys and girls that are yet to come?'

The happy young mother blushed again, and then with a smile which showed her pearly teeth, she said, addressing the old lady—'Would you like, ma'am, to hear about Bab and her colt?'

'So, then, Bab is a mother?'

'Oh yes: she has the funniest, nicest little foal that can be: the children call him Billy. Every day regularly at dinner-time he and his mother make their appearance at the window, and wait there with their nostrils touching the glass, and their bright eyes fixed on us, until we give them their dessert of potatoes and bread. One day about a fortnight since they did not come as usual. I was just remarking their absence to my husband, when we were startled by a sound of furious galloping, and the next moment in bounded the mare through the open door! Her coat was all rough, and her eyes wild, her body was covered with sweat, and her mouth with foam, while her slender limbs trembled convulsively. She came up close to me, and uttered a most piteous neigh. "Ah, Robert!" cried I, "something must have happened Billy!" "Perhaps so," said he: "I'll go ask the men if any of them know where he is." Poor Bab gave another neigh, and walked towards the door, still keeping her head turned towards me. Seeing that I did not follow her, she came back, seized the skirt of my dress with her teeth, and drew me on. I immediately followed her, and she went on rapidly across the fields, looking back now and then to ascertain that I was following. My husband and one of the labourers came after us; and after walking about half a mile, we came to a deep pond, surrounded by a slippery sloping bank. Down this poor Billy had fallen, and now lay senseless in the water. The soft bank was quite cut up by the hoofs of the mare while making vain efforts to save her foal. It was when she found this impracticable that poor Bab had recourse to us; and now we all set to work to rescue Billy. It was no easy matter to draw out his body; but my husband knowing—kind soul!—how much I loved the two animals, used every possible exertion, and at length brought the unlucky foal to land. But there he lay without breath or motion, and we thought him dead. However, Robert and three men who came

* This is an adaptation, or rather naturalisation, from the French.

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to his assistance raised Billy between them, and carried him home. Bab followed them closely with her head down, snuffing at the foal every moment, pushing him gently with her nose, and moaning so piteously, that I could not help weeping myself. As soon as we reached the kitchen I washed Billy in warm water, wrapped him up in blankets, and caused him to be rubbed all over; while my husband gently poured some warm wine down his throat. Suddenly the animal gave a slight start, opened his eyes, and breathed; his mother darted to him, so as almost to upset my husband, and laid her head caressingly on his neck, with just such a look of joy as a human being would give. She then drew back, as though satisfied to leave him to our care. But it was when he stood up, and walked towards her, that it was wonderful to see poor Bab. She regularly wept! I assure you I saw tears falling from her eyes—real tears as large as *that!*' said the little woman, holding up the rosy tip of her forefinger.

Just then we came to a place where four roads met: the coach drew up, and our fellow-traveller exclaimed, 'There's Robert and the children!' In an instant she was on the road, embracing her husband, a fine handsome young farmer, and filling six little outstretched hands, as rosy and chubby as her own, with toys, cakes, and comfits. A fine old dog stood by welcoming his mistress after the fashion of his kind, and waiting patiently until it should come to his turn to be noticed. As the last parcel was taken from the boot, a noise of galloping was heard; and while the coach was rapidly driving off, the old gentleman and lady and myself saw a mare and a foal rushing with all possible demonstration of joy towards our pretty fellow-traveller.

'FLUNKEY.'

In the middle ages the duties of servants were performed by the young aspirants of chivalry. The page became the squire of the chamber, then of the table, then of the wine-cellar, then of the pantry, then of the stable, and so on, till at length he was developed into the squire of the body, or squire of honour, from which the next step was to knighthood. These employments of squirehood tarnished neither gentility nor manliness; for the young men, who, besides carving the meat and compounding the drinks, waited at table like the modern lackey, danced afterwards with the noble ladies present, and out of doors vied with each other in leaping upon horseback, clothed in armour from head to foot, without touching the stirrup. In like manner neither the name nor the office of varlet (valet) was disdained by the very highest, and thus we read of a prince of the Eastern empire who was styled the Varlet of Constantinople. This noble ancestry may have had some influence upon the character and fortunes of the continental man-servant to this day; for on the continent both the usages and abuses of chivalry survived longer than in England—merging gradually, without being wholly lost, in the new manners of the people. There is, in fact, little or no harshness observable there in the line of distinction between employers and employed; and the stiff, frozen hauteur of an English master is always sure to draw from the Frenchman a stare of wonder, just as it does from the American a roar of laughter.

This haughtiness would be a fair subject for the satirist, but it is so likewise for the sober moralist. It cuts off the natural relationship between man and man. It sunders the connection which is the cement of society, and which enables the good qualities of one class to run into and permeate another. It deprives the servant of all hope of rising in the estimation of his employer beyond his own degree, and thus forces him to look downwards instead of upwards for distinction. It concentrates flunkeydom in an antagonistical community, imitating in a vulgar way the vices, foibles, vanities, tyrannies, and haughtinesses of the higher states.

The affectation, hauteur, meanness, and rapacity of a certain portion of English servants we set down in great part to the account of the masters; but to suppose that these qualities distinguish them as a class, or distinguish them in a greater degree than they do the employers themselves, is an absurdity which can only pass for the sake of the joke. The opposite qualities are quite as common in the body; and there are even some among us who can discern worth and talent of no ordinary kind beneath the party-coloured coat. Of such persons was the high Tory, Sir Walter Scott. He made the acquaintance, we remember, of a servant who was on a tour in Scotland with his master, and was so much struck with the character of the man—who, by the way, was wholly illiterate—that their intercommunion did not cease at the departure of the travellers. We have ourselves seen a letter from the great novelist to this flunkey, informing him, in terms of fun and sarcasm, of his elevation to the baronetcy. In course of time this man, like many of his compeers, exchanged the service of an individual for that of the public, and stood at his own bar in London, with a white apron round him, doling out three-halfpenny-worths of gin to all comers. While in this situation, we brought him into contact with Lord Brougham, as an ex-flunkey qualified to give certain information on trading matters, which his lordship desired to obtain; when the ex-Chancellor of Great Britain received him not only with cordiality, but distinction, and after a long conversation, by no means confined to business, invited him warmly to call on him as often as he found it convenient.

But it is needless to select individuals either for praise or censure. Everybody knows that the class of male domestic servants can furnish examples of honesty, fidelity, and other virtues, as well as of the opposite vices. What we object to is the part taken by a portion of the press in giving still greater harshness than already exists to the line of distinction between the employers and the employed. 'Give a dog a bad name,' says the proverb, 'and hang him.' Make servants feel that they are an outcast race, say we, and they will very soon deserve to be hanged. Now this, we think, has been done to some extent by the late most offensive practice of employing the word 'flunkey' as typical of all that is mean, servile, and base.

That the deserving members of that class of men whose fortunes have thrown them upon the kind of industry in question—a kind demanded as imperatively as any other by the present form of society—feel keenly the taunts to which they are subjected, there can be no doubt. In evidence of the fact, we reprint the following letter from a footman, as it appeared recently in the *Times*:—

'Many articles having appeared in your paper under the term "Flunkeyana," all depreciatory of poor flunkeys, may I be allowed to claim a fair and impartial hearing on the other side? I am a footman, a liveried flunkey, a pampered menial—terms which one Christian employs to another, simply because he is, by the Almighty dispenser of all things, placed, in his wisdom, lower in life than the other. Not yet having seen any defence of servants, may I trust to your candour and your generosity to insert this humble apology for a set of men constrained by circumstances to earn their living by servitude? The present cry seems to be to lower their wages. I will state simply a few broad facts. I am a footman in a family in which I have lived thirteen years. My master deems my services worth 24 guineas a year. The question is, is this too much? I will strike the average of expenditure. I am very economical, it is considered. I find for washing I pay near L.6 a year; shoes, L.4, 10s.; tea and sugar,

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L.2, 12s.; wearing apparel, say L.4, 4s.; for books —I am a reader—I allow myself L.1, 7s. You will see this amounts to L.18, 7s. each year. I include nothing for amusement of any kind, but say 13s. yearly. I thus account for L.19 yearly, leaving L.6 for savings. One or two other things deserve, I think, a slight notice. What is the character required of a mechanic or labourer? None. What of a servant? Is he honest, sober, steady, religious, cleanly, active, industrious, an early riser? Is he married? Wo be to the poor fellow who does not answer yes to this category of requests, save the last! The answer is, Your character does not suit; you will not do for me. Again: does a servant forget himself for once only, and get tipsy?—he is ruined for life. In a word, sir, a thorough servant must be sober, steady, honest, and single; he must never marry, must never be absent from his duties, must attend to his master in sickness or in health, must be reviled, and never reply, must be young, able, good-tempered, and willing, and think himself overpaid if at the year's end he has 5s. to put in his pocket. In old age or sickness he may go to the workhouse, the only asylum open. In youth he has plenty of the best, and can get one service when he leaves another, if his character is good; but when youth deserts him, and age and sickness creep on, what refuge is there for him? No one will have him. He is too old for service, that is his answer. In service he is trusted with valuable articles of every description; and in what state of life, whether servant or artizan, surely he who is placed in situations of trust deserves a trifle more of recompense than is sufficient to pay his way and no more?'

This is sensible enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. If the wages of this plaintive John were double or treble the sum he mentions, it would be a proof of his having all the more merit. Wages and value adjust themselves to each other by a law that laughs at nicknames; and if John receives fifty guineas a year from his master, it is simply because there are no other services of the kind as good as his comeatable at what is called in the market a lower figure. Servants who are masters of their business are not common; and those who are civil, sober, sharp, untiring, and worthy of unbounded trust, are far from innumerable. If there were a strike of those domestic workmen throughout the kingdom, it would be felt like a stroke of partial paralysis. No amount of wages would fill their places. You could not rig a jury-John in a twelvemonth. We would counsel the letter-writing footmen to give the laughers a dose of political economy, and make them grin in that way. They might then try them at definitions and analogies, and carrying the war boldly into the enemy's quarters, display the word Flunkey like a banner before them.

Who is a flunkey? demands our John belligerent. The soldier, who sells himself, body and soul, to the drill-sergeant; who stands up to be shot at, or runs away, just as he is ordered; who cuts throats when he is able, at the word of command, for lower wages than an Irish labourer cuts corn; and who values the limbs he may leave on the field at no more than the price of well-fashioned timber.

Who is a flunkey? The sailor who, for his miserable mess of pottage, submits to a perpetual voyage of transportation, living as in a prison—only, quoth Dr Johnson, with worse company—sleeping in the darkest, narrowest, and filthiest of dungeons, and constantly liable to find himself, on awaking, in contact with such 'strange bedfellows' as rocks, sharks, and tempests.

Who is a flunkey? The politician who yokes himself, with his eyes open, to the car of a party, helping to drag it along

'Thorough muck thorough mire,'

however offensive and suffocating; who bawls himself hoarse in honour of the sleek idol who holds the reins; who never shrinks from his share of the ancient eggs and decomposed cabbages with which the procession is greeted by the rival party; and who at length drops and dies in the midst of his task without ever having known what it was to live the life or think the thoughts of a freeman.

Who is a flunkey? The fashionist who binds himself, hand and foot, soul and body, in conventionalities which deprive him of all power of thought or action, save at the impulse of others; whose dress, movements, look, manners, habits, affections, emotions, passions, are all matter of tyrannical prescription; and yet who is vain of his fetters, and feels an insane terror at the idea of divesting himself of them for an instant.

Who is a flunkey? The hireling author, who writes what he does not believe, who flatters tastes he despises, who panders to appetites he abhors, who turns the sacred press into a source of dishonest gain; and yet whose highest reward is a crust, a garret, an obscure death, and an undistinguished grave.

From such persons—and they are only a few among a numerous class—respectable servants would do well to keep aloof, except in the way of their business; but ye to whom the name we have so often mentioned is strictly due, if ye should meet in the highways of life with an individual exhibiting such characteristics as these, turn not away from him we beseech you. Give him, for the sake of your mutual sympathy, such countenance as you can: take him by the hand—it will not be cleaner than your own—and shake it warmly and greasily, for he is a Flunkey and a brother!

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

JEWELS—RAMUN ROY—THE CHURCH—HINDOO FESTIVAL—THE GODDESS KALI—HURRICANE—INDIAN SHERRY-COBBLER.

August 22d.—Some pretty silver filigree ornaments were brought to me to-day from the Parsee whose ladies I had visited—I did not know he was a client. It is not a bad thing to be a lawyer's wife. A pair of diamond ear-rings came not long ago from some one—not handsome ones, yet of value. Either they don't understand the cutting of their stones, or those I have seen are in general inferior specimens, for the jewels worn by the natives do not look so well as jewels look at home, although some of them are of a very large size. Rings are what the gentlemen most affect. The ladies like their bangles and strings of pearls, often discoloured. Diamonds and emeralds appear to be the most fashionable stones. One Parsee merchant I know wears a single pear-shaped pearl in one ear the size of a large bean. He has never yet been able to match it, so the other ear is unadorned.

We were still occupied with my very pretty silver ornaments when Ramun Roy was announced. He does not improve upon acquaintance. His position is indeed a very unpleasant one. He has returned to take no place among his countrymen, for they deny his claim of succession to his patron, he having been too lowly born to be by their laws eligible for adoption by a man of such high caste. And the European society are greatly indisposed to receive him among them. Prejudices on all sides are arrayed against this innovation. We must have lived, seen life, and reflected upon existing circumstances *in India* before at all becoming able to comprehend the division of ranks, the insurmountable barriers so contumaciously preserved between them, and the courage, and talent, and tact it would require to make even an approach to a more friendly mixture. This will hardly be effected by Ramun Roy, who is pitied or laughed at according to the feelings of those who all join in condemning an ill-concerted experiment.

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28*th*.—We had a pleasant ride this evening with our friend the chaplain, whose just views of what is to be done, and what at present can only be done, in the scheme all good men particularly of his profession must have at heart, always raises my mind for the time above more frivolous objects. Improvement is so slow a work! A little care of the European population would not be amiss, if only as a beginning at the right end of the great labour of Christianising the heathen. The chaplain mentioned that there was a much larger community of the lower orders of our countrymen here than most people allow themselves to be aware of: he has seldom less than three marriages a week to celebrate, reckoning all classes. Who would have thought this? Births and burials in proportion. Full occupation, in short, for an earnest pastor.

September 1*st*.—How many partridges will fall to-day in England? We mark our time here by the cold, the hot, and the rainy seasons, and by the sessions and the holidays. During this present cooler weather we have been on the Sunday afternoons attending a course of sermons in the Scotch kirk. They have extremely interested us. The preacher seems honest, zealous, fearless; very clear and very concise. We all agree in his doctrines, and we admire his style of delivery; but further we cannot go. There is something so cold, so formal, in that long prayer, said for us and not with us, and so little reverence in the manner of the service, that it does not touch my heart like our own beautiful liturgy. Much of this may be habit. My Presbyterian friends quarrel with our service, so full of repetitions, and it is a pity that our church persists in giving us four separate services in one; the consequence involves repetition, and always produces weariness. But the Presbyterians do no better. They make their one service quite as long as our four, and certainly fill it equally with these repetitions they so much condemn in us, in the face of that command which tells us not to 'use them vainly as the heathen,' and gives us all we want to say in a few comprehensive words, the beautiful simplicity of which we destroy by our *vain* amplifications.

The overland mail came in to-day, and we had such a bundle of letters! How true that blessed saying, which we must be as far from home as this to feel the full force of—'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country!' In the East the value of the *cold* water so increases the signification of this text. Your letter was balm and sunshine—no *cloud* I should say here—at anyrate all that was delightful: George's was a blank! He had used bad ink, and not a word was legible!

10*th*.—The weather is again very oppressive, and so we are told it will continue for this the last month of the rainy season. We watch for the showers now very anxiously, and a day of rain is rapturously welcomed, the air being always cooler for a short time afterwards. We get up by candlelight, and ride for a short time in the mornings, being determined to do our best to resist the approaching unhealthy season; the next six weeks are said to be the most trying time of all the year to European constitutions. Every day we hear of young men arriving from the up-country stations to go home on sick leave—imprudent, or I believe I may rather say ignorant, young men, unacquainted with the laws of their own nature; and so, for want of thought, preparing for themselves an early death, or years of broken health. The Moydaum is studded with their white tents, poor fellows, many not having left themselves the means to pay for better lodgings.

22*d*.—We were invited to a nautch to-day—an entertainment got up on occasion of the Dirgah Poojah—which, though curious, was, after all, but a stupid affair, so at least said Arthur, who had been prevailed on to go to it. I did not feel inclined to brave rather a stormy night. This Dirgah Poojah is the festival of the Earth, or the Creative Deity. The rich Hindoos open their houses in honour of her for three nights, and they spend a great deal of money in illuminating their residences, and decorating them with mirrors, pictures, and fine hangings. Their rooms are crowded by the lower Europeans, and everybody else who cares to see what may be seen of the manners of the natives. All make a point of attending this sort of affair once after first arriving in the country. There are hired dancers, sword-players, and jugglers; and all is conducted most decorously while any European lady remains; afterwards the dances are, I understand, of a description we could not witness. Some persons think this a sufficient cause to deter any woman from appearing at any part of these performances, though due respect has always been paid to propriety during their stay. Others object to attend an idolatrous festival on religious grounds.

I can't make out what form of prayer the Hindoos adopt towards their three deities, for there appears to be no doubt that they worship *three* in *one*—that is to say, the attributes of the Creation, the sustaining or the Preserving Energy, and the Destroying Power. The idols which represent these three deities, or these three attributes of one deity, seem to be only used to convey some sort of image to the senses, as was done in the early Christian church, where statues and paintings were employed to stimulate devotional exercises, the result of which contrivance has been in both cases to materialise the spirit and the truth, at least among the ignorant. The Hindoos periodically treat the resemblance of their mother earth with a singular style of devotion, for as soon as all the ceremonies of her festival are over they fling her image into the Ganges.

These holidays are as much enjoyed by us as by the natives. The absence of the latter from the various offices, where they fill the subordinate stations, releases the principals, and Calcutta becomes empty. The great resource at this time is the river. Parties hire boats, and fill them with hams, beer, champagne, and other Anglo-Indian luxuries, and think it pleasure, in the damp heat of the latter rains, to enjoy these dainties in all the cramped discomfort of a boglio.

Oct. 1*st*.—Poor little Edward has been rather unwell again; he is a very delicate child, too tall for his age a great deal—drawn up beyond his strength in this enervating climate. We all wish that his mother could be prevailed on to send both him and his brother home. She really runs the chance of losing the child by keeping him here; his uncle, the sick partner, is feeling the change of season very much too. They all dined here this evening, and we thought him looking wretched. The only one who doesn't see this is his wife, which seems extraordinary; but I understand it is quite common for those most interested to be the last to take alarm.

4*th*.—We spent this day in the fort, in the prettiest house of all the many pretty ones we visit in. The view from the drawing-room windows is really beautiful. There is the river, with its shipping and its banks; part of the town comes very well into the landscape; and the garden belonging to the fort, with all its warlike adornments, is an interesting as well as an uncommon foreground. We spent part of the morning in looking over the arsenal, where all is kept in such perfect order as to add very much indeed to the effect; the stores are very complete, and in very large quantities. Amongst other things is the most powerful magnet I ever saw used. We found the artillery quarters very pleasant, although we had to undergo the shock of the evening gun at our ears at sunset.

9*th*.—Drove this cooler evening to the Kali Ghaut, the place of the black spirit, from whence the name Calcutta. Kali is a she-devil, of the most malignant nature; this is her temple, and here her votaries resort from every part of India, in the hope of propitiating

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her favour. We went there along a back road, through a little bazaar, where numbers of the images of this fiend are displayed for sale; and on reaching the temple, were met by fewer priests than are usually in attendance on similar places of worship. We were late on purpose, as we wished the sacrifices to be over before we came, not inclining to wade through the blood of the victims. All traces of this unpleasant ceremony had therefore been washed away. This is a daily task, for every evening an animal is slaughtered at the threshold of this temple, sacred to the goddess of Destruction. Her image was concealed by a screen or curtain, which was withdrawn to disclose a stone scarcely hewn into any sort of shape, illuminated by one rude lantern. A red silk drapery covered this deformed mass, from out of which were thrust four brazen arms, two on each side, one of the lower arms holding a murderous-looking knife. That part of the figure which is meant to represent the countenance is fearfully uncouth and hideous, like nothing in nature. It has three eyes, one being in the middle of the forehead. I never felt so thoroughly ashamed of humanity. To imagine this object worshipped, feared, adored, not by a few ignorant savages, but by thousands of civilised people! The Brahmin who showed it, however, openly ridiculed the profession by which he was content to live. He seemed extremely anxious to appear to advantage to us, by disclaiming any connection with this temple, assuring us he was engaged in the service of some other. He also told us that any money we gave within these walls would be shared among the priests of Kali; he therefore hoped we should remember him outside, and give him some help towards the support of his wife and children, adding, that all the multitude worshipping here must pay a pice a-piece for leave to prostrate themselves at the feet of their goddess. He was a clever man this Brahmin, shrewd enough to play many parts. The crowd around was very disgusting, composed of most of the objects in Calcutta, the deformed, the diseased, all anxious to exhibit their miseries for pice. This is an Indian custom, not without its emulators elsewhere.

13*th*. — This night we have had the rehearsal of our long-preparing concert. The performers exerted themselves to the utmost, and seemed to give satisfaction to the row of judges who were sitting to detect errors. Really one could have no idea it would have been possible to collect so many amateurs, vocal and instrumental, so much above par. We all did justice afterwards to a gay supper at two round tables, and the evening being very cool, the thermometer down to 76 degrees, after a day of rain in good earnest, we were quite able to enjoy the whole entertainment.

17*th*.—A hurricane—trees blown down, mat huts scattered about, boats in peril, ships hardly secure, for the Sandheads are very dangerous. This gale is looked upon as a pretty sure forerunner of the cold weather. Ten or a dozen years ago, when the way to keep the European constitution in health in this trying climate was not so well understood as it is now, people used to assemble round a great tree on the Mydaum, upon the 15th of this month of October, to congratulate each other on having survived the sickly season; and then they reckoned up the names of those they missed—often a melancholy list. We must allow something for the more healthy results of modern improvements—there is so much less marsh and so much less jungle around Calcutta now than there was then; but the habits of society have changed for the better too, though there is still much to be done yet in that respect here as elsewhere. At the courts to-day half the place was flooded, the water having poured down in a way that quite defied all preparations for its exit.

22*d*.—People going home every day—young men hurrying off by the overland route, and families taking their more quiet but much more lengthy passage by sea. We are in the midst of farewell visits and farewell dinners, and sales of effects, just as it was at the time we landed, and a few weeks after, and as it will be till the cold weather ends. The society of a watering-place is not more fluctuating, for besides this yearly draft from our ranks, a perpetual change is always going on—so many sent away, one after the other, to the upper provinces, others brought down from the out-stations to the presidency. The going home is rather a sad affair, involving some painful partings, unless the life here be over, and the farewell is for good. When it is for health, or for the sake of taking off the children, there are too many regrets left behind.

29*th*.—There is an enchanting American here just now, a young New-York man, who has come out to see the world in one of the ice-ships. He has taught Cary and me to drink sherry-cobblers. You would have laughed to have seen us, straw in hand, merrily imbibing the cooling restorative just before setting forth on our evening drive. I have improved upon this hint, for you know I don't like those strong wines in any shape. I have got the khansomaun to arrange with the confectioner to have a lemon ice ready for me as we pass to the Course; and I have no doubt that the practice will soon become general, though as yet we are rather quizzed about it. Ice is a fine tonic, and most certainly we have felt invigorated by the small glass we take of it at this hour. We enjoy our drive doubly, and we make a far better dinner on returning home than we used to do. Wont it be amusing to see the long file of carriages, each stopping regularly before this little shop—the languid inmates just rousing sufficiently to receive the freezing welcome, and driving off again, all actually alive after such a perfect refreshment? This *will* come, I am certain: we have made some proselytes already. Our straws will be to us what the pipe is to the Hindoo; but I doubt whether we shall ever make use of them as gravely. At present the gaiety of our party rather scandalises the uninitiated. Even Edward laughs.

WARNING TO AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS.

A warning,' which, for the public benefit, we repeat, has been given to intending American immigrants by a correspondent of the 'Times,' writing from New York. The warning is to avoid falling into the hands, or being influenced by the advice, of certain parties who waylay the immigrant. At New York, where these wretches pursue their dishonest and evil practices, 'they are generally styled "runners," but falsely style themselves "licensed runners," and are numerously employed by the proprietors of lodging-houses and forwarding-offices to go on board immigrant ships on arrival, where they entice the passengers to accompany them on shore, when they are turned over to the tender mercies of the principals in this nefarious trade. Every inducement is held out for detaining them, and every impediment put in the way of their departure for the country as long as their money lasts. When this can be delayed no longer, they are "forwarded," as it is termed, in the direction they wish to travel. If their means are ample, they are furnished with a ticket to take them the whole distance at an apparently low cost, but in reality at double or treble the price for which they could themselves have purchased it. If, on the contrary, they have been swindled out of nearly all their slender resources, a ticket is provided, which they are told will take them the entire distance, but which, in process of time, they find to their sorrow only takes them far enough to get them out of the way, and prevent the possibility of their return. The system is as complete as it is wicked. It extends even to the employment of agents, who are sent over to be fellow-passengers during the voyage; the fiends who control these arrangements make enormous gains, and pay enormous wages to their "runners," but take care at

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the same time to put it out of the power of their victims to obtain or even to seek legal redress. No class of immigrants suffer so much from such heartless robbers as the British, while their number precludes the possibility of giving them that warning after arrival here, which could so easily be bestowed at the time of embarkation in England. They could there be cautioned against the perils that await them, and the snares which will be laid to entrap them even before landing. They could also be told that their own countrymen here have most charitably provided protection for them from these robbers, and that an institution exists which was expressly founded for their benefit. This institution is known as The British Protective Emigrant Board. It was established in 1844 by the St George's Society of New York, well known as the oldest benevolent society in this city, and as comprising among its very numerous members the most distinguished of her Majesty's subjects here. The sole object in view is, to bestow the best advice, accompanied by every information required by newly-arrived immigrants, and otherwise to aid and assist them as far as possible. If they wish to remain in the city, respectable employment is found for them at wages proportionate to their competency; if destined for agriculture, prompt and suitable conveyances are found, even to the most distant sections, at proper prices and by the most direct routes. These, and many other services of a most important nature, are perfectly gratuitous on the part of the society. Its offices are easily found and always accessible. The high respectability of its members, and the fact of her Majesty's consul being one of the most prominent, is a sufficient guarantee that implicit confidence may be placed in it; and whoever contributes to make it known in England among those of his countrymen who are emigrating to this city, will render them an incalculable service; for with the exception of The Irish Protective Society, The British Protective Emigrant Board, at No. 86 Greenwich Street, is the only one where they will find disinterested advisers.'

'SINGULAR MÉSALLIANCE.'

A descendant of the hero of the anecdote which appeared with the above title in No. 356 of this Journal has written to us to correct some of the details given by our contributor. The most important of these relates to the marriage settlement, which it seems was not made *before*, but *after* the ceremony—a circumstance exhibiting true nobility of spirit on the part of Sturgeon. The fact of the marriage had made him master of L.30,000; but he proposed to his wife's uncle, Lord Mansfield, that L.25,000 of this sum should be settled on Lady Henrietta, and the remainder on himself and their issue: which was accordingly done. It may likewise be mentioned that Mr Sturgeon, on his return from the continent, did not resume the humble occupations of the farm, but resided for the rest of his life with one of his daughters, who had married into an old and respectable family in the county Wicklow.

RESUSCITATION OF FROZEN FISH.

'It may be worthy of notice,' says Sir John Franklin in his First Overland Journey to the Polar Seas, 'that the fish froze as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became a solid mass of ice: and by a blow or two of the hatchet were easily split open, when the intestines might be removed in one lump. If in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. This was particularly the case with the carp; and we had occasion to observe it repeatedly, as Dr Richardson occupied himself in examining the structure of the different species of fish, and was always in the winter under the necessity of thawing them. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with much vigour after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours.' Mr Hearne, Mr Ellis, and other travellers in the icy regions, also mention the power of many of the lower animals to endure intense cold—mosquitoes and others of the insect tribe being frequently frozen into one black solid mass, which, when thawed, renewed all their energies; spiders frozen so hard as to bound from the floor like a pea, were revived by the fire; so were frozen leeches, frogs, and snails.—*Zoologist.*

TO A WINTER WIND.

Loud wind, strong wind, blowing from the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, sweeping o'er the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air-fountains,
Draughts of life to me!

Clear wind, cold wind, like a Northern giant,
Stars brightly threading all thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant,
I will meet thee there!

Wild wind, bold wind, like a strong-armed angel,
Clasp me round—kiss me with thy kisses divine!
Breathe in my dulled heart thy secret sweet evangel—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind, mad wind, howling through the nations,
Knew'st thou how leapeth that heart as thou sweep'st by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause a while in a gentle patience,
Like a human sigh.

Sharp wind, keen wind, piercing as word-arrows,
Empty thy quiverful! pass on! what is't to thee
Though in some burning eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains!
Fresh wind, free wind, trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy freezing hand upon my heart's wild fountains,
That I hear not thee!

FARMING INCONSISTENCIES.

Railway hedges are neatly trimmed and annually cultivated, like a crop of turnips, and they are thus rendered effective as well as neat; but farm hedges, diverging at right angles from these, have never caught the pleasant infection. They still exhibit their huge, irregular, and ungainly proportions; shading and robbing the land, for the mere purpose of growing bushes to stop the gaps caused by their untrimmed and neglected condition. Farmers dig their gardens two feet deep, but only plough their land five inches. They take especial care of their nag horses in a good warm stable, but expose their farm horses and cattle to all weathers. They deny the utility of drainage in strong tenacious clays, but dare not dig an underground cellar in such soils, because the water would get in. They waste their liquid manure, but buy guano from Peru to repair the loss; and some practical men, who are in ecstasies with the urine of the sheepfold, have been known seriously to doubt the benefit of liquid manure. But, it may be asked, 'Where is the capital to come from for all these improvements?' The reply will be, 'Where does the capital come from to make railways and docks, to build steam-vessels, to erect a whole town of new squares and streets, and to carry out every other useful and profitable undertaking?'—*Paper read by Mr Mechi at the Society of Arts.*

JUDGMENT.

Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man, of which other men can have such a knowledge in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it.—*Quarterly Review.*

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MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

It is a very common remark that poverty lays men open to temptation, and leads, by a kind of necessity, to vice and crime. Every day we see instances of pecuniary distress betraying persons of hitherto irreproachable character into acts of dishonesty; and if we hear of a respectable individual falling into intemperate habits, it gives us no surprise when we learn at the same time that this has been owing to a reverse of fortune, and consequent uneasiness of mind. Indeed the connection between material circumstances and moral character is too obvious to be misunderstood; and yet it receives a wonderfully small share of the attention of philanthropists. Religion and virtue being the sole things needful, must be inculcated, it is considered, in season and out of season; the good seed must be sown everywhere—by the wayside, in stony places and among thorns, as well as in prepared ground; and if an abundant harvest is not reaped throughout, the blame is thrown not upon the ignorance of the husbandman, not upon times, and seasons, and soils, but upon the convenient though somewhat vague abstraction termed 'the perverseness of human nature.'

Human nature, however, is not exceedingly perverse in the higher, middle, and lower middle ranks of society. There we find, generally speaking, at least so far as external appearance is concerned, some tolerable observance of the laws of God and man. The church missionary does not fancy himself called upon to enter the abodes of competence and ease, for there his visit would not unfrequently interrupt the family in blessing the meal or in preparing for church. His field is among the poor, the destitute, the unemployed—the *perverse* par excellence—and there he is struck with horror at the scenes of mingled profligacy and squalor that meet his view. In vain his glad tidings resound through the miserable apartment; the riches of heaven, he discovers, have no attraction in the eyes of temporal destitution; and the message of peace awakens no echo in hearts at war with society and with themselves.

If we take wider ground for the inquiry, we have the same result. What was the aspect of this country three or four years ago? With credit and currency deranged—with crowds of unemployed labourers flooding the highways—with provisions at famine prices—with overflowing workhouses—with ports choked up with importations of hunger, beggary, and disease from Ireland—what was the state of morality? How stood the statistics of crime? Were the people purified by their sufferings? Did the destitute 'die, like the wolf, in silence?'

Moral degradation kept pace with material suffering. There is a remarkable sympathy between poorhouses and prisons, which are always seen to flourish and decay together. Their population is like a fluid, with some deep connecting channel, and in both it rises and subsides by the same law, and constantly maintains the same level. At the period alluded to, the poorhouses and prisons were both at high flood; a fact which was very sensibly felt in the increase of the assessments. The Highlanders and the Irish starved, for they could not be said to live, upon national charity. The lower classes, generally, were ill clad, and, what seems a necessary consequence, they were dirty and ill cared for. Individual distress reacted upon the shops, that of the shops upon their solvent customers, and the whole upon the manufactures of the country. Discharged factory workers, and unemployed servants, male and female, swelled the ranks of destitution, and, as a natural consequence, of vice; modest theft skulking in every corner, and unblushing prostitution walking the streets at noonday. Then were heard screams, curses, and wild laughter from the caves of the famine-haunted city. Then men, women, and children crouched together like wild beasts in cellars and garrets. Then drunkenness stood in place of fulness, and the sense of hunger, cold, and shame was lost in drink. And at last came fever and disease, to riot at will on constitutions too weak and too contaminated for resistance. In that day the statists detected a great diminution in the number of weddings, but the missing figures were found in the column of funerals.

The political phenomena of the time were equally distressing. The poor looked with greedy eyes upon the possessions of the rich, and questioned the soundness of a title they did not comprehend. It was the employers, they held, who were in fault, since through them had come the sentence of starvation. They looked only to the hand which had dealt the blow, not to the necessity by which that hand was guided; their view was bounded by proximate causes; and there were not wanting better-informed persons who took advantage of their ignorance to embitter the blind animosity of their feelings. Freedom became the watchword of unreasoning hunger; the cry of blood which shrieked along the continent was echoed in our island; and if there had been no middle ranks, no class of employers, to rise up as a bulwark in the hour of danger, the country would only have had to choose between anarchy and military law.

This state of things no longer exists. Material prosperity once more reigns in England; and it is curious to remark the sympathetic rise of the people, moral, political, and even religious. The change has been so gradual, our advance from one step to another so natural, that we are hardly sensible of the progress we

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have made; but if an observer, who in disgust or consternation had retired across the Atlantic, were now to return, he would be struck with astonishment at the altered aspect of the country. The prisons and workhouses are at the ebb; the shops are in full business; their customers are prosperous; the people generally are well clad and clean; manufactures flourish; the redundant population of the cellars and garrets have vanished; drunkenness is confined to its ordinary limits; and the streets are comparatively free from vice and crime. You cannot mistake the pervading air of *comfort*. The children are bold and gay; the young women of the serving class neat, and in good condition; the young men healthy and robust. Fever comes, as usual; but, opposed by vigorous constitutions and hopeful hearts, he is disappointed of half his prey. The occupation of the demagogue is gone, and his organs of the press are sinking one by one from mere attenuation. His heretofore audience are too busy to listen; and food of all kinds being wondrously cheap, they are too full to be dissatisfied. The churches are more crowded — an unfailing accompaniment of growing worth and respectability. The very cab-horses look sleek and substantial; and no wonder, since their day's work can now purchase nearly a double quantity of grain.

Is it not a strange thing that the diminution of vice and crime, as well as disease, the spread of patriotism, and the advancement of morality and religion—at least of church-going and external reverence for sacred things —should depend in any degree upon mere material prosperity? Yet this is undoubtedly the case, and to an extent noticeable not only in statistical returns, but in the general aspect of society. The difference between the two periods referred to is obvious to the most superficial observer, if his attention is once fairly aroused; and our present purpose is simply to point to what is a curious and highly suggestive fact. No one, however, who is acquainted with the general tendency of these pages, will suspect us of the absurd materialism of regarding worldly prosperity and virtue as cause and effect: we merely intend to carry out into a wider application the axiom never controverted in individual cases—that destitution is not merely an evil in itself, but, by reason of its besetting temptations, the parent of those evils which it is the province of political philosophy to detect and to combat. The evils arising out of worldly prosperity are of another kind: they deteriorate the individual character without in the same degree affecting the social constitution; and they are to be counteracted in a special manner by the influence of religion and morality, operating on comparatively informed and intellectual natures.

This material prosperity, be it observed, does not affect the permanent, but the fluctuating stock of depravity. The former exists as usual, and, as usual, has a tendency, like certain noxious gases, to gravitate downwards, and choke up the lower depths of society. And this is not an ungenerous idea, but a truth for which we ought to be thankful to Providence, since it shows us how to cure the evil we should otherwise only deplore. The fluctuating stock of depravity, however—affected by every change in national prosperity—must be dealt with differently. The individuals who fall into vice and crime in consequence of want of employment, are not more ignorant than formerly: they are simply poorer. Destitution is with them depravity; and it is the fluctuation, not the permanence of evil in the human character, which is dangerous to society and to governments—just as it is an inundation which sweeps landmarks away, and not the permanent volume of waters. This destitution is to be dealt with as a material, not as a moral fact—as something which education will not amend or enlightenment elevate.

In former times, it was the care of governments to provide against the fluctuations of material prosperity, by storing up corn in seasons of plenty, to be distributed to the people in seasons of scarcity. But this would answer no good purpose in the present age of the world: the indolence of the Highlanders, we all know, was increased by the eleemosynary support they recently received; and in the hill districts of Ireland, the people, under the same fostering care, continued to starve—manufacturing the government grain into *potheen*. If want of employment is the evil, it is employment that should be provided; if potatoes fail, for instance, and their cultivation produce no result, some other species of industry should be substituted. This idea lies on the surface, and is as old as destitution itself; yet Mr Carlyle's proposal to set the people to cultivate the waste lands was received as something original. The cause of this could only be, that the proposal was made in language a little different from that of ordinary mortals, and accompanied by the startling provision, that those who obstinately refused to work should be slaughtered without mercy. But the idea itself was not new; and, if properly worked out, it perhaps contains the germ of a panacea which would put something like a safe limit to the fluctuations of material prosperity.

This is a subject, however, into which we do not mean to enter. Our present purpose is answered in drawing attention to a not very obscure, but hitherto little noticed fact, that public morals, within the limits we have laid down, are strongly influenced by material causes. Till this is fully understood, and the energies of governments and philanthropists are directed to the tangible evil, the great work of national education, even when fairly commenced, will not be followed by the solid results we have been accustomed to anticipate.

THE CHILD COMMODORE.

After a long continental ramble, I was glad to have the prospect of getting home again; but an embargo was laid upon me at Boulogne. It blew great guns from the opposite side of the Channel. The genius of Albion was not just then in the mood for receiving visits, or welcoming the return of absentees; and so the steam-packet lay fretting in the harbour, and rubbing her sides peevishly against the pier; while her intending passengers were distributed among the hotels and boarding-houses, venting their discontent on the good things of the table d'hôte, and mounting every now and then to the garret to throw a scowling look to windward.

For my part I had been tossed about the world too long, and bumped too hard against its rocks and snags, to think much of a little compulsory tranquillity. On the second day I rather liked it. It was amusing to watch the characters of my companions stealing out from beneath the veil of conventionalism; and it was better than amusing to become actually acquainted with one or two of them, as if we were indeed men and women, and not the mere automata of society. Taking them in the mass, however, a good deal of the distinction observable among them depended on the mere circumstance of age. We old gentlemen sat coolly sipping our wine after dinner, rarely alluding in conversation to our present dilemma; while the green hands, after a whirl round the billiard-table, drank their glass of brandy and water with vehemence, and passed a unanimous vote of censure on the captain for his breach of faith and unsailor-like timidity.

'This is pleasant!' said I, smiling at one of these outbreaks, which occurred late at night—'one always meets something out of the way in travelling.'

'*I* never do,' replied the gentleman I had addressed; 'I find the human character everywhere the same. You may witness the same kind of absurdity among

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raw lads like these every day at home; and it is only your own imagination that flings upon it here a different colour. I wish I *could* see something strange!'

'Perhaps, my dear sir,' said I blandly, 'you never look? For my part I never fail to meet with something strange, if I have only the opportunity of examining. Come, let us go out into the street, and I shall undertake to prove it. Let us peep under the first veil or the first slouched hat we meet, and I pledge myself that, on due inquiry, we shall light upon a tale as odd or as wild as fancy ever framed. A bottle of wine upon it?'

'Done!'

'Done, then: but hold, what's that?'

'Le paquebot va partir à minuit!'

'Hurra!' cried the young men. 'The storm is not down a single breath, and it is pitch dark! The captain's a trump after all!'

Then there were hurrying steps, and slamming doors, and flitting lights through the whole house; then hasty reckonings, and jingling coins, and bows, and shrugs, and fights with the sleeves of greatcoats; and finally, stiff moving figures mummied in broadcloth; and grim faces, half-visible between the cravat and cap; and slender forms, bonneted, yet shapeless, clinging to stout arms, as we all floated out into the night.

'The diet is deserted,' said my friend, 'pro loco et tempore.'

'Only the venue changed to shipboard,' gasped I against the wind. 'Remember the first man, woman, or child that attracts our attention on deck!' And so we parted, losing one another, and ourselves lost in the unsteady crowd.

The vessel had cleared the harbour before I met with my friend in the darkness and confusion of the midnight deck; and when we were thrown together, it was with such emphasis that we both came down. We fell, however, upon a bundle of something comparatively soft—something that stirred and winced at the contact—something that gave a low cry in three several cadences, as if it had three voices. It gave us, in fact, some confused idea of a mass of heads, legs, arms, and other appurtenances of the human body; but the whole was shrouded in a sort of woolly covering, the nature of which the darkness of the night and the rolling of the ship rendered it impossible to ascertain. I thought to myself for a moment that this was just the thing for my boasted demonstration; but no philosophy could keep the deck under such circumstances; and when my friend and I had gathered ourselves up, we made the best of our way—and it was no easy task—to the cabin, and crept into our berths. As I lay there in comparative coziness, my thoughts reverted to that bundle of life, composed in all probability of deck passengers, exposed to the cold night-wind and the drenching spray; but I soon fell asleep, my sympathy merging as my faculties became more dim in a grateful sense of personal comfort.

As the morning advanced, the wind moderated, testifying to the weather-wisdom of our captain; and my friend and I getting up betimes, met once more upon the deck. The bundle of life was still there, just without the sacred line which deck and steerage passengers must not cross; and we saw that it was composed of human figures, huddled together without distinction, under coarse and tattered cloaks.

'These persons,' said I dictatorially, pointing to them with my cane, 'have a story, and a strange one; and by and by we shall get at it.'

'The common story of the poor,' replied my friend: 'a story of hardship, perhaps of hunger: but why don't they wake up?'

This question seemed to have occurred to some of the other passengers, and all looked with a sort of languid curiosity, as they passed, at the breathing bundle of rags. After a time, some motion was observed beneath the tattered cloaks, and at length a head emerged from their folds; a head that might have been either a woman's or a little girl's, so old it was in expression, and so young in size and softness. It *was* a little girl's, as was proved by the shoulders that followed—thin, slight, childish; but so intelligent was the look she cast around, so full of care and anxiety, that she seemed to have the burthen of a whole family on her back. After ascertaining by that look, as it seemed, what her present position was, and bestowing a slight, sweeping glance upon the bystanders, the ship, and the gloomy sky, she withdrew her thoughts from these extraneous matters, and with a gentle hand, and some whispered words, extracted from his bed of rags a small, pale, little boy. The boy woke up in a sort of fright, but the moment his eyes rested on his sister's face—for she *was* his sister, that was clear—he was calm and satisfied. No smiles were exchanged, such as might have befitted their age; no remark on the novel circumstances of their situation. The boy looked at nothing but the girl; and the girl smoothed his hair with her fingers, arranged his threadbare dress, and breathing on his hands, polished them with her sleeve. This girl, though bearing the marks of premature age, could not in reality have been more than eleven, and the boy was probably four years younger.

A larger figure was still invisible, except in the indefinite outline of the cloak, and my friend and I indulged in some whispered speculations as to what it might turn out.

'The elder sister doubtless,' said he, with one of his cold smiles; 'a pretty and disconsolate young woman, the heroine of your intended romance, and the winner of my bottle of wine!'

'Have patience,' said I, 'have patience;' but I had not much myself. I wished the young woman would awake, and I earnestly hoped—I confess the fact—that she might prove to be as pretty as I was sure she was disconsolate. You may suppose, therefore, that it was with some anxiety I at length saw the cloak stir, and with some surprise I beheld emerge from it one of the most ordinary and commonplace of all the daughters of Eve. She was obviously the mother of the two children, but although endowed with all her natural faculties, quite as helpless and dependent as the little boy. She held out her hand to the little girl, who kissed it affectionately in the dutiful morning fashion of Fatherland; and then dropping with that action the manner of the child, resumed, as if from habit, the authority and duties of the parent. She arranged her mother's hair and dress as she had done those of her brother, dictated to her the place and posture in which she was to sit, and passed a full half hour—I cannot now tell how—in quiet but incessant activity.

Time passed on; the other passengers had all breakfasted; but no one had seen the solitary family eat. Two or three of us remarked the circumstance to each other, and suggested the propriety of our doing something. But what to do was the question, for although poor, they were obviously not beggars. I at length ventured to offer a biscuit to the little boy. He looked at it, and then at his sister, but did not stir. The proceeding, apparently, was contrary to their notions of etiquette; and I presented the biscuit to the mother 'for her little son.' She took it mechanically—indifferently—as if it was a thing she had no concern in, and handed it to the girl. The little girl bowed gravely, muttered some words in German, apparently of thanks, and dividing the biscuit among them, in three unequal portions, of which she kept the smallest to herself, they all began to eat with some eagerness.

'Hunger!' said my friend—'I told you: nothing else.'

'We shall see;' but I could not think of my theory just then. The family, it appeared, were starving; they had undertaken the little voyage without preparation of any kind in food, extra clothing, or money;

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and under such circumstances, they sat calmly, quietly, without uttering a single complaint. In a few minutes a more substantial breakfast was before them; and it was amusing to see the coolness with which the little girl commodore accepted the providential windfall, as if it had been something she expected, although ignorant of the quarter whence it should come, and the business-like gravity with which she proceeded to arrange it on their joint laps, and distribute the shares. Nothing escaped her; her sharp look was on every detail; if a fold of her mother's cloak was out of order, she stopped her till she had set it right; and when her brother coughed as he swallowed some tea, she raised his face, and patted him on the back. I admired that little creature with her wan face, and quick eyes, and thin fragile shoulders; but she had no attention to bestow on any one but the family committed to her charge.

'This is comical,' said my friend: 'I wonder what they are. But they have done breakfast: see how carefully the little girl puts away the fragments! Let us now ask them for what you call their "story," and get them to relate the romantic circumstances which have induced them to emigrate to London, to join some of their relatives in the business of selling matches or grinding organs!'

We first tried the mother, but she, in addition to being of a singularly taciturn indifferent disposition, spoke nothing but German. The little boy answered only with a negative or affirmative. The commodore of the party, however, knew some words of French, and some of English, and we were able to understand what she told us with no more difficulty than arose from the oddity of the circumstances. The following is the dialogue that took place between us, with her polyglott part translated into common English.

'Where are you from, my little lass?'

'Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York.'

'From New York! What were you doing there?'

'Keeping my father's room, sir: he is a journeyman.'

'And what brings you to Europe?'

'My father sent me to bring over mother.'

'Sent *you!*'

'Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day when my father was out at work, I took him with me.'

'What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?'

'Oh that is nothing: the ship brought us—we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way, without a ship, through the waves of the sea.'

'And what were you to do in London?'

'I was to go to a countryman of ours, who would find me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But somebody always comes in time—God sends him. Father told us that.'

'And the little German boy took you to your countryman?'

'Yes, and more than that! He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it.' Here my friend suddenly used his handkerchief, and coughed vigorously; but the young girl went on without minding the interruption.

'Our countryman gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of the ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck.'

'Your mother was in Germany. How did you get to her?'

'Oh, we walked—but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat.'

'Then you *had* money?'

'Oh yes, to be sure!' and the little girl gave a cunning twinkle of her eye. 'We could not get mother away, you know, without money—could we, mother?' patting her on the back like one fondling a child.

Such was the story of the little commodore—a story which was listened to not only by my friend and myself, but by at least a score of other persons, some of whom will no doubt be pleased to see it here reproduced.* A collection was made for the travellers, whose boasted funds had been exhausted at Boulogne; but what became of them afterwards I never knew. When we reached London, I saw them walk up the landing-place—wholly unencumbered with baggage, poor things!—the mother and the little boy clinging on either side to the commodore; and so, like the shadowy figures in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'they passed on their way, and I saw them no more.'

For my own part, my theory had gone much farther than I had thought of carrying it. My friend himself was not more surprised than I by the story of the little girl; and, like the Witch of Endor, when her pretended incantations were answered by the actual apparition of the prophet, I was stupified by my own success.

THE AMERICAN FILE.

The files of American newspapers received in this country during the month of December always contain matter of more than usual interest and importance. The session of Congress begins about the end of autumn, and the first document laid before it is 'the president's message.' This message is accompanied by reports from the heads of each department of the government, in which ample information is conveyed not only regarding the political state and relations of the country, but also regarding its social progress. These are for the most part published *in extenso* in the editions of the New York papers specially prepared for circulation in Europe; and from them, and from some other sources resorted to for the sake of comparison, we propose to collect a few statements of the social progress of the citizens of the great republic during the year ending 30th June 1850. To that date all the reports are made up, and as the sums we shall have to mention are in American money, we may premise that there are about five dollars in one pound sterling.

There are few of the institutions of a country that have a greater influence on the social progress of its inhabitants than the post-office. Whether as regards friendship, love, or trade, the rapid and cheap interchange of correspondence makes people not only wiser and richer, but makes them love and respect each other more. The extension of the postal arrangements in the United States is one of the most remarkable features in the history of that remarkable country. In 1790, or about fourteen years after the declaration of independence, the number of post-offices was only 75, and the extent of the roads on which the mails were carried 1875 miles, the revenue of the department being 37,935 dollars. The revenue of the English post-office at the same time was about half a million, though its arrangements were so defective, that, only six years before, the first coach in which the mails had been conveyed left London for Bristol. But in 1800 the number of post-offices in the United States had increased to 903, in 1825 to 5677, in 1840 to 13,468, and in 1850 to 18,417. The extent of the post routes has increased from 20,817 miles in 1800, to 163,208 miles in 1850; or, in other words, if all the roads on which the mails travel were stretched out in one continuous line, they would go nearly seven times round the globe. But the

* The writer is in earnest: this is a true story.—Ed.

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aggregate number of miles travelled on these roads every year by conveyances with the mails is 46,541,423; a distance greater than between the earth and the planet Mars, and which a single locomotive engine, travelling at the rate of 500 miles every day, could not traverse in less than two centuries and a-half! The number of new offices opened during the last year was 1979, and the number given up in consequence of the opening of the new was 309. During the same time 233 postmasters died, 2600 resigned, and 1444 were removed. If this be a fair example of annual alterations, the postmasters of the United States must be changed every four years. Some of the removals appear to have been for misconduct, as the head of the department states that 'with few exceptions, the postmasters have performed their duties with fidelity and promptness.' The postmasters are paid by a commission, amounting on some description of postal matter to 50 per cent., and among them they divided during the year 1,549,376 dollars. The cost of transporting the mails was 2,724,426 dollars, and the other expenses of the department—including nearly 30,000 dollars for wrapping-paper, 72,000 for advertising, 357,935 for clerks to postmasters—raised the entire expenditure to 5,212,953 dollars. The revenue exceeded this sum by 340,018 dollars, about one-sixth of that revenue being derived from the postage on newspapers and pamphlets. It is a curious and noteworthy fact, that while the extent of the post routes and the amount of conveyance on them have increased about 30 per cent. since 1838, the cost of transmission during the same time has *decreased* about 14 per cent. This is doubtless in a great measure to be attributed to the formation of railways. In 1828 there were only three miles of railway in the States; in 1838 there were 1600; and in 1848 there were 6117, and about 1000 miles more either partially open or in course of construction.

In our country the post-office pays better than in America, for, after defraying the cost of management and other charges, there was left, during the year ending 5th January 1850, a surplus of L.840,787 out of a gross revenue of L.2,213,149. But here we pay about three-quarters of a million every year for the packet service, which is charged against the Admiralty; but even deducting the whole of this large sum, which in itself is equal to two-thirds of the entire expenditure of the United States' office, the profit is greater on the British office. Again, we can send a letter from Southampton to Thurso, a distance of 600 miles, for a penny, and a newspaper for nothing; but in America the charge would be fivepence (ten cents) for the letter, and a halfpenny for the newspaper. But the postmaster proposes an arrangement which will make the rates in the two countries nearly the same. He suggests a uniform inland rate on each letter of three cents when prepaid, and five cents when not, and on each newspaper of one cent. This is not exactly so low as 'penny postage,' but it is not far from it, and it is to be hoped that Congress will adopt the suggestion. Reductions in charge were made in 1846, the effect of which was to reduce the revenue during that year by 800,000 dollars, but to increase it in 1850 by more than a million and a quarter of dollars over 1845. Similar results may be anticipated from another reduction, and that such a reduction may be safely made, may be inferred not only from this statement, but from the example of the post-office of this country, where the receipts fell from L.2,522,495 in 1839 to L.471,000 in 1840; but rose in 1849 to L.2,213,149. The total number of letters that passed through the American offices in 1850 is not stated, but in the year ending 30th June 1847 it was estimated at about sixty millions, in 1848 at sixty-five, and in 1850 the number may be roughly stated at about eighty millions. In one week in January 1850, more than six millions and a-half of letters were delivered in Great Britain and Ireland; and in the week ending 21st February, the number was about seven millions and a quarter. St Valentine doubtless was the cause of the great increase in that February week; but allowing for this, it may safely be said that four times more letters pass through our post-office than through that of the United States.

The usual decennial numbering of the people was made in the United States in 1850, but, from the great extent of territory, all the returns have not yet come in, and no complete statements have therefore been published. Indeed the superintendent of the census, Mr Kennedy, had on 1st December received returns from only 967 out of the 2890 districts into which the States had been divided. However, the information is complete as regards some places. The following are complete returns of four states:—

	1850	1840
Rhode Island,	144,489	105,722
Massachusetts,	994,665	737,700
South Carolina,	639,099	555,232
Arkansas,	198,796	97,574

Thus while the increase in South Carolina has only been at about the same rate as in England, the other two older states have increased twice as fast; and young Arkansas, with about three hundred miles of the great and fertile valley of the Mississippi on its western frontier, has more than doubled its population in ten years. More than half the population of South Carolina are slaves, who have increased much faster during the last ten years than the freemen, as the following statement will show:—

	1840	1850	Increase.
Free,	257,117	280,385	23,268
Slave,	298,115	358,714	60,599

This increase in the free population is about the same as that of the south-western counties of England, embracing Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall, while the increase of the slaves is as rapid as the increase in the counties of Lancaster and Chester; the former group of counties increasing, with one exception, at a slower, and the latter at a faster rate than any others in England. In Arkansas the number of slaves is now nearly one-fourth of the freemen; but in 1830 not one-sixth were slaves. In the white population we find that difference in the proportion of the sexes that always marks a newly-settled territory. Thus, in an old country like Britain, the number of females always exceeds that of males; but in Arkansas the number of the former is 70,701, and of the latter 82,217, an excess of nearly one-fifth. Of the slaves 876, or about one-fiftieth part of the whole, are more than sixty years of age. In this state there were produced last year, from 139,229 acres of land, 66,942 bales of cotton, and from 430,894 acres nearly ten millions of bushels of wheat, oats, and Indian corn. The increase in Massachusetts during the last *ten* years has been equal to the increase during the *twenty* from 1820 to 1840, and greater than at any period since 1776. It is estimated that the population of Georgia will reach a million (600,000 whites, and 400,000 blacks), being an increase of about 40 per cent., and that Maine will show a population of 612,000, or an increase of 22 per cent.

But the increase in many of the towns is much more striking. Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, at the mouth of a river that flows into Lake Michigan, had in 1840 a population of only 1712, but in 1850 the number was 20,026! Buffalo, the great port on Lake Erie, near the Falls of Niagara, has increased during the ten years from 18,213 to 42,266; Chicago, in Illinois, from 4479 to 28,269; and St Louis, on the Mississippi, has increased nearly 500 per cent., from 16,000 to about 80,000. Cincinnati, the 'Queen of the West,' has now a population of 116,108, or about two and a-half times the number she had in 1840; New York, it is supposed,

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will show an increase of 200,000 on a population which in 1840 was 312,234. Boston has increased from 93,383 to 138,788; Washington, the capital of the republic, from 18,213 to 43,266; Lowell, the Manchester of America, from 20,981 to 32,964; and Baltimore from 80,625 in 1830 to 169,125. In the last-named city there are 3124 slaves, and the number of dwelling-houses actually occupied is 25,006. Our great towns here do not increase so fast. London and Edinburgh have not doubled in more than thirty years; Manchester has taken more than twenty, though Liverpool and Glasgow were doubled in less than twenty.

Let us now turn to some tables of the value of American industry. Our brethren are doubtless a hard-working race—whether in hunting, fishing, tilling the ground, or manufacturing. The fruits of their industry are usually classed under four heads—the sea, the forest, agriculture, and manufactures. The statement now before us does not tell the total value of all these, but merely of that portion exported to foreign countries. The productions of the sea were valued at 2,824,818 dollars, of which about five-sixths were obtained from whales, principally the sperm whale, in the shape of oil and whalebone. More than 250,000 dollars' worth of sperm candles were exported. The remaining sixth consisted of 'dried, smoked, and pickled fish.' The value of these exports in 1847 was nearly 3,500,000 dollars; and in 1848 it did not reach 2,000,000, the decrease being almost entirely in the productions of the sperm whale. From the forests of the United States were exported last year produce to the value of 7,442,503 dollars, in the shape of skins and furs, pot and pearl ashes, tar, pitch, rosin, and turpentine, timber, and manufactures of wood. The value of the cotton manufactures exported was about 4,750,000 dollars; of iron nearly 2,000,000; and of all other manufactured articles about 8,500,000 dollars. These figures, great as they may appear by themselves, are small when compared with our own country. The value of the cotton manufactures exported from Great Britain and Ireland in 1849 was nearly L.27,000,000 sterling; and of iron nearly twenty times the value of that exported from the United States. But it is in the exports of agricultural produce that the great resources of America are most conspicuous. This produce is more than three-fourths of the whole, and its value for 1850 was 108,459,760 dollars. Of this amount the share of cotton is about 72,000,000; of corn, about 15,500,000; of leaf tobacco, nearly 10,000,000; and of pork, bacon, &c. 7,500,000; while only about 100,000 dollars' worth of potatoes, and 25,000 of apples, were exported—the value of the potatoes being 7000 dollars less than the value of the ice, which has lately been largely exported from America. The effect of California is shown by an increase of more than 1,000,000 of dollars in the value of the gold and silver specie exported, the amount being in 1849, 956,874, and 2,046,679 in 1850. Altogether, the value of the exports of the United States was, in our money, about L.25,000,000; while the value of the exports of Great Britain and Ireland in 1849 was L.58,000,000. What an idea does this give of the rapid progress of our brethren over the Atlantic! Their republic is scarcely three-quarters of a century old, and yet their foreign trade is nearly equal to the half of that of the mother country; and doubtless it will not be long before that trade becomes even greater than our own. It is a trade also much more in the necessaries than the luxuries of life: in cotton as raiment, and corn as food.

The secretary to the navy presents an interesting report. Comparatively it is a very little navy: only 65 ships, and about 9000 officers, men, and boys. There are 339 sailing and 161 steam-vessels in the British navy. Of the 65 vessels, seven are ships of the line; of these four are out of commission, and three are used merely as receiving ships. The number of vessels at sea is 36, and of these two are engaged in a survey of the Pacific coast; one is a war-steamer, cruising on the lakes above Niagara, and the remainder are employed in six squadrons: one in the Mediterranean; another in the East India and China seas; one in the Atlantic, off the coast of Africa, engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade; another in the same ocean from Newfoundland to the mouth of the Amazon river; a third Atlantic squadron off the coast of South America; and another in the Pacific. The secretary reports with becoming pride that 'it is a source of high gratification that wherever our flag has been displayed by a national vessel, it has received the respect due to the national character, and that our interests and commerce in every sea have been secure and prosperous under its protection.' A great thing to say for such a small navy certainly; but not to be wondered at, when it is known that the aggregate tonnage of vessels in the American merchant service is three millions, and the number of 'hardy mariners' 180,000, sources from which, in the event of a war, a formidable navy could speedily be made.

Like its navy, the army of the United States is very small: the number of officers and men, as established by law, is 12,326, and the number fit for duty is estimated at only about 8000—about two-thirds of whom are in Texas, New Mexico, California, and Oregon. No nation ever depended on 'moral power' for protection to such an extent as the people of the United States. The number of pensioners is 19,758, but it is supposed that many of these are dead. Their annual cost is about a million and a-half of dollars. The Mexican war placed 1456 widows and orphans on the pension-list. It is well worth while to bring prominently into view the smallness of the force deemed necessary for the safety of America and the preservation of internal peace, as it is eminently suggestive for Britain, and certainly to a very different issue from that advocated by Sir Francis Head. The subject of surveys is constantly recurring. One is now in progress to establish the boundary between the States and Mexico; another of the Pacific coast; and a third is recommended of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, so as to determine which would be the most favourable line for a great highway right across the American continent.

THE 'RIG' SALE.

The reader must suppose it to be the dull time of the London year. London is, in fact, gone out of town, all but those unfortunates who, lacking the sinews of locomotion—surplus cash—have nothing to go with, and therefore nowhere to go. The west end stands in stately silence; the tall rows of lordly residences blink darkly at each other through closed window-shutters; the broad pavements, glittering in the autumn sun, yield not an echo save to the plodding footfall of the milkman or the pot-boy.

> 'No trampling of horses, no rumbling of wheels,
> No noise on the pavement of gentlemen's heels,'

disturbs the cogitations of the dreamy porter, who, having forsaken his cavern of buckram in the hall, ruminates cozily by the kitchen fire upon the two things which are inseparable in his catalogue of human vicissitudes—the sea-side and board-wages.

With the absence of fashion in the west the tradesman's function in the east correspondingly declines. In the Strand business has run aground, and desperate attempts are making to get it afloat again. Holborn is hipped, and stands at its front door, rubbing its brows, and pulling melancholy faces. Cheapside is now cheaper than ever, and strains with agonizing puffs to swell the canvas of traffic, and get the bark of commerce again under weigh. The less-frequented

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resorts of trade are still worse off: in the second and third-rate thoroughfares the forlorn dealers are at their wits' end. They publish desperate announcements, and cry aloud through the press, though in less candid phrase: 'Take my goods, oh take my goods, at any price you will—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty per cent. under prime cost—no matter what the fearful sacrifice—ruin me, or ruin my creditors, but grant me your custom, or I die.' It is all of no use. The crowds that hurry past are of the wrong sort—money-seekers, not money-spenders: retail trade is at its last gasp. There is nothing for it but a 'Rig,' and a Rig is resolved upon.

Some fine morning Higgins the broker, telling the boy to take charge of the shop during his absence, jams his crumpled beaver over his unkempt locks, and thrusting his hands into his breeches' pockets, strolls out in a mood half melancholy, half savage, and looks in upon Wiggins the house-agent.

'How are *you*, Wiggins,' says he, 'and how's business with *you*?'

'No call to ask anybody that there question these here times, Mr Higgins,' says Wiggins; 'most dreadful slack it is surely. Anything up?'

'Why, there is summut in the wind—leastways if you're agreeable, else I 'spose it aint no go.'

'The old dodge I expect?'

'Why, not 'xactly; I seen Crossbar, and Pops, and Daubins, and Brittle last night, and all on us come to a noo plan. We means to have the Rig complete this time—leastways if you're agreeable, as I said afore.'

'Well, I shan't hinder business, if you mean business; so let's hear?'

'Well, then, harn't you got a willar to let in St John's Wood?'

'To be sure I have; what then?'

'Harn't it got stables in the back as opens in a mooze?'

'That's just it; what more?'

'Why, then, the question is, will you let us have that there willar for a few weeks, and what's your terms?'

As Wiggins has taken an oath against hindering business of any sort, and as the proprietor of the villa in requisition is an old lady at present retrenching in the south of France, it may be easily imagined that there are no insurmountable impediments to the conclusion of the bargain. Higgins having settled thus much, and obtained the key of the premises, proceeds to call upon his coadjutors in the Rig to play their several parts. Crossbar is an ironmonger, cutler, and hardwareman, and sends in fenders, fire-irons, kitchenware, cutlery, and bronze ornaments, &c. &c. Higgins himself carpets the rooms with second-hand Brussels, and crowds every chamber with a plethora of showy furniture—taking good care to prevent the ingress of too much light by a full depth of cornice, and abundance of damask drapery to the windows. Brittle, who is a chinaman, inundates the cupboards and sideboards with a flood of china and glass, made expressly for sale by auction, or for emigrants' uses. Pops, who is a pawnbroker in a large way of business, contributes the linen, an exuberant quantity of which is generally one of the characteristics of the Rig Sale. He happens to have on hand, on the present occasion, a good stock of plate of all descriptions, run out at old silver price, marked with an engraved crest, and the initials A. F. F. Epergnes, candelabras, tea and coffee services, spoons, and forks, with salvers and waiters to match, all are packed off to the 'willar;' and a goodly show they make, spread forth upon Higgins's telescope dining-tables. Daubins, who is a picture-dealer in Wardour Street, takes the measure of the walls, and fills every available space with some 'exquisite gem of art,' manufactured in Brompton or Newman Street scarce a twelvemonth since, but figuring in the catalogue of the Rig Sale as the 'choicest productions of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and English schools.'

In three days the house is stuffed full from top to bottom with everything that the most pampered selfishness could suggest, or wealth procure, all brought in under cover of the night, through the stables in the back, to prevent the suspicion of observant neighbours. Now appears a pompous advertisement in the daily papers, announcing the choice effects (among which are included a thousand ounces of plate, and an unequalled collection of cabinet gems of art) of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Flighaway, deceased, whose unimpeachable judgment, and liberal expenditure in amassing them, are, it is added, well known in the world of fashion. The auctioneer, if not a member of the Rig, as is frequently the case, is at most a man of third-rate respectability in his profession, and receives a stated sum for his day's labour, in lieu of a per-centage on the amount sold, which is generally charged. A large-type quarto catalogue is industriously circulated in the neighbourhood, and a few are despatched to Brighton, Hastings, and other marine resorts, whence the senders frequently receive commissions to purchase at the sale, at an exaggerated price, articles which had lain for years in their shops unsold.

At length the day of sale has arrived. Fathoms of stair-carpeting, studded with placards, hang trailing from the windows from an early hour in the morning, as an indication to all concerned that the day of business has dawned. The auctioneer on the present occasion is Mr Snuffins of Seven Dials. Elevated on a chair placed on one end of the long dining-tables in the front parlour, the folding-doors of which have been removed from their hinges to throw the whole floor into one, the dark-muzzled orator, first treating the assembled public to a full view of his Blucher-booted heels through the legs of the little table in front of him, prepares to open the business. But before reciting his address, let us take a brief glance at the company. Higgins, Daubins, Crossbar, Pops, and Brittle, occupy five chairs in the first row, immediately under the eye of the auctioneer at his left. Wiggins, and an agent or two besides, are stationed at the other end of the room; so that the assembly of *bonâ-fide* bidders are enclosed between them. Seated on chairs originally placed in rows, but now jostled in characteristic confusion, are thirty or forty respectable persons of both sexes, who have come with the praiseworthy intention of profiting by the decease of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Flighaway. Upon the sofas, ranged on either side of the long tables in front of the auctioneer, are a still more select party, whose fashionable garb and demeanour have aroused the watchful politeness of the auctioneer's clerk, who has escorted them to seats at the table. Lounging about the doorway, and chattering occasionally with Wiggins, or one of his gang of touters, are some half-dozen furniture-brokers of the neighbourhood, not come with the view of purchasing—the Rig is as palpable to them as the sea is to a sailor—but induced by curiosity to see how it will go off, or to calculate the chance of profit from a similar experiment on their own account.

But the voice of Snuffins in alt is now heard above the murmur of conversation. 'Now, then, gentlemen, yonder at that end of the room, silence, if *you* please: we are agoing to begin. Silence, let me beg, if *you* please (*three bangs with his hammer*). Ladies and gentlemen, these here heffects of the Horrible Augustus Fitz-Flighaway is, I 'spose, perfeckly well known to you, seein' the time they've abin on view. Many on you, I have no doubt (the rascal), who was hintimate with that celebrated person afore he deceased hisself, now reckonizes for the last time many a moniment of his indispensible taste and hexpensive disposition.' (Here the orator attempts to draw up his right leg to the usual sitting-posture, and in so doing raises one side

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of the little table, and upsets his inkstand, the contents of which trickle down in a stream upon the head of his clerk, who is occupied for the next half hour in conveying it by means of his middle finger to the back of his waistcoat.) 'But, ladies and gentlemen, there aint no reason that this should be the last time that your eyes should look on what's here. Every blessed lot on it is to be sold for just whot you chooses to give for it: there aint no reserve, and no favour. I needn't say that this is an hopportunity as don't happen every day, and aint likely to come again in a hurry. All I know is, that I should think it a good hundred pounds in my pocket if I could be a buyer to-day instead of a seller. These here remarks said and done, we will, if *you* please, proceed to the first lot.'

With that up goes a wooden rocking-horse, which had been in Higgins's garret for the last three years; and after gallopping up from ten shillings to three pound ten, is knocked down to Miss Clementina Botherbeau—a spinster of fifty-four, who has not a relation in the world under the age of twenty, but who would have it as a relic of the Hon. A. F. F., whom she has an idea she must have known and admired, though she cannot exactly recall his image to her mind.

As the lots are successively put up, they are started at moderate sums by the disinterested worthies in the front row of chairs; helped onwards towards the figure at which they stand doomed in the auctioneer's catalogue by the clique at the other end of the room; and, the limits agreed on once passed, are left to the competition of the public, who are not in the secret. Those which cannot by any means be pushed up to the price fixed, are bought in by their several owners, or their agents, to be removed at the end of the sale 'back to the place from whence they came.' The commissions are managed in a summary manner. The lots are rapidly run up to the price the absent principal will give: if they fetch more, they go to the person bidding more; if they are knocked down to the commissioned agent, who is often the owner, he gets for the articles the price at which they are sold; *plus* the commission, which, by a somewhat anomalous regulation, is generally a per-centage upon the amount paid for the lots.

But let us listen again to Snuffins. The furniture, we will suppose, is all sold, and the pictures come next. Half-a-dozen time-tinted connoisseurs have entered the room within the last quarter of an hour, and found seats near the table, the ladies having departed.

Snuffins loquitur. The first work of hart, ladies and gentlemen, which I shall submit to your attention, is a reg'lar hex-quiz-it jim of Ten-years, a real shoved-over (meaning to say *chef-d'œuvre*), as the catalogne properly expresses it. I'm give to understand private that it was bought by the Horrible A. F. F. agin Louis-Philippe, at the great sale in Paris as come off nine year ago. What do you say for this unparalleled production of Ten-years? Fifty guineas, shall I say, ladies and gentlemen? I beg your pardon, gentlemen—gentlemen only—the ladies is all gone—bless their liberal arts!—we shall have them again to-morrow, when the plate, and the linen, and the cheyny comes on. What shall I say, gentlemen, for the sperlative Ten-years? Forty guineas, shall I say?

A Voice. Two pounds.

'Two pounds did you say? Very well, thank you, sir; anything to begin with—Two pounds.'

Daubins. Three pounds.

Wiggins. Three ten.

Daubins nods.

Snuffins. Four pounds.

An Old Gentleman. Five pounds. (The settled price: a dead silence.)

Second Old Gentleman. Let me see the picture—(*Takes off spectacles, and peers at it closely*)—Guineas.

Snuffins. Five guineas; selling at five—dead cheap at fifty.

The picture is ultimately knocked down at ten guineas to the first real bidder, having been painted from a print under Daubins's direction six months before, at a cost of not more than forty shillings. Had it been the picture it pretended to be, it would have fetched at a genuine sale, or at the 'knock-out' which customarily follows a genuine sale, at least from two to three hundred pounds. The Teniers is succeeded by a Hobbima, that by a Corregio, that by a Wilson, and that again by a Murillo, and so on till the catalogue is gone through, there being not one specimen in the whole batch which would answer any end better than that of showing the total want of judgment or knowledge of art in the purchaser.

The confederates are well pleased with the result of the first day's exploits. Daubins and Higgins are in high spirits. Crossbar shows his metal by proposing an extemporaneous supper on the premises, and a jollification is got up in the kitchen. Pops, whose profit is yet in perspective, is not quite so elate, and takes care to be temperate in his libations, that the morrow may not find him off his guard. Brittle, too, remains sober as a judge, and compares notes with Pops, and they arrange plans of mutual co-operation for the morrow. Daubins and Higgins get 'drunk on the premises,' to the great scandal of the other three, and especially of Crossbar, who, being proof against any quantity of 'heavy,' wonders what such fellows can be made of. An admonition from the policeman, who is attracted to the house by their noise, at length reminds the party that they are in a different region from Broker Row; and after 'one glass more,' or rather one more 'pull' at the pewter-pot (for Brittle is too good a judge to allow his glass to be made use of), they break up, and betake themselves to their several homes.

The second day's sale is even as the first, and still more productive. The experienced Snuffins had not miscalculated the 'liberal arts' of the ladies. The china and glass, the linen and the plate of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Flighaway becomes a perfect rage among the housekeepers of the neighbourhood. 'As every lady,' says the presiding orator, 'is by nater a judge of these ere harticles, there aint no necessity for any remarks about 'em on my part. I puts 'em up and knocks 'em down; you, ladies, gives what you likes for 'em, and has 'em. That's the long and the short of it.' With this elegant exordium the business of the day commences. Under the patronage of the fair it goes on prosperously and well. Pops's second-hand linen brings him almost the price of new; the plate upon which he lent a fraction under five shillings an ounce, runs up to seven or eight, or even more. Now and then a lot is bought by a gentleman, and even a few are bought in by the owners, but the bulk of the articles find female purchasers, and either go to swell the list of bargains for which the buyers have no mortal use, or being subjected to wear and tear, to prove the fallacious judgment of the excited bidders. The 'real china' of Brittle, which all came overland from the home potteries, is bought up as a rarity; and the glass—which to be kept at all must be kept cool, as the ceremony of tempering has been omitted in its manufacture—is an object of strong competition among the fair householders, it being just the one thing of which no lady that we ever yet heard of was known to possess enough.

The effects of the supposititious deceased honourable are at length all disposed of, to the no small delectation of the concoctors of the Rig. A profit, varying from twenty to fifty per cent., has been realised by each of them, and they all unanimously declare that this time it was a 'decent go, and *no* mistake.' But it is not always that the Rig runs so prosperous a course. Though often highly productive, it is yet looked upon as a desperate measure. Sometimes, if the promoters are in bad odour among their brethren of the trade, an

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angry rival or an excluded would-be participator will expose the trick before half-a-dozen lots are sold, and he has either to be bribed to silence, or the thing becomes a failure. The Rig occasionally fails too from want of judgment in the selection of a proper locality for the experiment; not unfrequently less than ten per cent. of the lots are sold to real bidders; and in some instances, for which we could vouch, the amount of goods sold has not paid the auctioneer's charge for selling, to say nothing of other unavoidable expenses.

Sometimes the Rig is only partial—that is, it is confined to one or two rooms, or to a certain species of goods. In these cases it is curious to witness the perplexity of the brokers who happen not to be in the secret. That the Rig is being worked they know well enough from certain unmistakable symptoms; that the whole is not a Rig they also know, from the number of knockers-out who are present, and they never venture upon a bidding until the desired information is obtained. Sometimes the first-floor front is a Rig; sometimes the two-pair back. Frequently the plate is rigged; more frequently the pictures. The watchful observer at a sale may detect the Rig portion of it from the demeanour of the regular buyers during its course. No sooner does the disposal of the Rig plant commence, than the whole fraternity of dealers contemptuously and manifestly ignore it altogether, those personally interested only excepted, and the lots are left to the competition of the unsuspecting public, whose courage receives an occasional fillip from the owners of the property or their agents; and it is not till the last Rig lot is knocked down, that the men of business condescend to bestow a glance at the auctioneer, or to listen to his repeated calls for silence, as the noise from their gossipping groups interrupts his proceedings.

It is hardly necessary to state that from respectable auctioneers, men of character and integrity, the Rig receives no countenance. If, indeed, the choice collections of valuables of every description, gathered together by men of wealth and taste, who have devoted their lives to the task, were allowed to be tampered with and adulterated by the addition of any trumpery from the stocks of ignorant and peculant dealers, the public would have no guarantee for the genuineness of anything they bought. The Rig is born of stagnation of trade, and dies a natural death when commerce becomes brisk, and the demand for things saleable returns to its accustomed level.

SYMPATHETIC SNAIL COMPASS.

Heretofore there has been a limit to the security and rapidity of mental intercourse both between individuals and nations. The most tender epistles, the most important despatches, must needs be subject to the dangers and caprices of the winds and waves; nor can the electric telegraph bear our messages beyond the confines of our island home, for hitherto, at least, its attempts to find a pathway in the mighty deep have proved an utter failure. The longings thus expressed for an instantaneous communication of thought with distant countries, and which have hitherto been baffled and disappointed, are now, however, on the eve of being realised by a discovery which will enable us, in a moment of time, to span the great globe itself by our inmost thought, and to whisper it in silence to the listening ear of our friend at Calcutta or New Zealand!

'But by what mighty agency will this instantaneous communication be effected?'

'By a snail.'

'By a snail! Incredible! Impossible!'

'Incredible, if you will, but not impossible; for it is to the snail that this mission of thought-bearing is assigned; and the vast community of snailhood will doubtless fulfil their office with a becoming sense of its importance.'

Let us now attempt to unravel this mystery.

About eight or nine years ago it was discovered, almost simultaneously, by an American and a Frenchman (Messrs Biat and Benoit), that certain snails, after having once entered into affinity with each other, were endued with the remarkable faculty of remaining permanently under a mutual sympathetic influence, which was not destroyed, nor even weakened, by the most prolonged intervention of time or space. This electric sympathy was not always dual in its nature, for it was found to exist with equal intensity among whole families of snails whose early lives had been passed within the same paternal hole. It was discovered, moreover, by our philosophers that this sympathy is strengthened and directed by placing the sympathising snails *en rapport* with (we use the terms without professing to understand their meaning) the magnetic, mineral, and adamic fluid, which may be effected by bringing them under certain conditions necessary to the maintenance of this threefold sympathy. In order to obtain these results, there has been invented by these gentlemen a portable apparatus, called a Pasilalinic Sympathetic Compass, by whose aid they obtain instantaneously, and at whatever distance the sympathetic snails may be placed, a sensible movement—designated by them an 'escargotic commotion,' and which is manifested every time that the parted sympathetic snails are excited by the approach of other sympathetic snails which are in affinity both with them and with each other; even in like manner as the electric commotion manifests itself to the experimentalist each time that he approaches with his finger a body which has previously been electrified.

But how can this sympathy be mutually manifested when the snails are placed at a great distance from each other? This is the next point to be ascertained. Well, it would appear from the statements of our two philosophers, that when these tender creatures are torn asunder by the relentless hand of fate, there flows forth from one to the other a sort of fluid, of which the earth is the conductor, and which unfolds itself, so to speak, like the almost invisible thread of a spider or a silk-worm, only with this difference—that the escargotic fluid is quite invisible, and that it passes through space with the rapidity of lightning. It is by means of this fluid that is excited and communicated the escargotic commotion, which is instantaneously transmitted from one beloved snail to the other, even though their habitations be fixed on opposite sides of the globe. In order to establish this communication, however, it suffices not to awaken escargotic sympathy: there must also exist an harmonic sympathy between the individuals who desire to correspond; and this harmonic sympathy is obtained by animal magnetism, and by intermingling the sympathetic escargotic fluid with the mineral and adamic magnetic fluid under the influence of the galvanic mineral fluid.

This is not the place to inquire what analogy there may naturally exist among these different fluids. Suffice it to say, that the necessity for their interfusion is the chief fact of the discovery, and without which the whole system must fall to the ground. In a word, the entire system of this novel communication may be said to rest as a basis upon the medium of *galvano-magnetic-mineral-animal-adamic-sympathy*.

There remains now to be ascertained by what sort of apparatus this escargotic commotion is obtained, and what means are adopted to render this commotion subservient to the transmission of thought. The pasilalinic-sympathetic compass consists of a square wooden box, within which is placed a galvanic battery whose metallic plates, instead of being placed above one another, as in the voltaic piles, are arranged in series, and fixed in grooves, made for that purpose in a circular wooden

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plate, which revolves round its axis of iron. In place of metallic disks, Messrs Biat and Benoît have substituted circular troughs or cups of zinc, each one lined with linen which has been previously steeped in a solution of sulphate of copper, the lining being kept fixed by a plate of copper which is rivetted to the cup. At the bottom of each trough is fixed, by a certain composition, known only to the inventors, a living snail, which imbibes in this metallic solitude a due portion of galvanic influence, to be subsequently combined with the electric influence, which is developed when the wheel is set in motion, bearing along with it the captive snails which have been fixed around it in their cells.

The box wherein is enclosed this moveable battery may be made of any form or substance whatever; but a close covering is absolutely essential, as the snails must not be exposed to atmospheric influence. Moreover, each of the galvanic troughs must be furnished with a spring, whose pressure will reveal the escargotic movement of the being which dwells within. It will be readily apprehended that in order to the formation of a corresponding apparatus, two of these snail-prisoning instruments will be necessary; the corresponding cups of each containing snails which have a reciprocal affinity, so that the escargotic commotion may be transmitted from one precise point of the battery to the same precise point of the other battery in the duplicate compass.

One more particular remains to be noticed. Messrs Biat and Benoît have affixed to the wheels of those two instruments, and close to each of the sympathetic springs, corresponding letters, which form a sort of alphabetic and sympathetic dials, by means of which the communication of thought is effected easily and instantaneously to any place, however distant; the escargotic commotion indicating on the corresponding dial those letters which one person desires to transmit to the other.

In order to effect the communication, nothing more is required than for the two correspondents to place themselves before these two instruments at the same hour, and to be in the necessary condition of harmonic sympathy, so that they may, without the intervention of steam-packets or electric telegraphs, and without any eye resting upon them save the sympathising glance of their friendly snails, unfold the inmost secret of their hearts.

In the article from whence the above details have been drawn, the writer, M. Jules Allix, goes on to describe his interview with M. Benoît, one of the inventors of this marvellous sympathetic compass, who, desirous to satisfy him fully with regard to the truth of the discovery, invited him to be present during one of his correspondences with Mr Biat in America. Accordingly, M. Jules Allix bent his steps with an anxious and beating heart to the Parisian dwelling where his doubts were to be resolved and his curiosity satisfied. The philosopher in America having been warned of their intention, they stood before the magic compass. M. Jules Allix not being in a state of harmonic sympathy with the correspondents, it was arranged that M. Benoît should convey any word or sentence he desired to express. The magnitude of the undertaking overwhelmed him with awe, and his mind was filled with reverence for the venerable philosopher who, at the other side of the Atlantic, awaited his message. The only word he could utter was 'Biat!' M. Benoît, with a sympathising snail in his hand, touched one of the captives in a trough: it moved! The letter B was noted down. Another was then touched, and another, and another. The name of B I A T was composed and transmitted to the American sage. In a few moments an escargotic motion became once more visible on the dial, and letter after letter was noted down, until these words were deciphered, '*C'est bien*' ('It is well'). One or two other brief sentences passed between them, which fully satisfied M. Allix as to the reality of the discovery; but we are obliged in common honesty to confess that some slight inaccuracies occurred in the spelling, not sufficient, however, to render the words unintelligible; and considering that the snails have but recently begun their education, we think it is but fair to make some allowance for them. Meantime, who will deny that the invention of Messrs Biat and Benoît exceeds both in wonder and in importance all the discoveries of Galvani, of Volta, and of Mesmer? Its agency so humble and so simple!—its results so magnificent and so complex! Henceforth, where will be the boudoir, or where the council chamber, which shall not possess its pasilalinic sympathetic compass? There will doubtless be some of massive construction and classic form, intended for our public offices, from whence they may in a moment of time transmit to the most distant parts of the globe the eloquent outpourings of our orators, or the sage decisions of our statesmen! Nor shall they require to be translated into other languages, for a part of the invention, which has not yet been named, consists in a pasilalinic (or universal) alphabet, whereby a language shall be formed, familiar alike to all people, and tongues, and nations. Again, there will be pasilalinic sympathetic compasses made in the form and about the size of watches, whereon may be lavished the exquisite taste of our fashionable jewellers, and containing snails no larger than a pin's head, whose transparent delicacy and sensitive tenderness will make them admirably adapted for a lady's amanuensis. It is not improbable that these elegant and useful compasses may shortly be seen appended by a chain to the waists of our modish ladies, in lieu of the châtelaines which have so recently been in fashion; and the absolute necessity of adhering rigorously to the moment fixed for their correspondence is a point which will be duly appreciated by our moralists, as tending to generate habits of punctuality and order in the '*beau sexe*.'

It was, we are informed, by the merest accident that Messrs Biat and Benoît discovered the abidingly sympathetic property inherent in snails; and they have ascertained, by a long series of experiments, that others of the crustaceous species possess the same faculty of manifesting this sympathetic commotion, although none of them offer such advantages as a medium of communication as does the snail, partly because of the intensity of its sympathy, and partly because it can exist nearly twelve months without food, as also because of its extreme facility to become fixed within the galvanic trough, and its universal citizenship throughout the whole world.

We have no doubt that our numerous readers will hail with enthusiastic delight the important discovery which we have now imparted to them; but we must not part without addressing to them a word of caution. Do not, we pray you, imagine that after having read the preceding slight and imperfect sketch, you are able to construct a pasilalinic sympathetic compass. The inventors, while imparting to the public so much of their discovery as to enable intelligent people to judge of its possibility, have reserved to themselves the hidden secret of its success, without a knowledge of which the curious inquirer might vainly wander on in this mysterious field of investigation. Even in the very outset of the inquiry, innumerable difficulties occur; for as all men are not able to produce the phenomena of magnetic somnambulism, even so all snails do not possess in themselves this permanent sympathetic fluid; nor can the very best of them be available for the compass without being subjected to a peculiar influence, which has purposely been kept secret by the discoverers.

We are induced to give this warning, less from a regard to the sole and inalienable right of Messrs Biat and Benoît to the whole tribe of sympathetic

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snails, in whatever quarter of the globe they may be found, than from a sort of liking for the snails themselves, which makes us unwilling that they should be persecuted with experiments by mere tyros in science. Let them be tortured, if you will, by such great men as Messrs Biat and Benoît, who martyrise them only in the cause of intellect and humanity; but we must protest against the doctrine of free trade in science, at least so far as snails are concerned. For ourselves, we have, since becoming acquainted with the noble destinies of these sluggish creatures, begun to regard them with respectful interest; and we found ourselves, a day or two ago, peeping into the leafy recesses of an ivy bush, and wondering what would be the fortunes of a loving family who were closely grouped together in that dark retreat!

We therefore once more pray our readers to remember that it is far easier to convey their thoughts all over the world by means of a pasilalinic sympathetic compass, than to solve the many mysteries involved in its construction.

FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.

'Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power—the never-halting time—
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime!'

We have just closed a volume of 'Wordsworth's Poems,' and the motto we have quoted, and the sonnet following it, recalled certain memories which have proved suggestive of our present subject. Five minutes too late! What an awful meaning is conveyed by the last two words of that brief sentence to the children of time, over whom circumstances and death have such fearful power! They conjure before our mental vision a spectral array of consequences from which we shrink: ghosts of vain hopes, of disappointed expectations, of love closed in death, move in ghastly procession, and but for certain recollections of a more enlivening nature—(for sometimes comedy blends even with the deepest tragedy in this kaleidoscope world of ours!)—we should erase our title, and choose another theme. Let it not alarm the reader, however, by the apparent threat it holds out of a homily upon the evils of procrastination. We mean to bestow no such tediousness upon his worship, deeming that the 'golden-lipped' saint himself would prove powerless to exorcise that most pertinacious of demons when he has once taken possession of any human soul. No; we intend simply to give a few instances of the singular, fatal, or ludicrous effects which the loss or delay of five minutes has caused, leaving Wordsworth's motto to point the moral of our gossipping.

The first, and one of the most painful of these our 'modern instances,' was very recently related to us by the son of him whose fortunes were changed, and finally his fate sealed, by the unheeded flitting of those few sands of time, and whose family are still sufferers from this apparent trifle. The momentous five minutes to which we allude were a portion of one of the most glorious periods that ever dial or hour-glass marked—that in which the Trafalgar victory was won, and Nelson lost. Among the gallant fleet which on that day roused the echoes of the hills of Spain, was a certain cutter commanded by a young lieutenant, who, possessing no naval interest, hoped for advancement only from his own gallantry and good conduct; and little doubt was there that either would prove lacking in his case. Memories of the fair wife and dear babe whose fortunes were, in the expressive language of the East, 'bound up in the bundle of his life,' awoke every energy of his nature, and gave (for him) a double and inspiring meaning to that celebrated signal, the simple majesty of which still thrills the heart of all who owe homage to the name of our country—'England expects every man to do his duty.' When the fight began, our young lieutenant did his duty gallantly; the 'angel opportunity' was lacking for any very memorable achievement, but in that scene of unrivalled valour and exertion, the eye of the great commander marked the conduct of the gallant little cutter, and he noticed it to 'Hardy.' Had he lived, the fortune of the young officer would have been assured; but the life which then 'set in bloody glory' bore with it the hopes of many a brave mariner 'into the dim oblivion!'

It is well known that the fleet which achieved this victory had, during the succeeding night and day, to contend with the fury of the elements; many ships dismasted in the battle, all shattered, and in numerous cases without an anchor to let go. It was whilst the storm was still raging that Lord Collingwood made a signal to the —— cutter to send a boat for the despatches which were to be conveyed to England. The office intended for her commander was a favour, as the harbinger of such intelligence was certain of promotion; but, alas! our young lieutenant, engrossed by the present scene, and excited by the recent march of events, was not heeding the signal of the *Euryalus*, and it had been flying five minutes before it was reported to him. *Then* he hurried to obey the mandate—too late! Another had seen the summons, and preceded him, deeming that the state of the cutter must be the cause of her commander's delay. As her boat came alongside the *Euryalus*, that of his successful rival—if I may so style him—pushed off, and the officers exchanged greetings. Poor Y—— at that moment bade farewell to the flood-tide of his fortunes! The admiral accepted his excuses, and regretted that he had not arrived in time, giving him the only charge remaining in his power to bestow—duplicates of the despatches—and with these he took his homeward course: but the lost five minutes had wrecked his hopes. His predecessor arrived safely, received promotion, and is now, or was very recently, an admiral, while the hero of our story obtained only a sword in commemoration of his bravery; and at the close of the war, was thrown aside, with many a gallant comrade, to waste the remainder of his life in oblivion and neglect. The disappointment of his hopes affected him deeply; the more so as his family increased, and his means of supporting and providing for them were small. What profound regret darkened the vision of Trafalgar when it recurred to the old officer's memory! He was sometimes heard to say, with a playful mockery of his own ill-fortune, 'that he had grown prematurely bald from the number of young men who had *walked over his head*;' but there was a pathos in the very jest. By a marvellous coincidence, his life was closed, as its prospects had been blighted, by the fatal five minutes too late. He was engaged to dine with an old brother-officer—one who hated to be kept waiting for his dinner—and by some accident, it was five minutes after the appointed time when he left his house to proceed to his Amphytrion's. In his anxiety to redeem the lost time, he hurried up the hill he was compelled to ascend at a pace little befitting his age and infirmities—for he suffered from a complaint of the heart—reached the dining-room 'again five minutes too late,' as he remarked himself, in allusion to the unseen signal, was taken ill from the exertion, carried home, and died. 'The tide' of life as well as of fortune had for him 'passed the flood!'

The colours of this kaleidoscope vision are of the darkest and saddest: let us shake the instrument and vary the combinations, and lo an Indian bungalow rises before us seated on a mountain height; and many busy forms are moving near and about it, for the lady who dwells there is about to join a party of friends

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travelling to the island presidency below. Her husband's regiment has been recently hurried to the seat of war, and she can no longer dwell upon the wide and pleasant plains of the Deccan; moreover, the monsoon is ended, and the hot winds of the season are beginning to penetrate the screens. And now the ayah hastens her lady's preparations, by the information that the party of travellers are waiting in their palanquins without; but the 'Ma'am Sahib' is a confirmed procrastinator, and so much has been left till this last moment unprepared and undone, that she cannot obey the summons. The climate is not favourable to patience; besides, there is a 'tide' to be caught at the next *bunder*, and *it*, proverbially, will wait for no one; therefore, with some few apologies, the party moved on, expressing their assurance that Mrs T—— would soon overtake them. She was of the same opinion, and bore their desertion very philosophically, insisting even on not detaining a gentleman of the group, who would fain have waited her leisure. As she entered her palanquin, she observed to her ayah—the only servant who accompanied her—that she had been, 'after all, only five minutes too late.' The 'God's image carved in ebony,' as Fuller calls the dark sisterhood of our race, showed her ivory teeth good-humouredly in assent, and retired to take possession of her own conveyance, in which she was ordered to follow closely that of her mistress, deeming the loss of time of as little moment as the lady did. The hamals then began their labours, and the first portion of the descent was achieved pleasantly and safely. Seated in her coffin-like carriage, Mrs T—— looked forth on a scene of almost unrivalled beauty, every turn of the mountain pathway varying its character and increasing its loveliness. Revived by the recent heavy rains, the trees and herbage wore a green as vivid as if they were never scorched by the burning kisses of an Eastern sun; gay wild-flowers peeped out from the long grass of the jungle; and tiny waterfalls danced and sported down the mountains' sides to their own liquid music: the tramp of the bearers, the monotonous chant into which they occasionally broke, even the shrill cry of the green parrot, had all a charm for the fair lady traveller; and she forgot the 'five minutes too late' which had separated her from her companions, and the fact that there was still no appearance of rejoining them. The latter recollection had, however, occurred to her bearers, and gradually, though their burthen marked it not, they slackened their pace, and held low conference among themselves. The ayah's palanquin was far behind, the travellers who preceded them far before; the road was solitary, the jungle deep and secret as the grave; the lady known to be rich in jewels, if not in gold and rupees.

Evening was closing in: day fades rapidly in the East, and the brief twilight is as solemn as it is soft and short. The hamals' steps fell slower and slower; and at last a vague fear awoke in the lady's mind, to which the gradually-deepening gloom added force. She was imaginative, and she fancied the pretty water-jets grew larger, and foamed, and took a spectral form, like the mischievous uncle of 'Undine,' and that the dark figures of the relay of hamals, running by the side of the palanquin, grew taller, and more fiendish-looking: she began to 'see their visage' less 'in their mind' than in its natural colour and swart ugliness, and bitterly repented having been five minutes too late. A regret, alas! *too late* also; for suddenly her palanquin was set upon the ground, and eight shadowy forms gathered round the door, with glittering eyes and looks from which she shrank, while one in brief phrase desired her to give him her jewel-case and her money. The request was not instantly granted. The Scotswoman was courageous, and represented to her false guides that they could neither rob nor injure a woman of her race with impunity. In answer, one fellow pointed to the deep jungle, and made an expressive sign at the back of his own throat. She saw that it would be vain to refuse, and delivered the small box she had with her and her money. They received it silently; and sitting down in her sight, coolly examined and divided their spoil. Then came a fearful pause. They looked towards the palanquin; they were evidently consulting as to what they should do with her. Never could she afterwards forget the feeling with which her gaze encountered those terrible black eyes! the agony of suspense was more than she could bear; and as they rose simultaneously, she buried her face in her hands, and in a short, almost wordless prayer, commended her soul to her Creator. At the same instant a frightful roar, echoed by a thrilling scream, or rather yell, burst on her ear. She looked up, and beheld her foes scattered on all sides, pursued by a tiger, to whose remorseless thirst one had evidently fallen a prey, for faint from the distance came a cry of mortal agony. She was saved! The five minutes they had loitered over their spoil had, through the mercy of a good Providence, made crime too late to be consummated. She sat there alone, wonderfully preserved, but still in an awful situation for a female, since night was gathering round her, and the lair of the wild beast so near! Her heart beat audibly, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a familiar and blessed sound: 'Auld Lang-syne,' played on her native bagpipes, stole on the silence of the evening, and, relieved from a weight of terror—from the fear of death itself—she shed large heavy tears as the clear music approached her. A Highland regiment was on its night march back to the Presidency, and either its approach had been perceived by the robbers who had escaped the tiger, and thus prevented their return to their victim, or their superstitious terror at the jungle tyrant had kept them from the spot. In a few minutes some of the Highland officers were beside the palanquin, listening indignantly to the lady's story, and offering her every assistance in their power. She was a good horsewoman, and the adjutant resigned his steed to her. Her jewels and money, found scattered on the road, were collected and given in charge to a Highlander, and she was escorted in safety by the gallant 7-th to the bunder, from whence she could embark for Bombay. If anything could cure procrastination, the effects of such a 'five minutes too late' might be expected to perform it; but, as we have said, we have no faith in even so severe a remedy, and we doubt if pretty Mrs T—— has ever put her bonnet on the quicker since her adventure on the Kandallah Ghauts.

And now, looking back into our very early childhood, we can see a neat, quiet-looking old lady, on whose fate our ominous title had as important a result. She was the widow of a merchant-ship captain, who had left her a comfortable independence, and the care of a boy nephew—his only sister's son—a fine lad destined for the sea. The pair lived in an old-fashioned house in one of the old, narrow, dull, but respectable streets of Portsea, and were introduced to our notice by the necessity of applying to Mrs Martin, or, as she called herself, Mrs *Marting*, for the character of a servant. Inquiries touching the damsel's capabilities had been made by letter, but the reply was by no means as clear as could be desired; for the old lady was a very 'queen of the dictionary,' and played so despotically with words, and the letters which form them, that the only part of her reply at all intelligible to my mother was a kindly-expressed hope that 'Susan Olding would *shoot* her!' We supposed she meant *suit*; but to make assurance doubly sure, mamma called on her, and took us children with her. It was about Christmas-time, and we remember distinctly how nice and *cosy* we thought the quaint-looking old parlour into which we were ushered. The fireplace was formed of Dutch tiles, commemorative of a whole Bible biography: a

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large closet, with glass doors, exhibited to our childish peeping a quantity of valuable old china. There was a harpsichord—the only one we ever saw—open in the room. Round the walls hung pieces of embroidery framed, the subjects being taken from the 'Faerie Queen;' and above each shone the glittering leaves and scarlet berries of a holly sprig. A bright fire blazed on the hearth; and by the side of it, in an imposing-looking arm-chair, sat the mistress of the dwelling knitting—a pretty woman even in advancing years, with a kind happy expression of countenance, that one would have felt grieved to see overshadowed by a care.

From that time we became acquaintances of good Mrs Martin. She met us in our walks; sometimes took us into her house to give us a piece of seed-cake and a glass of home-made wine; and finally, invited us occasionally to drink tea with her. We enjoyed those evenings exceedingly; she was so kind, and good-natured, and so ready to enter into all our games, in which we had also a blithe comrade in the young man her nephew, who had just returned from sea. He would play with us till we were tired, and then seating us round the blazing fire, would entertain us, Othello-like, with his adventures, and those of his messmates, till we held our breath to listen. A very fine seaman-like youth was Harry Darling the midshipman, and very proud his aunt was of him. In truth she had good cause to rejoice in her affection for him, as the incident we have to relate will prove. When Harry first went to sea, his adopted mother felt, as she expressed it, 'very *dissolute*' (desolate?) in her deserted house, and sought relief from her anxious thoughts by frequenting oftener the tea-tables of her neighbours, among whom her cheerful temper, to say nothing of her comfortable income and hospitality, made her very popular. At the house of one of the most intimate of her gossips, the worthy widow was in the habit of meeting, and of being partner at whist, with a tall gentleman wearing a moustache, and distinguished by the title of 'Count.' Now if Mrs Martin had a weakness, it was her love for 'great people,' as she phrased it; many of whose privileges were the especial objects of her envy, especially the mournful one of a funereal exhibition of heraldic honours. She always regretted that she had not been able to hang out 'a hatchet' for her poor dear departed Mar*ting*. Now, as she never dreamed, dear guileless old body, of any one assuming a dignity not justly appertaining to them, and had no conception of the exact standard of national rank, a foreign count with a moustache like a Life Guardsman was as imposing a personage in her estimation as an ancient English 'Thane,' and she treated his countship with all possible respect and attention, considering it a high honour when he favoured her neat dwelling with a visit, and drank tea out of her best china. She always called him 'my lord,' and 'your lordship,' and sympathised deeply in the cruel reverses to which the Revolution had subjected him, never wearying of hearing descriptions of his 'cha*teau*,' and of his hotel in Paris, though it long continued a mystery to her how a nobleman with such a fortune could have liked to keep a *hotel*, a difficulty she at last solved by ascribing it to foreign manners. But the count became daily more intimate at her house, telling her long stories over the winter fire, or while partaking of the meal she called, in compliment to him, her 'petty soupey,' and gradually the usual consequences of such story-telling ensued. The unfortunate noble proposed to Mrs Martin, and, quite fluttered and dazzled by the honour, the widow consented to become Madame la Comtesse. His lady-love's assent once obtained, the Frenchman was eager for the immediate celebration of their nuptials; but Mrs Martin insisted on waiting till her dear Harry came home from sea, his ship being daily expected. The bridegroom shrugged an unwilling assent, and consoled himself by dining occasionally, as well as drinking tea, with his lady-love.

At length the battery and guard-ship guns of Portsmouth greeted the expected frigate, and the next day Harry Darling embraced his aunt, and learned from her with much surprise, and a little vexation, that she was about to marry 'a member of the French House of Lords!' The boy had already seen enough of the world to take a very different view of the proposed exaltation, and to have serious fears for his kinswoman's happiness in a union with one whom he, at first sight, pronounced an adventurer; but on hinting his suspicions to her, the good lady for the first time grew angry with him, ascribing his observations to a selfish regard for his own interest, and Harry finding remonstrance vain, was fain to yield a sad consent to be present at the ceremony in a week's time.

The wedding-day arrived. The ceremony was to be performed at a little village church at some distance, and the carriages destined to convey the bridal party were ordered at an early hour. The bride, handsomely attired, and the bridegroom in the dignity of an entire new suit, were waiting, attended by their friends, in the parlour we have described, for the appearance of Harry, who had been unable to get leave till the eventful morning, but had promised to be there in time. There is nothing more calculated to throw a gloom over persons assembled for some festive or momentous occasion, than the having to wait for an expected guest. The gossips assembled in Mrs Martin's room had met with gay smiles and pleasant congratulations, but as minute after minute stole away, and no Harry Darling appeared, the conversation sank into silence, and the company looked grave and tired. The count became impatient, and urged his betrothed not to delay longer, as circumstances might have occurred to prevent 'Monsieur Darling' from leaving his ship; but the widow was not to be persuaded. She loved Harry with all the warmth of her affectionate nature. She had never known him break his promise; if he did not come, he must, 'she was sure, be ill, or he might even have fallen overboard, and could the count think her such an inhuman monster as to go to be married while the dear child's fate was doubtful?' The gentleman internally wished 'the dear child' at the bottom of Spithead, but he dared not dispute the will of his despotic widow, and they waited another quarter of an hour, when, to the joy of all, the missing Harry sprang across the threshold, releasing the 'wedding guests' from their thraldom to a nameless kind of discomfort, and his aunt from her nervous fears.

With all speed the party then drove off, and proceeded at a brisk pace to the village church; but even as the tall spire rose in sight above the leafy elms, the clock struck the hour of noon. The bridal party exchanged looks: after twelve, it is not possible to be married in England without a special licence. But the bride's attendant suggested that as it could not be more than five minutes after the time, the rector might be induced to overlook the rule, and they alighted and entered the church. Only the sexton was visible, in the act of closing the doors. He told them that the Rev. Mr Bunbury, after waiting for them till noon, had just ridden off to attend a clerical meeting at some distance; but that even had he been at home, it would have been quite impossible for him to have performed the ceremony after the appointed hour. They were therefore compelled to return unmarried, and Harry received a gentle chiding from his aunt for the confusion he had occasioned, which, however, he asserted was not his fault, but that of the first lieutenant, who had detained him. To atone in some measure for the disappointment to her friends, Mrs Martin invited them all to dine with her at six, and to accompany her on a similar expedition on the morrow. The invitation was accepted, and the count forgot his

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disappointment over a plate of turtle-soup, and indulged in delightful anticipations of the next morning which was to render him

'Monarch of all he surveyed.'

Alas, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip! A five minutes too late is no such trifling matter. It was even while wit and champagne were at their height, that a knock at the street door disturbed the jovial company, and was followed by the announcement of 'a lady who wished to speak with Monsieur di Fierville.' Mrs Martin, eager to please the man she delighted to honour, bade the servant usher the lady in, and a scene of confusion followed which may rather be imagined than described. It was no less a personage than the Madame Fierville herself—the true and living wife of the deceitful lover—who had at length, as she informed them, been able to dispose advantageously of her business as a *modiste*, and had followed her husband to England, trusting she should find him established, according to his intention, as a hairdresser in the good town of Portsea. On reaching his lodgings, however—for she had, after some difficulty, succeeded in tracing him—she learned from the mistress of the house that he had taken to himself the title of his former master—he had been valet to Count F——,—and an English wife, and she had come to the home of the latter to exact justice or revenge. 'The count' was no match for his vehement and enraged wife, and could not deny the authenticity of the testimonials of the truth of her statement, which she produced. He was hurried, at rather uncivil speed, from the house by the enraged Harry Darling, and was followed thence by the angry and garrulous Frenchwoman; while Mrs Martin had a gentle hysteric—nothing could greatly disturb the equanimity of her temper—and sinking on her nephew's shoulder, murmured in broken sobs her thanks to Providence, and, under Providence, to him, 'that from being five minutes too late she had escaped being made an accomplice in the crime of *burglary!*'

We must turn from Mrs Mar*ting*—her love passages and her blunders—to an incident in which the words of our motto were most pathetically and fatally exemplified—

'A moment's putting off has made
Mischance as heavy as a crime.'

The actors, or rather sufferers, of the story were a twin brother and sister, orphans, and dependent on the bounty of a near kinswoman, who, being of the Romish persuasion, had educated the girl in the doctrines of her own faith, although, in compliance with the dying wish of her widowed sister, the boy was suffered to retain that of his country and his father. But this difference of creeds proved the cause of no diminution of affection between the children, whose love for each other equalled or surpassed those loves which Scripture and poetry have made immortal. They were ever to be seen hand in hand; the one had no pleasure the other did not partake; their playthings, books, thoughts, joys, and infantine sorrows were shared invariably; and as the boy was educated at home, they were never separated till John had attained his seventeenth year, when his aunt's interest procured him a cadetship, and he was obliged to leave Mary in order to join his regiment in India. It was a terrible separation in those days, when the subjected elements 'yoked to man's iron car' had not, as in the present day, nearly fulfilled the modest wish of Dryden's lovers, and

'Annihilated time and space!'

The twins were heartbroken at the idea of parting; but John consoled his sister by the promise of sending for her as soon as he had an Indian home to offer her; and Mary pleased 'that it might be soon, no matter how humble that home might be!' And he assented to all her wishes, and pledged his word never to miss an opportunity of writing to her.

Letters from the East were then few and far between; and when received, brought in their very date a painful reminder of the time that had elapsed since the beloved hand had traced them, and a fear of all that might have chanced since their old news was written. But they were the chief comfort of Mary Murray—

'When seas between them broad had rolled,'

and for days after the arrival of one, her step would fall more lightly, and her voice take a happier tone. After the departure of her nephew, Mrs Jermyn removed with her niece to France. Her means were straitened, and she could live more economically on the continent; and there, after the lapse of some few years, she died, leaving Mary Murray all her little property, and advising her to join her brother in India as soon as she conveniently could, but to remain as boarder in a convent till arrangements to that effect could be made. The poor girl obeyed the wishes of her last and only friend, and became for a time the inmate of a cloister; but her thoughts and wishes all tended to the East, and she longed for the arrival of her brother's next letter—the answer to that in which she had made him aware of her loss, and of her wish to go to him. The mail arrived: there was no letter for *her*, but it brought news of an engagement in which John Murray's regiment had fought bravely and suffered much. His name was not in the list of killed or wounded, but he was reported 'missing,' probably a prisoner to the enemy, or drowned in the river, on the banks of which the contest had taken place. The grief of her, who had no other tie of love in the world, may be imagined; it could scarcely be described. Nevertheless she was young, and the young are generally sanguine. Almost without her being conscious of it, she still cherished a hope that he might be restored to her; but months rolled on, and brought no tidings. Then it was that, sick at heart, and weary even of the hope that was so constantly disappointed, her thoughts turned to the cloister as a refuge from her lonely sorrow. She had no object of interest beyond the walls; the nuns were kind and good; the duties of the convent such as she loved to fulfil. She took the white veil, and at the end of the year's novitiate, the black. The service of final dedication had begun, when a stranger arrived at the convent gate, and requested to see Miss Murray on business of importance. He was desired by the porteress to wait till the ceremony, which had commenced about five minutes previously, was ended; and ignorant of the name of the nun who was making her profession, he of course consented to the request. In about an hour's time, a young figure, robed in black, and veiled, stood at the grate to ask his business with her. He uttered an exclamation of alarm and consternation when he perceived Miss Murray in the dress of a nun. Then recovering himself, informed her, as cautiously as his surprise permitted, that he had come from her brother, who had been made prisoner, and was now restored to his regiment, after having endured much, and met with a number of adventures, of which a letter he then offered her would give her a full account. It ought, he acknowledged, to have been delivered a day or two earlier, but he had been much engaged since his arrival in Paris, and had forgotten it till that morning, when, ashamed and sorry for his neglect, he had proceeded at an early hour to the convent. Mary Murray heard him with a pale cheek and quivering lip, and as she took the letter from his hand, murmured, 'You came five minutes too late, sir! and to that lost time my brother's happiness and mine have been sacrificed. I am a nun now—as dead to him as if the grave had closed above me!' The young messenger was overwhelmed with regret as vain as it was agonizing. Miss

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Murray kindly endeavoured to console him, but on herself the blow fell heavily. She was never seen to smile from that day; and in less than a year after, the nuns of St Agnes followed their young sister to the grave. Most fitly might the beautiful epitaph in the church of the Santa Croce have been graven beneath the holy sign her tombstone bore:—

'Ne la plaignez pas! Si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau l'a épargné!'

The brother grieved deeply for a while, but the stream of the world bore him onwards, and its waters are the true Lethe for ordinary and even extraordinary sorrow. He married, and years afterwards returned to England with his wife and family; and then the memory of his sister Mary returned vividly and painfully to his mind, and, as a warning to his children, he told them the story of her enduring affection, and of *the fatal five minutes too late!*

CREDIBILITY OF THE STORY OF HUGH OF LINCOLN.

The story of Hugh of Lincoln is well known from its being the theme of a popular ballad, a version of which was published by Percy in his 'Reliques.' It represents a Christian boy, named Hugh, as inveigled by means of an apple into the house of a Jew, and as there conducted to a secret apartment, and put to death. It then goes on to relate the anxiety of the mother in seeking for her son, and the miraculous circumstance of his detailing the fact and manner of his murder from the bottom of a well, into which he had been thrown:—

'When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame;
Then ilka lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She rowed her mantle her about,
And sair, sair gan she weep;
And she ran to the Jew's castle,
When all were fast asleep.

"My bonny Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray thee to me speak;"
"Oh, lady, run to the deep draw-well,
Gin ye your son wad seek!"

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-well,
And knelt upon her knee—
"My bonny Sir Hugh, an ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me."

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
A word I downa speak.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
It's there we twa sall meet."'

The English chronicler, Matthew Paris, relates in his History of England the story on which the ballad is founded with great circumstantiality, under date 1255, which was during his own lifetime. He narrates how the Jews of Lincoln stole a Christian boy of eight years of age, in order to make him the subject of a mock crucifixion, by way of burlesquing the Passion of our Saviour. He was beaten, crowned with thorns, and nailed to a cross, after which they made him drink gall, and finally put an end to his sufferings by piercing him with a lance. Thereafter having taken out the intestines, to serve in some magical rites, they threw the body into a pit. The mother traced the boy to the house of a particular Jew, where the body was found. The Jew was brought before Lord John of Lexington, and, on promise of his life, confessed the facts as above stated. The corpse was meanwhile buried honourably in Lincoln cathedral. In consequence of the accusations of the Jew against his brethren, ninety-one were seized and conveyed to the Tower of London, where eighteen of them were soon after hanged. The accuser was himself put to death by order of the king.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that this story has some foundation in fact. It was verified so far in 1790, by the discovery of the body of Hugh of Lincoln in the tomb always pointed out as his in the cathedral. The skeleton of a male child, three feet three inches long, and with appearances as if the bowels had not been buried along with the body, was there found wrapped in lead. The testimony of a contemporary historian is powerful evidence. Nor should we overlook the deep impression which the tale has made on the public mind. It is noticed by every chronicler since Matthew's time, and has been canonized in a beautiful poem of the fourteenth century, the 'Prioress's Tale' in Chaucer. Not long ago, additional proof of the wide celebrity of the circumstances was afforded by the discovery of an Anglo-Norman ballad relating them in the Bibliothèque Royale of Paris.

Dr Abraham Hume has recently collected all the particulars connected with the story,* including copies of the various ballads, and the accounts of the chroniclers, and has proceeded to deliberate on the credibility of the alleged guilt of the Jews. He argues on the unlikelihood of the Jews introducing a mock crucifixion into their old established ritual, and on their having no tendency to the use of magical ceremonies. Suppose we had been ourselves present at Lincoln when the body of the child was found. We should have seen only an infuriated mob dragging a Jew out of his house on suspicion of murder, and a gentleman subjecting him to an irregular trial, in the course of which the alleged culprit made a monstrous confession, in accordance with vulgar prejudices, in order to save his own life. Religious antipathy went hand in hand with a love of the wealth of the Jews, to cause their being subjected to all kinds of oppression and injustice, and thus there is all possible reason for suspecting that this affair of the boy of Lincoln was only the taking advantage of some trivial casualty to wreak out popular vengeance upon this unhappy tribe.

The strongest argument in favour of this view of the story is the fact, that the Jews of a country now in a condition analogous to that of England in the thirteenth century were subjected in our own time to a series of vindictive outrages of the same nature, and on account of charges perfectly groundless. 'In the year 1840, in consequence of the sudden disappearance of a priest called Thomaso, the ancient prejudice was revived at Damascus: and before a proper judicial examination of the facts could be made, two or three Jews, who would have been important witnesses in the case, were put to death. A severe persecution then commenced; the popular fury was excited not only there, but in other parts of the Turkish empire; and a variety of tortures were inflicted, which are happily unknown in all the countries of modern Christendom. In the very same year similar acts were performed at Rhodes; and the intelligent and humane throughout all Europe and America were moved by the accounts. Mr (now Sir) Moses Montefiore of London was determined to visit the localities, and to procure, if possible, a cessation of the sufferings of his people. His brethren in this and the neighbouring countries of Europe cheerfully deputed to him the expression of their sentiments; he was also fortified by the authority and protection of the British government, and attended

* Sir Hugh of Lincoln; or an Examination of a Curious Tradition respecting the Jews, with a Notice of the Popular Poetry Connected with it. By the Rev. Abraham Hume, LL.D. London: J. R. Smith. 1849. Pp. 84.

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the good wishes of all Christian people. Previous his departure, a great meeting was held at the Egyp- n Hall, London, which Dr Loewe considers "the ost glorious evidence of intelligence and religious leration that is to be met with in the annals of man- nd." On the arrival of Sir Moses at Damascus, an vestigation was made into the circumstances, the sult of which was a *complete acquittal* of the Jewish isoners. They were liberated on the 21st of August 41. Similar results took place at Rhodes, the pasha which was deposed.'

In short, there is no good reason that can be shown ainst our forming the conclusion, that the story garding the death of the boy Hugh took its rise in pular superstition, and is merely an example of the smal effects of ignorance and bigotry in an age when w was irregularly administered.

MYSTERIOUS BREAKING OF A VASE.

The ingenious Charles Peach, the Cornwall naturalist, ose papers at the British Association have often been 'erred to in the journals, is now professionally settled Peterhead in the north of Scotland, where, as formerly, employs his spare time in researches in the lower lds of marine life. He lately obtained a *gowdie* emmous diagonet), and this, together with a small e-bearded blenny, he put into a large crystal vase, ich was suspended from the ceiling of his parlour, ar the window. The fish had done very well for seve- l days, when their life was brought to a close by a rious accident. To quote from a letter of Mr Peach: 'One night, about eleven o'clock, my two girls, my o oldest boys, my wife and myself, were about to go to d, when some odd story which had made us laugh in rnwall was recalled to mind, and the recollection so kled us that we all fell again into a hearty laugh. e fish, which were of a quiet disposition, and usually ted at the bottom, immediately became much excited, d we observed them darting furiously backwards and wards. My son William went towards the window to what was the matter, when bang went the vase, and wn came the fish and salt water upon the floor. A etty rush it caused amongst us: of course the fish lost eir lives. When the bustle was over, the question ose, "How happened this?" We had every reason to lieve the vase perfectly sound. I believe it was caused our laugh being hearty, and all in one note, and that e note which the vase would vibrate to; the vase being in, the vibration had been too strong for it. The fish d evidently been acted on by the jarring of the walls their frail tenement.'

PEEPS INTO THE LITERARY CIRCLES OF LONDON.

The society of the literary world of London is conducted er this wise:—There are certain persons, for the most rt authors, editors, or artists, but with the addition a few who can only pride themselves upon being the trons of literature and art—who hold periodical assem- es of the notables. Some appoint a certain evening every week during the season, a general invitation to ich is given to the favoured; others are monthly; and ers, again, at no regular intervals. At these gather- gs the amusements are conversation and music only, d the entertainment is unostentatious and inexpensive, sisting of tea and coffee, wine or negus, handed about the course of the evening, and sandwiches, cake, and ne at eleven o'clock. Suppers are prohibited by com- on consent, for costliness would speedily put an end society too agreeable to be sacrificed to fashion. The npany meets usually between eight and nine, and ays parts at midnight. I believe that these are the ly social circles in London in which inexpensiveness entertainment is the rule, and hence, perhaps, it is t they are the most frequent, the most social, and most agreeable. At these parties there is always amusing and singular congregation of characters. e only recognised test of admission is talent. If any son be remarkable for any talent, no matter what his station in life, here he is welcome. The question always asked in the literary circles of London is not, as in other circles, 'What is he?' but 'Who is he?' Authors, artists, editors, musicians, scientific men, actors, and singers, male and female, are grouped together indiscriminately; and peers, baronets, knights, lawyers, doctors, booksellers, printers—provided they possess this qualification of being authors, artists, or musicians, or be renowned as the patrons of literature, art, or music—here meet together in temporary social equality, but regulated by so much good sense, that it does not lead to familiarity elsewhere. The rooms in which these assemblies are held vary in size and splendour, from the vast and magnificent saloons of the nobleman, to the plain and humble drawing-room of an unfashionable street. But both are enjoyed equally, nor does there appear to be a preference. I have seen the modest residence of Mrs Loudon in Porchester Terrace filled with persons as famous as are to be found in the mansion of Sir T. N. Talfourd in Russell Square. The truth is, that the visitors of this class go to see and be seen, to talk and be talked to; for the pleasure of meeting persons, and not for show, or to eat and drink, as at the 'ball and supper' which is the established formula of entertainment with the other circles of London society. But other objects of interest are not omitted. There is always good music, vocal and instrumental, because some of the distinguished vocalists of the time are always among the assembly, and always ready to assist in the mutual entertainment. Artists are invited to bring their portfolios with them; the newest books, engravings, and illustrated works lie upon the tables. Of conversation there is no lack. Among the *habitues* of this society there are some eminent talkers, who always gather round them a knot of attentive listeners; and if the rooms are large, you will see several of these circles dotted about, each indicating some personage of note for its centre.—*The Critic.*

'NEVER COMES THE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN!'

—Vide 'Reverberations,' Part First.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! the cruel words that have been spoken—
'Never comes the beautiful again!'
Credit not the saying: still unbroken
Is the pledge which nature's tongue hath spoken
With an earnest eloquence to men.

Beauty ne'er departeth! Beauty dwelleth
Wherever loveful eyes look out for her—
Where the woods glisten and the wild deer belleth,
Where mystic echo 'mid hill-grottos dwelleth,
Where rills rush through deep glens, her footsteps stir.

Where gem-like stars are sparkling in the heavens,
And fragrant flowers are springing from the earth—
Where sunny morns are bright, and golden evens
Shed many-tinted clouds across the heavens,
Beauty, in changeful glory, wanders forth!

Where sea-waves, to the summer sunshine dancing,
Receive white-pinioned birds upon their breast—
Or where mad tempest, o'er the deep advancing,
Ushers forked lightning, that in rapid dancing
Curls, snake-like, o'er each tumbling billow's crest;

Where genius looketh forth, with high endeavour,
From mental casements on the peopled world,
Beauty may aye be seen—'a joy for ever'—
To him who seeks her with a high endeavour,
Love's loyal banners in his hand unfurled.

Men may shut out the bright and glorious vision
By hateful arts and actions, and the sway
Of thoughts unnatural; but no hard decision
Of minds penurious robs us of the vision
Which beauty sheds across her lovers' way!

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

The present is an age of true wonders, and for that reason it is likewise an age of impudent deceptions: it is an age of extraordinary knowledge, and therefore of marvellous ignorance: an age of daring scepticism, and consequently of blind credulity. Nothing is too difficult for ingenuity to accomplish; and hollow pretension may therefore go as far as it pleases. If the once famous seven-league boots toil after us in vain upon the road; if we in Edinburgh converse this evening with a friend in London, and, in compliance with his invitation, go and breakfast with him to-morrow morning in Piccadilly—why not trust in the ears that hear the grass grow, or in any of the other marvels of what, in the days of our youthful inexperience, we called romance? The true and the false are so much jumbled together, and resemble each other so closely, that it is no wonder we cannot tell the difference. If one professor of the healing art is able to amputate a limb without causing the slightest pain, are we to disbelieve another who pretends merely to dissolve a bunion on the foot for thirteenpence-halfpenny?

Although impossibilities, however, have become commonplace facts, and nothing remains ridiculous but ridicule, there are *some* pretensions which would puzzle a modern owl; and one of these we shall now take the liberty of examining, more especially since a brother contributor was disappointed on a former occasion in obtaining the advertised recipe.* We are not to be moved from the performance of this duty by the fact—although we mention it here as a matter of justice—that the professor in question (they are all professors) has liberally dropped the odd halfpenny, and charges no more than thirteenpence—which is twopence less than Sir John Falstaff's share in the robbery committed by Pistol. Giving him due credit for this moderation, we proceed to say that our professor's arcanum is described in the heading of his advertisement—

MATRIMONY MADE EASY, OR HOW TO WIN A LOVER;

and that this is no presuming title for an announcement which promises, for the moderate sum we have mentioned, 'plain directions to enable ladies or gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire.' It might be supposed that there is something Bluebeardish and unconscionable in this offer; but we must recollect that a recipe, if worth anything, does not lose its virtue for being once used. The same process which acts upon one set of devoted affections will of course serve for any number of scores or thousands that may be coveted by the liberal heart which has parted with thirteenpence for the purpose.

Of the process, we are told that it is perfectly simple, but captivating and enthralling to a remarkable degree. Under its influence anybody and everybody may be married 'irrespective of age, appearance, or position'—that is, however old, ugly, poor, or mean; they may be married too, if they so will, even to the most fickle or cold-hearted; 'and last, though not least,' the process may be gone through 'with such ease and delicacy that detection is impossible.' Setting the science of the thing aside, there can be nothing, we think, more finely poetical than this conception; and certainly nothing more consolatory to that sensitive timidity which shrinks from aiming at the love it would die to obtain. How many men there be, how many women, who carry with them through years a secret preference, which is the one fact in their history, and which is buried with them in their grave! If these men, if these women, could only come by such a thirteen-pennyworth! Many, too, feel an attraction that might seem magical for an utter stranger. They fancy they recognise features their eyes never looked upon in this world before; and they take refuge from the thrilling uncertainties that haunt them in the dream of a former state of existence which has transmitted its sympathies, and even its shadowy memories to the present. These anonymous phantoms have been alluded to by a poet, but more in their material than psychological character:—

'One of those forms that flit by us when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see,
The momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty, which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know—
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below!'

Now, if we could only follow such shapes to their sublunary abode—if we could only awaken in their bosom the sympathy that burns in ours—if we could only make the recognition mutual, and renew the intercommunion which has perhaps been suspended for a thousand years—would not that be worth thirteenpence?

But how to realise an object like this? Speak, dumb professor! and

'A round unvarnished tale deliver
Of your whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic'

you employ to bring about such admirable results! Or is it not more probable that our professor is a

* See 'A Last Breach of Confidence,' in No. 349.

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philosopher who works upon the mind through its every-day feelings, and is only different from other men by the art with which he employs common agents to bring about a marvellous object? Is it not to him the father of Hermia speaks?—

'Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth!'

We feel, however, that we are perhaps trifling with hearts which cannot bear such rough handling—that we are sending through the entire community a thrill of expectation which it is our destiny to disappoint. Let us say, then, without tampering further with so delicate a subject, that the Professor of Matrimony is —— But stay: we shall first mention what he does. He does *not* furnish a love-powder, or a talisman, or a perfume, or a salve, or a potion, or a phial of vapour, or a sealed packet of electricity. All he gives for your money is two superficial inches of pamphlet, containing little more than one of our columns of letter-press; and worth, therefore, in vulgar money, the fractional part of a farthing. And in this pamphlet, we are ashamed to say, there is nothing mysterious, nothing magical, nothing even poetical. Here is a portion of the prologue:—'Generally speaking, both sexes are desirous of entering the matrimonial state; but, considering the hundreds of thousands who wear out a lonely and miserable existence as old maids and bachelors, it becomes quite evident that there is something wrong in the existing state of society which debars so many respectable persons from marital felicity; and the cause, as well as the remedy, for all these disappointments I undertake to point out. It appears to me that both ladies and gentlemen seal their own misery by an overdue deference to the cold formalities of society, and sacrifice their prospects of happiness, as well as usefulness, in a social point of view, at the shrine of etiquette.'

What, then, does the professor propose? That we should all ask one another without ceremony? That we should institute a perpetual leap year, available in its privileges both for men and women? No such thing: he offers to do all the courting himself for the entire bachelorhood and spinsterhood of the nation, and to manage the process in such a 'style of fascination' that 'none can resist its influence!' His theory is, that everybody wants to be married, and that nothing more is requisite than an introduction. This introduction he proposes to obtain by advertisement, if specially requested; but in most cases it will be unnecessary to have recourse to such an expedient, he having begun business with a very large stock of ladies and gentlemen on hand. From his omission, however, to say why he does not marry these ladies and gentlemen to one another, and likewise to declare, in an exposition which professes to be candour itself, by what means he proposes to procure husbands and wives for age, ugliness, poverty, and vulgarity of station, gives one a sort of qualm as he reads, and almost induces a suspicion that the professor is—saving your sentimentality—a humbug!

Beyond the advertisement, however, there is nothing new in the plan; and neither is there anything flagitious in it, if we except the 'captivating and enthralling' on false pretexts of an unlimited number of thirteenpences. A matrimonial agency is no novelty even in England. It is just such a scheme as would naturally present itself to the imaginations of a proud, reserved, and yet impassioned people; just such a scheme as would be fallen upon by them to soothe

'The nympholepsy of some fond despair;'

and yet just such a scheme as in practice they would turn from with a sensitive flush. Yes; a matrimonial agency is wanted, but it wont do in England: and the reason it wont do is, that it is wanted. The same pride and reserve that make it a desideratum in theory, are fatal to its success in experiment.

The case is different in France, and so are the social character and manners of the people. In good society there, when a love-match takes place at all, it is the result of some comparatively rare coincidence. The choice of the parents and that of the young people *happen* to coincide: and if it turned out otherwise, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the lady would yield to duty—which in this instance, as in numerous others, means custom. In the hundredth case—that of disobedience—the misconduct of the daughter would not only be looked upon by her acquaintances as unfilial, but indelicate; and it is not uncommon for a Frenchwoman to boast, that although, if left to her own inclinations, she would have made quite a different choice, still she had been too well brought up to refuse the happy man her friends recommended. In the midst of marriages like these, in which Love, however welcome he may be, merely drops in accidentally when he comes at all, it is not surprising to find the French Hymen opening a shop upon the Boulevards for providing husbands and wives to order. There is in Paris at least one great establishment of the kind, where candidates for matrimonial honours may compare their qualifications with those of numerous others of the opposite sex—all registered in a business-like way—and make their election accordingly. We do not know whether the agents perform their spirting in such a 'style of fascination' that the result is always fortunate; but at anyrate, if disappointed in one quarter, the aspirant may have recourse to another; and at last, no doubt, a true adjustment of claims and qualifications takes place, and his perseverance is rewarded. The whole plan, in fact, is founded on the approximation to equality in the numbers of the two sexes, and on that sympathetic relationship between them which is declared in the philosophical saying—

FOR EVERY SILLY JOCKEY THERE IS AS SILLY A JENNY.

A matrimonial agency is likewise well adapted to the French character, from the remarkable gravity of the people. We do not speak at random. Gravity, or the power of keeping one's countenance, is a striking characteristic of the French. An Englishman is set into a roar by the thousand ordinary circumstances of life which a Frenchman views with imperturbable decorum. Compare, for instance, the inhuman ecstacies into which the former is thrown by the spectacle of an honest man chasing his hat on a windy day, with the placid satisfaction with which the latter looks on at the same escapade. Who does not feel that in London the matrimonial office would be surrounded by a crowd of curious spectators, who would hail the entrance and exit of supposed candidates with cheers, jibes, and laughter? In Paris—we speak by the card—that would be the least-noticed part of the street: the passers-by, even of the lowest classes, would refrain from turning their heads; and it would not be till they were some doors beyond that a silent twinkle of the eye, or at most a quiet smile, would show that they were not insensible to the associations of the spot. In London, again, the candidate would have a strong misgiving that he was doing something ridiculous. On reaching the agent's chancery with the name, he would, like the Accusing Spirit, blush as he gave it in; and he would fix his eyes with jealous scrutiny upon the Recording Angel as he wrote

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it down, thinking that he must be laughing at him in his sleeve. This functionary, on his part, would betray his consciousness of the suspicion being only natural by the pains he would take to dispel it; and the result of the interview might possibly be, that the thirteenpence just within his grasp would be ravished away from it, himself playing to the end the part of the recorder of Uncle Toby's transgression, who 'dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.' In Paris there would be neither the suspicion nor the reality of ridicule. The fair customer would enter the marriage shop with that ineffable air of business which a Frenchwoman has in all her transactions; and having finished the affair for the time—receiving with graceful acknowledgments any complimentary politeness that might be elicited by the occasion—she would emerge into the street, looking round her with the aspect of one who has gone through a great duty with tact, judgment, and decision.

The success which is said to have attended our professor's speculation is not the success of a matrimonial agent, but merely of an advertising cheat. The credulity which could swallow so palpable a bait is, as we have remarked, a distinguishing characteristic of this age of wonders. The mysterious and unknown, which in our own time have given forth so many admirable things, are an inexhaustible mine for the charlatan and impostor. Very recently a gentleman, for the purpose of deciding a bet, inserted a single advertisement in the *Times*, offering, in return for half a guinea, to send the applicant a recipe for the cure of pimples and discolorations on the face. This single advertisement produced forty half guineas (which were handed to a medical charity), and the lucky patients received in return a formula from a medical book known to all practitioners. The same success, and for the same reason, attends every well-advertised quack medicine. The purchasers are aware that the composition of such drugs must be known to all chemists who think it worth their while to analyse them; and they are aware that if they really possessed the wonderful properties claimed for them, the whole medical body would be competing for their possession. But such considerations have no weight with determined credulity. The educated doctors do not propose to work miracles with their drugs; and the quack doctor's word, therefore, like that of his brother in mystery the Ghost, is taken 'for a thousand pound.'

POETS LAUREATE.

Some uncertainty still appears to prevail as to the precise origin of the designation 'Poet Laureate,' as applied to an officer in the household of the English monarchs. There is not, however, any reasonable doubt that what may be said to constitute the essence of the appointment—payments in money and wine for extolling the deeds and virtues of royalty—dates from at least as far back as the reign of Henry III., or that the primary title of the gentleman so retained and honoured was that of Versificator Regis, or king's versifier. Mr Gifford, indeed, tells us in his preface to Ben Jonson's works, that till the patent of Charles I., conferring upon that author an annual pension of one hundred pounds and a tierce of Canary wine, there had been no regular appointment of a court laureate. 'Hitherto,' he observes, 'the laurel appears to have been a mere title adopted at pleasure by those who were employed to write for the court, but conferring no privileges, and establishing no claim to a salary.' There is a misstatement of fact and a confusion of inference in this passage, surprising from so well-informed and acute a writer. The title, Poeta Laureatus, had a precise signification and a distinct origin, although not always a loyal one, and could not with any propriety have been assumed by *any* person 'employed to write for the court.' That the payments were not made with the perfect exactitude which in these days marks disbursements from the Queen's Exchequer, is true enough, not only with regard to this particular office, but every other in the earlier royal households; but that the salaries of the king's versifiers were from time to time ordered to be regularly paid, there can be no question. A few words, before attempting to thread our way through the haze which shrouds the authors whom the Plantagenets and Tudors delighted to honour, upon the signification of the term 'Laureate,' as applied to poets, versifiers, or rhetoricians, may be acceptable, and will place the matter in a sufficiently clear light.

Mr Thomas Warton, a comparatively modern laureate, and the historian of an art for which he himself possessed but slight faculty or power, is at pains to show that students at the English universities, Oxford especially, who graduated in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, were crowned with a wreath of laurel, and that the king's laureate was at first simply 'a graduated rhetorician in the service of the court.' The examples which he gives sufficiently prove, however, that a faculty for poetry, or rather that which at the time passed for it at the universities, was generally essential to the acquirement of the 'bays.' In 1470, John Watson, a student in grammar, was awarded the wreath on condition of writing one hundred Latin verses in praise of the university, *or* a Latin comedy. Richard Smyth and Maurice Byrcheshaw were also 'crowned,' after each had composed one hundred Latin hexameters to the glory of Oxford. An additional stipulation with Byrcheshaw was, that neither Ovid's 'Art of Love' nor the elegies of Pamphilus should be studied in his auditory. Other instances could be easily adduced; and there is, besides, no question that the custom of crowning successful graduates was much more common in the universities of France and Germany than in those of England. The formula used by the chancellors of the university of Strasbourg on these occasions is very emphatic:—'I create you, placed in a chair of state, crowned with laurel and ivy, and wearing a ring of gold, and the same do pronounce poets laureate, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' The crowning of Petrarch in 1341, and of Tasso in 1594, by the senate of Rome, will at once recur to the reader's mind, and will, in conjunction with what has been previously stated, justify the conclusion that the 'laurel' could not, as Mr Gifford pretends, be assumed at pleasure before the reign of Charles I.; and that a versifier in the service of the early English kings, if not 'crowned' by the sovereign, owed his title of laureate to having received the wreath from some other competent authority. In course of time custom gave the title, as of course, to the person nominated to the office by the monarch; but originally there can be little doubt that unless duly 'laurelled,' the king's versifier was simply 'Versificator Regis.' This explanation reconciles many apparent contradictions in the notices scattered here and there with regard to the actual holders of the royal laureateship.

The first king's poet or versifier who is known to have been paid a yearly salary from the royal exchequer was one Henry de Avranches. He lived in the reign of Henry III., and by precepts, dated 1249 and 1251, the king's treasurer was ordered to pay the said Master Henry one hundred shillings yearly. There were, however, previous recognised adulators of the English monarchs: one Walo panegyrised Henry I.; and Baston, whom Bale styles 'Laureatus apud Oxoniensis,' did the same for Richard I.'s crusade; but the essentiality of a court laureateship—that of a fixed income paid for the express purpose of having the king's praises duly chanted in prose or verse—is first strictly provable in the case of Henry de Avranches. The butt of

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Canary wine may also have had its origin in this reign, although the gift in this instance was conferred on 'Richard, the royal harper,' to whom his majesty ordered 'a pipe of wine and forty shillings' to be given. Beatrice, the harper's wife—a 'Jongleresse,' or 'gongleresse,' who, it is conjectured, accompanied her husband's harping by pantomimic action—was also ordered a pipe of wine, but no money. Henry de Avranches, we find, had the misfortune, in some of his productions, to wound the delicate susceptibilities of the Cornish people, by imputing to them roughness and rusticity of manners. This was felt to be altogether preposterous and abominable; and a native of the calumniated county—one Michael Blaunpayne, who, if we may judge by the scrap of Latinity left us, had as rough and fluent a tongue as such a service could require—was employed to return the insult in kind. The retaliatory verses—recited before Hugh, abbot of Westminster, Hugh de Mortimer, official of the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop elect of Winchester, and the bishop of Rochester—contain a charming description of the corporality of the first salaried king's poet. Master Henry de Avranches is therein declared to have the leg of a goat, the thigh of a sparrow, the side of a boar, the nose of a whelp (the pug variety is perhaps meant), the tooth and cheek of a mule, the forehead of a hog, and the head of a bull, and, moreover, to be all over of the colour of a Moor. History is silent with respect to the continuators of the loyal line of poets until we arrive at the reign of Edward IV., where we alight upon the name of one John Kay, the author of a prose translation of a Latin poem on the siege of Rhodes. John Kay, in his address to the king, subscribes himself 'hys humble poete laureate.' This is the first instance in which the name of poet laureate is known to have been used by the king's versifiers.

A few retrospective words will here be necessary with respect to Chaucer, who lived, we wish we could say flourished, in the previous reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., inasmuch as it is sometimes asserted that the father of English poetry was one of the near successors to the title and honours of Henry de Avranches. The facts which have given a faint colour to this assumption are these:—In Edward's reign, and during the life of his patron, John of Gaunt, Chaucer was allowed a pitcher of wine per day from the king's stores. He fell subsequently, as we all know, from his attachment to the Lancasterian cause, into peril and disgrace; and this moderate dolium was stopped. Richard appears to have relented, as we find he was allowed (1393) a yearly tun of wine. Henry IV. (Bolingbroke) continued this donation, and added forty marks yearly. In neither of the 'docquets' or 'precepts' ordering these gifts is there a syllable that affords any ground for supposing that they were to be paid for in laudatory odes or addresses. Then there is the positive testimony of Skelton; and it is, moreover, idle to assume, that a poet who receives the bounty of a monarch must necessarily be a 'poet laureate' in the conventional use of the term. Were this so, there would be many laureates in the present day besides Alfred Tennyson. Mr Southey, to be sure, in his natural anxiety to gem the list of questionable celebrities with a great name, claims, in his 'Carmen Triumphale' (1814), that of Edmund Spenser for no better reason—

> 'In happy hour doth he receive
> The laurel, meed of famous bards of yore,
> Which Dryden and diviner Spenser bore.'

It is quite true that Queen Elizabeth bestowed a pension of fifty pounds a year upon the author of the 'Fairy Queen;' but the patent (1590) which authorised this grant contains not a syllable about the laureateship, which, moreover, in Spenser's time, was appropriately filled by two very different persons—Charles Edwards and Samuel Daniel. Neither the name of Geoffrey Chaucer nor that of Edmund Spenser has, we may be satisfied, the slightest claim to be placed in the list of laureates.

Reverting to the partially-ascertained order of succession following Edward IV.'s John Kay, one Andrew Bernard, an Augustine monk, was, we find, Henry VII.'s laureate. His salary was at first a very meagre one—only 'ten marks a year, till he can obtain something better.' This he eagerly did, being appointed preceptor and historiographer to Prince Henry. He wrote an address on the marriage of the king's daughter, another to Henry VIII. on his auspicious tenth year, another on his thirteenth year, and a new-year's gift for 1515.

Next on the roll comes John Skelton. He was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and appears to have been of somewhat doubtful morality. He got himself into trouble by 'buffooneries' in the pulpit, and writing satirical ballads against the mendicants. For these vagaries, and also, it was said, 'for having been guilty of certain crimes, *as most poets are*,' Nykke, bishop of Norwich, rebuked and finally suspended him. The alleged crimes consisted, according to Delafield, in his being married; Fuller says, in keeping a concubine. The laureate's saucy wit was afterwards levelled at Cardinal Wolsey; and the unfortunate rhymster, hotly pursued by the great man's retainers, was obliged to run for it. Luckily, he succeeded in reaching Westminster Abbey, where the abbot, Islip, afforded him sanctuary and kind treatment till his death. He was buried in the adjoining church of St Margaret's.

Richard Edwards, a native of Somersetshire, came after Skelton. He is stated in the patents to have been 'Laureate Poet, Player, Musician, and Buffoon,' to the queens Mary and Elizabeth; and he was, there is no question, the delight of those monarchs' courts and ladies of honour. He is the writer of 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices.'

The next of the 'famous bards of yore,' as Mr Southey styles them, was Samuel Daniel. This gentleman appears to have been equal to the salary only, the laureate work having been done by Ben Jonson—not, however, without reward. This latter is the first eminent name on the list; but the fame of its possessor is tarnished, not heightened, by the court flatteries he strung together. Charles I., whilst Daniel still lived (1630), with much kindly consideration for the then aged and ailing man, granted him an annuity of one hundred pounds, and a tierce of Canary wine annually. This patent it was which Mr Gifford, in his anxiety to disconnect Jonson from preceding kings' poets, regards as the first creation of a regular orthodox laureate. The position is clearly untenable. Had Mr Gifford said that Jonson was the first tolerably well-paid laureate, he would have been much nearer the truth. Daniel was so annoyed at the affront, as he construed it, put upon him, that he at once withdrew from court, and soon afterwards died, it was said, of chagrin. His rival and successor did not long survive him.

'Rare Ben Jonson' was succeeded by D'Avenant, the scandal-reputed son of Shakspeare, and certainly a fierce royalist, and patentee of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn. He attempted a revival of theatricals during the reign of the Puritans, and only escaped the vengeance of the fanatics of the period through the kindly intervention of Milton. His reputation was much higher as a player than as a poet—a distinction which does not necessarily suppose very exalted histrionic talent, as 'Gondibert,' a kind of domestic epic, and the least forgotten of his pieces, fully testifies.

D'Avenant died in 1668, and on the 18th of August 1670 John Dryden was invested with the court laurel. Being also royal historiographer, his income from the two offices reached two hundred a year, besides the

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'Canary.' The patent set forth that the laureateship was bestowed on 'John Dryden, M.A., in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his present majesty, and for an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill and elegant style, both in verse and prose.' Servility to worldly greatness was Dryden's strongly-marked characteristic; but the Revolution overthrew the chief altars before which he had burned such lavish incense, dispossessed him of his offices, and turned his genius to manlier, healthier themes.

The next laureate was Nahum Tate, of whom it is enough to say that he assisted his two immediate predecessors in maltreating Shakspeare. Rowe, faintly known in these days as the author of the 'Fair Penitent,' and one or two similar dramas, succeeded to Tate; and Rowe in his turn yielded the laurel to the Reverend Laurence Eusden. He, in his turn, shuffled off the stage; when entered Colley Cibber, the hero of the 'Dunciad,' and a personage whose name, from various causes, seems more intimately associated with the laureateship than any other. Cibber's 'Odes,' like his plays, are thoroughly unreadable; and yet the discriminating 'Town' considered him for some time to be a very pretty fellow in the dramatic line. So sublimely, stolidly unconscious was Cibber himself of his own incapacity, that the sharp arrows of Pope's stinging sarcasm had no more effect on him than needle-points would on the hide of a rhinoceros. Mr Cibber was a player as well as poet; but on attaining the laurel, he retired from his profession, and died in old age, and worldly prosperity and consideration.

William Whitehead, a person of very humble birth—he was the son of a baker of Cambridge—succeeded to the tarnished wreath. He possessed considerable rhyming facility, had published some trifling poems, and been noticed by Pope; but he owed his appointment far more to the influence of the Earls of Jersey and Harcourt, with whose sons he had travelled several years on the continent in the capacity of tutor, than to any reputation he had acquired for verse-making. He had already received, whilst yet in Italy, 'two genteel patent places, usually united; namely, the secretaryship and the registrarship of the Order of the Bath.' The minister, after receiving from Gray a peremptory refusal to accept the 'honour,' conferred the office upon Whitehead. When the offer was made to the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' it was intimated that the customary 'work' would not with him be rigorously insisted upon. Whitehead, on the contrary, was informed that a full measure of odes, addresses, *etcetera*, would be expected. This Mason, who had also been a candidate for the vacant office, thought hard upon his friend Whitehead, whose success in the matter of the laureateship he appears to have readily forgiven. Mason also 'wondered' at the stipulation—'George II. being known to have no taste for poetry.' 'The wonder,' pertinently remarks the late Thomas Campbell, 'is quite misplaced. If the king had possessed a taste for poetry, he would have abolished the laureate odes.'

The utmost efforts of Mr Whitehead were impotent to dispel the inodorous reputation which Cibber had brought upon birthday odes; and it was not long before a storm of ridicule and abuse burst upon himself—partially, at least, justified by the laboured hyperboles upon the superhuman virtues of the monarch and his family which he put forth. 'It was lamentable,' quietly remarks Gray, in allusion to the supposedly vindictive motives of the writers by whom Whitehead was assailed—'it was lamentable to find beings capable of envying a poet laureate.' Whitehead bore it all pretty well till assailed by the coarse invective and merciless sarcasm of Churchill, who tore the laureate's reputation so thoroughly to shreds—to very tatters—that Garrick refused to accept his 'Trip to Scotland' except on condition that its author's name should be concealed; and 'Variety,' a tale, could only be published with a chance of success by adopting the same precaution. It was, however, as true then as it is now, that an author can only be permanently written down by himself; and Campbell, whilst blaming Churchill's violence, admits in substance the justice of his critical strictures.

Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, succeeded Whitehead. Dr Johnson, according to Mr Mant's report, once said that 'Warton was the only man of genius he knew without a heart.' If poetical genius be here meant, the learned lexicographer was clearly wrong in imputing it to the laureate; and we may therefore, in charity, incline to the hope that he was equally in error as to his 'want of heart.' Mr Thomas Warton was not, however, deficient in the chief accomplishment observable in these 'famous bards of yore'—he laid on his meaningless, sickening adulation with a trowel.

Henry James Pye is the last of the wreathed brotherhood till we arrive at our own time. In this free country, although compelled to support the laureate, no one is obliged by law to read his odes; and we are not therefore afraid to confess that we are blissfully ignorant of Henry James Pye.

In 1813, Mr Robert Southey's acceptance of the laureateship was held by that eminent and facile writer's numerous admirers to have restored the office to respectability, if not to dignity. Many, too, there were who blamed him for stooping, as they thought, from his status as a poet to pick up so slight a thing—slight, that is, apart from the pension and the Canary, which good wine, by the way, Mr Southey exchanged for twenty-seven pounds yearly—as the laurel wreath. We cannot think there was any condescension in the matter, inasmuch as Mr Southey occupied no very lofty position as a poet; although possessing varied talents of a high order, fine and cultivated taste, and even much poetic feeling. The laureate labours of Jonson and Dryden shed no lustre upon the brotherhood; and neither, it will be admitted, have the loyal odes of Mr Southey been more successful. The subject does not appear to be a propitious one; no one, with the ever-recurring exception of Shakspeare, has greatly succeeded at it; and it may, we think, be doubted if

'The fair vestal, throned by the west,'

would have been drawn in such glittering rainbow colours, if the passage in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' had been done to order. The general failure perhaps in some degree arises from the cause suggested by Waller to King Charles, in excuse of the greater force and beauty of his panegyric upon Cromwell, when compared with that on his majesty, 'that poets succeeded best in fiction'—ordinary ones at least, who are perhaps oppressed and weighed down by the grandeur and glory they would celebrate. Mr Southey's first ode is a case in point. Not a line of the 'Carmen Triumphale' found an echo or left a remembrance in the national heart, profoundly stirred as it was by the events which the ode chronicles. The funeral song on the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte is the best of Mr Southey's laureate compositions; and this is but faint praise. Of the 'Vision of Judgment' it is impossible to speak except in terms of strong censure. How a man of Mr Southey's usually correct taste, disciplined imagination, and generous sympathies, could have given such a piece to the world, is in very truth perfectly astounding.

At Mr Southey's death, the laurel crown devolved upon the already whitened brows of William Wordsworth. Age had done its work upon the bard of Rydal Mount, and the ode he composed on the occasion

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of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge University, was consequently unworthy of his genius. *Requiescat in pace!*

Thus briefly have we glanced through the by no means brilliant roll of known kings' or laureate poets. Let us recapitulate them in their order of appointment: Henry de Avranches, John Kay, Andrew Bernard, John Skelton, Richard Edwards, Samuel Daniel, Ben Jonson, William D'Avenant, John Dryden, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth.

To these names must now be added that of Alfred Tennyson. That in his day the laurel wreath may be entwined and illumined by the flowers and light of true poesy, must be every man's earnest hope; but however this may be, we are quite sure he will not offend the Queen's good sense, or shock the serious, honest loyalty of her subjects, by repetitions of the grotesque exaggerations and extravagant conceits indulged in by the great majority of his predecessors —servile platitudes, which insulted the sovereigns to whom they were addressed, and rendered the very name of poet laureate contemptible and ridiculous.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

JANE ECCLES.

The criminal business of the office was, during the first three or four years of our partnership, entirely superintended by Mr Flint; he being more *au fait*, from early practice, than myself in the art and mystery of prosecuting and defending felons, and I was thus happily relieved of duties which, in the days when George III. was king, were frequently very oppressive and revolting. The criminal practitioner dwelt in an atmosphere tainted alike with cruelty and crime, and pulsating alternately with merciless decrees of death, and the shrieks and wailings of sentenced guilt. And not always guilt! There exist many records of proofs, incontestable, but obtained too late, of innocence having been legally strangled on the gallows in other cases than that of Eliza Fenning. How could it be otherwise with a criminal code crowded in every line with penalties of death, nothing but—death? Juster, wiser times have dawned upon us, in which truer notions prevail of what man owes to man, even when sitting in judgment on transgressors; and this we owe, let us not forget, to the exertions of a band of men who, undeterred by the sneers of the reputedly wise and *practical* men of the world, and the taunts of 'influential' newspapers, persisted in teaching that the rights of property could be more firmly cemented than by the shedding of blood—law, justice, personal security more effectually vindicated than by the gallows. Let me confess that I also was, for many years, amongst the mockers, and sincerely held such 'theorists' and 'dreamers' as Sir Samuel Romilly and his fellow-workers in utter contempt. Not so my partner Mr Flint. Constantly in the presence of criminal judges and juries, he had less confidence in the unerring verity of their decisions than persons less familiar with them, or who see them only through the medium of newspapers. Nothing could exceed his distress of mind if, in cases in which he was prosecuting attorney, a convict died persisting in his innocence, or without a full confession of guilt. And to such a pitch did this morbidly-sensitive feeling at length arrive, that he all at once refused to undertake, or in any way meddle with, criminal prosecutions, and they were consequently turned over to our head clerk, with occasional assistance from me if there happened to be a press of business of the sort. Mr Flint still, however, retained a monopoly of the *defences*, except when, from some temporary cause or other, he happened to be otherwise engaged, when they fell to me. One of these I am about to relate, the result of which, whatever other impression it produced, thoroughly cured me—as it may the reader—of any propensity to sneer or laugh at criminal-law reformers and denouncers of the gallows.

One forenoon, during the absence of Mr Flint in Wiltshire, a Mrs Margaret Davies called at the office, in apparently great distress of mind. This lady, I must premise, was an old, or at all events an elderly maiden, of some four-and-forty years of age—I have heard a very intimate female friend of hers say she would never see fifty again, but this was spite—and possessed of considerable house property in rather poor localities. She found abundant employment for energies which might otherwise have turned to cards and scandal, in collecting her weekly, monthly, and quarterly rents, and in promoting, or fancying she did, the religious and moral welfare of her tenants. Very barefaced, I well knew, were the impositions practised upon her credulous good-nature in money matters, and I strongly suspected the spiritual and moral promises and performances of her motley tenantry exhibited as much discrepancy as those pertaining to rent. Still, deceived or cheated as she might be, good Mrs Davies never wearied in what she conceived to be welldoing, and was ever ready to pour balm and oil into the wounds of the sufferer, however self-inflicted or deserved.

'What is the matter now?' I asked as soon as the good lady was seated, and had untied and loosened her bonnet, and thrown back her shawl, fast walking having heated her prodigiously. 'Nothing worse than transportation is, I hope, likely to befall any of those interesting clients of yours?'

'You are a hard-hearted man, Mr Sharp,' replied Mrs Davies between a smile and a cry; 'but being a lawyer, that is of course natural, and, as I am not here to consult you as a Christian, of no consequence.'

'Complimentary, Mrs Davies; but pray go on.'

'You know Jane Eccles, one of my tenants in Bank Buildings: the embroidress who adopted her sister's orphan child?'

'I remember her name. She obtained, if I recollect rightly, a balance of wages for her due to the child's father, a mate, who died at sea. Well, what has befallen her?'

'A terrible accusation has been preferred against her,' rejoined Mrs Davies; 'but as for a moment believing it, that is quite out of the question. Jane Eccles,' continued the warm-hearted lady, at the same time extracting a crumpled newspaper from the miscellaneous contents of her reticule—'Jane Eccles works hard from morning till night, keeps herself to herself; her little nephew and her rooms are always as clean and nice as a new pin; she attends church regularly; and pays her rent punctually to the day. This disgraceful story, therefore,' she added, placing the journal in my hands, '*cannot* be true.'

I glanced over the police news: 'Uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged,' I exclaimed, 'The devil!'

'There's no occasion to be spurting that name out so loudly, Mr Sharp,' said Mrs Davies with some asperity, 'especially in a lawyer's office. People have been wrongfully accused before to-day, I suppose?'

I was intent on the report, and not answering, she continued, 'I heard nothing of it till I read the shameful account in the paper half an hour agone. The poor slandered girl was, I daresay, afraid or ashamed to send for me.'

'This appears to be a very bad case, Mrs Davies,' I said at length. 'Three forged ten-pound notes changed in one day at different shops each time, under the pretence of purchasing articles of small amount, and another ten-pound note found in her pocket! All that has, I must say, a very ugly look.'

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'I don't care,' exclaimed Mrs Davies quite fiercely, 'if it looks as ugly as sin, or if the whole Bank of England was found in her pocket! I know Jane Eccles well: she nursed me last spring through the fever; and I would be upon my oath that the whole story, from beginning to end, is an invention of the devil, or something worse.'

'Jane Eccles,' I persisted, 'appears to have been unable or unwilling to give the slightest explanation as to how she became possessed of the spurious notes. Who is this brother of hers, "of such highly respectable appearance," according to the report, who was permitted a private interview with her previous to the examination?'

'She has no brother that I have ever heard of,' said Mrs Davies. 'It must be a mistake of the papers.'

'That is not likely. You observed of course that she was fully committed—and no wonder!'

Mrs Davies's faith in the young woman's integrity was not to be shaken by any evidence save that of her own bodily eyes, and I agreed to see Jane Eccles on the morrow, and make the best arrangements for the defence—at Mrs Davies's charge—which the circumstances and the short time I should have for preparation—the Old Bailey session would be on in a few days—permitted. The matter so far settled, Mrs Margaret hurried off to see what had become of little Henry, the prisoner's nephew.

I visited Jane Eccles the next day in Newgate. She was a well-grown young woman of about two or three-and-twenty—not exactly pretty perhaps, but very well looking. Her brown hair was plainly worn, without a cap, and the expression of her face was, I thought, one of sweetness and humility, contradicted in some degree by rather harsh lines about the mouth, denoting strong will and purpose. As a proof of the existence of this last characteristic, I may here mention that when her first overweening confidence had yielded to doubt, she, although dotingly fond of her nephew, at this time about eight years of age, firmly refused to see him, 'in order,' she once said to me, and the thought brought a deadly pallor to her face—'in order that, should the worst befall, her memory might not be involuntarily connected in his mind with images of dungeons, and disgrace, and shame. Jane Eccles had received what is called in the country 'a good schooling,' and the books Mrs Davies had lent her she had eagerly perused. She was therefore to a certain extent a cultivated person; and her speech and manners were mild, gentle, and, so to speak, religious. I generally found, when I visited her, a Bible or prayer-book in her hand. This, however, from my experience, comparatively slight though it was, did not much impress me in her favour—devotional sentiment so easily, for a brief time, assumed, being in nine such cases out of ten a hypocritical deceit. Still she, upon the whole, made a decidedly favourable impression on me, and I no longer so much wondered at the bigotry of unbelief manifested by Mrs Davies in behalf of her apparently amiable and grateful protégée.

But beyond the moral doubt thus suggested of the prisoner's guilt, my interviews with her utterly failed to extract anything from her in rebutment of the charge upon which she was about to be arraigned. At first she persisted in asserting that the prosecution was based upon manifest error; that the impounded notes, instead of being forged, were genuine Bank-of-England paper. It was some time before I succeeded in convincing her that this hope, to which she so eagerly, desperately clung, was a fallacious one. I did so at last; and either, thought I, as I marked her varying colour and faltering voice, 'either you are a consummate actress, or else the victim of some frightful delusion or conspiracy.'

'I will see you, if you please, to-morrow,' she said, looking up from the chair upon which, with her head bowed and her face covered with her hands, she had been seated for several minutes in silence. 'My thoughts are confused now, but to-morrow I shall be more composed; better able to decide if——to talk, I mean, of this unhappy business.'

I thought it better to comply without remonstrance, and at once took my leave.

When I returned the next afternoon, the governor of the prison informed me that the brother of my client, James Eccles, quite a dashing gentleman, had had a long interview with her. He had left about two hours before, with the intention, he said, of calling upon me.

I was conducted to the room where my conferences with the prisoner usually took place. In a few minutes she appeared, much flushed and excited, it seemed to be alternately with trembling joy and hope, and doubt and nervous fear.

'Well,' I said, 'I trust you are now ready to give me your unreserved confidence, without which, be assured, that any reasonable hope of a successful issue from the peril in which you are involved is out of the question.'

The varying emotions I have noticed were clearly traceable as they swept over her tell-tale countenance during the minute or so that elapsed before she spoke.

'Tell me candidly, sir,' she said at last, 'whether, if I owned to you that the notes were given to me by a—a person, whom I cannot, if I would, produce, to purchase various articles at different shops, and return him—the person I mean—the change; and that I made oath this was done by me in all innocence of heart, as the God of heaven and earth truly knows it was, it would avail me?'

'Not in the least,' I replied, angry at such trifling. 'How can you ask such a question? We must *find* the person who, you intimate, has deceived you, and placed your life in peril; and if that can be proved, hang him instead of you. I speak plainly, Miss Eccles,' I added in a milder tone; 'perhaps you may think unfeelingly, but there is no further time for playing with this dangerous matter. To-morrow a true bill will be found against you, and your trial may then come on immediately. If you are careless for yourself, you ought to have some thought for the sufferings of your excellent friend Mrs Davies; for your nephew, soon perhaps to be left friendless and destitute.'

'Oh spare me—spare me!' sobbed the unhappy young woman, sinking nervelessly into a seat. 'Have pity upon me, wretched, bewildered as I am!' Tears relieved her, and after a while, she said, 'It is useless, sir, to prolong this interview. I could not, I solemnly assure you, if I would, tell you where to search for or find the person of whom I spoke. And,' she added, whilst the lines about her mouth of which I have spoken grew distinct and rigid, 'I would not if I could. What indeed would it, as I have been told and believe, avail, but to cause the death of two deceived innocent persons instead of one? Besides,' she continued, trying to speak with firmness, and repress the shudder which crept over and shook her as with ague—'besides, whatever the verdict, the penalty will not, cannot, I am sure, I know, be—be'——

I understood her plainly enough, although her resolution failed to sustain her through the sentence.

'Who is this brother, James Eccles he calls himself, whom you saw at the police-office, and who has twice been here, I understand—once to-day?'

A quick start revealed the emotion with which she heard the question, and her dilated eyes rested upon me for a moment with eager scrutiny. She speedily recovered her presence of mind, and with her eyes again fixed on the floor, said in a quivering voice, 'My brother! Yes—as you say—my brother.'

'Mrs Davies says you have no brother!' I sharply rejoined.

'Good Mrs Davies,' she replied in a tone scarcely

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above a whisper, and without raising her head, 'does not know all our family.'

A subterfuge was, I was confident, concealed in these words; but after again and again urging her to confide in me, and finding warning and persuasion alike useless, I withdrew discomfited and angry; and withal as much concerned and grieved as baffled and indignant. On going out, I arranged with the governor that the 'brother,' if he again made his appearance, should be detained, *bongré malgré*, till my arrival. Our precaution was too late: he did not reappear; and so little notice had any one taken of his person, that to advertise a description of him with a reward for his apprehension was hopeless.

A true bill was found, and two hours afterwards Jane Eccles was placed in the dock. The trial did not last more than twenty minutes, at the end of which, an unhesitating verdict of guilty was returned, and she was duly sentenced to be hanged by the neck till she was dead. We had retained the ablest counsel practising in the court, but, with no tangible defence, their efforts were merely thrown away. Upon being asked what she had to say why the sentence of the law should not be carried into effect, she repeated her previous statement—that the notes had been given her to change by a person in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and that she had not the slightest thought of evil or fraud in what she did. That person, however, she repeated once more, could not be produced. Her assertions only excited a derisive smile; and all necessary forms having been gone through, she was removed from the bar.

The unhappy woman bore the ordeal through which she had just passed with much firmness. Once only, whilst sentence was being passed, her high-strung resolution appeared to falter and give way. I was watching her intently, and I observed that she suddenly directed a piercing look towards a distant part of the crowded court. In a moment her eye lightened, the expression of extreme horror which had momently darkened her countenance passed away, and her partial composure returned. I had instinctively, as it were, followed her glance, and thought I detected a tall man enveloped in a cloak engaged in dumb momentary communication with her. I jumped up from my seat, and hastened as quickly as I could through the thronged passages to the spot, and looked eagerly around, but the man, whosoever he might be, was gone.

The next act in this sad drama was the decision of the Privy Council upon the recorder's report. It came. Several were reprieved, but amongst them was *not* Jane Eccles. She and nine others were to perish at eight o'clock on the following morning.

The anxiety and worry inseparable from this most unhappy affair, which, from Mr Flint's protracted absence, I had exclusively to bear, fairly knocked me up, and on the evening of the day on which the decision of the council was received, I went to bed much earlier than usual, and really ill. Sleep I could not, and I was tossing restlessly about, vainly endeavouring to banish from my mind the gloomy and terrible images connected with the wretched girl and her swiftly-coming fate, when a quick tap sounded on the door, and a servant's voice announced that one of the clerks had brought a letter which the superscription directed to be read without a moment's delay. I sprang out of bed, snatched the letter, and eagerly ran it over. It was from the Newgate chaplain, a very worthy, humane gentleman, and stated that, on hearing the result of the deliberations of the Privy Council, all the previous stoicism and fortitude exhibited by Jane Eccles had completely given way, and she had abandoned herself to the wildest terror and despair. As soon as she could speak coherently, she implored the governor with frantic earnestness to send for me. As this was not only quite useless in the opinion of that official, but against the rules, the prisoner's request was not complied with. The chaplain, however, thinking it might be as well that I should know of her desire to see me, had of his own accord sent me this note. He thought that possibly the sheriffs would permit me to have a brief interview with the condemned prisoner in the morning, if I arrived sufficiently early; and although it could avail nothing as regarded her fate in this world, still it might perhaps calm the frightful tumult of emotion by which she was at present tossed and shaken, and enable her to meet the inevitable hour with fortitude and resignation.

It was useless to return to bed after receiving such a communication, and I forthwith dressed myself, determined to sit up and read, if I could, till the hour at which I might hope to be admitted to the jail should strike. Slowly and heavily the dark night limped away, and as the first rays of the cold wintry dawn reached the earth, I sallied forth. A dense, brutal crowd were already assembled in front of the prison, and hundreds of well-dressed sight-seers occupied the opposite windows, morbidly eager for the rising of the curtain upon the mournful tragedy about to be enacted. I obtained admission without much difficulty, but, till the arrival of the sheriffs, no conference with the condemned prisoners could be possibly permitted. Those important functionaries happened on this morning to arrive unusually late, and I paced up and down the paved corridor in a fever of impatience and anxiety. They were at last announced, but before I could, in the hurry and confusion, obtain speech of either of them, the dismal bell tolled out, and I felt with a shudder that it was no longer possible to effect my object. 'Perhaps it is better so,' observed the reverend chaplain in a whisper. 'She has been more composed for the last two or three hours, and is now, I trust, in a better frame of mind for death.' I turned, sick at heart, to leave the place, and in my agitation missing the right way, came directly in view of the terrible procession. Jane Eccles saw me, and a terrific scream, followed by frantic heartrending appeals to me to save her, burst with convulsive effort from her white quivering lips. Never will the horror of that moment pass from my remembrance. I staggered back, as if every spasmodic word struck me like a blow; and then, directed by one of the turnkeys, sped in an opposite direction as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me—the shrieks of the wretched victim, the tolling of the dreadful bell, and the obscene jeers and mocks of the foul crowd through which I had to force my way, evoking a confused tumult of disgust and horror in my brain, which, if long continued, would have driven me mad. On reaching home, I was bled freely, and got to bed. This treatment, I have no doubt, prevented a violent access of fever; for, as it was, several days passed before I could be safely permitted to re-engage in business.

On revisiting the office, a fragment of a letter written by Jane Eccles a few hours previous to her death, and evidently addressed to Mrs Davies, was placed by Mr Flint, who had by this time returned, before me. The following is an exact copy of it, with the exception that the intervals which I have marked with dots, ... were filled with erasures and blots, and that every word seemed to have been traced by a hand smitten with palsy:—

'FROM MY DEATH-PLACE, *Midnight.*

'DEAR MADAM—No, beloved friend, mother let me call you ..... Oh kind, gentle mother, I am to die ..... to be killed in a few hours by cruel men!—I, so young, so unprepared for death, and yet guiltless! Oh never doubt that I am guiltless of the offence for which they will have the heart to hang me ..... Nobody, they say, can save me now; yet if I could see the lawyer ..... I have been deceived, cruelly deceived,

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madam—buoyed up by lying hopes, till just now the thunder burst, and I—oh God! . . . . . As they spoke, the fearful chapter in the Testament came bodily before me—the rending of the vail in twain, the terrible darkness, and the opened graves! . . . . . I did not write for this, but my brain aches and dazzles . . . . . It is too late—too late, they all tell me! . . . . . Ah, if these dreadful laws were not so swift, I might yet—but no; *he* clearly proved to me how useless . . . . . I must not think of that . . . . . It is of my nephew, of your Henry, child of my affections, that I would speak. Oh, would that I . . . . . But hark!—they are coming . . . . . The day has dawned . . . . . to me the day of judgment! . . . . .'

This incoherent scrawl only confirmed my previous suspicions, but it was useless to dwell further on the melancholy subject. The great axe had fallen, and whether justly or unjustly, would, I feared, as in many, very many other cases, never be clearly ascertained in this world. I was mistaken. Another case of 'uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged,' which came under our cognisance a few months afterwards, revived the fading memory of Jane Eccles's early doom, and cleared up every obscurity connected with it.

The offender in this new case was a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome man, of about thirty years of age, of the name of Justin Arnold. His lady mother, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Barton, retained us for her son's defence, and from her and other sources we learned the following particulars:—

Justin Arnold was the lady's son by a former marriage. Mrs Barton, a still splendid woman, had, in second nuptials, espoused a very wealthy person, and from time to time had covertly supplied Justin Arnold's extravagance. This, however, from the wild course the young man pursued, could not be for ever continued, and after many warnings, the supplies were stopped. Incapable of reformation, Justin Arnold, in order to obtain the means of dissipation, connected himself with a cleverly-organized band of swindlers and forgers, who so adroitly managed their nefarious business, that, till his capture, they had contrived to keep themselves clear of the law—the inferior tools and dupes having been alone caught in its fatal meshes. The defence, under these circumstances necessarily a difficult, almost impossible one, was undertaken by Mr Flint, and conducted by him with his accustomed skill and energy.

I took a very slight interest in the matter, and heard very little concerning it till its judicial conclusion by the conviction of the offender, and his condemnation to death. The decision on the recorder's report was this time communicated to the authorities of Newgate on a Saturday, so that the batch ordered for execution, amongst whom was Justin Arnold, would not be hanged till the Monday morning. Rather late in the evening a note once more reached me from the chaplain of the prison. Justin Arnold wished to see me—*me*, not Mr Flint. He had something of importance to communicate, he said, relative to a person in whom I had once felt great interest. It flashed across me that this Justin might be the 'brother' of Jane Eccles, and I determined to see him. I immediately sought out one of the sheriffs, and obtained an order empowering me to see the prisoner on the afternoon of the morrow (Sunday).

I found that the convict had expressed great anxiety lest I should decline to see him. My hoped-for visit was the only matter which appeared to occupy the mind or excite the care of the mocking, desperate young man; even the early and shameful termination of his own life on the morrow he seemed to be utterly reckless of. Thus prepared, I was the less surprised at the scene which awaited me in the prisoner's cell, where I found him in angry altercation with the pale affrighted chaplain.

I had never seen Justin Arnold before; this I was convinced of the instant I saw him; but he knew, and greeted me instantly by name. His swarthy, excited features were flushed and angry, and after briefly thanking me for complying with his wishes, he added in a violent, rapid tone, 'This good man has been teasing me. He says, and truly, that I have defied God by my life; and now he wishes me to mock that inscrutable Being, on the eve of death, by words without sense, meaning, or truth!'

'No, no, no!' ejaculated the reverend gentleman. 'I exhorted you to true repentance, to peace, charity, to'——

'True repentance, peace, charity!' broke in the prisoner with a scornful burst: 'when my heart is full of rage, and bitterness, and despair! Give me *time* for this repentance which you say is so needful—time to lure back long since banished hope, and peace, and faith! Poh!—you but flout me with words without meaning. I am unfit, you say, for the presence of men, but quite fit for that of God, before whom you are about to arrogantly cast me! Be it so: my deeds upon my head! It is at least not my fault that I am hurled to judgment before the Eternal Judge himself commanded my presence there!'

'He may be unworthy to live,' murmured the scared chaplain, 'but oh how utterly unfit to die!'

'That is true,' rejoined Justin Arnold with undiminished vehemence. 'Those, if you will, are words of truth and sense: go you and preach them to the makers and executioners of English law. In the meantime I would speak privately with this gentleman.'

The reverend pastor, with a mute gesture of compassion, sorrow, and regret, was about to leave the cell, when he was stayed by the prisoner, who exclaimed, 'Now I think of it, you had better, sir, remain. The statement I am about to make cannot, for the sake of the victim's reputation, and for her friends' sake, have too many witnesses. You both remember Jane Eccles?' A broken exclamation from both of us answered him, and he quickly added—'Ah, you already guess the truth, I see. Well, I do not wonder you should start and turn pale. It *was* a cruel, shameless deed—a dastardly murder if there was ever one. In as few words as possible, so you interrupt me not, I will relate *my* share in the atrocious business.' He spoke rapidly, and once or twice during the brief recital the moistened eye and husky voice betrayed emotions which his pride would have concealed.

'Jane and I were born in Hertfordshire, within a short distance of each other. I knew her from a child. She was better off then, I worse than we subsequently became—she by her father's bankruptcy, I by my mo——, by Mrs Barton's wealthy marriage. She was about nineteen, I twenty-four, when I left the country for London. That she loved me with all the fervour of a trusting woman I well knew; and I had, too, for some time known that she must be either honourably wooed or not at all. That with me was out of the question, and, as I told you, I came about that time to London. You can, I daresay, imagine the rest. We were—I and my friends I mean—at a loss for agents to dispose of our wares, and at the same time pressed for money. I met Jane Eccles by accident. Genteel, of graceful address and winning manners, she was just fitted for our purpose. I feigned reawakened love, proffered marriage, and a home across the Atlantic, as soon as certain trifling but troublesome affairs which momently harassed me were arranged. She believed me. I got her to change a considerable number of notes under various pretexts, but that they were forged she had not and could not have the remotest suspicion. You know the catastrophe. After her apprehension I visited this prison as her brother, and buoyed her up

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to the last with illusions of certain pardon and release, whatever the verdict, through the influence of my wealthy father-in-law, of our immediate union afterwards, and tranquil American home. It is needless to say more. She trusted me, and I sacrificed her—less flagrant instances of a like nature occur every day. And now, gentlemen, I would fain be alone.'

'Remorseless villain!' I could not help exclaiming under my breath as he moved away.

He turned quickly back, and looking me in the face, without the slightest anger, said, 'An execrable villain if you like—not a remorseless one! Her death alone sits near, and troubles my to all else hardened conscience. And let me tell you, reverend sir,' he continued, resuming his former bitterness as he addressed the chaplain—'let me tell you that it was not the solemn words of the judge the other day, but her pale, reproachful image, standing suddenly beside me in the dock, just as she looked when I passed my last deception on her, that caused the tremor and affright, complacently attributed by that grave functionary to his own sepulchral eloquence. After all, her death cannot be exclusively laid to my charge. Those who tried her would not believe her story, and yet it was true as death. Had they not been so confident in their own unerring wisdom, they might have doomed her to some punishment short of the scaffold, and could now have retrieved their error. But I am weary, and would, I repeat, be alone. Farewell!' He threw himself on the rude pallet, and we silently withdrew.

A paper embodying Justin Arnold's declaration was forwarded to the secretary of state, and duly acknowledged, accompanied by an official expression of mild regret that it had not been made in time to save the life of Jane Eccles. No further notice was taken of the matter, and the record of the young woman's judicial sacrifice still doubtless encumbers the archives of the Home Office, forming, with numerous others of like character, the dark, sanguine background upon which the achievements of the great and good men who have so successfully purged the old Draco code that now a faint vestige only of the old barbarism remains, stand out in bright relief and changeless lustre.

COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION.

A LARGE portion of the public is quite unaware of the new aspect which socialistic ideas are taking in England, and of the great extent of reception which they have met with in the community. No longer left in the hands of Mr Owen, with his eternal fallacy of man being purely the creature of circumstances, these ideas are now patronised by clergymen of the Church of England, by learned professors and clever men of letters; if, on the one hand, they are still connected with the subversion of property and marriage, they are on the other invested with all the charms of a glowing philanthropy, and even identified with Christianity itself. The *Leader* (weekly newspaper) is recognised as the organ of this new form of an old idea, and we have of late seen various equally able pamphlets, and even a strikingly eloquent and original novel (*Alton Locke*), devoted to the same cause. So important is the matter become, that the *Edinburgh Review* has at length deemed it entitled to notice. The last number contains a remarkably vigorous discussion of the subject, 'in the sobered and modified form which it has now assumed.'

The position taken by the new Socialists is assumed to be this:—'Society is altogether out of joint. Its anomalies, its disfigured aspects, its glaring inequalities, the sufferings of the most numerous portion of it, are monstrous, indefensible, and yearly increasing; mere palliatives, mere slow improvements, mere gradual ameliorations, will not meet its wants; it must be *remodelled*, not merely furbished up. Political economy has hitherto had it all its own way; and the shocking condition into which it has brought us, shows that its principles must be strangely inadequate or unsound. The miseries of the great mass of the people—their inability to find work, or to obtain, in return for such work as can be performed in reasonable time and by ordinary strength, a sufficiency of the comforts and necessaries of life—may all be traced to one source—*competition* instead of combination. The antagonistic and regenerative principle which must be introduced, is *association*. Let workmen associate with one another, instead of competing with one another, and there will be work and wages enough for all. Competition is a cruel and unchristian system: association breathes the very spirit of our divine Master.'

The Review combats, we think successfully, the idea that political economy has had its own way, or any sensible influence in determining the present arrangements. Notoriously, this science is only gradually enforcing its dictates in the national councils, and much is constantly done and enacted in its despite. But this is a minor point. The question is as to competition, whatever may be its present sanctions. According to Mr Thornton Hunt, a leader in the new school—the theory of the Division of Employments is that thereby, through economy of time and exercise of skill, the amount of produce will be increased. 'But,' says he, 'what do we find to be the fact? The fact is, that the gross amount of produce is not proportionably increased; that to many of the dividers of labour it is not increased at all; and that the return of produce for labour is in no respect apportioned to exertion. I find the plain and direct ground of this in *want of concert*. It is plain that if any given number of men combine, and divide employments, they *can* make their labour much more productive, *if* there is some concert between them as to the distribution of their labour; but if there is not that concert, the chances are, that some of them will be working in duplicate—producing glut; others working at things not wanted; others doing about the right thing; and a few hitting on something very valuable. And when they come to divide their produce by the principle of trading exchange—a fair share will go to those who have done the right thing; half a share a-piece to those who have been working in duplicate; nothing to those who have worked, however honestly, yet uselessly; and an accumulation of several shares to him who has hit upon the most precious something. Precisely a description of our unorganized labour.' Mr Hunt goes on to combat the presumption that competition increases production more than co-operation would. 'In the first place,' he says, 'it is quite clear that the greatest amount of produce would be obtained by the best distribution of labour, which cannot possibly be obtained without concert; secondly, competition draws labour from the least remunerative to the most remunerative; but those which by no means "pay" best, according to the trading exchange, are among those which are most certain and profitable for society: competition, therefore, disturbs the right distribution of labour.'

What says the Review in answer? 'Stripped of needless verbiage, Mr Hunt's idea seems to be this—that labour would be both more productive and better rewarded were the number of labourers in each department exactly proportioned to the need which the world has of the produce of that department; were there just the right number of tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, graziers, and corn-growers; and were this "just right number" ascertained beforehand. We may grant him his position. But how can this vital point be ascertained beforehand? How can it be ascertained at all, except by free competition, which will soon bring us the needed knowledge, by showing us which branches of industry are most, and which least remunerative—that is, *which branches of industry*

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have the fewest, and which the most labourers in proportion to the demand for their produce? If any kind of labour does not pay, this is a sign that it is not wanted, and will be abandoned; if any one pays ill, this is a proof that there are too many labourers employed in it, or, as Mr Hunt expresses it, that they are "working in duplicate." Mr Hunt would ascertain all this, not by experience, but *à priori*, "by concert." Has he ever troubled himself to consider by what machinery this preliminary concert can be managed? How the requirements of the world for this or that article can be discovered, otherwise than by making it, and seeing if the world will buy it? Would he have committees—boards of *prud'hommes*—to decide when an additional tailor, or a score of fresh bricklayers are wanted, and to forbid the existence of such till the want is clearly made manifest? No doubt some dim idea of this sort was in his mind when he penned the passage we have quoted. But all this has been tried ages since, and is even now in partial operation in many parts of the continent. This was the basis of the guilds of old. The incorporated tradesmen had a monopoly of their special branch of industry; they decided how many apprentices each man should be allowed to educate; how many masters should be admitted yearly into the confraternity: if the demand for coats, or watches, or furniture was slack, they restricted their numbers; if, on the contrary, society required these articles, or any others, in increased quantities, they, after a considerable enhancement of price, graciously permitted a moderate multiplication of the needful handicraftsmen. We presume this is the system which Mr Hunt would introduce; for between ascertaining the number of labourers required in each department by some method of this kind, or by the results of free competition, we can discern no third alternative. Is he, then, prepared to take the consequences of such a regulating power? And is he aware that the system was only enabled to work in former days, and could only work now, by such stern restrictions on marriage and multiplication as the operative classes would fiercely revolt from? And that if they would submit to such restrictions, the competition system would work at least as well as any other?

'Concert, then, as an opponent to or substitute for competition, in solving the problem of the wisest distribution of labour, is either a chimera or a tyranny. So applied, it delegates to a few men sitting in committee the decision as to the number of workmen required in each department, and the right of warning all others off the ground; while it expects from these men a wisdom and omniscience which neither individuals nor corporations could by possibility possess.'

The Review proceeds to consider those various associative concerns which we lately had under notice in this Journal. It sees in them, as we did, nothing contrary to the soundest principles of political economy. They are merely large copartnerships. They require, according to the reviewer, 'what is wanting in theoretic socialism'—a *master's hand;* and 'as long as this is allowed, submitted to, well-chosen, and well-paid—*in proportion, that is, as the existing arrangements are approximated to*—so long the institutions will do well.' We here dissent a little from the reviewer. We think there is no room to fear that a considerable share of the directing power may, in time at least, be permitted to the entire body of members. If so, it would be better for a man to make equal returns from a co-operative concern, because he will have the satisfaction of being partially a master besides, in which feeling we believe there resides a moral force of immense importance to the working-man. This, however, remains to be proved by experiment.

The reviewer then adds—'These enterprises evade the whole difficulty. How *is it* that the Sweating System, with all its alleged cruelties and oppressions, is possible? Why are the slop-sellers able to get the operatives so completely in their power—to fix their wages, and to dictate terms? Why is it that the journeymen tailors are so powerless that they must accept any wages that are offered to them? Clearly because they are more numerous than the demand requires. Does Mr Kingsley suppose that if the 23,000 tailors in London were to be suddenly reduced to 15,000—the coats and trousers required by society remaining the same—the slop-sellers could compel them to work for them if they did not wish, or to work at all, except in localities of their own choosing, and on their own terms? Does he not perceive that, in the event of such an occurrence, it would be the men and not the masters who would dictate terms? Is it not abundantly obvious that the misery and slavery of the London tailors and needlewomen arise *primarily* from the clothing needs of the metropolis being inadequate to keep so many in full and constant employment? Now, have these associations—which they are told will rescue them—the slightest tendency either to augment the demand for clothes or to diminish the numbers of the clothing artisans? If not, how can they effect any purpose except that of ameliorating the condition of the few who become members of them?

"Oh! but" (they reply) "we purpose in time to organize all the tailors in the metropolis into similar associations." Very well; follow out your process, and see where it will lead. The fact you have to meet is this: there are 23,000 tailors in existence, with full and constant work only for 15,000; as you continue your benevolent organizations, you will in the end have associated these 15,000, and secured to them a comfortable and continuous subsistence. *What will then have become of the residual* 8000? Will you cast them out to starve? Will you support them by a charitable contribution from the earnings of the employed? Do you suppose they will not compete with you, and, rather than earn nothing, work at lower wages than you assign yourselves? Do you not perceive that the utmost your organization of labour can save for distribution among the mass of artizans, is *the profits of the middlemen*, which you conceive to be so enormous—nay, only the difference between these profits and the salary you pay to your various managers and superintendents, who stand to you in the place of the middlemen? And have you taken the trouble to ask yourselves these simple questions before you announced your scheme as a great panacea—an infallible way to salvation?'

The great merit of the associations is assumed to be, that they will extinguish competition. The reviewer shows that they are competing with each other in Paris, and that the language of many of them in this country is simply that of competition. He says, 'If all the tailors in London were embodied to-morrow into a number of different associations, it is certain that these associations would compete with one another, exactly as individuals would do, because there would be too many associations (to the supposed extent of 8000 men) for the work required. "True," replies Mr Kingsley; "but our work will be incomplete till we have blended all these associations into one vast guild. Competition will then be out of the question." Yes! but it will be replaced by *monopoly;* and we all know what monopoly means—artificial prices, a restricted market, a gigantic job, a final and inevitable smash! To sum up the whole: the advocates of association as a cure for competition are caught between two horns of a dilemma, which half Mr Kingsley's sagacity, if united with a less vivid fancy and a less copious vocabulary, would, from the first, have enabled him to foresee:—in case you have many associations, you retain all the evils of competition; in case you merge them all into one, you encounter all the evils of monopoly. We defy the Socialists to escape from this dilemma except by assuming a remodelling of human nature by

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divine or Christian influences; and *when this remodelling has been achieved, all systems will become indifferent, for the evils of all systems will be wiped away.*'

Mr Thornton Hunt has replied to this formidable article, but disappoints us by not giving enough of his attention to these leading arguments. The pith of what he says in answer to the passages which we have quoted lies in what follows:—'My fundamental position is this—the first thing for us to consider is the well-being, in body and feeling, of the living creatures who are born to the earth; and we must consider that substantial wellbeing in body and heart before "the advancement of the nation," which generally means the luxury and dignity of particular classes; or "the advancement of commerce," which means the multiplication of goods, many of them not at all necessary. An Englishman on his piece of land is able to provide for himself, mate, and progeny, as we see in other quarters of the globe. When his industry produces its fruits, he has a right to retain those fruits until the equivalent be rendered to him; and while artificial laws debar an Englishman from standing on his land, using his hands upon it, and grasping the fruits in his own fist, society is bound to provide him with the equivalent—the opportunity of obtaining subsistence by labour. If the effect of advancement in the condition of the nation and of commerce is to make the larger number of Englishmen less comfortable in body and mind than they would be in a ruder state of society, there are those—and I am one—who will go to the displaced Englishman, and tell him that he had better combine with the multitude of his fellows to alter that sort of advancement, and bring back things to fundamental rights. Read what Thornton has said as to the practical deterioration in the condition of the English labourer. Although it may be true that he has now a better supply of broadcloth, knives and forks, and such non-essential articles, they have very little bearing upon substantial happiness. But further, if the advancement of the nation had been guided by a more accurate and enlightened view of the laws which regulate production, and call forth the genius of the people by placing them in the best circumstances—although I am no disciple of the doctrine of "exterior circumstances," which you condemn—I contend that our advancement should have been greater, more sound, and more stable in its results. In pointing to concert in labour as the complement of the division of employments, you forget that I am pointing out a *principle;* and that in eliminating that principle, I was no more bound to describe all the institutions that might hereafter arise from it, than Adam Smith was bound, in analysing the division of employments, to describe the Factory System as it actually exists amongst us. I have contended that we must sternly avert our ideas from system-making, and bring them back to an examination of principles; and I maintain not only that the principle of concert is the true complement to a division of employments, but that it *is* already in operation unavoidably—as it dictates the agglomeration of work in a factory, the institution of commercial exchanges, or "bourses," like those which are seen in every capital; it has dictated, imperfectly enough, the construction of that railway system which is too vast to be affected in any but a very trivial degree by the ruder principle of competition. It has suggested those demands for official agricultural statistics which have been made in parliament; and it is the very principle of a sound poor-law, which *ought* to be an engine for "transferring surplus employment from one branch of industry to another."'

We have little room to discuss these great questions. We certainly see competition attended with an appalling display of high-strung selfishness, and it is impossible to look unmoved on the hordes which it is continually throwing down into ill-remunerated employments. But can we be sure that the evils are avoidable? We much fear that those who think they are, proceed upon a too favourable estimate of human nature. When we see the sanguinary scramble for existence which goes on amongst the lower animals, should we be much surprised to find that man is a competing animal also, each individual seeking for the means of gratifying his selfhood, under only those restraints which reason and custom impose? Association, we can see, is capable of being carried much farther than it has yet been carried, and with good effects; but we cannot convince ourselves that it is capable of entirely extinguishing competition, except through the exercise of a tyranny which would be the last and worst of all social evils. On the other hand, great as are the sufferings in the lowest fields of industry, they are capable of an indefinite reduction under measures of a clearly practical nature. Workingmen would be little exposed to such a dire state as that of the sweating tailors if they could maintain any degree of independence—such as intelligence, temperance, and a little hoard in the savings' bank can confer. They would in that case comprehend the nature and the proper remedies of the evils in question; they would see when it was necessary to shift their locality, or change their occupation, and they would have the means of doing so. It is wonderful what a power the working-people of this country might become, were they to take, to the extent of their ability, the same advantage as the middle classes of the ordinary recognised means of advancing themselves in the social scale. A right ambition and self-respect is one of their greatest wants. We have, however, the comfort of thinking that intelligence and the associated virtues are rapidly advancing amongst them. Here is a real, certain good. If grand social revolutions are in time to come, these minor advances will not be an obstacle in their way.

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

THERE is a proverb which says, 'Better is the enemy of well.' Perhaps we may go further, and say, that 'Well sometimes makes us regret bad.'

You would have confessed the truth of this latter axiom if you had known, as I did, an excellent young man named Horace Castillet, who had been gifted by Providence with good health, powerful intellect, an amiable disposition, and many other perfections, accompanied by one single drawback. He had a distorted spine and crooked limbs, the consciousness of which defects prevented him from rushing into the gaiety and vain dissipation which so often ensnare youth. Forsaking the flowery paths of love and pleasure, he steadily pursued the rough, up-hill road of diligent persevering study. He wrought with ardour, and already success crowned his efforts. Doubtless bitter regrets sometimes troubled his hours of solitary study, but he was amply consoled by the prospect of fortune and well-earned fame which lay before him. So he always appeared in society amiable and cheerful, enlivening the social circle with the sallies of his wit and genius. He used sometimes to say, laughing—'Fair ladies mock me, but I will take my revenge by obliging them to admire.'

One day a surgeon of high repute met Horace, and said to him—'I can repair the wrong which nature has done you: profit by the late discoveries of science, and be at the same time a great and a handsome man.' Horace consented. During some months he retired from society, and when he reappeared, his most intimate friends could scarcely recognise him. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is I myself: this tall, straight, well-made man is your friend Horace Castillet. Behold the miracle which science has wrought! This metamorphosis has cost me cruel suffering. For months I lay stretched

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on a species of rack, and endured the tortures of a prisoner in the Inquisition. But I bore them all, and here I am, a new creature. Now, gay comrades, lead me whither you will; let me taste the pleasures of the world without any longer having to fear its raillery.'

If the name of Horace Castillet is unspoken among those of great men, if it is now sunk in oblivion, shall we not blame for this the science which he so much lauded? Deeply did the ardent young man drink of this world's poisoned springs. Farewell to study, fame, and glory! Æsop perhaps might never have composed his Fables had orthopedia been invented in his time. Horace Castillet lost not only his talents, but a large legacy destined for him by an uncle, in order to make him amends for his natural defects. His uncle seeing him no longer deformed in body and upright in mind, chose another heir. After having spent the best years of his life in idleness and dissipation, Horace is now poor, hopeless, and miserable. He said lately to one of his few remaining friends—'I was ignorant of the treasure I possessed. I have acted like the traveller who should throw away his property in order to walk more lightly across a plain!'

The surgeon had another deformed patient, a very clever-working mechanic, whose talents made him rich and happy. When he was perfectly cured, and about to return to his workshop, the conscription seized him, finding him fit to serve the state. He was sent to Africa, and perished there in battle.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being an original thinker, could not speak without a painful stutter; a skilful operator restored to him the free use of his tongue, and the world, to its astonishment, discovered that he was little better than a fool. Hesitation had given a sort of originality to his discourse. He had time to reflect before he spoke. Stopping short in the middle of a sentence had occasionally a happy effect, and a half-spoken word seemed to imply far more than it expressed. But when the flow of his language was no longer restrained, he began to listen to his own commonplace declamation with a complacency which assuredly was not shared by his auditors.

One fine day a poor blind man was seated on the Pont-Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers-by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated oculist stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eyeballs, and said—'Come with me; I will restore your sight.' The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful; and the journals of the day were filled with praises of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex-blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont-Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

'You mistake,' said the mendicant, producing a paper; 'here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates.'

'Stuff!' cried the official; 'this license is for a *blind* man, and you seem to enjoy excellent sight.' Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of *working* for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

Some years since there appeared on the boards of a Parisian theatre an excellent and much-applauded comic actor named Samuel. Like many a wiser man before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote to offer her his hand, heart, and his yearly salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivalled his comrade, the head tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of despair; but when, after a time, his excitement cooled down, he despatched a friend, a trusty envoy, with a commission to try and soften the hard-hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

'She does not like you,' said the candid ambassador: 'she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and, besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves.'

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel.

'Come,' said his friend, after musing for a while, 'if this marriage be, as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet.'

'Explain yourself?'

'You know that, not to mince the matter, you have a frightful squint?'

'I know it.'

'Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation.' No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage, after all, was no sham—the lady became another's, and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character: the curtain rose, and loud hissing saluted him.

'Samuel!' 'Where is Samuel?' 'We want Samuel!' was vociferated by pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights and said—'Here I am, gentlemen: I am Samuel!'

'Out with the impostor!' was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage. He had lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar: he could no longer appear in his favourite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny: he was unfitted for tragedy, and was forced, after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence. 'Let *well* alone' is a wise admonition: 'Let *bad* alone' may sometimes be a wiser.*

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

LODGINGS—MOSQUITO STRATAGEM—FLOATING HORRORS OF THE GANGES—DOMESTICS AND DOMESTIC MATTERS—BOTANIC GARDENS.

November 7th.—The gentlemen are all playing cricket just now. There is a regular cricket-club, and several good players. And dinners and evening parties are going forward again with renewed vigour. Either at home or abroad there is company for ever, and generally the parties are very pleasant, owing to almost everybody being so well acquainted. One would hardly think such a game as cricket suited to this latitude, but it seems to be always in fashion here during the cold weather, which, by the way, is much of the temperature of our summers; and nobody ever complains of any disagreeable effects from such very active exercise.

13th.—All the guns of the fort are firing the usual salute on the arrival of a new great man, landing at this moment amid a crowd of gazers, who will accompany him to be sworn into his office—a ceremony never one moment delayed, salary commencing from that point of time. The hotels being full, this burra sahib has to take a lodging! Fancy an old Indian reading this—Lodgings to let—in Calcutta! And very good ones too; furnished lodgings, or board and lodging, here, where some few years ago there was not even a hotel. Times are much changed since those palmy

* This article is altered and adapted from the French of Eugene Guinot.

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days of Indian allowances, when, live as one would, fortunes still accumulated. Now it is not always easy to get along smoothly. The hospitable door has therefore to be sought after: it does not stand open in the sight of all.

14*th*.—The mosquitoes have begun to bite again, a sure accompaniment of the temperate weather. They are not so annoying as they were last year, and as their habit is to luxuriate upon the new arrivals, we hope that by and by they will take very little notice of us. We find laudanum allay the irritation better than any other remedy we have tried; also I have made myself a muslin bag, into which I put my feet. It is kept wide at the bottom by a frame of bamboo slipt into it, and sewed firmly to the muslin. The upper or loose end of the bag has a string run through the hem, and this I draw close round my knees. I thus sit most comfortably at any occupation, for the feet and ankles are what these torments principally aim at; and for the protection of the rest of my person, since I left off the punkah, I keep a feather fan on the table beside me, which I wave occasionally. In this guise I am writing now, free from any annoyance.

15*th*.—A great deal of canvassing is going on about the secretaryship to the Asiatic Society—an institution said to have done much in the cause of science of late, a spirit of investigation having been roused in many departments. We can suppose mental occupations more suited to warm climates than active exercises, and yet it is not so. The mind becomes very easily fatigued within the tropics if the physical powers be not constantly exerted, and the body suffers accordingly, and reacts upon the brain; also a good deal of nourishment is necessary to preserve both in health. At first I thought the quantity people ate here quite disproportioned to the exercise they were able to take, for I did not make due allowance for the waste, which is very great. Pulse and fruit may suit the Brahmin race, but undoubtedly our constitutions require meat, bread, beer, and wine. A series of entertainments have of course begun to the new man—dinners principally—there being no lady with him. A very good season for collecting crowds, as it really is very chilly.

18*th*.—I don't like the Course by the river-side at this season—I received such a shock there this morning with a sight which is too common on the Ganges and all its branches, though I had been lucky enough not to meet with it before. I did not see it from the Course exactly, but I shall always fancy I can, because the river flows so near it. Mr Black's sick partner has determined on going home; and before quite deciding in which ship to take his passage, he wished his wife to look at the cabins. She asked me, as the idlest of her acquaintance I suppose, to go with her. In rowing from the ghaut to the vessel, our boat passed close to the naked dead body of a man, which, having struck against some object in the bed of the stream, had been raised into a sitting position, the head bending forward with only the legs under the water, upon which the chest reclined. Numbers must have passed and repassed this fearful spectacle, yet no one would touch it even with the point of a bamboo. Our countrymen who live at Garden Reach pay a man to be on the look-out for these frightful appearances, and sink them out of sight. Surely the authorities might do so likewise: it would be no great interference with national superstitions; and when these national superstitions shock decency, why not stop them as we do suttees? It is only among the poorer classes that this offensive custom prevails. The rich Hindoos burn their dead when death takes place among them at any distance from the sacred river: it therefore could not be impossible to interfere with a practice so revolting to the feelings of a large class of European inhabitants.

It is rather strange that in no case of demise among this varied and very numerous population is there any notice taken of a death—of how, or where, or when a human being dies—no inquiry is ever made upon the subject; nor, however suddenly an individual may disappear, does any curiosity seem to be excited as to the cause of death, or the rank the death occurs in, or of the number perishing by pestilence—as if it were of no consequence what diseases or what crimes existed.

22*d*.—We are all busy helping the preparations for the voyage of our friends. With four children, and a perhaps five months' voyage, a large stock of linen is requisite; and Mary is no great manager, otherwise she might have been getting forward all this time, for it has of late been plain to everybody that the change was imperative. I believe she would not allow herself to think so. We are therefore in rather a bustle, these ayahs and dirjies are so very slow. Mrs Freeman—who, by the by, has heard no more of her mate—has undertaken the nursery wardrobes, and we are all content to work under her. She is very methodical, and very managing too, cutting down old dresses into neat frocks, and arranging the trays in the large trunks, so as to have everything at hand week by week as she will require them. Her character is a good answer to the cavillers about race. She is but one remove from a Hindoo, and was five years old before her soldier-father took her to England. She hardly feels the heat, thanks to her half-Indian constitution; while she has been educated out of the indolent ways of her mother's land.

24*th*.—By diligent attention to the moonshie, I have mastered so much of the easy language in general use here, as to give every necessary order, indeed to transact all ordinary business; for he has given me hints for these purposes fully as valuable as the words required. The first thing to do in all cases is to attract the attention of these idle or indifferent creatures, by calling out pretty sharply to the one addressed, 'Attend!'—after that the order is better comprehended. The servants, in their eagerness when first roused, are a little apt to run on a little too quickly, and so do something unnecessary or even inconvenient—at anyrate to propose to do it. They must be stopped with a short 'Listen!' which always recalls them to their simple duty of obedience. My usual drive now is to Mary's house, soon to be mine, for we have settled to take it. A little addition to what we at present pay for the chambers alone secures the house and the chambers within it; and the furniture is no very deadly affair here, and will always sell again for very little less than it cost. The greatest confusion at present reigns in that once pleasant abode, in spite of the care of Mrs Freeman, who has consented, very wisely, to accompany the party home. Mary has determined against encumbering herself with those bales of embroidery, muslins, cachemires, ivory, &c. in which such sums are so constantly invested by people returning from India. She merely takes what she has by her, and she confines her purchases to such additions to her stock as the long voyage renders indispensable. The real fact is, that all the artistic productions of India can be bought as cheap in London as here; shawls certainly cheaper; the only exception may be jewels, and gold and silver manufactures, which are contraband, not even allowed to go through the customhouse at all, duty or no duty: they are broken upon the spot, and can only enter the country smuggled. People put treasures of this kind in their pockets, for I believe the person is never searched. Edward is very anxious to send home treasures of another kind with her sick husband and Mary. He is trying to prevail on Mr Black and Helen to part with their little boys—their little delicate boys—whose voyage home under such affectionate care, and with their cousins and Freeman, would be a very happy one—a more comfortable arrangement for the

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parents than any other likely to cast up. Poor Helen! she grows deadly pale whenever the subject is mentioned. But Mr Black seems to approve of the plan: we therefore suppose it will be carried out. These dreadful family separations are the drawbacks to Indian life, which can otherwise be made very enjoyable.

26th.—The first object that met my eyes to-day was a piece of long cloth, the next was two pieces of muslin, presents from a successful client. The third sight was two state howdahs, which we went to Stewart the coachmaker's to admire. They are intended for the backs of two elephants, going as a present to the pacha of Egypt. Mr Stewart's premises are very fine, and his factory carried on apparently in the best manner. The howdahs are really handsome, very tastefully got up, but with a square flat roof, supported by light pillars. I should myself have preferred them more in the Indian fashion; but probably English style may be preferred at Grand Cairo. The elephants are to be shipped in a day or two, and we have gladly accepted an invitation to view what is represented as a curious process.

29th.—The elephants' departure still uncertain, so, 'to beguile the time,' we went yesterday to visit the Botanic Gardens, which I have long had a desire to see. We drove to the ghaut, nearly opposite the Bishop's College, where we took boat and crossed over, as we intended examining that building in the first instance. It is handsome outside, and has a fine library and a pretty chapel; but we did not see it to advantage, as it happens to be under repair. From this place it is a pleasant walk to the gardens, under shade the whole way along the bank of the river. Dr Wallick, who had sent his own boat for us, now ordered his tonjon to follow our small party; and once or twice I—the only lady—was glad to take advantage of it, as this was a very long walk for an Indian. The tonjon is a sort of chair—a seat set on two poles—and carried by two men palkee fashion. I wonder these Botanic Gardens are not more resorted to? At this time of year a saunter here is charming, a delightful change from that eternal Course; and the crossing is so easy, so quick an operation, as to be more an agreeable variety than an impediment. The shortness of the evenings must be the real drawback, darkness falling down so suddenly, that the return might be inconvenient. People do occasionally make pic-nic parties here in the cool weather. Of course we could not see the whole, nor even the half of these extensive grounds on this our first visit: they extend for three miles down the river: I am not certain of their average breadth. As much variety as was possible to effect on such a dead level has been contrived, the wooding being admirably managed to hide or to increase the beauty of the Hoogly.

We entered through a plantation of young teak, made for scientific purposes merely, as it is not a tree suited to the soil or climate, or ever supposed to reach its proper perfection on this side of India. We next came upon some fine lissoos—a graceful tree, and very thriving. Beyond was a plot of sugar-canes; and then we approached Dr Wallick's house, surrounded by shrubbery, and looking on the river. Very few flowers will flourish hereabouts; but to make amends, the flowering shrubs are of exceeding beauty, and in great profusion and variety. We went on to the nursery to see, amongst other things, several boxes of plants packed ready for England, going home in the same ship with the sick partner. They are very ingeniously shaped like an ordinary cottage, with panes of glass in the roof and sides. They water the plants well when they set them in the earth within; and I suppose a sufficient quantity of air is contained, for no care is taken of them during the voyage, and they generally arrive in good preservation. A mahogany-tree was pointed out to me as a fine specimen—so fine, as shows this kind of foreign timber might be naturalised with advantage. There was a great variety of palm-trees, some of them of uncommon beauty, amongst them that particular species from whose pith sago is manufactured. An immense plantain we also observed, four times the ordinary size; a splendid cluster of bamboos; and a banyan, the glory of the gardens. We compared this wonderful specimen with the wild clump we had wandered under at Serampore, flourishing there in all the luxuriant carelessness of nature. Here art had much assisted to produce this finer tree; it had had early cultivation, every branch watched, cherished, guarded. It is a curious, nay, a wondrous thing, to walk among these living pillars, each standing clear apart, supporting at their several distances the massive and wide-spreading branches, from which they originally depended, and then to look up and see the enormous growth overhead. A very singular creeping plant next attracted us, hardly rising above six inches from its root, in quest of something to hang itself on, the dry-looking horizontal stretching stem marked in knots and knobs, giving it the appearance of a chain. The one we were examining had fastened itself on a cotton-tree, round which it was twisted most strangely. Another tree had its roots mostly all above ground, like bunches of dahlia roots. One would suppose that such slight hold of the earth as such sort of fibres must have, would give the tree little chance against a north-wester; but we found that they are seldom or never blown down. Some kinds of large shrubs had their bark studded with strong thorns, sharp as the points on old armour. It both surprised and grieved me to find how very little we all generally comprehend of the productions of beautiful nature — nature so various and so prodigal, and of such consequence to us to be understood. I don't mean the scientific histories and arrangements of the learned, and all the technicalities of the trade of knowledge in its thousand departments; I only mean the contemplation of the wonders by which we are surrounded, the opening of our eyes to see, and of our ears to hear, and of our tongues to tell of the subjects of interest we unthinkingly live amongst, to which the attention of the young is too seldom directed, and the over-labouring lives of the more advanced in age prevents their turning their minds. A fan-shaped plant of some size attracted me, composed of long reedy leaves all diverging from a centre. These leaves are the treasures of the desert, for they contain pure water, elaborated within the plant itself, not drawn from any reservoir for preserving the dew or rain. Break a puncture of one of these long leaves, and the pure element readily flows. It has been often analysed, and not a particle of vegetable or any other matter has ever been found in it. Then we came to the pitcher-plant, named from the form of its flower, which has a real lid opening to receive all moisture, and closing on the precious drops; then to a shrub with curious leaves all doubled up, sewn together actually, with threads drawn from a neighbouring cotton bush by the long bill of a little bird, which thus forms its pretty nest. I could go on for an hour describing all we saw. This was a morning of thorough enjoyment to both of us.

December 2.—The preparations for the voyage are rapidly advancing, and disappointments in their progress begin seriously to annoy us, for the time of departure has been fixed for to-morrow week. We are a little hurried, because poor Helen has consented to part with her children, and there is a good deal to be done for them. To retard us, we have had a Mussulman holiday, when no work could be got from that sect. A Hindoo ditto ditto. The dirjie is quite behind-hand after all sorts of promises, and the dhobee is just as bad. Mary is not nearly ready, and she has a great deal to do that no one else can do for her—bills to pay, many of them not come in; discharges to write for all the servants;

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and innumerable notes of compliment to reply to—very ill-timed I think them—and the cabin to visit, and the furniture to arrange in it, and her husband really so ill, that he is a very great addition to her troubles. We are very sorry to lose them. He is a more than commonly intelligent man; and she, immethodical as she is, and therefore always in dilemmas, is very much to be liked—her quickness of observation, her kindness of heart, her easy cheerful Irish manner, make up for her indolence in business matters, and render her most agreeable as a companion.

CONDITION OF THE HUMBLEST CLASS OF LABOURERS.

As things now stand, it cannot be doubted that the daily corporeal labour which is the lot of this class of men supplies that kind of occupation which is most suited to their capacity, and which is, consequently, more productive of happiness than any other would be. I even question if the diminution of the period of daily labour, when excessive, as in many cases it doubtless is, would add to their happiness. Unable for the most part to read books of instruction or amusement with understanding or profit; ignorant of all the sciences even in their very rudiments; uninstructed in any art that has relation to the higher faculties; with the imagination, and the fancy, and all the other ministers of taste unawakened from their sleep; unacquainted even with most of the little arts having relation to their own domestic state; nay, unskilled in the very games which might innocently fill up a vacant hour—what could they do with more leisure? Alas, I fear we have an answer in what we all see around us in the proceedings which too generally characterise the haunts most frequented by them during the intervals of their weekly labour by day; in their evenings; and even in their Sundays and other holidays! Is such a state of things as this to last for ever? Is it even to last long? I believe not: certainly not long, according to the measure by which we mete out time in relation to momentous changes in man's condition on earth: once fairly assailed, it must gradually vanish before that *progress* which has never yet ceased, in some degree or other, to animate and advance the race, and which, like material bodies in motion, will gain force as it proceeds. When this period arrives, *labour* will then take its just place and degree among the acknowledged elements of happiness; and the business of the world will be carried on, even in its lowest forms, not by unthinking, unreasoning, unenjoying machines in human form, but by men worthy of the name, men with minds as capable of labour as their bodies, and having the means and opportunity of exercising the one as well as the other in that active, earnest, but *temperate* manner which seems to have been ordained as the best manner for man in all his relations. The means whereby this happy change is to be brought about, as far as our feeble powers can foresee, seem to lie mainly in the general cultivation of men's minds—in other words, in the imparting of knowledge to all those capable of receiving it.—*From a Lecture on Happiness in its Relations to Work and Knowledge. By John Forbes, M. D., Physician to her Majesty's Household.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1850.

THE BLACK ANT OF AFRICA.

The black ant, however, is the insect most to be dreaded, not merely on account of its severe bite, but because it is so destructive to live stock as well as dead, and so difficult to get rid of, when once they have found their way into your house, or any other part of your premises. They are much larger than our full-sized emmet; have strong, large front forceps, which inflict a severe pinch; and are very powerful in their bodily actions, as well as swift in their movements. They are serviceable in one way—and that is, in clearing your premises of every species of filth and vermin, of which they will not leave a vestige. Only, when you receive a visit from them, you must look well to your poultry, goats, or anything you may have of a consumable description, and remove them to some place of security. Nor ought you to attempt to interrupt them in their march, or in anyway interfere with them, but allow them free ingress and egress, suffering them to depart when they please. For they come in such armies, that to annihilate them is out of the question, and prudence advises not to provoke them to reprisals.—*Poole's Life in Sierra Leone.*

SONG OF THE NAUTILUS.

A FAIRY I am of the boundless sea,
More blithe than my mates of the greenwood tree;
I dance on the waves to the mermaid's song,
And the breath of a zephyr bears me along.

I spread my small sail on the tropical wave,
Where the fiery sunbeams in ocean bathe;
And I moor by some isle known only to me—
An oasis green in that far lone sea.

In silence I glide in the shadowy night,
Or rest where a star makes an island of light,
Or chase the pale moonbeams that glide on the spray,
Which still, as I follow, seem further away.

No music's to me like the dash of the sea,
No harmony ever so wild and so free;
And I steer my light bark without compass or helm—
My oar for my sceptre, the main for my realm.

E. M. M.

REASONS FOR KEEPING THE TEETH CLEAN.

At a meeting of the American Academy, December 1849, a paper was read by Dr H. J. Bowditch, on the animal and vegetable parasites infesting the teeth, with the effects of different agents in causing their removal and destruction. Microscopical examinations had been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition; and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers had been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not impair their vitality in the least. The same was also true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverised bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however, appeared to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for cleansing the teeth. In all cases where it has been tried, it receives unqualified commendation. It may also be proper to add, that none but the purest white soap, free from all discolorations, should be used.—*American Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

'Of course you have seen the Crystal Palace?'

I have had that question asked me an indefinite number of times—during solemn quadrilles; in descending staircases at dinner-parties; amidst the dreariness of morning calls. It was always answered with a savage abrupt 'No!' I might have added—perhaps I did sometimes, being a very straightforward sort of individual—that five shillings is a considerable lightener of the purse of a poor author to whom a day's holiday is frequently a day's loss. So it chanced that I had never seen either the inside or outside of the Crystal Palace.

'Come, you *shall* go,' said a friend who has been to me the provider of many a harmless recreation—'you shall go with us, under the escort of one of the Executive Committee; so you will have everything explained, and, moreover, there is nothing to pay!'

This last argument was irresistible. We fraternity of the pen think the public, for whose pleasure we work evermore, owes us some pleasures in return; so we never scruple about a 'free admission.' Accordingly I went. Entering Hyde Park by the gate at Apsley House, we drove along the road to the left, and at length in a rather sheltered situation, opposite the row of mansions called Kensington Gore, we came upon the object of our search. The Crystal Palace, with its huge transept, stood before us.

Even now the whole neighbourhood is like a fair. Before the entrance—a very imposing entrance—is a throng of carriages, hired cabs, conveniences of all sorts. Wet and dreary though the day is, numbers of that class the newspapers describe as 'well-dressed spectators' are walking about; some with a wide-awake, astonied country look; some glancing with a Cockney's quick eye, that takes all in with the greatest possible celerity—he has no time to lose in sight-seeing. Already one or two catalogue-sellers are visible, harbingers of the coming race. They attack with—'Full description of the Crystal Palace, inside and out: you'll want it sadly, gentlemen—*only* sixpence!' One of these pamphlets—rather a poor affair—was of course purchased.

The entrance is in the southern extremity of the transept Here we had admittance, and at a single glance were able to realise not only the vastness of the structure, but its exceeding airiness; for as the whole canopy and much of the sides is transparent, there is no shadow. We feel as if in the open air. Right before us, in the transept, are left several lofty trees, leafless and disconsolate in aspect, waiting to be clothed in verdure by the reviving warmth of spring. At the time of our visit, the whole area was a scene of bustle—carpentering was going on in all directions; a smith's forge and bellows were in full action; and wagons laden with timber were drawn by teams of horses along the centre and still unboarded thoroughfare.

'Now, when you have admired sufficiently, I will begin to explain,' said our kindest and most good-humoured of ciceroni. 'To commence at the floor: this boarding, you see, is placed three feet above the ground, and has interstices between the planks, both for ventilation, and in order that the dust may be swept through. Fancy the dust shaken from the feet of our myriad visitors! I should not wonder if it filled the whole three feet beneath the floor. Next as to the iron pillars: they are all hollow. Every drop of rain that falls on our roof of glass—inclined slightly for the purpose—is conveyed at once through them to the sewerage beneath the floor.'

'But suppose there came a summer hail-storm?' said we, looking at the immense surface of glass, exposed apparently without any defence to the fury of the elements.

'It is not supposed that hail-storms would injure the edifice; the glazed roof being placed at such an angle as will strike off any hail that may fall. I confess I am more afraid of the effects of high gales, which, if striking full on the broad surface presented to them, might commit serious havoc. Fortunately, the edifice is not in a particularly exposed situation. But come: let me show you the wings.'

We went, walking amidst a multitude of workmen and visitors, who were then, for the last week, admitted. There must have been thousands of people in the place, and yet they only seemed to meet us at intervals—solitary groups wandering about. They were mere atoms in the vastness of the Palace.

'These are admirable specimens of the class of English workmen!' said my cousin, as we passed one after another, singly or in twos or threes, the artizans whose expert hands carried out the plans of the cleverest heads in the nation. They were all decently-clad, honest-looking men, many of them with much intelligence in their faces. All were busy; scarce one of them stopping to glance around at us.

'They work in perfect silence,' said Mr ——; 'they are not allowed to answer a single question. We give them good wages, and have little or no trouble with them.'

'Yet there are about three thousand, as I understand? What an amount of good must be done by such a sum as must thereby be distributed among their class! There will be no 10th of April Chartism

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here—our Exhibition of '51 is better than a revolution.'

'And how late do they work?—what a strange scene this must be after dusk!' said I, taking the picturesque instead of the political side of the question.

'For a long time the labour went on by night as well as day. I have seen as many as twenty-five hundred workmen here, each working by torchlight or fire-light. The effect was indescribably grand.'

'It must have been, indeed. But have you no precautions against fire?'

'As yet, none, except the Serpentine close at hand, and extreme care taken to avoid danger. Still it is a want, and a great one. A conflagration here would be a fearful thing.'

We had now reached the staircase leading to one of the galleries: 'They somewhat spoil the effect of the whole, and were not at first intended; until we found the space applied for by exhibitors increase so enormously. We then erected these two galleries, extending, one on either side, down the whole length of the wings. If you walk on to the extreme end you will see how the perspective of the vista dwindles almost into nothing.'

It did indeed. It was like looking down an immense street, as far as the eye could reach. The precise distance, Mr —— told us, was 1851 feet; a whimsical memorial of the year in which the work was executed.

'See! we are perpetually mindful of our trees,' said he, pointing out one whose great trunk penetrated through the gallery, and was encircled by a small railing to prevent injury. 'Certainly, I think the great attraction and novelty of the building is in its little forests. Look! there are two—one at each end of the wings. They will be made into refreshment-tents, where the ladies can sit and eat their ices under trees.'

'Very acceptable: and who furnishes refreshments? The Commission?'

'No: government couldn't exactly turn pastrycook for the nation. We shall let the office to some private confectioner, though under many stringent rules. We have received several offers already—one to the extent of ten thousand pounds—but have not decided.'

'What a delicious place for a public pic-nic!' said one of us. 'A whole family party might come and spend a day here, dining in the refreshment-tent under the trees. How very nice!'

'Not exactly, supposing it to be a July day, under this glass roof. The reflection of heat and light would be such that we should be first dazzled blind, and then broiled alive. How will you counteract that, Mr ——?'

'There will be matting spread over the roof. And, then, only look at the contrivances for ventilation!'

These were large zinc plates, arranged something like the ventilators used in windows, or at the tops of railway carriages. One series of them admitted fresh air continually, the other emitted the foul atmosphere. Nothing could be more perfect. We walked along to the further end of the gallery, admiring the extreme regularity of its every portion, down to the graceful iron lattice-work which protected the edge. And being now nearer to the roof, we could see that what at first seemed flat, was in fact raised in vandyked furrows. The infinitude of panes of glass was perfectly bewildering. So was the boarding of the floor and galleries. To construct them, what pine forests must have fallen! What numbers of laden ships must have brought them hither!

'They have, indeed,' said Mr ——. 'We have received materials from every portion of the world. Still the greatest and most valuable portion of wood has come from the Baltic. And the most curious thing is, that every plank, every lath used, exactly corresponds in size. They are all cut and fashioned by machinery, so as to be precisely similar, even to a hairbreadth of length, or to the bored hole of a nail. The best of our machinery has now ceased working, but I can still show you some.'

He took us to a portion of the wings where there was a steam-engine—more properly, a locomotive brought to a stand-still—in operation, by which several most ingenious contrivances were worked. One was a machine for cutting the small laths required in the inner part of the roof. Four circular-saws were placed, one at each corner of a frame; and the long laths being passed over them, were subdivided into exactly equal portions. These were afterwards transferred to a machine for painting them; or rather they were made to paint themselves, being merely passed under a framework, in which was fixed a succession of brushes—the whole operation being the work of two seconds. Whole stacks of these newly-painted laths were ranged about, conveying some faint idea of the enormous quantities required.

'But this, to my thinking, is the most curious invention of all (and every one of them has been invented expressly for our purposes in this building). Do you see that long spout for drainage—not ungraceful in shape, is it? It has a ledge to rest upon, and nail-holes all bored. Well; it went a mere log into a cylinder, was drawn slowly through, and came out what it is! We are rather clever folk here, are we not?' and Mr —— smiled a gratified smile. John Bull was not ashamed of himself!

'There go some Sappers and Miners!' said my cousin, as half-a-dozen of them passed, their red-coats glittering among the homely-clad civilian workmen. 'These men have been very useful. All our surveying and planning has been done by them.'

At this moment our attention was drawn to Mr Paxton, the magician of this Aladdin's palace. Near him stood Owen Jones, who, as everybody knows, has become the decorator of the structure. A discussion was going forward respecting the colouring of the pillars and the iron interlacings of the roof. Several parts were painted diversely as examples; and we all agreed that the happiest and least-staring combinations were—buff, light blue, and white. There cannot be a doubt that the colouring will vastly improve the effect; and the world ought to be much obliged to Mr Jones for the taste he has brought to bear on the Crystal Palace.

'I think you have now seen all I can show you,' observed our kind conductor, as we paused once more at the entrance of the transept in a state of considerable fatigue. Yet we had only traversed the length of one gallery, and never been to the end of the building at all.

'Really this will be an awful Exhibition to visit! We ladies can never accomplish it, unless you establish some means of locomotion—goat-carriages, or a little line of railway laid along the principal aisles!'

Mr —— laughingly shook his head. 'No, my good madam, you must really be obliged to walk—a little every day, and the more days you take to see it, the better for the Exhibition, you know. However, we shall publish a map, so as to guide the public through this labyrinth to the portion they may individually wish to examine.'

'But, oh—the walking! Couldn't you provide us with some harmless locomotive—a velocipede, for instance?'

Our Executive friend could not resist a fit of laughter. 'That reminds me,' said he, 'of a comical incident which is immortalised in our business memoranda. When we requested contributions from different towns of various specimens of manufactures or inventions to be exhibited here, the Dover people, after long deliberation, decided that the only thing they had to send was —a velocipede! It was the latest invention—twenty years back. The town had produced nothing since!'

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We all laughed heartily at the expense of poor old Dover; and my wicked cousin proposed that government should accept the contribution, on condition that the mayor of Dover should ride through the Exhibition on his velocipede!

'But that is nothing to the eccentric data we have on our books,' Mr —— continued. 'We keep an account of the greatest number of every article received. What do you think heads the list? Patchwork counterpanes!'

'Great honour to our English fingers too! We are quite proud of our sex,' the ladies answered; and then we inquired concerning the foreign correspondence that the Commission must have on hand.

'It is of course enormous. Some incidents of it are, as might be expected, amusing in the extreme. We get the oddest applications sometimes, chiefly from abroad: they come couched in every language under heaven. We have several interpreters and many clerks, whom we keep in durance there.'

He showed us a line of wooden erections like sentry-boxes, but enclosed, and lighted only from above. 'There they work, and cannot see anything of what is going on. A capital plan, is it not? And there,' said he, re-entering the hall, which we now saw was flanked on either side by various commodious apartments—'there is the Board-room of the Royal Commission, and also our own Board-room. You must, however, content yourself with an outside view of both, as here my influence closes.'

It had indeed been a most kindly and instructive influence, and given us infinite pleasure. As we stood once more at the entrance-hall, and looked down the magnificent vista, we thought what a world-renowned sight it would be next May! And somebody said—(you may be sure it was a woman!)—that our Queen ought then to be the happiest lady alive: happy, not only in her kingdom and people—the only people in the world who could succeed in such a work as this—but in her own royal spouse, perhaps the sole prince in Europe who could have planned and guided it.

'You may say good-by to the Crystal Palace: the public cannot be admitted again until May-day,' was Mr ——'s adieu. 'But, then, it will be something worth looking at, I suspect.'

THE BEAR-SKIN.

One day early in the year 182–, the inhabitants of N——, the most westerly village on Red River, saw a large canoe ascending the stream. It contained three men, who rowed as those accustomed to long voyages on the rivers, striking the water in time and measure with their short paddles, and steering straight from one point to another without following the capricious windings of the shore. The sun had just risen, and the landscape was covered with the gay verdure of spring, which so rapidly withers under the scorching sun of summer. On that morning a greater number than usual of the population were assembled on the wharf; the letters and newspapers brought by the post the evening before were being distributed; and the planters of the neighbourhood, seated on wooden benches in front of their stores, under the shade of flowering acacias, chatted with one another while smoking their cigars. Groups of negroes were unloading the heavy wagons, which three or four yoke of oxen had dragged from the interior of Mexico, and, as usual, accompanying their labour with shouts and cries, as though in torment. Here and there were to be seen a few Indians who had come in to sell the produce of their hunting, and now that the market was over, they lay lazily crouched in the shadow of the houses, silent, and with half-closed eyes, like vultures reposing after a repast. They were rude links between the yet unsubdued tribes and the half-savage pioneers of the white men.

As soon as the canoe touched the edge of the wharf, the three men disembarked, and directed their steps towards a tavern. By their tall stature, pale complexion, and long black hair, they were at once recognised as Canadians, and were soon surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, eager to impart or receive news. Some thronged the bar-room, while others blocked up the doorway; and before many minutes had passed, it was known all over the wharf that the three voyageurs were a father and his two sons, forced by the introduction of steamboats on the waters of the Mississippi to abandon their occupation as cruisers or raftsmen, and who had therefore come to squat in the forest, some fifty or sixty miles from the village, beyond the remotest habitations.

While this news, very important in a locality to which there came but little, was circulating, the Canadians clinked glasses, and drank with every one who offered them rum; so that by the time they thought of resuming their course, their heavy quiet look had given place to one of animation.

'Father,' at last said the eldest, stretching his long and brawny arms, 'let us go. The air of the river is better for us than that of this tavern, where my head begins to turn round.'

'In our time,' replied the senior, speaking to the old Creoles who stood near, yellowed by the sun and whitened by age—'in our time it took more than that to dim the eye of a St Lawrence voyageur;' and rising from his seat he, with his two sons, faithful to their old habit, marched in single file down to the boat.

As they approached, an Indian was examining the canoe with great attention. The Canadians had packed their long rifles, their axes, powder-horns, and utensils, securely between the seats. Such a display of wealth bewildered the savage: his weapon was nothing but a patched fowling-piece, full twenty years old; and he stood leaning from the wharf, gazing on the precious objects with that intensity of contemplation not to be realised by civilised men.

'Take care,' cried the youngest of the three; 'make room for us to get on board.' As he spoke, his elder brother, who was close behind, pushed the Indian rudely with a blow on the shoulder. The Red Skin lost his balance; a mingled cry of alarm and anger broke from him; and to avoid falling flat on the water, he plunged in head foremost. His dog leaped after him, as though to seek his master at the bottom. A few moments later, the savage reappeared on the bank, soiled with mud, while the water streaming across the red and blue paint on his face, made a grotesque chequerwork of the coloured stripes. His dripping plight excited a general burst of laughter: the negroes yelled with delight; the boys threw stones; and the curs of the village, barking furiously, rushed to the attack. The Indian and his dog were compelled to a shameful flight, and disappeared in the forest, which at a short distance surrounded the village. On the summit of an eminence overlooking the river, the native patted his dog, and dried himself by rolling in the thick grass. Presently he saw the canoe at a distance up the stream, and while he gazed it passed slowly from his sight behind the overhanging trees. After the first burst of merriment had subsided, there were some in the village who shrugged their shoulders and blamed the Canadian.

Meantime the voyageurs, excited by their libations of

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rum, rowed with redoubled vigour, as though competing for a prize at a regatta. Plantation after plantation was passed in the swift course, as they went farther and farther to the west. In time, however, they felt hungry; and as they pulled towards a wooded island, intending to cook their slices of dried meat under the shade of the trees, a voice cried from the shore, 'Canoe, ahoy!'

At this unexpected salute the rowers raised their heads, remaining motionless with the paddles in their hands.

'Is that you, Père Faustin?' again called the same voice.

Hearing himself accosted by name, the old Canadian leaned forward in the direction of the speaker. His sons pointed out to him a planter seated at the edge of the water with a telescope in his hand, and making signs to them to approach. On nearing the shore Faustin recognised an old companion, a trader from the low country, with whom he had often navigated. Such meetings were not extraordinary at a time when the French Creoles were gradually spreading themselves over the fertile soil of the upper regions. The planter welcomed the new-comers with cordial shakes of the hand, and invited them to repose a while at his dwelling. In the centre of his extensive estate stood the wooden house roofed with cypress shingles, from which a walk led to the river, where, at the landing-place, lay moored an assemblage of canoes and large flat-bottomed boats used for the transport of cotton; and near by the negro huts were grouped under shelter of plane-trees and sycamores.

Faustin turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of the planter, who offered him a portion of his land: the Canadian had made up his mind to a life in the free wild forest, and was not to be turned from his purpose. Presently a dinner of venison-steaks smoked before them; and drawing their knives from their sheaths, the three Canadians sat down to the repast. So much was their attention absorbed by eating, that not one spoke or lifted his eyes from the plate—greatly to the astonishment of the young negro attendants, to whom the rapid disappearance of the viands was a novelty. Towards the close of the meal, the daughter of the planter entered, and at a sign from her father, brought a flask of cherry brandy, which she placed before the guests. Observing their rude manners, she endeavoured, partly out of curiosity and sportiveness, to draw a few words from them, and asked if they were going far?

'That depends,' replied the old man, 'on where the plantations end. We are for the forest, we are.'

'It seems you have deer about here?' said Antoine, the elder son, abruptly thrusting to the centre of the table the dish from which he had just taken the last slice of venison. 'Are there bears also?'

'Bears?' replied the young girl, crossing her arms and assuming a tone at once demure and ironical—'bears? Some pass by now and then.'

The point of this response was quite lost on the tall youth to whom it was addressed. After a moment, the planter renewed his offer of land, and drew a picture of life on a plantation; on hearing which the old Canadian tossed his head, Antoine curled his lip, and Etienne, the youngest, bent down his eyes.

The planter understood the refusal, and the three rose to depart. They were soon on the river again, and after rowing till nightfall, encamped on the bank. The next day they resumed their route: one after another the plantations had been left behind; the alligators began to show themselves more frequent on the shores; the troops of turkeys strutting about under the trees scarcely heeded the noise of the paddles; and large flights of parrots filled the air with their discordant cries. At these indications of a less disturbed solitude the voyageurs knew that their journey drew to a close: they landed, and crossing the flat alluvial plain which borders the stream, selected a hill covered with sassafras as the site of their habitation. It was half way between Red River and the Sabine; a little turbulent water which separates Louisiana from Texas. Their log-house was speedily raised, and when completed the isolated family rejoiced in their freedom; as the father said, 'they had elbow-room for hunting.'

The chase indeed was their sole pleasure; cultivation of the ground, except for a small crop of maize and a few plants of tobacco, formed no part of their pursuits. Yet with all their love of solitude, the voyageurs were not insensible to the attraction of pleasures of another sort. Etienne could play on the violin, and before long he had found his way to a Creole village at a few miles' distance, where he was always welcome, and became the hero of all the merry-makings. When he appeared, all work was abandoned, and even the siesta was interrupted for a country-dance.

These recreations were not at all to Antoine's taste: he was fascinated by a hunter's life. The young girls of the village were astonished that he never left the forest to join in their pastimes. Some set him down as proud and sulky, others declared him to be jealous of his brother's triumphs.

'Mon garçon,' said his father at times, 'you do wrong to play the savage. By and by, when you want to marry, you will repent of it. Look at Etienne—all the girls are over head and ears in love with him.' Antoine made no answer, and continued to hunt as heretofore.

Shortly afterwards they were obliged to take a trip to N——, to replenish their exhausted stores; the eve of the departure, Antoine killed a buck, and placed it in the canoe. 'It is for the planter and his daughter,' he said aloud as he wrapped the animal in palm-leaves; 'they received us kindly at our arrival, and we cannot pass by their door without stopping to thank them.'

'Well thought of, my boy!' rejoined the old man. 'Ah, they are brave people, generous, willing to oblige. Formerly, that was the way travellers were received all along the rivers; but now—one finds none but Yankees, and they give nothing for nothing, not even a glass of water.'

The present of game was duly accepted; the three voyageurs prepared immediately to continue their route, in order to show that their visit was disinterested. The planter, to assure himself of a prolonged visit on their return, proposed to retain Antoine as a hostage, supporting his argument with the information that the pigeons were arriving in countless numbers from the north, and the lakes were covered with ducks.

'Antoine is a good marksman,' he added; 'I should like to commence my winter shooting in his company; so leave him with me.'

'Agreed,' replied Faustin, and pushed off from the shore, on which his eldest son remained standing like a bird caught in a trap.

'Now, Monsieur Antoine, you are our prisoner,' said Marie gaily; 'the canoe is really gone; so take my advice, and come in to dinner.'

The next morning the planter was early a-foot, rifle on shoulder; Antoine, accoutred as a scout, with bullock's-horn powder-flask slung at his side, deer-skin gaiters, and short frock of gray flannel, was waiting for him in the yard. They were already on the way, and planning their proceedings, when Marie, mounted on a small black Mexican horse, came up at a gallop.

'Eh, papa,' she called, 'wait for me. I wish to make one of the party. Go where you will I shall follow you!'

'In that case, good-by to hunting!' murmured Antoine, as he leant on the long rifle, which reached to his chin.

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'Shall I be in the way, then, Monsieur Antoine?' asked the young girl.

'I don't say that,' replied the tall Canadian; 'we can take a walk round the cotton-fields, along the beaten paths, where we shall perhaps get a few snakes and sparrows.'

After some further remarks, Marie gave up her intention, and with her father's assent set off for a gallop through the forest. The autumn drew to a close; the October rains had filled the lakes and ponds; in which the caimans, about to fall into their winter sleep, came to the surface from time to time to breathe the mild air of the last warm days of the season. The trees were dyed with gorgeous tints, such as can be seen only in American woods at the fall of the year; and the maiden sped onwards under their darksome shadow, regardless of fear. After riding several miles, she perceived that the region became more rugged and wild, and sought to retrace her steps. It is not easy to find one's way in the forest: she wandered some time without being able to extricate herself from the thickets which, so picturesque shortly before, now began to frighten her.

In this perplexity the young girl stood still, alarmed and trembling, listening anxiously, hoping and fearing at the same time to hear some noise; then again she put the pony in motion, at first at a walk, and presently at full gallop. The report of firearms at a distance indicated the quarter in which she would find the hunters. After a quarter of an hour's sharp riding, she discovered a broad lake, fenced in by thorny bushes, and covered with reeds. Clouds of ducks were settling in all directions upon the water, from which, a moment after, a rifle shot made them rise and wheel in alarm in the air, first on one side then on the other, as the sportsmen fired alternately from either shore of the lake. Antoine was standing up to his knees in the water, loading and firing with the perseverance of a soldier in front of the enemy. Marie watched him for a few moments, while recovering from her alarm; at length, advancing from behind the bush, she spoke in a faint voice—'Monsieur Antoine, where is my father?'

'Yonder, at the other side; don't you hear his double-barrel sounding like a cracker?' replied Antoine, as he again aimed at the ducks.

Marie had lost all her courage: 'I have missed my way,' she rejoined, 'and dare venture no farther by myself. Pray lead me to my father. I am frightened in this forest, and want to join my father. I am so tired that if you will not go with me, I cannot go a step farther.'

The impassible Canadian uncocked his rifle, and approaching the young Creole said, 'This way: come!' and stepped hastily forwards.

'Wait a moment,' cried Marie; 'not so fast—my head swims! Oh, mon Dieu!—I can't see; I shall fall.'

'Seat yourself here,' answered Antoine, assisting her to dismount: 'here, under the tree. 'Tis only a little weakness caused by your hurry and alarm. Who would have thought you would follow us to the lake? Women are always the same: they tremble before a spider, and yet brave real danger.' While speaking thus he sprinkled the maiden's face with water, and contemplated her with much solicitude. He was on his knees in front of her, gazing so fixedly that the passage of a deer would not have diverted his attention; but as soon as Marie opened her eyes, he started to his feet with the words, 'Now, mademoiselle, let us go to your father.'

He took the bridle, and led the way, treading down the obstacles in his route with the step of a giant. After skirting the lake for some time, he placed himself behind the pony. 'What, Marie, you here?' exclaimed the planter on seeing his daughter.

'Oh, father, I deserve your reproof,' she replied, 'but first thank Monsieur Antoine: to guide me he left the best station a hunter could have chosen;' and while she narrated to her parent what had passed, the Canadian, greatly embarrassed, busied himself with the lock of his rifle. Presently when they prepared to return homewards, Marie could not refrain from embracing her father, and crying with deep emotion—'Where should I be now if I had not found you?'

'Lost, lost for ever!' rejoined the planter. 'He who goes astray in the forest is soon seized with vertigo. He wanders long at hazard, yet scarcely changes his place; he repeats his own footsteps, and hampers himself in a labyrinth from which he cannot escape. Fatigue disables him, his brain whirls, and despair seizes him at last.'

The canoe did not return until the second day: Antoine found the time less tedious than he would have believed, and showed no ill-will to the young girl whose imprudence had spoiled the success of his duck-shooting. From this time he paid frequent visits to his friends; the planter liked the freedom and simplicity of his manners, and often spoke of him to his daughter as one well able to assist in the management of the estate.

As the season advanced, bear-hunting became a favourite pastime for the three Canadians. In their excursions, however, they found game less abundant than formerly: it seemed that an invisible hand was at work, yet no one ever crossed their path. 'There must be an Indian prowling about the neighbourhood,' old Faustin would say at times; 'but Indians are like foxes, it is of no use to look for them too near the hen-roost.'

'I'll wager my name that I find him!' answered Antoine. 'I'll find him before the winter is over, and we shall see whether he or I will have to pitch tent elsewhere.'

A few days later, Antoine, accompanied by his brother, set out for the Sabine. They had discovered the tracks of a huge bear, and as winter had set in, the animal had doubtless withdrawn to his lair. Their way lay through a marsh to a small elevation which rose like an island in the muddy soil. As they came near, Antoine signed to his brother to remain still, while he crawled forward on his hands and knees. Rising all at once, he said in a low tone, 'Some mischief has fallen out here—I see a dead man!'

'Of what colour?' asked Etienne. 'Perhaps it is a runaway negro who died there.'

'No, there is a dog creeping off into the bushes without barking: it is an Indian's dog. Those animals are as sulky as their masters: they don't bark, but they bite.'

The two brothers had come close to the human form, which inspired them with a feeling of dread as it lay without motion. Thrusting the branches aside, Antoine saw a bottle lying on the ground containing a small quantity of rum; he showed it to his brother. 'I understand,' he said; 'it is some fool of a savage who has hid himself here to drink at his ease. After such a dose he will sleep long enough without waking.'

Etienne softly unrolled the bear-skin in which the Indian had wrapped himself. 'Ah, ha!' he said, 'our hunt is over; we will take the skin, and it is ours sure enough, since it comes from the bear we were tracking, and it will pay for some of the game which this poacher has robbed us of. Hark how the fellow snores! Poor simpleton! after all we do him a favour, for he'll wake the sooner with the cold. He has two blue lines across his chin—ah, I recognise him now! 'Tis he whom you made take a dive the day we stopped at the village. I'll lay a wager that his dog slunk off because he remembered us.'

While he spoke, the two brothers, lifting the Indian by the head and heels, took away the skin. 'Now,' resumed the younger, 'we must refresh his ammu-

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nition. I shall pour what remains of the rum among his powder—it will add to its strength.'

'And I will spike his rifle,' rejoined Antoine.

He took up the piece, and thrusting a strong thorn into the touch-hole, broke it off in such a way as to prevent its being drawn out again. This done, the two hunters retraced their steps, persuaded that, after such a lesson, the Indian would shift his quarters. On reaching home they gave the skin to their father, and thought no more of the adventure.

In the following spring, violent fevers broke out over the whole country. As the fierce heat of summer came on, the inhabitants left the shores of the river for the high ground of the interior. To add to the general alarm, a report was spread that the Camanches were over-running Texas, and advancing to the frontier. The militia were kept under arms, and all who were able prepared themselves for the threatened invasion. Faustin and his two sons were on the alert; but the old man, weakened by fever, had lost his ancient courage. Possessed by a vague terror, he insisted on leaving the house for a hiding-place in the forest. The young men humoured him: throwing the bear-skin over his shoulders they departed, Antoine going first as a scout, while the old man followed, leaning on Etienne's shoulder. After walking for an hour, the elder proposed to his father to encamp on an island in the river, while he went down to the planter's to learn the state of affairs, and if necessary, seek for aid. The canoe was drawn from its place of concealment, Faustin and his younger son stepped in, and a few strokes of the paddles brought them to their temporary refuge.

As Antoine turned away to commence his journey, a sudden cry, a sinister whoop, arrested his steps. He listened: it was repeated. Rifle in hand he plunged into a thicket, and hastened to the spot where he had last seen the canoe; but remembering that his father and brother had reached the island, he again turned to his task, and after walking some hours, arrived at the planter's summer residence. Marie smiled as the Canadian told his tale, and to reassure him, read a letter, from which it appeared that the rumoured inroad was no more than a panic.

'I don't know whether all is quiet down the river,' answered Antoine, 'but I do know that I heard an Indian yell this morning.'

'Or a frightened screech owl,' retorted the young Creole; and begged the Canadian to stay with them for a few days. Antoine excused himself on account of his father's illness, and betook himself once more to the forest, and cautiously but hastily returned to whence he had set out.

It was night: a profound silence reigned in the slumbering woods. When opposite the islet in the river, Antoine gave the signal agreed on, but no answer came. Surprised and alarmed, he searched for the canoe: it was gone. Probably Etienne had reconducted his father to the house. Notwithstanding his fatigue, he ran thither, eager to clear up the painful mystery; a sad spectacle awaited him. Nothing of the habitation was visible except a few half-burnt logs: it had been destroyed by fire. At the sight of this catastrophe, the Canadian, overcome with anxiety, fell on his knees and wept like a child. What had become of those whom he sought? Did they yet live? Instead of commencing a pursuit, which the darkness would render useless while increasing the danger, he thought it better to return once more to the planter's. When he stood at the door worn out by his forced marches, by hunger and inquietude, Marie was almost startled into a swoon; while her father seeing the Canadian haggard and bewildered, and his face bathed with tears, was scarcely less agitated. Instead, however, of proffering vague consolations, he made Antoine take some refreshment to recruit his wasted strength. 'In three hours,' he added, 'we will start on horseback, with four faithful blacks in company, and, please God, we will find the missing ones.'

At daybreak they were on foot. First they explored the vicinity of the devastated cabin, questioning all whom they met, but no one had seen or heard anything alarming. The Indians had not shown themselves in that quarter more than elsewhere, and there was not a woman or child who had not recovered from the panic of the previous days.

'But I heard their yells,' replied Antoine; 'they have burnt our hut, and murdered my father.' The listeners shook their heads, and said to themselves, 'The tall Canadian has lost his wits!'

While the party continued their search, the elder Faustin and his son Etienne were retreating before an enemy, who, for twenty-four hours, had pursued them with frightful whoopings; now behind them, then on one hand, presently on the other burst forth the implacable cries. The fugitives, scarcely cognisant of their route, had traversed the distance between Red River and the Sabine, the younger supporting the tottering steps of his father, who, from the effects of fever, shivered under the heavy bear-skin. At length, overcome by disease and fatigue, the old man said with a feeble voice—'Mon garçon, do you see them?'

'No, father, but I hear them still!'

'In numbers—are they not? Oh, if Antoine were with us, we could then set our backs against a tree and wait for them with a firm front!'

'Yes, father, they are numerous. Whichever way we go, there we hear them howling: they are scattered about the forest in pursuit of those who flee as we!'

Then the two looked at each other without speaking, each shocked to see the other's dejection. The thought of turning to the settlements for help never occurred to them; they believed that, like their own, every hut and plantation had been pillaged and burnt. Yet they were not forgotten: Antoine was making every effort for their relief. After searching a long time in vain, he at last entertained a painful hope that his father and brother would have taken up a position in the marsh where, some months before, they had found the sleeping Indian. The difficulties of the route made the journey slow and irksome; at the borders of the swamp they were obliged to dismount and leave their horses to the negroes. Antoine strode from right to left, examining the clumps of rushes, trying the depth of the shaking mud, eager to find the track. Suddenly he stood still.

'Do you hear that?' he asked in a low tone to the planter, who followed close behind.

The latter listened. 'It is the cry of an Indian,' he answered; 'let us call up the blacks.'

The hoarse yells were repeated. 'This way,' said Antoine; 'they are right a-head of us. Oh, here is the trail! Follow—oh my poor father!'

They hastened towards the sound, which now came more distinctly to their ear. The Canadian was about to fire when the cries ceased, and they heard a noise among the leaves, as of a bird suddenly taking wing. Antoine crept towards the little mound, which he had not forgotten; all at once his rifle fell from his hand, and he rushed forwards to a man lying flat and motionless on the grass. This time it was not a sleeper but a corpse—the corpse of his father! A little beyond lay Etienne, grasping the roots that projected from the soil, and seeking to conceal himself in the bushes. He scarcely breathed, and turned his haggard looks on his brother, whom he no longer recognised.

'It is I,' whispered Antoine, bringing his mouth close to the fugitive's ear—'it is I; don't be afraid. Where are they?'

'Here,' answered Etienne, pointing all round, 'there, everywhere! Father's dead from fever, hunger, and fear; and I am quite worn out.'

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'You are not wounded, Etienne? They did not fire?'

'No, no; I brought our rifles as far as this. There they are under the grass. I only saw one—only one: he who—— You know, Antoine? He was here just now, but I could not stir. He pushed our father's body aside with his foot, Antoine, and carried away the bear-skin.'

The young Canadian survived this incident but a few days. He died with the conviction that the Indians had over-run the country, and till his last moment fancied that he still heard the terrible cries which, during a day and a night, had kept him and his father in a state of incessant alarm. So perished the old voyageur and his son, victims of a ruse which their fears prevented their suspecting. After paying the last mournful duties to the dead, Antoine sought an asylum at the plantation. The log-house which he had helped to build was now destroyed; besides, the forest no longer afforded him pleasure—it brought back to his mind the most painful recollections. He appeared to have renounced hunting altogether, and wandered all day up and down the enclosures, dressed in his Sunday garments, and wearing a band of black crape round his gray felt-hat. He remained thus a whole month in inaction; Marie and her father, respecting their guest's sorrow, spoke to him not oftener than he seemed to desire. What were his plans? No one knew.

'Mon ami,' at length said the planter, 'when you first came to this part of the country I offered you a part of my land. Painful events have shown that my counsel might have been good. You are now alone in the world—stay with us.' Antoine shook his head. 'But where will you go?' continued the planter.

'Yonder!' answered the Canadian, pointing to the west. 'I must live in the woods—I shall die here.'

'Surely you will not leave us?' interrupted Marie. 'My father loves you so well, it would be ungrateful on your part.'

Antoine lowered his eyes, wiped away a tear, and looked at the young girl with an inexpressible tenderness: then rising, he said with an altered voice, 'I must find him—I must revenge them!' He disappeared: and from that time was never heard of again!

WHAT A HEALTH COMMITTEE CAN DO.

Two Reports lately published by the Health Committee of the Town Council of Liverpool, referring to the year 1850, show in a very striking manner the improvement that can be produced in the sanitary condition of a town that possesses a 'health act,' and energetic men to carry into effect its provisions. In no town in England was there more necessity than in Liverpool for the adoption of measures to render it healthy. Inquiries made some years ago, when public attention was first forcibly drawn to the subject, showed that while the average age of all persons dying in the huge, overgrown, and, it might be supposed, very unhealthy metropolis, was 26½ years, the average age at death in Liverpool, a town not one-sixth the size of London, built in a healthy locality, and exposed to the fresh sea breeze, was only 17 years. Again, in Leeds, the great smoky manufacturing capital of Yorkshire, 1 out of every 36 of the population died every year. In Bristol, whose commercial greatness Liverpool had eclipsed, it was 1 in 32; in 'ever-toiling' Manchester, 1 in 29; and in Liverpool, 1 in 28. People did not require to search long to find out the causes of this. Defective sewerage, the occupation of cellars, and the excessive density of the population, were very explanatory facts: to many of the worst localities it was found that the visits of scavengers were few and far between; and indeed the cleaning of some courts where human beings were densely crowded together, was in a great measure left to the action of heavy rain. But the town council at length obtained a 'health act' with important provisions; a staff of officers, medical, engineering, and others, were engaged; and the cleansing of the Augean stable began.

It was high time. Scarcely had a beginning been made when famine and fever fell heavily on Ireland, and Liverpool was inundated with thousands of sick and starving people from the sister country. Into the old unhealthy cellars which the sanitary act had closed, the living tide of want and disease flowed; the streets were thronged with gaunt spectres mutely imploring assistance; and many of those who had to minister to the spiritual and bodily wants of the sufferers caught fever and died. At one time it was estimated that there were a hundred thousand Irish paupers, men, women, and children, in the town! Bad as things were, they would have been much worse had there been no sanitary act and no health committee. Scarcely had Liverpool recovered from this sad infliction when it was overrun by cholera, whose ravages were doubtless moderated by the measures taken under the sanitary act. It may therefore be said, that it was not till last year that the full influence of that act could be estimated.

The population is now supposed to be 370,000; the deaths during 1850 were 10,123, or about 1 in every 36½ of the population—a rate of mortality as low as that ascertained in 1843 to be the average in Leeds. The mortality in Liverpool during the year of the cholera was 1 in 21, and it is supposed by the medical officer that the decided improvement last year is in some measure caused by the cholera, 'which carried off many of the inhabitants whose deaths would otherwise have swelled the mortality. But the influence of this latter cause is less than might be supposed, as not less than three-fourths of the deaths from cholera occurred among persons of middle age, who do not in ordinary years furnish more than one-third of the entire mortality.' The deaths in 1849 were 17,046; and even after deducting the deaths from cholera, the number in 1849 was greater by 1824 than in 1850. In fact, at no period of which authentic records have been kept, has the mortality of Liverpool, as compared with its population, been so low as in 1850. The weather may perhaps have had some influence on this result, for the mean temperature of the atmosphere during the year was 49½ degrees, being about one-eighth of a degree lower than that of the previous three years, and 1½ degree below that of 1846. The temperature never rose above 81, and never fell below 24½ degrees. The past was a much drier year than the previous four, for rain fell on 151 days in 1850, and the average of the four preceding years was 184 days.

In every large town some quarters are more healthy than others. The districts inhabited by the wealthy, who can afford spacious houses, with good ventilation and facilities for cleanliness, &c. are always those in which the least number of deaths in proportion occur. They are the districts for which sanitary bills are scarcely necessary: the inhabitants are both able and willing to pay due attention to all measures conducive to health. It is not, therefore, in the wealthy portions of Liverpool that the beneficial results of sanitary measures are so striking as in the poorer parts of the

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town. When the health act came into force, the number of yearly deaths in the former was 1 to every 41 inhabitants, and in 1850 the mortality was nearly the same, or 1 in 42; but in the latter, where it was formerly, on an average, 1 in 27, and in some years so low as 1 in 14; it was in 1850, 1 in 30. This is a most interesting fact, as it not only proves beyond dispute that the mortality of a district may be greatly lessened by proper attention to sanitary measures, but shows at the same time that the Health Committee are acting in the spirit of all true reformers, by improving *upwards;* and that a sanitary bill is not, as some people suppose, a 'rod in the hands of the rich,' but is, on the contrary, 'a staff for the protection of the poor.'

Of the total number of deaths more than half (5777) were under 15 years of age, whereas in the seven years ending 1844, the number was nearly two-thirds. The bad pre-eminence acquired by Liverpool arose from the great mortality among its poor and young inhabitants; and these facts show in a striking manner, that, during the last year, no doubt in a great degree in consequence of sanitary measures, the poorer districts have become more healthy, and a smaller number of the juvenile population have died. There is still, however, great room for improvement, as a glance at some of the causes of death will show. The number of violent deaths, which in many cases arise from passion and carelessness, were 461, or between 4 and 5 per cent. of the whole. Thirty-two of these were children overlain in bed by their parents; 8 men and 5 women killed by excessive drinking; 57 persons were drowned; 6 accidentally poisoned; and 17 committed suicide—12 of whom hung themselves, 3 took poison, 1 cut his throat, and 1 chose to drown himself. There were 2 cases of wilful murder, 11 of manslaughter, and 1 of excusable homicide. It is perhaps not too much to say that the greater part of these lives, and of the remaining number lost by accident, would have been saved by the exercise of greater self-control, and more care and attention. Nor is it at all unlikely, that of the 152 persons killed accidentally in Liverpool in 1850, not one would have his life insured, so that many must have left families unprovided for, who might have been placed far above the reach of want by a timely attention to this paramount duty. There are few subjects of which the working-classes of this country are so regardless as life insurance, and yet there is none in which a labouring man with a family is so much interested. The deaths from zymatic, or acute contagious diseases, were 2649 (about one-fourth of the whole), and included 467 cases of typhus, 336 of hooping-cough, 297 of measles, 240 of scarlatina, 112 of small-pox, 110 of croup, and 74 of erysipelas.

Another fact is well worthy of note—that one in every twelve of those who died was a pauper in the workhouse. Of the entire population of England and Wales, about one in every twenty was a pauper on the 1st July 1850. The expense of pauperism in Liverpool is enormous. Nor, when its proximity to Ireland is considered, is this wonderful. The fever of 1847 and 1848, brought to Liverpool by Irish poor, caused 700 orphans and 350 widows to be thrown on the parish; and that fever, with the long train of disasters which followed it, cost the ratepayers L.70,000. Of the deaths, less than half (4929) were females; and of the violent deaths, more than two-thirds were males. This is quite in harmony with other laws that are found to prevail in the proportion of the two sexes. A greater number of boys than of girls are born every year; but a greater number of females than of males are always found in any old settled country. The explanation of this apparent inconsistency is found in the fact, that more males than females die every year—arising, doubtless, from the greater number of accidents to which the former are exposed, and the greater amount of severe labour they have to perform. This law is so well established, that several insurance companies charge less for female than male lives.

To return, however, to the subject in hand. The Report to the Health Committee from the Inspector of Nuisances contains, curiously enough, a return of the number of cattle slaughtered, and of course eaten in Liverpool during 1850. Nearly a quarter of a million (248,963) of four-legged animals met 'violent deaths' for the benefit of the people of Liverpool during the past year. This would give two animals to every three human beings; a very fair supply as times go of butcher meat. The classification of the quadrupeds was as follows:—Beasts (oxen, &c.), 35,299; calves, 17,364; sheep, 163,509; lambs, 11,742; and pigs, 21,249. This number is greater than in 1849 by 15,305 heads of cattle. We cannot but regard this increase as a sign of increased health, since the healthy always eat more than the sick.

Let us look at a few of the nuisances which this active officer and his assistants have to inspect and put down. 'Everybody knows that pools of stagnant water are very unhealthy. In 1849, the inspector had to give notice to the proprietors to remove 781 of such pools, and last year he had to deal with only 277 of such cases. Again: in 1849, foul and offensive water from wells, &c. had collected beneath the floors of 405 cellars, to the injury of health, but in 1850 the number was only 150. The total number of notices issued to remedy nuisances, to cleanse unhealthy dwellings, to repair water-spouts, and remedy other miscellaneous defects, was 6903; and of the persons to whom notice was thus given, only 78 failed to remedy the evil, and had to be compelled, by being brought before a magistrate. The number of houses found in a filthy and unwholesome condition in 1849 was 3603; and in 1850, only 2914. The total number of inspections made of courts, and streets, and the houses in them was, during the last year, more than 70,000. But even in spite of all this, there are people so poor, or so wedded to old ways, that they cannot be prevented from living and sleeping in condemned cellars, and during the year the number of such cellars found reoccupied was 1643; the inmates of 1206 quietly vacated them on receiving notice, but against the remainder it was necessary to appeal to the law.'

Such facts suggest many reflections. Here is a great town that has long been notorious for unhealthiness, so much improved in the course of five years by the operation of a sanitary bill, whose provisions have been carried into force sometimes against the will of those whom it was most to benefit, and under peculiarly adverse circumstances, that its rate of mortality has been reduced from 1 in 28 to 1 in 36, and though its population is rapidly increasing, yet the number of deaths has diminished. If such results can be produced in a great measure by the judicious carrying out of the provisions of an act of parliament, is it not possible to produce an equally conspicuous improvement in the moral health of a town by provisions for education? Is an ignorant child less a nuisance than a pool of stagnant water, or is it more necessary to see that a parent keeps a clean house than that he gives education to his children? Would there be more cruelty in fining a man for not sending his boys and girls to school than for living in an unhealthy cellar? Society, in whose name all these things are done, is even more interested in the moral than the physical health of its members; and if an

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act of parliament, well framed and administered, can diminish the number of deaths in Liverpool, why should there be any hesitation in applying to similar force to the promotion of the education of the people?

SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

In the autumn of 1804, the court was at Fontainebleau. The Consulate had but recently merged in the Empire, with the consent of all the orders of the state. The senate by a decree had declared the First Consul to be Emperor of the French; and the people, to whom the question of succession had been deferred, had, by a majority of three millions to three thousand, decided that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. History, as Alison observes when recording the fact, affords no instance of a nation having so unanimously taken refuge from the ills of agitation and anarchy under the cold shade of despotism.

A new order of things having commenced, all, as may easily be imagined, was in a state of transformation and change in the composition of the court, as well as in the arrangements of the imperial household. Under the republican régime, a great degree of simplicity had prevailed in the appointments of the various departments of the state, as well as in the domestic economy of family circles: it could not, however, be called unpretending; there was a certain affectation in it, evidently assumed with a view to contrast, even in minute particulars, the system of the republic with that of the old monarchy—the plainness of the one with the profuseness of the other. But this was not fated to last long: it had already been giving way under the Consulate, and was now disappearing altogether in accordance with the views of the new monarch. Titles and dignities were to be restored; court formalities and ceremonials were being revived, and new ones instituted. The old nobility, sprung from the feudal system, and dating, as some of them did, from the Crusades, having been swept away by the revolutionary storm, their places were to be supplied, as supporters of the throne, by a new race of men. During this period of transition and change, the movement at the château was unceasing. Arrivals and departures were taking place almost every hour, to which very different degrees of importance were attached. One arrival, however, was spoken of as having a more than ordinary interest: it was that of the dignitary who, as it was then understood, was to place the imperial crown on the brow of the new sovereign. 'To recall,' observes Alison, 'as Napoleon was anxious to do on every occasion the memory of Charlemagne, the first French Emperor of the west, the Pope had been invited, with an urgency which it would not have been prudent to resist, to be present at the consecration, and had accordingly crossed the Alps for the purpose.

Whatever may have been the views which originally prompted the invitation—whether it was to play a mere secondary part in a court pageant, or a leading one, as the public at first supposed—or whether all such notions were swept away by some new deluge of ideas, as Châteaubriand somewhere says—'It is now pretty clear that the presence of the pontiff at the ceremony was a minor consideration, and that the real motive was that which came out in their interview, as will appear in the sequel.' Be this as it may, it was evident to all that the Emperor awaited his coming with impatience; and when his approach was announced—though preparations had been carefully made for their first meeting—the arrangements were such as to give it the air of an *imprévu*. It was on the road at some distance from Fontainebleau that the Emperor met the Pope: the potentate alighted from his horse, the pontiff from his travelling chaise, and a coach being at hand, as if accidentally, they ascended its steps at the same moment from opposite sides, so that precedence was neither taken nor given. How Italian the artifice!

They had not ridden long together when Bonaparte, quitting the coach, got on horseback, and returned to the château at a gallop, and with scarcely an attendant. The drum beat to arms, the guard turned out, but before they had time to fall in and salute, he had alighted, and was mounting the steps of the vestibule.

It was always so with him; he gave such vivacity to all his movements, such energy to all his actions, that speed seemed a necessary condition of his existence. Still so natural was it to him, that it did not wear the semblance of hurry. Scarcely had the beat of the drum been heard at the gate, before the clatter of his heels resounded in the hall, as the flash of a cannon precedes the report.

This time, however, he seemed fitful and even agitated. On entering the saloon, he paced it like one who waited with impatience. Having taken a few turns from one end to the other, he moved to a window, and began beating a march with his fingers on the window-frame. The rolling of a carriage was heard in the court, he ceased to beat, and after a short pause stamped on the floor, as if impatient at seeing something done too slowly; then stepping hastily to the door, opened it—it was for the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone; Bonaparte closed the door after him. The Pope was tall, but stooped somewhat; his countenance, elongated and sallow, wore an expression of suffering, which seemed to have been induced upon a habitual tone of elevation and courtesy. His eyes were black and large, and on his lips, which were slightly opened, played a smile indicative at once of urbanity and benevolence. He wore on his head a white calotte or headpiece, partially covering his hair, which was naturally black, but now blended with some silver locks; on his shoulders he had a camail, or cape of red velvet, and his long robe reached to his feet. Those who have seen his portrait by Laurence, though taken ten or eleven years later, will recognise at once the correctness of this description. As he entered the room he moved slowly, with a calm and measured step like that of an aged female; and having taken his seat in an arm-chair, he turned his eyes towards the floor, and seemed to wait for what the other Italian was going to say.

Bonaparte, as all know, was short in stature, being below the middle height; but in all other respects he was, at the period here referred to, very different in personal appearance from what he became subsequently. Far from having that fulness which approached to corpulence—that sallow puffiness of cheek which verged on the unhealthy—or that heaviness of limb, or general obesity, which threatened infirmity—he was slender in frame, but firm and well proportioned; yet there was something which indicated premature wear, by hardship in the field and toil in the cabinet; he was quick and nervous in every movement, rapid and almost convulsive in his gestures when excited. Still he could be at any time graceful in attitude and elegant in manner. Even then he stooped a little, so that his shoulders inclined forwards, which gave something of flatness to his chest. His face was thin and elongated; but what a forehead! What eyes! What beauty in the contour of his intellectual visage! In repose, its habitual expression was reflective and concentrated, with a strong tinge of melancholy.

Bonaparte ceased not to pace the room after the Pope had entered. After a while, altering his curve somewhat, and having taken a turn round the chair, as if making a *reconnaissance*, he stopped short, and resumed the thread of the conversation which had been commenced in the carriage, and abruptly broken off.

'I repeat, holy father, I am not an *esprit fort*,

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nor do I like word-spinners or idea-mongers. I assure you, that in spite of my old republicans I will go to mass.'

These words he tossed off towards the Pope, as if he were giving him a dash of the incense box; then paused to observe their effect. He seemed to imagine that, after the impieties of the republican régime, such an avowal ought to produce a decided effect.

Pius, however, remained unmoved; he continued as before to look steadily downwards, and pressing firmly with his hands the eagle-heads that tipped the arms of his chair, seemed, in thus assuming the fixity of a statue, to say, 'I must submit to listen to all the profane things which it may please him to say to me.'

Seeing this, Bonaparte took a turn round the room, and another round the chair, which stood in the middle of it, appearing but little satisfied with his adversary, and still less with himself for the tone of levity with which he had resumed the conversation. He at once changed his manner, and began to speak more composedly, still continuing to pace the room. As he passed to and fro, he glanced at the mirrors which ornamented the walls, and reflected the grave visage of the pontiff, eyeing him now and then in profile, never in front, to avoid appearing anxious as to the impression his words may make.

'One thing I must say, holy father, hangs heavily upon me: it is that you seem to consent to the coronation by constraint, as you did formerly to the concordat. As you sit there before me, you have the air of a martyr, and assume an attitude of resignation, as if you were making an offering of your sorrows up to Heaven. But surely you are not a prisoner; such is not your position in any sense: grand Dieu! you are free as air.'

Pius smiled, and looked him full in the face. He seemed to feel how enormous was the exigence of that despotic character, which requires—and all such natures do the like—not only obedience, but submission, absolute submission, and that, too, wearing the air of devotion to their will.

'Yes,' continued Bonaparte with increasing energy, 'you are free, perfectly free: you may return to Rome; the road is open to you; no one detains you.'

Pius sighed, slightly raised his right hand, and looked upwards without uttering a word; then slowly inclining his head downwards, seemed to look attentively at a golden cross which hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued speaking, but his steps became slow, and at the same time he gave a marked degree of mildness to his tone, and of courtesy to his expression.

'Holy father,' said he, 'if the gravity of your character did not forbid me, I would say that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not seem to retain a sufficient recollection of the services which France has rendered to you. If I am not much mistaken the Conclave of Venice, which elected you, appeared to have taken its inspiration from my Italian campaign, and from some words which I let fall with regard to you. It cannot be said that Austria behaved well to you; far from it; and I was really sorry for it. If my memory does not deceive me, you were obliged to return to Rome by sea, as you could not have ventured to cross the Austrian territories.'

He stopped short, as if waiting for a reply from his silent guest. Pius, however, but slightly inclined his head, and then sunk back into a sort of apathy, which seemed inconsistent with even listening; whilst Bonaparte, putting his foot on the rim of a stool, pushed it near the Pope's chair, and thus continued—'It was, in good truth, as a Catholic that such an incident gave me pain; for though I have never had time to study theology, I have great confidence in the power of the church: it has a prodigious vitality. Voltaire did it some damage in his time, but I shall let loose upon him some unfrocked oratorians: you'll be pleased, if I mistake not, at the result. Now see, you and I may do many things in common by and by, if you wish it.' Then with an air at once juvenile and careless, he continued—'For my part I do not see—I am weary of conjecturing—what objection you can have to establish your see in Paris, as it formerly was in Avignon. I will cede to you the palace of the Tuileries: I seldom occupy it. You will find there your apartments prepared for you, as at Monte Cavallo. Do you not see, padre, that Paris is the real capital of the world? As for me, I shall do whatever you desire. You will find in me more docility than people give me credit for. Provided that war and politics, with their fatigues, be left to me, you may settle the church as you please: I shall be a soldier at your orders. Do but consider what effect it would have, and how brilliant it would be, were we to hold our councils as Constantine and Charlemagne did in their time! I should merely open and close them, leaving the keys of the world in your hands. As with the sword I came, the sword I should retain, and with it the privilege of bringing it back for your benediction after every victory achieved by our arms.' And in saying these words he slightly bowed.

Pius, who up to that moment had remained motionless as a statue, slowly raised his head, smiled pensively, and drawing a deep sigh, breathed out one by one the syllables of the word, '*Com-me-di-an-te!*'

The word was scarcely half out, when Bonaparte made a bound on the floor like a wounded leopard. A towering passion seized him; he became yellow with ire. He bit his lips almost to bleeding as he strode to the end of the room. He no longer paced round in circles; he went straight from end to end without uttering a word, stamping with his feet as he swept along, and making the room resound as he struck the floor with his spurred heels. Everything around him seemed to vibrate; the very curtains waved like trees in a storm. At length the pent-up rage found vent, and burst forth like a bomb-shell which explodes:—'Comedian, say you? Ah, ha! I am he that will play you comedies to make you weep like women and children. Comedian, indeed! But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can play off on me, with impunity, your cool-blooded insolence. Comedian! Where is my theatre, pray, and what? 'Tis the world, and the part which I play is that of master and author; whilst for actors I have the whole of you—popes, kings, and people; and the cord by which I move you all is—*fear!* Comedian, say you? But he who would dare to hiss me or applaud should be made of different stuff from you, Signor Chiaramonti! Know you not well that you would still be merely a poor curé but for me, and that if I did not wear a serious air when I salute you, France would laugh to scorn yourself and your tiara? Three or four years ago, who would pronounce aloud the name of the founder of your system? Pray, then, who would have spoken of the Pope? Comedian, eh! Sire, ye take footing rather quickly amongst us. And so, forsooth, you are in ill humour with me because I am not dolt enough to sign away the liberties of the Gallican church, as Louis XIV. did. But I am not to be duped in that fashion. In my grasp I hold you; by a nod I make you flit from north to south, from east to west, like so many puppets. And now, when it suits me to make-believe that I count you for something, merely because you represent an antiquated idea which I wish to revive, you have not the wit to see my drift, or affect not to perceive it. Seeing, then, that I must speak out my whole mind, and put the matter just under your nose, in order that you may see it—more particularly as you seem to think yourself indispensable to me, and lift up your head in consequence, as you drape yourself in your old dame's robe—I'll have you to know that such airs do not in the least impose on me; and if you persist in that course, I'll deal with your

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robe as Charles XII. did with that of the grand vizier—I'll rend it for you with a dash of my spur!'

He ceased. Throughout this tirade Pius maintained the same immobility of attitude, the same calm on his visage. At its close, however, he just looked up, smiled with something of bitterness, and sighed as he slowly articulated the word, '*Tra-je-di-an-te!*'

Bonaparte at that moment was at the further end of the room, leaning on the chimney-piece. Suddenly starting at the word, and turning round, his whole person seemed to dilate, and his features to expand as passion rose within him. His look became fixed, and his eyes flared; then with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed towards the old man, as if with some fell purpose. But he stopped short, snatched from the table a porcelain vase, dashed it to pieces against the andirons, and stamped on its fragments as they flew along the floor! Then pausing for an instant, as if to catch breath, he flung himself on a seat in utter exhaustion. It would be difficult to say which was the more awful—his sudden outburst of rage, or his immobility and silence after it.

In some minutes the storm seemed gradually to subside, and a calm to succeed. His look and bearing changed; something of depression seemed to steal over him; his voice became deep and melancholy, and the first syllables which he uttered showed this Proteus recalled to himself, and tamed by two words. 'Hapless existence!' he exclaimed; then pausing, seemed to muse, and after a while continued—'Tis but too true; comedian or tragedian, all for me is an affair of acting and costume; so it has been hitherto, and such it is likely to continue. How fatiguing and how petty it is to pose—always to pose, in profile for this party, in full face for that, according to their notions! To guess at the imaginings of drivellers, and seem to be what they think one ought to be. To study how to place them between hope and fear—dazzle them with the prestige of names and distances, of dates and bulletins—be the master of all, and not know what to do with them; and after all this to be as weary as I am—'tis too bad! The moment I sit down'—he crossed his legs, and leaned back in his chair—'ennui seizes me. To be obliged to hunt for three days in yonder forest would throw me into a mortal languor. Activity is to me a necessity; I must keep moving myself, and make others move, but I'll be hanged if I know whither. You see, then, I disclose my inmost thoughts to you. Plans I have enough and to spare for the lives of a score of emperors. I make one every morning, and another every evening; my imagination wearies not; but before some three or four of my plans could be carried out, I should be used up body and mind: our little lamp of life burns not long before it begins to flicker. And now, to speak with entire frankness, am I sure that the world would be happier even if all my plans were put in execution? It would certainly be a somewhat finer thing than it is, for a magnificent uniformity would reign throughout it. I am not a philosopher; and in the affair of common sense, I am bound to own that the Florentine secretary was a master to us all. I am no proficient in theories: with me reflection precedes decision, and execution instantly follows: the shortness of life forbids us to stand still. When I shall have passed away, there will be comments enough on my actions to exalt me if I succeed, to disparage me if I fail. Paradoxes are already rife—they are never wanting in France—but I shall still them to silence while I live; and when I am gone—no matter. My object is to succeed; for that I have some capacity. My Iliad I compose in action; every day adds an episode.'

As he spoke these latter words he rose from his seat with a light elastic movement, and seemed altogether another person. When relieved from the turmoil of passion, he became gay, cheerful, and at the same time unaffected and natural. He made no effort to pose, nor did he seek to exalt and idealise himself, as he did afterwards in the conversations at St Helena, to meet some philosophic conception, or to fill up the portrait of himself which he desired to bequeath to posterity. He was far from anything of this sort: in simple reality, he was himself, as it were, turned inside out. After a slight pause he advanced a step or two towards the Pope, who had not moved, and smiling with an expression half-serious, half-ironical, proceeded in a new vein, in which were blended something of the elevated and the petty, of the pompous and the trivial, as was often his usage—all the time speaking with the volubility so often exhibited by this most versatile genius.

'Birth is everything: those who appear on this world's stage poor and friendless have a desperate struggle to maintain. According to the quality of their minds they turn to action or to self-destruction. When they have resolution to set to work, as I have done, they often play the winning game. A man must live; he must conquer a position, and make for himself an abiding-place. I have made mine as a cannon ball does; so much the worse for those who stood in my way.* Some are content with little, others never have enough: men eat according to their appetites, and I have a large one. Mark me, when I was at Toulon, I had not the price of a pair of epaulettes; but instead of them I had on my shoulders my mother, and I know not how many brothers. All these are now tolerably well provided for; and as to Josephine, who, it was said, married me from pity, we are about to crown her in the very teeth of Raguedeau, her notary, who once told her that I had lost my commission and my sword, and was not worth a ducat; and faith he was not far wrong! But now, what is it that rises up in perspective before me? An imperial mantle and a crown. To me what are such things?—a costume, a mere actor's costume. I shall wear them for the occasion, that's enough; then resuming my military frock, I'll get on horseback. On horseback said I?—yes, and perhaps for life; but scarcely shall I have taken up my new position when I shall run the risk of being pushed off my pedestal. Is that a state to be envied? There are but two classes of men—those who have something, and those who have nothing. The first take their rest, the others remain awake. As I perceived this when starting in the race of life, I have reached the goal thus early. I know of but two men who attained it after having set out at the age of forty, and they were Cromwell and Rousseau. Had the one had but a farm, and the other a few hundred francs and a domestic, they would neither have commanded, preached, nor written. There are various sorts of artists—in building, in forms, in colours, in phrases. I am an artist in battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it cannot be called dear. [But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing: 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force.†] Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see

* As witnesses of which truth may be cited Moreau and his army, Pichegru and his set, the Duc D'Enghien—all the havoc he had made when preluding to the Empire.

† The passage between brackets is not given by De Vigny; I heard it in another version. Châteaubriand makes him say the same thing towards the close of his career, when throne and all were going to pieces. I heard it cited as part of his last speech to the senate, which was very remarkable. The first speech of the Emperor, as regent, was called the *panache* speech, from the strange use he made of the word in applying it to Cambacérés. Bonaparte's conversation often presented this sort of jumble. He used to call Joseph and Murat 'des rois de théâtre;' he compared Louis to King Log, and himself to King Stork, &c. In his *boutades* there was no end of that sort of thing.

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all dynasties date from mine, "parvenu" though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowd. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands.'

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remarks, and by the frankness of the advance which concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinising glance of Bonaparte; a light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.*

LUCKY JACK.

Jack had served his master seven years: then he said to him—'Master, my time is out. Now I should like to go home to my mother. Give me my wages.'

The master answered—'You have served me truly and well: as the service, so shall the reward be.'

With these words he gave him a bag of heavy silver money that was as big as Jack's head. Jack took out his pocket-handkerchief, wrapped the bag up in it, put it upon his shoulder, and set out on the road home. As he went along thus, always putting one leg before the other, a man came in sight, who trotted by brisk and fresh upon a spirited horse.

'Ah!' said Jack aloud, 'what a beautiful thing riding is! There he sits, as if he were in a chair; stumbles over no stone, saves his shoes, and gets to the end of his journey he doesn't know how!'

The rider, who had heard him, called out—'Well, Jack, why then do you trudge afoot?'

'Ah! because I must carry home this bag. It is real silver; but I can't hold my head up for it, and it galls me on the shoulder.'

'I tell you what,' said the rider, stopping; 'we will exchange. I give you my horse, and you give me your bag.'

'With all my heart!' said Jack; 'but I warn you it will be a deal of trouble to you.'

The rider jumped off, took the bag, and helped Jack to mount. Then he put the reins into his hand, and said—'Now, when you want to go very fast, you must cluck with your tongue, and call out "Hupp, hupp!"'

Jack was in a state of great joy as he sat on the horse, and rode along so bold and free. After a little while he thought he would go faster, and he began to cluck with his tongue, and to call out 'hupp, hupp!' The horse upon this started suddenly off at a brisk trot, and before Jack was aware of it, he was thrown off, and lying in a ditch which separated the fields from the high road. The horse would have run away had not a countryman stopped it, who came along the road driving a cow before him. Jack scrambled up, and stood on his legs. But he was vexed, and said to the countryman, 'Riding is but a sorry joke, especially if you get hold of such a jade as this, that kicks and throws you off, so that you wellnigh break your neck. I will never get on its back again. That's the best of your cow: you can walk along behind her at your ease; and besides that, you have milk, and butter, and cheese every day for certain. What would I give if I had a cow!'

'Well,' said the peasant, 'as it would be a great favour to you, I'll give you the cow for the horse.'

Jack agreed to it with a thousand thanks; and the countryman threw himself on the horse, and rode hastily away.

Jack drove his cow peacefully before him, and congratulated himself on his lucky bargain. He said to himself, 'Now, if I have only a bit of bread—and certainly I shall never be in want of that—I can, as often as ever I please, have butter and cheese to eat with it; if I am thirsty, I milk my cow and drink milk: heart! what more do you want?' When he came to an inn he stopped, and with great joy ate clean up all the bread he had for dinner and supper, and called for a glass of beer, which he paid for with his last few farthings. Then he continued his journey, driving his cow towards the village where his mother lived. But as the mid-day drew on the heat became more oppressive, and Jack found himself on a heath which would last him for an hour's walk. He got so hot that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth for thirst. 'The thing is easily to be remedied,' thought Jack; 'now, I will milk my cow, and refresh myself with the drink.' He fastened her to a dead tree, and tried to milk her, but notwithstanding all his trouble not a single drop would come. As he set about it very awkwardly, the impatient animal at last gave him such a kick on the head with one of her hind-legs that he fell back on the ground, and for some time did not know at all where he was. Fortunately, just then a butcher came along who had a young pig lying in his wheelbarrow.

'Hallo! what's the matter here?' said he, helping poor Jack to rise. Jack told him all that had happened. The butcher handed him his flask and said, 'There, take a drop and cheer up. You will never get any milk from the cow: it is an old beast, at the best only fit for the plough or the slaughter-house.'

'Alas, alas!' said Jack, stroking the hair down over his head, 'who would have thought it? It is certainly a good thing when one can kill a beast for the use of the family: what meat it gives! But I don't care much for cow's flesh; it isn't juicy enough for me. Ah, if one could have a young pig! that has a different flavour, and over and above there's sausages!'

'Hark ye, Jack!' said the butcher; 'for your sake I'll let you have the pig for the cow.'

'God reward you for your friendship!' said Jack, and he handed the cow over to him. The young pig was untied from the barrow, and the cord with which it was bound given into his hand.

Jack went on his way, and thought how everything happened according to his wishes; and how, if any misfortune occurred, some good thing immediately made amends for it. As he was dwelling upon these thoughts, a young fellow came up to him, carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They said good-day to one another, and Jack began to talk about his good-luck, and how he had always made such an advantageous exchange. His companion said he was taking his goose to a christening feast. 'Just lift it up by the wings,' continued he, 'and see how heavy she is. She has been crammed for eight weeks, and he who eats her must wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth!'

'Yes,' said Jack, holding her up in one hand, 'she weighs her weight; but my pig is not so bad.'

In the meantime the man looked about him suspiciously, and shook his head. 'I tell you what,' he began, 'it is not all quite right with that pig. In the village through which I have passed, a pig belonging to the mayor has just been stolen. I fear—I fear you have it there by the rope. It would be a bad day's work if you were found with it; at the least you would be locked up in the black hole.'

* The materials for this interesting article have been taken in great part from Alfred de Vigny's volume entitled, 'Servitude et Grandeur Militaires.'

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Poor Jack was terrified. 'Ah,' said he, 'help me out of this scrape! you know the parts here better than I do: take my pig there, and leave me your goose!'

'It's a great risk for me,' answered the man; 'but I will not be the cause of your getting into misfortune.'

So he took the rope in his hand, and drove the pig along a by-way; while our good Jack, released from his anxiety, went on towards home with the goose under his arm. 'If I consider rightly,' said he to himself, 'I have still the best of the bargain: first the good roast; then the quantity of fat that will drip from it; and finally, the beautiful white feathers, which I will have my pillow stuffed with, upon which I shall sleep without rocking. What a pleasure there will be for my mother!'

As he was passing through the last village, there stood a scissor-grinder with his barrow, singing to his burring work. Jack stood still and watched him, and at last went up to him and said, 'I suppose you get on very well, as you are so jolly at your grinding?'

'Yes,' answered the grinder, 'my handicraft is founded on a mine of gold. Your true grinder is a man who, as often as he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?'

'I didn't buy it; I changed it for my pig.'

'And the pig?'

'I got that for my cow.'

'And the cow?'

'I got that in exchange for my horse.'

'And the horse?'

'I gave a bag of silver money as big as my head for that.'

'And the bag of silver money?'

'Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service.'

'You always knew how to help yourself,' said the grinder. 'But if you could now so manage as to hear money jingling in your pocket whenever you moved, you would have made your fortune.'

'How is that to be done?' said Jack.

'You must be a grinder, like me: for that you want nothing but a whetstone—everything else comes of itself. There, I have one; it is a little damaged, but you shall give me in return for it nothing except your goose. What do you say to that?'

'How can you ask me?' said Jack. 'I shall surely be one of the happiest men on earth. If I have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what need I care for?' With which he held out the goose to him.

'Now,' said the grinder, lifting up a heavy common stone from the field which lay near him—'there, you have a proper stone to begin with, which will bear a good blow: you can hammer your old nails straight upon it. Take it, and be careful of it!'

Jack put the stone on his shoulder, and went on with a cheerful heart. His eyes glistened with joy, and he said to himself—'All my wishes are fulfilled, just as if I were a Sunday-child.'* But now, as he had been upon his legs since break of day, he began to feel tired; he was also worried by hunger, for he had eaten up all his provisions at one meal, in joy at the cow he had purchased. At last he could only get on with great difficulty, and was obliged to rest every moment. The stone pressed heavily on him, and he could not help thinking what a good thing it would be if just now he were not obliged to carry it. Like a snail, he came crawling into a field to rest and refresh himself with a drink of fresh water; and that he might not injure the stone while he was sitting down, he laid it carefully beside him on the edge of the well. Then he turned round to draw some water; but, as he turned, he pushed accidentally against the stone, and it plunged into the well. When Jack with his own eyes had seen it sink to the bottom, he sprang up in joy—then knelt down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, that he had shown him this mercy also, and had delivered him from the stone so easily, which was the only thing wanting to his happiness. 'There is no man under the sun so happy as I am!' cried he; and so with a light heart, and free from all burden, he now bounded on till he was at home with his mother.*

* It is a popular belief in Germany that persons born on a Sunday succeed in all they undertake; also, that they are able to see ghosts.

* This piece is somewhat altered from the German of Grimm.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

February 1851.

I HAVE nothing especially remarkable to lead off with, unless you will accept as such the fact that Lord John Russell has again communicated to the President of the Royal Society his intention of setting aside L.1000 for the promotion of science, and encouragement of its investigators. A similar sum was, as you know, granted last year, and apportioned by the Council of the F.R.S.'s, as to them seemed meet. By and by, you will have the particulars and results. While on the one side the society may place this to the score of their advantages, on the other they have sustained a loss, not easy to be supplied, in the decease of their late president, the Marquis of Northampton. He was a nobleman of the right stamp; of refined tastes and elevated acquirements: one who, in the powers and privileges of rank, never lost his genuine kindliness of nature. His *soirées*, of which he gave four in the season during a long series of years, were renowned for the large and varied assemblage of talent, learning, and philosophy which they invariably attracted. Their having been mentioned more than once in your Journal may well excuse my taking up a few lines with this passing notice of the deceased nobleman.

Now, in default of the marvellous, you must just content yourself—if you can—with such gatherings as I send you. If you would only allow us, poor chroniclers of progress, to invent a discovery now and then, we might give you a trimensual surprise, the effects of which would keep you up to the superlative degree of astonishment from one quarter-day to another. I could tell you something about a method for growing meat directly from the ground without the intermediate process of converting grass and turnips into sheep and oxen, that would make you wish you were young again, to live through a period when no man should write *imprimis* after his name. But I refrain, lest you should have misgivings as to the more sober facts and incidents which it may fall to my lot to relate. So, to proceed.

Our talk of late has been rather miscellaneous; no one topic thrusting itself into especial prominence. Accounts from the arctic seas, by way of Behring's Straits, though negative as to Franklin, are positive concerning one of Captain Collinson's ships: she had worked her way well to the eastward before the winter frosts set in, and if the expeditions by way of Lancaster Sound made such advance as is hoped, it is within the limits of possibility that walking parties from the vessels in either direction may have met and communicated. The hopes of finding any of the missing adventurers still alive are now extremely slender; but this is a point on which nothing can be known till the close of the coming summer. Besides this, there is a budget of domestic subjects in which it is not easy to separate the social from the political—repeal of taxes, for instance, model lodging-houses, Smithfield abolition, financial reform, multiplication of the police, outlying army corps (not corpses), and the impending census—any one of which will afford material for cogitation to those able to excogitate wheat from the chaff. Fortune send they be not like the grains that Shakspeare talks about, which, when found, were not worth the trouble of the search.

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There is an item current not uninteresting to providers of literature—namely, a new printing machine, the work of a man at Providence, Rhode Island. The paper, instead of being laid on in separate sheets, is wound in a huge roll, of thousands of yards, if desired; and after passing under and over the printing cylinders, is cut off in sheets, and folded at the rate of 20,000 an hour by the sole operation of the machinery. The press, it is said, does everything except put on the rolls of paper, and carry away the finished sheets; and this part of the work can be performed by one pair of hands. Another American invention is also talked about: Professor Page, whose investigations I mentioned in my last, now states: 'I have just completed a grand experiment with a huge iron bar and helix, with the following results:—The bar, weighing 532 pounds, placed within the helix, is made to start up in the coil, and vibrate in the air without visible support. It requires a force of 508 pounds additional to its own weight to pull it out of the helix, so that it is equivalent to lifting a bar in the helix of 1040 pounds weight. After this it would seem quite easy to sustain masses of iron weighing many tons. The full time required to charge this magnet, and raise the galvanic current to its maximum, is two seconds. Nine-tenths of the charge is attained in one second.' Let steam-workers look to it—a power which may some day be formidable, is growing into strength and activity.

Beyond the Atlantic, however, is not the only region of ingenuity: the envelope machine, of which I told you some time ago as having been exhibited at Birmingham, so simple in principle, and rapid in execution—the folds being laid by a blast of air—is now fully at work in the establishment of one of our chief City stationers. Twenty thousand envelopes are tossed off daily with the greatest ease, and cheapness is not to be the only acceptable result of celerity in production. Then, looking across the Channel, we find Monsieur Faye, the astronomer, entertaining the Académie with an 'apparatus for sounding at great depths'—a scheme of far greater utility than would appear at first sight. Those who have read accounts of voyages of discovery, will remember how much time and labour have been occupied in taking soundings in mid-ocean; one hundred men being sometimes engaged for half a day in hauling up the line and weight; and in certain cases, where delay was prejudicial, the whole has been abandoned at considerable loss. M. Faye proposes to use a cylinder of sheet-iron or copper which will 'measure the vertical depth, determine the rate and direction of currents, supposing these elements known for the surface, the temperature of the water at the bottom, or at different depths, and bring up water from different depths in order to the study of its composition.' 'The instrument,' he observes, 'provides for the resolution of these questions. No cord is needed, it being unnecessary that the crew should exhaust their strength in hauling up; for it ascends of itself, either after having touched the bottom, or after descending to a depth determined beforehand. It brings up all the requisite indications of the vertical space gone through, also of the amount and direction of the horizontal space; and if lost by accident, the loss in no case will exceed 400 or 500 francs.'

The proposed cylinder, of whichever metal, is to be about three feet in height and four inches diameter, and filled with a liquid specifically lighter than water. A small orifice in the lower end admits of a due balance taking place between the inner and outer pressure. Two cannon-balls, attached by cords to two movable pins, serve to sink it; and no sooner does it strike the bottom, than the pins are released, the weights remain below, while the cylinder rises to the surface in consequence of its specific levity. By means of a simple wheel-work, whose rate is known, the weights may be detached at any required depth, as surely as at the bottom. The horizontal movement is to be verified by placing a mark at the spot where the cylinder plunged, and observing the distance at which it rises; and in this particular also the amount for different depths may be ascertained. For bringing up water, a small bucket is attached, inverted, and with cocks open during the descent; but as soon as the weights fall off, the cocks close, the bucket turns over, and comes up with its contents. Besides these purposes, it is obvious that, by attaching self-registering thermometers, the temperature at any depth may be known. Such an instrument as this will be eminently useful to navigators; and now that the physical condition of the earth is so much an object of study, an easy means of sounding the depths of the ocean will be of not less utility to the natural philosopher.

Next, I may tell you that Becquerel has been making 'researches into the causes of the disengagement of electricity in plants'—a subject which, as you know, has engaged attention in several quarters. Wartmann of Lausanne has worked out some important conclusions, which support those of the French philosopher. The latter states, as the result of his labours, 'that in the act of vegetation the earth receives continually an excess of positive electricity, the parenchyma and part of the lignum an excess of negative electricity, which is transmitted to the air by the exhalation of the watery vapours.

'The leaves behave in the same way as the parenchyma of the bark—namely, that the sap which circulates in their tissues is negative with respect to the fluids, the medulla, and the earth, and positive with regard to the cambium.

'There is no room to doubt that chemical actions are the primary causes of the electrical effects observed in vegetables.

'The opposite electrical states of plants and of the earth lead to the belief that by reason of the power of vegetation on several parts of the globe, they should exercise a certain influence on the electrical phenomena of the atmosphere.' Thus you will perceive, from these brief particulars, that the question is one which embraces a wide range, comprehending some phenomena of botany and meteorology, rich in their promise of discovery. It is one that we shall hear more of before long.

Writing the terms meteorology and botany reminds me of two or three scraps of talk therewith connected. One is, that according to Mr Glaisher, the temperature of the last quarter of 1850 was higher than that of the previous 79 years. The same three months were more than usually foggy, there having been 69 days on which more or less fog prevailed. Another, that the climate of New Zealand has changed for the better since the earthquake of last year—that is as regards agriculture and general convenience; but as regards health it is worse; for coughs, colds, and fevers—which prior to the convulsion were extremely rare—are now widely prevalent. The third is, that although African teak has long been used for naval purposes in our dockyards, our botanists have been unable to determine to what family it belonged, as no leaves or flowers, the distinguishing signs, had been brought to this country. Lately, however, at the instance of Sir W. Hooker, a gentleman at Sierra Leone, to which colony the wood is conveyed in logs, has sent over some of the fruit as well as flowers, and by means of these the tree is now classed among the euphorbiacea. A cubic foot of the wood weighs from 60 to 70 pounds, being from 20 to 30 pounds heavier than a similar bulk of Indian teak or British oak.

M. Chas. Mène, of the Académie, has been making some rather remarkable experiments 'on the influence of gypsum (sulphate of lime) in vegetation.' He filled two zinc boxes with the gypsum, and sowed grass in the one and wheat in the other. The plants grew

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luxuriantly, but instead of ripening, gradually withered. He then filled the same cases with a mixture, half gypsum, half argillaceous earth; the result of the sowing was more favourable, but not equal to that obtained from ordinary soil. The experiment was next varied by filling the boxes with common manure, and covering it with a thin layer, about half an inch, of gypsum, and putting in the seeds as before. 'At the end of two weeks,' says M. Mène, 'the plants had become developed with an astonishing growth, and arrived at perfect maturity and extraordinary beauty.' One day, as he was examining them, he chanced to spill a small quantity of chlorhydric acid into one of the boxes; an effervescence took place, which set him thinking of cause and effect, the result of which was that he used no more of the sulphate of lime, but sowed the seeds in humus, and watered them with solutions of sulphuric, chlorhydric, azotic, and acetic acids, of sulphates of iron, potass, and magnesia, of chloride of manganese, and azotate and phosphate of soda. The grass grew in perfection, and in the liquid drainage from the bottom of the cases ammoniacal salts were found in a fixed state, or at least not volatile in ordinary temperatures. From all of which the experimenter infers 'that plaster (gypsum) in itself has no fecundating power, and alone, cannot serve as a fertiliser. That it has no properties useful to agriculture, except insomuch as it is combined with ammoniacal substances, in which case there is a double decomposition, and the ammonia is, as it were, stored up (*emmagasiné*) for the requirements of the plant; and that any salt which retains ammonia in a form not volatile at ordinary temperatures, may be substituted for the plaster.

'These experiments,' continues M. Mène, 'were made in my grounds at Vaugirard on a small scale, and all succeeded. There now remains but to make the trial on a greater scale; and I hope this year to show to the admiration of promenaders at Vaugirard more than one field whose vegetation shall be active and extraordinary, thanks to each one of the salts above mentioned.'

The Académie have recently made a distribution of prizes: out of the fund set apart for essays on the rendering insalubrious arts or trades less injurious, 500 francs each were awarded to Messrs Mallet and Cavaillon, 'for their processes for the purification of gas for burning;' and 1000 francs to M. Hurteaux for his work on the diseases produced by the manipulation of tobacco. Another thousand were given for improvements in the manufacture of artificial limbs. Of prizes in prospect, the gold medal, worth 3000 francs, is offered for a 'Study of the laws of the distribution of fossil organized bodies in the different sedimentary strata, following the order of the superposition; and an examination of the nature of the relations which exist between the present and the former state of the organic kingdom.' 'Comparative embryology' is to be the subject of another prize; there are two or three in mathematics, and one in which the author is 'To establish the equations of the general movements of the atmosphere, having regard to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon.' This for 1854. Then besides all these there is an extraordinary prize of 6000 francs for 1853, 'For the best work or memoir on the most advantageous employment of steam in the propelling of ships, and on the system of mechanism and fixing, of stowage and armament, to be preferred for this class of constructions.' Solid work, and solid rewards here for somebody.

Projectors are still tormenting the Academicians with plans for aërostation. M. Arago has given a reply to these gentlemen which may suit schemers in other parts of the world. He states that, some sixty years ago, a M. Meusnier, of the school of Metz, wrote a treatise on the subject, which has never been printed. 'There might be,' he adds, 'some benefit in publishing it, were it but to prove to those who fancy they have discovered new means of aërial locomotion, that, whatever of plausible or reasonable may be found in their ideas, was perfectly known, explained, and appreciated in the last century.'

Apropos of Arago: he is still working on to completion with his researches in photometry, for which, as I told you a month or two since, the Royal Society awarded him their Rumford Medal. The celebrated Frenchman has acknowledged the honour in a letter to the secretaries, which will well bear reproduction. 'My age,' he writes, 'my bad health, the deplorable state of my eyes, and the part I was obliged to take in the events of which my country was the theatre after February 24, 1848, had led me to suppose that I had entered on that period of life wherein nothing can produce a lively impression. Your letter has undeceived me. The news that the Royal Society have been pleased to award to me the Rumford Medal, has filled me with joy. Pray be the interpreter of my unalterable gratitude to our honourable confrères: say to them, especially, that their indulgence will make me redouble my efforts, so that those of my labours which remain to be published may not be unworthy the favour of which I have been the object.'

DOMINIQUE CIMAROSA.

Dominique Cimarosa was the son of a shoemaker in Naples, and his father bound him apprentice to a baker. It was the custom for the citizens to knead their own dough, and send it to be baked in the public ovens; part of Dominique's duty, therefore, consisted in going round to the different houses, and fetching their unbaked bread to his master's oven. Among their customers was the celebrated singer Joseph Aprile; and the boy, in whom a love for music had early developed itself, used to stand in the porch listening with rapture to the singer's morning practice. Sometimes he was so entranced as totally to forget the business which had brought him there, and thus incurred his master's just displeasure. Aprile was in the habit of giving lessons to a little girl of ten years old, named Térésina Ballante. It happened frequently that this child, while passing in and out, perceived the baker's boy standing motionless, plunged in his musical trance. One day the pretty little blushing lady ventured to address him.

'What are you doing there, standing in the corner?'

'Listening to the beautiful singing, signorina.'

'Do you love music?'

'Oh yes!'

'Do you understand it?'

'Oh no! my father is too poor to have me taught.'

'Could you not be taught in the Conservatorio?'

'To get in there requires the interest of a patron, and I have none.'

'But if my master, if Signor Aprile would do it'——

'He would make me the happiest being in the world! But it is more than I could expect'——

'Have you a voice? Can you sing?'

'Yes, signorina; I try sometimes to imitate the songs I hear.'

'Then you would be very glad to sing like Signor Aprile?'

The boy replied only by an expressive look, and the fair little girl tripped away. Next morning she repeated the dialogue to her teacher, and obtained permission to introduce Dominique into his apartment the next time he should come for the bread. The kind little patroness failed not to do so. After a few preliminary questions, Aprile desired the boy to try his voice; and he obeyed by singing a celebrated comic song of the day, which he had casually picked up. The tone and expression were given with such perfection, that Aprile was enchanted. He hastened, with the approbation of Dominique's father, to get him admitted into the Conservatorio della Pietà.

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There he prosecuted his musical studies with the utmost success; and with the prospect of well-earned fame and fortune before his eyes, he married the pretty Térésina, whose childish kindness, many years before, had been the commencement of his prosperity. Their happiness, however, was but of short duration: his wife died soon after their marriage, leaving him one son.

Before Cimarosa reached the age of thirty-eight he had composed upwards of sixty standard works, besides a quantity of fugitive music. Afterwards he produced his *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Il Matrimonio Segreto;' the effect produced by which, at its first representation in Vienna, was such that the Emperor Leopold, after having given a splendid supper to the actors and musicians of the orchestra, commanded them the same evening to recommence the entertainment; and he is said to have enjoyed the second representation quite as much as the first. In 1801 Cimarosa died at Venice in his forty-first year.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

The diminution in the consumption of intoxicating liquors during the last fifteen years, is one of the most encouraging circumstances of the time. The details are stated at large in the 'Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainers' Almanac for 1851,' from which we take the following figures, contrasting the consumption of wholesome and unwholesome drinks in 1836 and 1850—the first and last year of the term:—

		lbs.	
1850.	Coffee,	34,431,074	
	Tea,	50,094,688	
	Cocoa,	3,233,372	
			87,689,134
1836.	Coffee,	23,295,046	
	Tea,	36,574,004	
	Cocoa,	1,084,170	
			60,953,220
	Actual increase,		26,735,914
		Gallons.	
1836.	Rum,	3,416,966	
	Foreign and Colonial Spirits,	1,348,710	
	British Spirits,	24,710,203	
	Beer,	587,880,360	
	Wine,	6,420,342	
			623,776,616
1850.	Rum,	3,044,758	
	Foreign and Colonial Spirits,	2,224,709	
	British Spirits,	22,962,012	
	Beer,	548,772,516	
	Wine,	6,247,689	
			583,251,684
	Actual decrease,		40,524,932

although the population has increased upwards of four millions since 1836.

The effect of the increase of the population on the real proportion of the drinks consumed in 1836 and 1850 respectively, is given as follows:—'Had the population of 1849–50 drank, of coffee, tea, and cocoa, the same quantity per head as the population of 1835–6 did, the increase in the consumption of these articles would have been only ten millions of pounds, whereas it has been nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds, or considerably more than one-third; and had the population of 1849-50 drank, of spirits, wine, and beer, the same quantity per head as the population of 1835–6 did, the increase in the consumption of these articles would have been one hundred millions of gallons; whereas there has been a decrease of forty millions five hundred thousand gallons—showing the actual difference, taking the increase of population into account, to be upwards of one hundred and forty millions five hundred thousand gallons, or more than a fifth part of the entire quantity consumed in 1836.' We congratulate the country on these delightful facts, which are worth all the 'glorious victories' of the last glorious war.

NO MORE CORNS.

There is no doubt some quackery in the corn-doctor's trade, but there is more ignorance. For the benefit both of him and his patients, we will now disclose a secret which will relieve humanity from a load of misery, not the less difficult to bear that it is unpitied or ridiculous. The cause of corns, and likewise of the torture they occasion, is simply friction; and to lessen friction you have only to use your toe as you do in like circumstances a coach-wheel—lubricate it with some oily substance. The best and cleanliest thing to use is a little sweet oil, rubbed upon the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the tip of the finger, which should be done on getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued. The writer of this paragraph suffered from these horrible excrescences for years. He tried all sorts of infallible things, and submitted to the manipulations of the corn-doctor; but all in vain: the more he tried to banish them, the more they wouldn't go; or if they did go (which happened once or twice under the strong prevailment of caustic), they were always sure to return with tenfold venom. Since he tried the oil, some months ago, he has had no pain, and is able to take as much exercise as he chooses. Through the influence of this mild persuasive, one of the most iniquitous of his corns has already taken itself off entirely; the others he still pares at rare intervals; but suffering no inconvenience whatever from them, he has not thought it necessary to have recourse to caustic—which sometimes, if not very carefully used, and vinegar and water applied at once to the toe, causes almost as much smart as the actual cautery.

PHILIP, MY KING!

'Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty.'

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine, Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King;
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
'Philip the King!'

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WILLIAM COWPER AND LADY AUSTEN.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

Lady Austen. Nay, have pity on your lungs, Mr Cowper. You will provoke them to rebellion, or weary them into exhaustion, by so much reading aloud. Shut up George Herbert, and improvise a little verse or chatty prose of your own.

William Cowper. Such pity on my vocal organs as your tenderness invokes would be but obtained at the expense of my entire comfort. Body, soul, and spirit would all suffer while those puffing and blowing agitators, the lungs, were enjoying a needless respite. To read George Herbert aloud—if to you it be not grievous, is safe to me; for it partly merges my gloomy self in his saintly thoughts, and delays that return of full consciousness which shows me how weak and useless I am. But perhaps I have really tired you with my favourite minstrel. If so, we shall insure recreation by exchanging him for another of the brotherhood of bards; or better still, go you to the harpsichord, Sister Anne, and discourse most eloquent music. The poor instrument is out of tune, I allow. But how much more so am I! You can at least coax it into runs and variations; it will answer you with sprightly *allegro* as well as pensive *adagio*. But I contribute one key only —the minor; and even in *that* you must catch accidental flats that have no business there.

L. A. To the harpsichord anon, Mr Cowper. We have not done with reading and talking yet. I have every respect for the 'divine Herbert,' especially as read by a living poet; so do not suppose my interruption was the cry of weariness. But I might appreciate him better were you to enliven his text with occasional comments and criticisms of your own.

C. Ask it not! My truest comment would be that personal dejection which the heart only, the lips never, can express. I love Herbert, because his verses are so unfeignedly those of a man acquainted with sorrow—a man who has not merely hailed sorrow as she passed by his porch, but who has received her into his house, and intreated her as his guest, and conversed with her at morning, and noon, and the night season.

L. A. All which may possibly make him an unfit companion to your own mornings, noons, and nights; for such I believe he not unfrequently is.

C. There are times, dear Anna, when this is the case; and at such times, to remove him from me, and to forbid my perusing him, would be one of the cruellest of cruel kindnesses. My own melancholy is far deeper than his; and in his expression of dejected feelings and their consequences I find a sympathy which soothes me into positive gratitude and comparative peace.

L. A. Critically speaking, do you not consider him an abrupt and rugged writer—so quaint as to be obscure, and not quite free from the semblance of affectation?

C. Like the majority of his contemporaries, he indulged in fancies and conceits, from all taste for which *we* are separated, not only by a century and a-half of years, but also by the revolutionary standard set up by the Pope school, and more recently by Dr Johnson and his imitators. A reader of the present day, accustomed to the French polish of the 'Rape of the Lock,' and to the severe stateliness of 'Irene,' or of 'London: a Poem,' is naturally apt to stumble at the uneven ground trodden by Elizabethan and succeeding poets. The latter are quite in the shade of neglect at present; but so full are they of vital strength and luxuriant beauty, that it requires no prophet, nor son of a prophet, to predict their restoration before long to the warmth and daylight of public interest.

L. A. I fancy the obscurities and conceits of Herbert will delay *his* share in the fulfilment of your prophecy to a very late stage of the *amende honorable*.

C. His audience is always likely to be of the 'fit though few' kind. But with them he must be an especial darling. Nor can any heart open to emotion at all resist the sweetness which his stanzas so profusely exhale. Look at the verse I was reading when you stopped me:—

'At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strewed with flowers and happiness;
There was no month but May:
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.'

If you are more offended by the rhythm, and rhyme, and curious diction of such lines, than charmed by their hearty freshness, you are a more captious critic than I care to encounter or hope to convert.

L. A. Pray go on: I shall learn to delight in Herbert when once his beauties are fairly illustrated by the lectures of such a professor of poetry. I am all attention.

C. And yet were so mistrustful of the professor's lungs five minutes since! Like a true mistress of the art of manœuvre (in its most amiable phase, I allow), you have already flattered me into the commission of some extempore prose, and are now intent on involving me deeper and deeper still. But my *amour propre* having been gratified in your mode, now claims its own method of indulgence. I must be wilful and peremptory, therefore, even with Lady Austen. Shall I read Milton, or will you play on the harpsichord?

L. A. I love to see you peremptory; it excites you,

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and then your blood runs more freely, and your eye laughs with meaning. Only call me not Lady Austen—that reminds me of your awful reserve and magnificent politeness when we first became acquainted.

C. A day to be marked with a white stone in my experience. Yet it is humiliating to remember, that after I had seen you from the window, and urged Mary to invite you to tea, so appalled was I at your arrival, so apprehensive at meeting a stranger, that it required the united appeals of our household to induce me to face you. Things soon altered for the better. I call you Sister Anne *now*.

L. A. Mills remerciments! Yes, Mr Cowper; and you have immortalised me—have you not?—in certain lines, commencing 'Dear Anna,' in which you speak of your original diffidence—

> 'A transient visit intervening,
> And made almost without a meaning,
> Hardly the effect of inclination,
> Much less of pleasing expectation.'

Not very obscure *that*, sir; which transient visit, however,

> 'Produced a friendship, then begun,
> That has cemented us in one.'

C. A friendship that has been, and is, one of the choicest blessings of a life sadly in need of them. Be yours the blessing promised to such as comfort those who mourn! *I* cannot recompense you; but you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

L. A. Mr Cowper, shall I turn to the harpsichord now?

C. Stay. Let me cherish for a moment the bright vision revealed by your friendship to dark and dreary hours. The heart knoweth its own bitterness—but for once a stranger *did* intermeddle therewith; a stranger who cast salt into that fountain of Marah, and stilled the agitation of its waters, till they became like the waters of Siloam that go softly. Anna, Anna! if you could but fathom my wo (thank God you cannot, pray God you never may!), you would see into the value of every opiate, every balm, every solace to its strange anguish. If——

L. A. Come, listen! Music hath charms to——

C. If you could pierce the darkness that may be felt—(ah, was there any plague in Egypt like *that* plague?)—you would learn the worth I attach to every streak of light. They whose lot is the waste howling wilderness learn to prize the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire when the sun is set. Only affliction catches the true meaning and melody of songs in the night. But there is something oppressive in that meaning, something awful in that melody.

L. A. Allons! I am impatient to exhibit my harpsichord powers. Shall it be Handel, or Haydn, or our own Purcell? or are you curious to hear the air that last electrified Ranelagh?

C. Sister Anne, I feel for the moment averse to music, even Handel's—to *badinage*, even yours. I am not i' the vein.

L. A. Wherefore I must scold you into it. When you are least disposed for recreation, then is recreation the thing for you. One of your noble society of poets, Mr Cowper, has said—

> 'Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
> But moody and dull melancholy,
> (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair);
> And at her heels a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life!'

This is true doctrine, sir, though taken from the 'Comedy of Errors!'

C. The same poet has put on record words which too accurately express my own occasional feelings—

> 'There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
> Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

L. A. You are determined, then, to return bitter for my sweet, and dark for my light, and frown for smile, and sigh for simper. These things ought not so to be. A little more of this perverseness on Mr Cowper's part, and I must lecture him, in good set terms, till he shrinks from Sister Anne as one of the Eumenides. I shall treat him to a dose of his own 'Truth,' and 'Expostulation,' and——

C. Be merciful! He is also implicated in the 'Progress of Error.'

L. A. An erring brother, who may yet be reclaimed by judicious administration of 'Table-Talk.' What do you say to a season with us in yonder huge, overgrown, sprightly metropolis?

C. What do you say, Anabella, to a course of probation in Dante's *Purgatorio*?

L. A. If it were brief, and insured my fitness for the *Paradiso*, I might at least give it a second thought.

C. I should, it seems, have named the *Inferno* instead.

L. A. And retracted it in the same breath, I hope. Even for *your* poetic authority, such a poetic license were too bad. Could you not set foot in London without draggling in the mud of its streets? Could you not see life without gazing on vice? I do not ask you to play at Brookes', nor even to see Miss Young in Hannah More's last tragedy—nor to be wedged in among the hoops at Ranelagh, listening to the strains, and lisping the praises, of Mr Shield and Mr Hook—nor to split with admiring laughter at Miss Pope's Tilburina on the boards of Old Drury—nor to lounge with Dr Johnson in the green-room amid a bevy of Mrs Clives. Let me prescribe for you a more moderate system—a gentle course of tonics. I will pledge my unprofessional reputation on bracing you up, and on making heaven brighter, as well as earth dearer, to you by the change.

C. I need scarcely undertake a journey to London for the sake of recreation. If I cannot secure its blessing from the nature of God's making, how shall I from the artificiality of man's?

L. A. Have you no faith in my remedies?

C. Canst thou administer to a mind diseased?

L. A. If yours be one—yes. Have I not worried you again and again into levity unbecoming a grave didactic poet? Did I not convert you once from a brooding misanthropic Timon of Olney into a chuckling Mercutio, by that story of John Gilpin, which you forthwith turned into merry verse? Your shouts of laughter yet ring in my ears. You *can* laugh with the merriest, if not with the loudest and longest; and never, I believe, are the thoughts of your heart more innocent than then.

C. I am not naturally an austere man, nor do the lines in my forehead naturally settle into a frown. My convulsions produced by your Gilpin were involuntary and inevitable; and however their extravagance might offend some worthy people, I do not even now (depressed as I am) feel that there was much to be ashamed of in those violent peals.

L. A. I only wish I had another John Gilpin in my repository of traditions to stir you up to another explosion.

C. You cost me a night's rest on that occasion; for sleep was mocked into flight by recurring fits of laughter; and I came down to breakfast with a ready-made poem on the woes of the worthy wight. I fancy Luther would have laughed without restraint at a poorer joke than this—and he was a good man, one of the first in the kingdom of Heaven.

L. A. I wish you would set to and indite another ballad in the same key. I will try and find you a subject.

C. You must also find me the spirits.

L. A. What poem engages you at present?

C. None. My strength is to sit still.

L. A. Why not, for novelty's sake, try your Pegasus on the broad slopes of blank verse?

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C. Because he would run away with his rider. My Pegasus will only amble along the narrow roads hedged in by rhyme. The bells and jingling of rhyme are part of his harness, and so used is he to the tinkle, that in missing it he would miss his footing too.

L. A. I doubt that. He might stumble once, but would soon recover himself, and spurning the harness and the confined thoroughfare, would bound into the freedom and exult in the variety of a new career.

C. Blank verse demands, whatever may be thought to the contrary, more toil and energy than rhyme, and involves infinitely greater difficulty and fatigue. A man had need be healthy in body as well as mind who proposes to adopt it—for to sustain it successfully imposes a heavy tax upon both.

L. A. Do you speak from experience? If so, unlock your desk, Mr Cowper, and read—read—read!

C. Sister Anne, you know all that my desk contains. It is as empty as my brain of blank verse.

L. A. I insist upon it that such vacancy is discreditable both to the wooden desk and——

C. The wooden head.

L. A. Against which I mean to rap for blank verse till I am answered. Occupation and recreation are both eligible acquaintance for Mr Cowper; and I am persuaded that he may cultivate the good offices of both by composing a poem *not* in rhyme. His success in rhymes is *un fait accompli*. I will guarantee an equal triumph in blank verse.

C. You are a daring speculator, Anna. And pray what subject will insure this glorious victory?

L. A. With you, any subject.

C. What illimitable genius is Mr Cowper's of Olney! Homer might have failed had his epic treated of the afternoon nap and domestic habits of old Priam—not so Mr Cowper: Milton might have been tedious had he composed ten books on the manufacture of Adam's original vestments—but such tedium were impossible in Mr Cowper: Thomson might have provoked a yawn had his 'Summer Season' been confined to an exposition of colic and the sorrows of eating unripe pears—but Mr Cowper would render it fascinating to the boudoir as well as to the medical gazettes. Do you mean all this?

L. A. Divide the sum of your exaggeration by a fraction of common sense, and the quotient will give my meaning. Come—promise to set about the task I propose.

C. Will your importunate ladyship name the subject in particular as well as the task in general? Give me a theme.

L. A. Ah! you relent. But don't quibble about a subject; you can write about anything. This sofa, for instance.

C. Heroic indeed! The 'Iliad' opens with

> 'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered:'

the 'Æneid' with 'Arms and the Man' who begat the glorious Latins: the 'Paradise Lost' with

> 'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our wo.'

My epic must commence with the startling annunciation: 'I sing the Sofa,' or some equivalent sublimity.

L. A. You agree to undertake the task?

C. How were it possible longer to resist the importunities of the fair? Show me, and I *would* resist. Agreed, then—the Sofa shall be my Task, nor will I forget to celebrate the evening when that task was imposed: the sights and sounds of which we are conscious as we sit on this sofa, shall be introduced, that Sister Anne's share in the project may be kept in remembrance. That twanging horn of the postman now crossing the bridge, with his budget of news good and bad—the pleasant look of those closed shutters and drawn curtains—the crackling of the fire—the hissing of that garrulous urn—the clatter of those tea-cups—all shall find room. If I may sing a sofa into epic dignity, why not the Tea-table also?

L. A. Ay, and introduce Dr Johnson at his thirteenth cup, an' it please you. Mind you begin tomorrow morning in good earnest!

'THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.'

Captain Marmaduke Smith, whom I have had the honour of once or twice before introducing to the readers of the Journal, is—judging from his present mundane, matter-of-fact character—about the last man one would suspect of having been at any time of his life a victim to the 'tender passion.' A revelation he volunteered to two or three cronies at the club the other evening undeceived us. The captain on this occasion, as was generally the case on the morrow of a too great indulgence, was somewhat dull-spirited and lachrymose. The weather, too, was gloomy; a melancholy barrel-organ had been droning dreadfully for some time beneath the windows; and, to crown all, Mr Tape, who has a quick eye for the sentimental, had discovered, and read aloud, a common, but sad story of madness and suicide in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so surprising that tender recollections should have revived with unusual force in the veteran's memory.

'You would hardly believe it, Tape,' said Captain Smith, after a dull pause, and emitting a sound somewhat resembling a sigh, as he relighted the cigar which had gone out during Mr Tape's reading—'you would hardly believe it perhaps; but I was woman-witched once myself!'

'Never!' exclaimed the astonished gentleman whom he addressed. 'A man of your strength of mind, captain? I can't believe it: it's impossible!'

'It's an extraordinary fact, I admit; and, to own the truth, I have never been able to account exactly for it myself. Fortunately, I took the disorder as I did the measles—young; and neither of these complaints is apt to be so fatal then, I'm told, as when they pick a man up later in life. It was, however, a very severe attack while it lasted. A very charming hand at hooking a gudgeon was that delightful Coralie Dufour, I *must* say.'

'Any relation to the Monsieur and Madame Dufour we saw some years ago in Paris?' asked Tape. 'The husband, I remember, was remarkably fond of expressing his gratitude to you for having once wonderfully carried him through his difficulties.'

Captain Smith looked sharply at Mr Tape, as if he suspected some lurking irony beneath the bland innocence of his words. Perceiving, as usual, nothing in the speaker's countenance, Mr Smith—blowing at the same time a tremendous cloud to conceal a faint blush which, to my extreme astonishment, I observed stealing over his unaccustomed features—said gravely, almost solemnly: 'You, Mr Tape, are a married man, and the father of a family, and your own experiences therefore in the female line must be ample for a lifetime; but you, sir,' continued the captain patronisingly, addressing another of his auditors, 'are, I believe, as yet "unattached," in a legal sense, and may therefore derive profit as well as instruction from an example of the way in which ardent and inexperienced youth is sometimes entrapped and bamboozled by womankind. Mr Tape, oblige me by touching the bell.'

The instant the captain's order had been obeyed, he commenced the narrative of his love adventure, and for a time spoke with his accustomed calmness; but towards the close he became so exceedingly discursive and excited, and it was with so much difficulty we drew from him many little particulars it was essential to

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hear, that I have been compelled, from regard to brevity as well as strict decorum, to soften down and render in my own words some of the chief incidents of his mishap.

Just previous to the winter campaign which witnessed the second siege and fall of Badajoz, Mr Smith, in the zealous exercise of his perilous vocation, entered that city in his usual disguise of a Spanish countryman, with strict orders to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and to report as speedily as possible upon various military details which it was desirable the British general should be made acquainted with. Mr Smith, from the first moment the pleasant proposition was hinted to him, had manifested considerable reluctance to undertake the task; more especially as General Phillipon, who commanded the French garrison, had not very long before been much too near catching him, to render a possibly still more intimate acquaintance with so sharp a practitioner at all desirable. Nevertheless, as the service was urgent, and no one, it was agreed, so competent as himself to the duty—indeed upon this point Mr Smith remarked that the most flattering unanimity of opinion was exhibited by all the gentlemen likely, should he decline the honour, to be selected in his place—he finally consented, and in due time found himself fairly within the walls of the devoted city. 'It was an uncomfortable business,' the captain said—'very much so—and in more ways than one. It took a long time to accomplish; and what was worse than all, rations were miserably short. The French garrison were living upon salted horse-flesh, and you may guess, therefore, at the condition of the civilians' victualling department. Wine was, however, to be had in sufficient plenty; and I used frequently to pass a few hours at a place of entertainment kept by an Andalusian woman, whose bitter hatred of the French invaders, and favourable disposition towards the British, were well known to me, though successfully concealed from Napoleon's soldiers, many of whom—sous-officiers chiefly—were her customers. My chief amusement there was playing at dominoes for a few glasses. I played when I had a choice with a smart, goodish-looking sous-lieutenant of voltigeurs—a glib-tongued chap, of the sort that tell all they know, and something over, with very little pressing. His comrades addressed him as Victor, the only name I then knew him by. He and I became very good friends, the more readily that I was content he should generally win. I soon reckoned Master Victor up; but there was an old, wiry *gredin* of a sergeant-major sometimes present, whose suspicious manner caused me frequent twinges. One day especially I caught him looking at me in a way that sent the blood galloping through my veins like wildfire. A look, Mr Tape, which may be very likely followed in a few minutes afterwards by a halter, or by half-a-dozen bullets through one's body, is apt to excite an unpleasant sensation.'

'I should think so. I wouldn't be in such a predicament for the creation!'

'It's a situation that would hardly suit you, Mr Tape,' replied the veteran with a grim smile. 'Well, the gray-headed old fox followed up his look with a number of interesting queries concerning my birth, parentage, and present occupation, my answers to which so operated upon him, that I felt quite certain when he shook hands with me, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and sauntered carelessly out of the place, that he was gone to report his surmises, and would be probably back again in two twos with a file of soldiers and an order for my arrest. He had put me so smartly through my facings, that although it was quite a cold day for Spain, I give you my honour I perspired to the very tips of my fingers and toes. The chance of escape was, I felt, almost desperate. The previous evening a rumour had circulated that the British general had stormed Ciudad-Rodrigo, and might therefore be already hastening in his seven-league boots towards Badajoz. The French were consequently more than ever on the alert, and keen eyes watched with sharpened eagerness for indications of sympathy or correspondence between the citizens and the advancing army. I jumped up as soon as the sergeant-major had disappeared, and was about to follow, when the mistress of the place approached, and said hastily, 'I have heard all, and if not quick, you will be sacrificed by those French dogs: this way.' I followed to an inner apartment, where she drew from a well-concealed recess a French officer's uniform, complete. "On with it!" she exclaimed as she left the room. "I know the word and countersign." I did not require twice telling, you may be sure; and in less than no time was togged off beautifully in a lieutenant's uniform, and walking at a smart pace towards one of the gates. I was within twenty yards of the corps-de-garde, when whom should I run against but Sous-Lieutenant Victor! He stared, but either did not for the moment recognise me, or else doubted the evidence of his own senses. I quickened my steps—the guard challenged—I gave the words, "Napoleon, Austerlitz!"—passed on; and as soon as a turn of the road hid me from view, increased my pace to a run. My horse, I should have stated, had been left in sure hands at about two miles' distance. Could I reach so far, there was, I felt, a chance. Unfortunately, I had not gone more than five or six hundred yards, when a hubbub of shouts, and musket-shots, in my rear announced that I was pursued. I glanced round; and I assure you, gentlemen, I have seen in my life many pleasanter prospects than met my view—Richmond Hill, for instance, on a fine summer day. Between twenty and thirty voltigeurs, headed by my friend Victor, who had armed himself, like the others, with a musket, were in full pursuit; and once, I was quite satisfied, within gun-shot, my business would be very effectually and speedily settled.

'I ran on with eager desperation; and though gradually neared by my friends, gained the hut where I had left the horse in safety. The voltigeurs were thrown out for a few minutes. They knew, however, that I had not passed the thickish clumps of trees which partially concealed the cottage; and they extended themselves in a semicircle to enclose, and thus make sure of their prey. Juan Sanchez, luckily for himself, was not at home; but my horse, as I have stated, was safe, and in prime condition for a race. I saddled, bridled, and brought him out, still concealed by the trees and hut from the French, whose exulting shouts, as they gradually closed upon the spot, grew momently louder and fiercer. The sole desperate chance left was to dash right through them; and I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, that I was confoundedly frightened, and that but for the certainty of being instantly sacrificed without benefit of clergy, I should have surrendered at once. There was, however, no time for shilly-shallying. I took another pull at the saddle-girths, mounted, drove the only spur I had time to strap on sharply into the animal's flank, and in an instant broke cover in full and near view of the expecting and impatient voltigeurs; and a very brilliant reception they gave me—quite a stunner in fact! It's a very grand thing, no doubt, to be the exclusive object of attention to twenty or thirty gallant men, but so little selfish, gentlemen, have I been from my youth upwards in the article of "glory," that I assure you I should have been remarkably well pleased to have had a few companions—the more the merrier—to share the monopoly which I engrossed as I came suddenly in sight. The flashes, reports, bullets, *sacrés*, which in an instant gleamed in my eyes, and roared and sang about my ears, were deafening. How they all contrived to miss me I can't imagine, but miss me they did; and I had passed them about sixty paces, when who should start up over a hedge, a few yards in

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advance, but my domino-player Sous-Lieutenant Victor! In an instant his musket was raised within two or three feet of my face. Flash!—bang! I felt a blow as if from a thrust of red-hot steel; and for a moment made sure that my head was off. With difficulty I kept my seat. The horse dashed on, and I was speedily beyond the chance of capture or pursuit. I drew bridle at the first village I reached, and found that Victor's bullet had gone clean through both checks. The marks, you see, are still plain enough.'

This was quite true. On slightly separating the gray hairs of the captain's whiskers, the places where the ball had made its entrance and exit were distinctly visible.

'A narrow escape,' I remarked.

'Yes, rather; but a miss is as good as a mile. The effusion of blood nearly choked me; and it was astonishing how much wine and spirits it required to wash the taste out of my mouth. I found,' continued Mr Smith, 'on arriving at head-quarters, that Ciudad-Rodrigo had fallen as reported, and that Lord Wellington was hurrying on to storm Badajoz before the echo of his guns should have reached Massena or Soult in the fool's paradise where they were both slumbering. I was of course for some time on the sick-list, and consequently only assisted at the assault of Badajoz as a distant spectator—a part I always preferred when I had a choice. It was an awful, terrible business,' added Mr Smith with unusual solemnity. 'I am not much of a philosopher that I know of, nor, except in service hours, particularly given to religion, but I remember, when the roar and tumult of the fierce hurricane broke upon the calm and silence of the night, and a storm of hell-fire seemed to burst from and encircle the devoted city, wondering what the stars, which were shining brightly overhead, thought of the strife and din they looked so calmly down upon. It was gallantly done, however,' the veteran added in a brisker tone, 'and read well in the Gazette; and that perhaps is the chief thing.'

'But what,' I asked, 'has all this to do with the charming Coralie and your love-adventure?'

'Everything to do with it, as you will immediately find. I remained in Badajoz a considerable time after the departure of the army, and was a more frequent visitor than ever at the house of the excellent dame who had so opportunely aided my escape. She was a kind-hearted soul with all her vindictiveness; and now that the French were no longer riding rough-shod over the city, spoke of those who were lurking about in concealment—of whom there were believed to be not a few—with sorrow and compassion. At length the wound I had received at Lieutenant Victor's hands was thoroughly healed, and I was thinking of departure, when the Andalusian dame introduced me in her taciturn expressive way to a charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband, a Spaniard, had been slain during the assault or sack of the city. The intimacy thus begun soon kindled on my part into an intense admiration. Coralie was gentle, artless, confiding as she was beautiful, and moreover—as Jeannette, her sprightly, black-eyed maid informed me in confidence—extremely rich. Here, gentlemen, was a combination of charms to which only a heart of stone could remain insensible, and mine at the time was not only young, but particularly sensitive and tender, owing in some degree, I daresay, to the low diet to which I had been so long confined; for nothing, in my opinion, takes the sense and pluck out of a man so quickly as that. At all events I soon surrendered at discretion, and was coyly accepted by the blushing lady. There was only one obstacle,' she timidly observed, 'to our happiness. The relatives of her late husband, by law her guardians, were prejudiced, mercenary wretches, anxious to marry her to an old hunks of a Spaniard, so that the property of her late husband, chiefly consisting of precious stones—he had been a lapidary—might not pass into the hands of foreigners. I can scarcely believe it now,' added Mr Smith with great heat; 'but if I didn't swallow all this stuff like sack and sugar, I'm a Dutchman! The thought of it, old as I am, sets my very blood on fire.'

'At length,' continued Mr Marmaduke Smith, as soon as he had partially recovered his equanimity—'at length it was agreed, after all sorts of schemes had been canvassed and rejected, that the fair widow should be smuggled out of Badajoz as luggage in a large chest, which Jeannette and the Andalusian landlady—I forget that woman's name—undertook to have properly prepared. The marriage ceremony was to be performed by a priest at a village about twelve English miles off, with whom Coralie undertook to communicate. "I trust," said that lady, "to the honour of a British officer"—I had not then received my commission, but no matter—"that he, that you, Captain Smith, will respect the sanctity of my concealment till we arrive in the presence of the reverend gentleman who," she added with a smile like a sunset, "will, I trust, unite our destinies for ever." She placed, as she spoke, her charming little hand in mine, and I, you will hardly credit it, tumbled down on my knees, and vowed to religiously respect the dear angel's slightest wish! Mr Tape, for mercy's sake, pass the wine, or the bare recollection will choke me!'

I must now, for the reasons previously stated, continue the narrative in my own words.

Everything was speedily arranged for flight. Mr Smith found no difficulty in procuring from the Spanish commandant an order which would enable him to pass his luggage through the barrier unsearched; Jeannette was punctual at the rendezvous, and pointed exultingly to a large chest, which she whispered contained the trembling Coralie. The chinks were sufficiently wide to admit of the requisite quantity of air; it locked inside, and when a kind of sailcloth was thrown loosely over it, there was nothing very unusual in its appearance. Tenderly, tremulously did the rejoicing lover assist the precious load into the hired bullock-cart, and off they started, Mr Smith and Jeannette walking by the side of the richly-freighted vehicle.

Mr Smith trod on air, but the cart, which had to be dragged over some of the worst roads in the world, mocked his impatience by its marvellously slow progress, and when they halted at noon to give the oxen water, they were still three good miles from their destination.

'Do you think?' said Mr Smith in a whisper to Jeannette, holding up a full pint flask which he had just drawn from his pocket, and pointing towards the chest—'Do you think?—Brandy and water—eh?'

Jeannette nodded, and the gallant Smith gently approached, tapped at the lid, and in a soft low whisper proffered the cordial. The lid was, with the slightest possible delay, just sufficiently raised to admit the flask, and instantly reclosed and locked. In about ten minutes the flask was returned as silently as it had been received. The enamoured soldier raised it to his lips, made a profound inclination towards his concealed fiancée, and said gently, 'A votre santé, charmante Coralie!' The benignant and joyous expression of Mr Smith's face, as he vainly elevated the angle of the flask in expectation of the anticipated draught, assumed an exceedingly puzzled and bewildered expression. He peered into the opaque tin vessel; pushed his little finger into its neck to remove the loose cork or other substance that impeded the genial flow; then shook it, and listened curiously for a splash or gurgle. Not a sound! Coralie had drained it to the last drop! Mr Smith looked with comical earnestness at Jeannette, who burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

'Madame is thirsty,' she said, as soon as she could catch sufficient breath: 'it must be so hot in there.'

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'A full pint!' said the captain, still in blank astonishment, 'and strong—very!'

The approach of the carter interrupted what he further might have had to say, and in a few minutes the journey was resumed. The captain fell into a reverie which was not broken till the cart again stopped. The chest was then glided gently to the ground: the driver, who had been previously paid, turned the heads of his team towards Badajoz, and with a brief salutation departed homeward.

Jeannette was stooping over the chest, conversing in a low tone with her mistress, and Captain Smith surveyed the position in which he found himself with some astonishment. No house, much less a church or village, was visible, and not a human being was to be seen.

'Captain Smith,' said Jeannette, approaching the puzzled warrior with some hesitation, 'a slight contretemps has occurred. The friends who were to have met us here, and helped to convey our precious charge to a place of safety, are not, as you perceive, arrived: perhaps they do not think it prudent to venture quite so far.'

'It is quite apparent they are not here,' observed Mr Smith; 'but why not have proceeded in the cart?'

'What, captain! Betray your and madame's secret to yonder Spanish boor. How you talk!'

'Well, but my good girl, what *is* to be done? Will madame get out and walk?'

'Impossible — impossible!' ejaculated the amiable damsel. 'We should be both recognised, dragged back to that hateful Badajoz, and madame would be shut up in a convent for life. It is but about a quarter of a mile,' added Jeannette, in an insinuating, caressing tone, 'and madame is not so *very* heavy.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Mr Smith, taken completely aback by this extraordinary proposal. 'You can't mean that I should take that infer—— that chest upon my shoulders!'

'Mon Dieu! what else *can* be done?' replied Jeannette with pathetic earnestness: 'unless you are determined to sacrifice my dear mistress—she whom you pretended to so love—you hard-hearted, faithless man!'

Partially moved by the damsel's tearful vehemence, Mr Smith reluctantly approached, and gently lifted one end of the chest, as an experiment.

'There are a great many valuables there besides madame,' said Jeannette, in reply to the captain's look, 'and silver coin is, you know, very heavy.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the perplexed lover. 'It is deucedly unfortunate—still—— Don't you think,' he added earnestly, after again essaying the weight of the precious burthen, 'that if madame were to wrap herself well up in this sail-cloth, we might reach your friend the priest's house without detection?'

'Oh, no—no—no!' rejoined the girl. 'Mon Dieu! how can you think of exposing madame to such hazard?'

'How far do you say it is?' asked Captain Smith, after a rather sullen pause.

'Only just over the fields yonder—half a mile perhaps.'

Mr Smith still hesitated, but finally the tears and intreaties of the attendant, his regard for the lady and her fortune, the necessity of the position, in short, determined him to undertake the task. A belt was passed tightly round the chest, by means of which he could keep it on his back; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the charming load was fairly hoisted, and on the captain manfully staggered, Jeannette bringing up the rear.

Valiantly did Mr Smith, though perspiring in every pore of his body, and dry as a cartouch-box—for madame had emptied the only flask he had—toil on under a burthen which seemed to grind his shoulder-blades to powder. He declares he must have lost a stone of flesh at least before, after numerous restings, he arrived, at the end of about an hour, at the door of a small house, which Jeannette announced to be the private residence of the priest. The door was quickly opened by a smart lad, who seemed to have been expecting them; the chest was deposited on the floor, and Jeannette instantly vanished. The lad, with considerate intelligence, handed Mr Smith a draught of wine. It was scarcely swallowed when the key turned in the lock, the eager lover, greatly revived by the wine, sprang forward with extended arms, and received in his enthusiastic embrace—whom do you think?

'Coralie, half-stifled for want of air, and nearly dead with fright?' suggested Mr Tape.

'That rascally Sous-Lieutenant Victor! half-drunk with brandy and water,' roared Captain Smith, who had by this time worked himself into a state of great excitement. 'At the same moment in ran Jeannette, and, I could hardly believe my eyes, that Jezabel Coralie, followed by half-a-dozen French voltigeurs, screaming with laughter! I saw I was done,' continued Mr Smith, 'but not for the moment precisely how, and but for his comrades, I should have settled old and new scores with Master Victor very quickly. As it was, they had some difficulty in getting him out of my clutches, for I was, as you may suppose, awfully savage. An hour or so afterwards, when philosophy, a pipe, and some very capital wine—they were not bad fellows those voltigeurs—had exercised their soothing influence, I was informed of the exact motives and particulars of the trick which had been played me. Coralie was Victor Dufour's wife. He had been wounded at the assault of Badajoz, and successfully concealed in that Andalusian woman's house; and as the best, perhaps only mode of saving him from a Spanish prison, or worse, the scheme of which I had been the victim was concocted. Had not Dufour wounded me, they would, I was assured, have thrown themselves upon my honour and generosity—which honour and generosity, by the by, would never have got Coralie's husband upon my back, I'll be sworn!'

'You will forgive us, mon cher capitaine?' said that lady with one of her sweetest smiles, as she handed me a cup of wine. 'In love and war, you know, everything is fair.'

'A soldier, gentlemen, is not made of adamant. I was, I confess, softened; and by the time the party broke up, we were all the best friends in the world.'

'And so that fat, jolly-looking Madame Dufour we saw in Paris, is the beautiful Coralie that bewitched Captain Smith?' said Mr Tape thoughtfully.—'Well!'

'She was younger forty years ago, Mr Tape, than when you saw her. Beautiful Coralies are rare, I fancy, at her present age, and very fortunately, too, in my opinion,' continued Captain Smith; 'for what, I should like to know, would become of the peace and comfort of society, if a woman of sixty could bewitch a man as easily as she does at sixteen?'

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

During the last few years, benevolent associations have established lodging-houses for the working-classes, and more especially for the migratory portion of them, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and other places in Scotland, with a marked degree of success, and palpably good results. We have adverted to the subject before; but that was at a time when such concerns were in their infancy. We are now able to show the fruits of an experience of several years, forming the strongest possible encouragement to the establishment of model lodging-houses for the working-classes in places where they have not yet been tried.

In Edinburgh, the lodging-houses which received

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migratory labouring people were formerly of a most wretched character—dark, dirty, unventilated, affording miserable accommodations, and no separation of pure from impure; so that they were at once hotbeds of disease and of crime. In the attempt to correct or mitigate these evils by the establishment of model lodging-houses, two things had to be kept in view: that the accommodation to be had at the new houses should be in all these respects better; and that the rates charged should at the same time be no higher. Nor was it lost sight of, that in order to be of any extensive or permanent benefit to the community, the latter element—cheapness—must be obtained by economy of management, not by eleemosynary contributions. Unless such establishments were proved to be self-supporting and remunerative in a pecuniary view, they could not be objects of imitation to the keepers of private lodging-houses.

A small sum (about L.200) having been raised by subscription, the first of the Victoria Lodging-houses in Edinburgh (and it is believed the first of the kind in Great Britain) was opened at No. 85 West Port in September 1844. At first the lower part of the house only, with accommodation for 18 lodgers, was fitted up; soon after another flat was added; and before the expiry of the first year, the whole accommodation which the house could afford (for 62 lodgers) was made use of. The rate of payment was fixed at threepence per night (the seventh night *gratis*, being the usual charge in the lowest class of lodging-houses), each bed being allowed to contain two persons. For sixpence any lodger can obtain exclusive use of a bed. During the first twelve months, the average number of lodgers was only 12 per night, increasing very rapidly in the following months to 30; and during the last six months of the second year rising to 46 per night—the total number of lodgers during the year having been 12,797. During the second year, the income derived from lodgers exceeded the current expenses by L.17, which may be considered fully equivalent to the interest on the original outlay in the purchase, and loss by tear and wear of furniture. The following, or third year, there was a surplus of nearly L.58. During the same year (in August 1847), a second model lodging-house was opened by the association at No. 115 Cowgate, capable of receiving 80 lodgers, in which, during the first year, no fewer than 21,278 persons obtained accommodation; the result being, that at the end of the year there was a surplus of income over expenditure considerably exceeding L.100; and during each of the two years which have since elapsed the surplus has been even greater. The success which had hitherto attended this undertaking, and the great anxiety expressed in many quarters that a house should be established where *unmarried females* might find special protection, led to the establishment of a third Victoria Lodging-house, in No. 2 Merchant Street, *for females and married persons*—unmarried men being excluded; in which, during the first year, recently elapsed, accommodation has been afforded to 9223 persons. The extent of the influence of these establishments will be seen in the annexed table, which shows the number of lodgers in each of the houses during the past year, besides about 2000 children, for whom no charge is made:—

	Men.	Women.	Total.
In West Port House, .	18,833	982 .	19,805
In Cowgate House, . .	25,367	...	25,367
In Merchant Street House,	1,704	7,519	9,223
Total, giving an average of 1046 weekly, .	45,994	8,471	54,395

Nothing has yet been said of the nature of the accommodation to be found in these houses. Without entering into details, which are here impossible, they may be characterised as affording sufficiency without luxury, and cleanliness with the absolute exclusion of all disorderly or apparently disreputable persons.* In each of the houses the rooms are so numerous as to admit of the classification of lodgers. The bedsteads are all of iron. The system of giving each lodger exclusive use of a bed has not yet been fully carried out in any of these houses; but it has been successfully practised in the Dundee Lodging-house, and has been to some extent adopted in the Edinburgh houses; and its desirableness is fully admitted by those in the management of them.

Each house is under the charge of a superintendent (upon whose efficiency much of the success of the undertaking has been found to depend), and is subject to regulations framed by the committee of management, and strictly enforced upon all lodgers; and in very few cases has difficulty been found in obtaining compliance with them, the absolute power of expulsion being sufficient to secure obedience.

It is difficult to convey a just impression of the greatly-increased comfort, healthiness, and security afforded in these houses, without appearing to exaggerate. They will be much better understood by a visit, to which all interested in the matter are invited, and which will repay the trouble. One or two things, however, may be mentioned about these houses. While there have been now in all some 170,000 lodgers in them, hardly any cases of fever, cholera, or other infectious diseases, have occurred, although the houses are situated in localities very much exposed; and wherever there has been any reason to suspect such disease, the patient has been at once removed to the hospital; so that in no single instance has disease been known to be propagated by means of them. In this respect the contrast between them and the ordinary lodging-houses which they aim at improving is very favourable. Much in this respect is no doubt due to greater cleanliness and better ventilation. In reference to the security they afford, it may be mentioned, that the police are in the habit of directing to them any strangers or persons, especially young females, requiring protection, who may be inquiring for lodgings; and that, in some instances, persons having died in the houses leaving money, it has been duly paid to their legal representatives. The protection afforded to morals and character can hardly be overstated, and that by a measure of control and by regulations which will be felt a burthen only by the disorderly or the dissolute.

When these establishments were set up, it was not intended that they should come in place of private lodging-houses, but that they should be the means of improving them, by enforcing a higher standard of comfort, order, and cleanliness; and by showing that houses in all these respects so much better conducted than the great proportion of private houses, would be well frequented and receive a marked preference; while at the same time, even under the less economical management of a public committee, with a paid superintendent, they would be able to maintain themselves. The experiment has been eminently successful; and there is reason to believe that the improving influence of these models is now acting upon the other lodging-houses for the working-classes. It was in the view of the committee to keep a register of such lodging-houses as should seem entitled to be recommended by them, but they have not yet found this practicable.

One of the objects of the present paper is to call the attention of those who may be in circumstances to establish such institutions, to the small pecuniary means which are required, and to the facilities which

* In lately looking over an establishment of the same nature on Glasgow Green, we were somewhat surprised, and not a little amused, to hear of the 'commercial gentlemen' who come to the house—meaning, as we took pains to ascertain, much the same kind of persons who frequent ordinary hotels. This, at least, is a strong proof of the tolerable nature of the accommodations. The charge in this house is sixpence a night for exclusive use of a bed.

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are afforded by the experience already had in their management. It has been already mentioned, that with a capital of about L.200, the first of the Edinburgh houses was set up, which more than repaid the current expenses at the end of the second year. The success in Aberdeen has been even more remarkable (in this respect nearly equalling that of the Cowgate house); for there, starting with the same capital, and the same nightly charge of threepence, at the end of the first year the committee had in their hands a balance of no less than L.32; the total number of lodgers during the year having been 12,672. The experience at Dundee has been to the same effect.

It ought to be here mentioned, that besides those already named, two other model lodging-houses on a smaller scale are noticed in the papers from which this abstract is prepared. One of them, with accommodation for 36 lodgers, was established in Dalkeith by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1848; and the other, capable of receiving 12 lodgers, at New Pitsligo in Aberdeenshire by Sir John Forbes of Fettercairne in March 1849. For the guidance of any patriotic persons who may have it in view to set up houses on the smaller scale, it may be mentioned that these can hardly be made self-supporting unless the superintendent have at the same time a shop or some other means of income.

The following hint, how to set about the establishment of a model lodging-house, may be taken from the history of the Edinburgh West Port House. The locality being deemed a particularly desirable one, on account of the number and badness of the lodgings in the district, a suitable house was found, with a sufficient number of rooms, and with immediate access from the street, and a lease of it taken for ten years, at a rent of L.25. It was thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom, and supplied with gas and water; considerable alterations being made on the lowest flat, so as to obtain an ample kitchen (all their meals being cooked by the lodgers for themselves) and a washing-house. No alterations were found to be necessary in the upper flats beyond putting all in good repair, cleaning, and affording the means of better ventilation. Each room was then supplied with as many iron bedsteads, and sufficient bedding for each, as were thought convenient, and with chairs; very little other furniture being necessary. The kitchen having been supplied with all the necessary utensils, &c. and above all, the services of a trustworthy and efficient superintendent having been secured, the house was ready for the reception of lodgers; of which notice was given by affixing a very prominent signboard, on which was painted 'Victoria Lodging-House'—with what results has been already shown.

Two books are kept by the superintendent, in one of which he enters, each night, the name of every lodger in the house; the other being a cash-book, in which are entered all the sums received and disbursed. Into further explanations of the details of management we cannot here enter; but every information will be given to any inquirers, and all possible aid afforded to those who may contemplate the establishment of such institutions in other localities; and probably there are very few means by which so much good, with so little harm, may be done, as by the moderate multiplication of such establishments. Those for whose use they were designed are in the habit of expressing very cordially their sense of the benefit thus conferred, and the general propriety of demeanour observed by the inmates is highly commendable. By all means let them prosper, until they shall become superfluous through their very efficiency!

This must be looked to, however, as but a very doubtful event; the immediate interest of having the house *full* proving too strong a temptation to be outweighed, in the minds of the keepers of the lower class of lodgings, by higher and more distant considerations. It is difficult to induce such persons to enforce in their houses regulations which have the effect of excluding the profligate and the disorderly; and much time will probably be required before the salutary influence of the model houses shall have *worked down* to so low a level. Until then, at least, they will still be necessary.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The spread of musical taste in the British islands is a great fact which seems to be only dawning on the higher organs of periodical literature. One cause of this may be the state of insulation in which composers stand with respect to the professors of other arts and sciences; attaining as they frequently do to the very summit of musical power in comparative ignorance of the sister branches of knowledge. The two artists, for instance, who in vigour and prodigality of invention have surpassed all others in our century, were Scott and Rossini; but they stood in as little relation to each other as the Shakspeare and Rubens of the age of James and Mary de Medicis. The ignorance of composers, however, may be matched by that of the literati; one distinguished member of which body compares music to rope-dancing, while almost all assign it a place among the imitative arts. There can be no greater mistake than this. Music is a feeling, of which sound is only the exponent; and it belongs less to the external than the mysterious and invisible world.

The time is not distant, however, when music will be better understood. Already it is fully taken up by an aristocracy which, from various causes, maintains an influence upon tastes and manners unknown in the same body on the continent. Neither submerged by the people, as in France, nor converted into household and military officers, as in the rest of Europe, the nobility and higher gentry of England are able to make anything popular they choose to adopt heartily. Their reigning passion—more especially that of the female aristocracy—is at present music; and if we look back a hundred years to the unintellectual frivolity of the court of George II., and the reign of Beau Nash and the Bath waters, it will be admitted that society has lost nothing by the change. Already music is making its way downwards through every chink and cranny of society; and even in the lower-middle and humbler classes there is a perceptible gravitation to the greatest works of the greatest masters. The great central Propaganda or fountain-head, however, is the two Italian Operas in London; and having upon a former occasion devoted an article to the physiology of the Opera in Italy,* it may not be uninteresting to say something now of the Queen's Theatre and its rival Covent Garden; in the latter of which the Italian lyric drama has fixed itself on the boards trodden so recently by a Kemble and a Siddons—a revolution in public taste for which mere fashion could never account, and the reasons for which we attempted to develop in the article alluded to.

The Queen's Theatre is situated at the junction of the Haymarket with Pall-Mall, and, considering the number of architectural abortions in London, is a respectable edifice; but seen from Cockspur Street, its effect is marred by the cistern which stands on the roof like a large trunk or portmanteau on the corner of a table. Internally, it is of a horse-shoe shape, and is considered well proportioned. It is of nearly the same size as the Scala of Milan and Covent Garden, which, however, fall considerably short of the magnitude of San Carlo in Naples. The Queen's Theatre is acoustically well constructed, and has the peculiar property of lighting up beautifully for the ballet, in

* 'Italian Opera,' No. 231.

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which the appeal is principally to the eye; but there is no spectacle produced on the stage equal to the view from the centre of the curtain, when the eye is directed to the audience on a gala night—that of a crowded drawing-room, for instance, when the six tiers of boxes, hung with silk, are full of the beauty of a London season, the female aristocracy wearing the feathers of the morning.

Between the orchestra and the pit are the stalls or reserved seats, all numbered, and let by the season as well as by the night. Some years ago the price of such seats was fifteen shillings a night; while by subscription, it was thirty guineas for sixty nights, each representation coming thus to only about half a guinea, a saving of nearly a third to the Opera frequenter. There are now *two* Italian Operas, and the price is raised to a guinea, which will enable the reader to form an idea of the progression in the taste for Italian music during the last dozen years. As regards the classes who frequent the stalls, these are mostly tenanted by the easy bachelors of the aristocracy, and the opulent section of the middle classes; the counting-houses of the City furnishing larger contingents to the stalls than either church, law, or medicine—good incomes being rarely achieved in these until the period of marriage and middle age. When a lawyer does go to the Opera, it is usually on a Saturday night, when the pressure of the business of the week is over. Between the stalls and boxes is the pit, which differs from that of an English theatre in the higher price—varying, according to pressure of demand, from seven shillings to half a guinea—and in the prevalence of evening costume, as well as in the access to the box corridors: for those who receive tickets from subscribers to boxes usually go first into the pit, paying a visit to the family box between acts. In the days of George IV. dandyism, indignant letters from wearers of drab trousers used to appear in the newspapers on their being refused admittance, as incorrect in evening costume; and even the owner of a white hat has been known to expostulate his way into the pit; but such differences have now died away.

The boxes are not open at the sides, as in other English theatres, but, as in Italy, are partitioned, so as to secure perfect privacy of conversation; and the box of a lady of fashion is the epitome of her drawing-room, where she receives a few select visits. The subscription nights are Tuesday and Saturday; and the box on the intervening Thursday night is the property of the manager, on which occasion the entertainments are usually abundant in quantity, to suit families who can afford the entertainment only occasionally. On such evenings, however, the performances are generally too long, and of a too miscellaneous and detached a character to please the habitual frequenter, who talks rather contemptuously of a 'long Thursday.' The prices of boxes vary considerably, according to demand—from five to twelve guineas—during May, June, and July; but they are to be had on much lower terms previous to Easter, for the company of artists is not usually completed until the close of the Italian Opera in Paris. This regularity has been much broken in upon since the Revolution of 1848; but there can be no doubt that the Paris season will be henceforth made to suit that of London, as Mr Lumley, the proprietor of the Queen's Theatre, has become the lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris. Towards the close of the London season boxes again fall in price, although the company is in full strength; because at the latter end of July and during all August town is gradually thinning; so that just before the commencement of partridge-shooting, on the 1st of September, and about the period of the prorogation of parliament, a few representations are given at playhouse prices, and the London fashionable season is supposed to terminate. Thus the Italian Operas regulate themselves by the parliamentary session; the 12th of August—when grouse-shooting commences—hastening the 'massacre of the innocents,' as the hasty legislation of this part of the year is called, and the approach of the 1st of September putting them out of pain, as there would be no chance of carrying on the business of the session after that epoch.

A large proportion of the boxes are not let to families, but to booksellers, who relet them to third parties. This connection of the proprietors of circulating libraries with the Opera arose from subscribers handing over their box to their bookseller to be let on nights when they were themselves otherwise engaged; and this was some years ago a lucrative branch of business in the hands of Messrs Sams, Mitchell, Ebers, and Andrews; although it has latterly been much divided, all the principal music-sellers, and even wine-merchants and other tradesmen in the large thoroughfares in the vicinity of the theatre, speculating largely on the rise and fall of Opera admissions, and being, as it were, musical brokers. For this reason there is no fixity in the price of boxes and stalls, exorbitant prices being demanded on extraordinary occasions—such as the production of an opera which has had great success in Paris or on the continent; or on any unusual combination of talent—when, for instance, a Pasta and a Malibran appear together in the same opera, as they did in 'Semiramide,' when the former played her great part of the Assyrian queen, and Malibran filled the fine contralto part of Arsace. The visit of a foreign sovereign usually creates a bumper. The writer of this article was invited to accompany a family to the Queen's Theatre on the night of the Emperor of Russia's visit; and the box engaged for the occasion, although a small one on the fourth tier, cost twelve guineas.

It only remains to notice the gallery, one half of which is devoted to stalls at five shillings, and the other half, without stalls, is open to the public at two shillings and sixpence, the lowest sum of admission; and here may be seen the moustached foreigner, who enjoys and understands what he sees and hears; or the country bumpkin, who must not return home without being able to say that he has been to the Opera. Probably the heat sets him to sleep; but at all events he rarely sits out the second act, saying to his friend, after the conclusion of this renowned and unintelligible entertainment, 'Ah, you never catches me in such a slow coach as that again!' Those who are in the pit get access *ad libitum* to the gallery, and the back of the upper seat is the best place in the house for hearing an overture or favourite air, although the features of the singers are undistinguishable.

The expenditure of the British public on the two Italian Operas is consequently very large, but the expenses of the establishment are so great, that no lessee of the Queen's Theatre can be pointed out who has made a fortune. This Temple of the Muses is almost as well known to the public by the huge bankruptcies of Chambers, Waters, Ebers, Monk Mason, and Laporte, as by the successes of Pasta, Malibran, and Lind; for when the expenses range from L.700 to L.1000 every time the curtain rises, it may be easily understood that a few months of scanty receipts involve an adventurer of small means in irretrievable debts and embarrassments, and if the defalcation continue for several seasons consecutively, it must engulf a colossal capital. Mr Lumley, the present proprietor, forms an exception to the list I have given; for he had the good fortune to get possession of the Queen's Theatre after these successive bankruptcies, at the expense of which the modern inordinate appetite for Italian Opera has been created; and by the sale of boxes in perpetuity, he realised about L.90,000 of his capital. He has consequently been punctual in his payments, although the establishment of an Italian Opera in Covent Garden, supported by several of

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the very first singers, unquestionably damaged the value of his property, and involved him in a struggle which had never been anticipated at the period when he held the monopoly of Italian operatic entertainment. Last season it seemed very doubtful if, notwithstanding the enormous receipts, London could support the expense of two Italian Operas; but the lesseeship of the Paris Opera is a great point gained for Mr Lumley. On the other hand, the great prospective receipts of the coming year of Exhibition will assuredly prolong the career of Covent Garden for at least another season.

As regards the detail of the expenses, the principal items are the high salaries of individual singers. A highest-class female singer gets about L.8000 sterling for a season, and a first-class male singer about L.2000. The former, with concerts and her Paris engagement, may consequently realise a sum of between L.6000 and L.7000; but if she creates a sensation (which, however, seldom lasts above a season or two), much more. A *prima donna* of this description keeps her carriage, lives in handsome apartments, has usually all her family living on her, often including idle sauntering brothers; but she spends her time on anything but a bed of roses, from the constant apprehension of new candidates for public favour. Nothing can be more unreasonable than the outcry against the high prices given to such singers, their remuneration being in proportion to the sums which they draw to the theatre. During a considerable period of the freshness of their voice, their want of musical and dramatic experience prevents their occupation of the foremost rank; and, on the other hand, when in the plenitude of dramatic power, voice and beauty are often on the wane: so that the few years of heyday must pay for a laborious education, and provide for old age. Such is the explanation given by singers when discussing this popular fallacy, which puts one in mind of the Swiss innkeepers in the high Alps, who, when taxed with having charged exorbitant prices, answer that whatever may be the case in England, the year of the Alpine innkeeper consists of only two months.

'No gains without pains' is a law from which no one is exempt; neither the artist of genius, creating the sketch out of the rude embryo, and the picture out of the sketch, nor the statesman, constructing his scheme of national policy from grains of heterogeneous fact. From this law nobody is less free than the operatic singer. When he has completed his elementary musical knowledge, passed the conservatory with éclat, and gained success on the stage, he has to go through the rehearsals, which, of all tiresome operations, are the most tiresome: and little do those who see an opera after rehearsal know what this ordeal is. The theatre, partially lighted by open shutters, and aided by an unsightly gas-pipe run up in front of the stage, producing neither the gladness of day nor the artificial brilliancy of night; the orchestra and all the performers in hats, bonnets, and greatcoats; and the business, like a crab, or the pig of the Irishman, going forwards by dint of going backwards, the musical director stopping every now and then to recommence from a previous point; in short, whoever has had the patience and the curiosity to sit out one opera rehearsal would never repeat the process. It may be said that the bread of the singer is earned by the sweat of the brow; and this was last season no metaphor in the case of Lablache, a man of twenty stone weight, wearing in the dog-days, in the opera of the 'Tempest,' a dress of hairy skins, with even his arms and hands covered with mittens, imitating the tawny hide and claw-nails of the brutish humanity of Caliban.

The best dancers are highly prized, and receive salaries not much inferior to that of the best singers. Taglioni, in the height of her reputation, used to receive from 2000 to 3000 francs per night, or from L.80 to L.120 sterling. Male dancers are paid less. Perrot used to receive L.60 per night during the period of his vigour. But dancers are liable to greater vicissitudes than singers: by a false step they may be lamed for weeks or months; and even the strain of a tendon may reduce a man to a secondary or tertiary position as a dancer—fortunate, as was the case with Perrot, if he has the general capacity, to become ballet-master. The Queen's Theatre has still the monopoly of the ballet, dancing in Covent Garden being confined to the so-called *divertissements*, which are introduced either in the regular course of the business of an opera—such as coronations, marriages, and village festivals—or to relieve the tedium between acts. In grand operas, such as those of Meyerbeer, the Queen's Theatre cannot compete with Covent Garden; but the ballet preserves to the former a feature of attraction peculiarly its own.

A ballet may be characterised as a fable in dumb show, in which opportunities are created for dancing, and frequently for supernatural machinery. The French school of ballet in the last century used to be pastoral; and in the days of the elder Vestris the ballet was confined to a few simple incidents, such as may happen in a village, with its lovers' jealousies, the unwillingness of a parent to give his daughter in marriage, and the arrival of the generous lord of the manor, who furnishes a dowry, pacifies the griping parent, and makes Colin a happy bridegroom. Afterwards the ballet became more varied and romantic, with considerable changes of scenery and costume, often taken from a popular tale, such as the 'Manon l'Escaut' of the Abbé Prevost, or the 'Paul and Virginia' of Bernardin St Pierre, the two most popular French narratives of the latter half of the eighteenth century. The later French ballets are like the modern romances of the French school, more brilliant and varied, but much more artificial, and trusting too much to sudden surprises and changes.

But the attention to historical accuracy of costume, and the faithful representation of the architecture of particular periods, is interesting and instructive: thus what the French school of ballet has lost in easy and unconstrained development of plot, has been partly regained by an approximation to the illusion of time and place. There is far more historical, geographical, and archæological learning in a modern French ballet than formerly. Nothing, for instance, can be more striking than to see, as in 'The Girl of Ghent' (reproduced, by the by, in London by Mr Bunn with great ability), a scene exactly taken from one of Teniers's wedding pictures, with several hundred figures in the exact costume and colours of the period—from the drunkard with his red stockings and clogs, to the cavalier in the splendid costume of the period, not to mention the dwarf piper on the beer-barrel; so that we feel as if we looked out of a window near Antwerp in the middle of the seventeenth century. If the rehearsal of an opera is a laborious business, that of a ballet is still more so; for in the former case all the persons engaged, from the first singer at L.100 per night, down to the chorister at ten shillings, have the requisite musical knowledge; but in the case of the ballet, a great number of persons are employed whose business is merely to wear a costume and form part of a crowd. These supernumeraries require much drilling, and are most wretchedly paid, so that if they have a family, it is a difficult matter to keep soul and body together; and while the singer and dancer of the first class often ends life in a luxurious villa, surrounded by every comfort, the last stage of the supernumerary is too often that described by the bard of terrible realities—the parish pauper asylum, with 'the moping idiot and the madman gay.'

We now pass from the stage to the orchestra, which, however subordinate in the English operas of a gene-

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ration ago, and even in those of Italy up to the middle of last century, now demands a degree of completeness, variety, and excellence which forms a subject of solicitude to the manager. This has resulted from the great importance which the wind instruments acquired in the age of Mozart, and more especially from the influence which the school of Beethoven has indirectly had upon the stage. Although the latter composed only one opera, yet the full power of the modern orchestra was never developed until his symphonies were produced; and it is since Meyerbeer gave up his early disposition to imitate the Rossinian school of melody, and became the legitimate successor of Beethoven in his varied transitions and rich instrumental colouring, that he has been acknowledged as the first composer of the operatic school, in which the orchestra is predominant, and has produced a revolution of powerful influence in the elevation of the orchestra in the lyric drama.

A few years ago the orchestra of the Queen's Theatre amounted to 54 performers, and it is now increased to 74, composed as follows:—14 first violins; 14 second do.; 8 tenors; 8 violoncellos, and 8 double basses; 2 flutes; 2 clarionets; 2 oboes; 2 bassoons; 4 horns; 2 trumpets; 4 trombones; and lastly, 4 drums.

The position of the orchestral performer is in emolument much inferior to that of the singer even of the second or third rank; the highest sum I ever recollect being paid to a musician being L.5 per night. The recipient in this case was Signor Dragonetti, certainly the greatest double bass in our generation. The musical director is of course an exception. Mr Balfe received from Mr Lumley L.1000 for the season; which, considering his position at the very head of his profession as an English composer, and the only one who ever was universally popular on the continent, is not extravagant. This sum apart, the orchestra costs on an average somewhat more than L.100 per night. But if the musician has not the large income of the singer or dancer, he is less liable to vicissitudes. He runs neither the risk of spraining his ankle nor catching a chronic cold; and long after the age when singers and dancers are past work, the musician can ply his employment, which, occasioning a healthy excitement, conduces to longevity, unless when efforts are made in which the organic laws of nature are violated; such as in certain wind instruments being played by persons having a tendency to pulmonary disease.'

So much for the Queen's Theatre; Covent Garden will, we hope, on another occasion, furnish us with a still more varied spectacle.

THE OD FORCE.

It is nearly a century ago since Mesmer began his remarkable career, and six-and-thirty years have passed since he descended unhonoured to the grave. But when ridiculed and defamed by the would-be wise ones of his day, he is said to have retorted by declaring that ere 1852 the world would be convinced of the genuineness of his pretensions. That epoch is now at hand, and lo! the prophecy is coming true. Within the last few months there has been a stirring in men's minds. Not a year ago, mesmerism was still laughed at by the vulgar, and scouted by men of science; and the few who in heart gave heed to it, were careful how they let the quizzing public into their secret. Now all this is changed; since winter commenced, a revolution has been all but accomplished. Poor Mesmer is no longer vilified as a charlatan; he is about to win his long-deferred laurels.

A new truth, it has been well said, has to encounter three normal stages of opposition: In the first, it is denounced as an imposture; in the second—that is, when it is beginning to force itself into notice—it is cursorily examined, and plausibly explained away; in the third, or *cui bono?* stage, it is decried as useless, and hostile to religion. And when at length it is fully admitted, it passes only under a protest that it has been perfectly known for ages! As mesmerism has now reached at all events the third stage of belief, it may prove not uninteresting to glance at its present aspect.

Mesmer declared he had discovered a cosmical (or world-wide) power, by means of which he could induce sundry startling phenomena in his patients; but his whole system was regarded as a piece of daring charlatanism, until lately a laborious and inquisitive German stumbled upon a something somewhat similar. Von Reichenbach, in the course of his researches, became aware of a certain power, undreamed of by modern physiologists, pervading both living beings and inert matter, to which he gave the arbitrary name of *Od*. Whatever this was, it could be both seen and felt, though only persons of a certain (relaxed or irritable) temperament were capable of perceiving it. In the dark, such persons saw dim flames of light issuing and waving from the poles of a magnet; and if a hand were held up, the same luminous appearance was visible at the finger-tips. When Reichenbach, to test the reality of this, had a powerful lens so placed that it should concentrate the light of the flames (if flames there were) upon a point of the wall of the room, the patient at once saw the light upon the wall at the right place; and when the inclination of the lens was shifted, so as to throw the focus successively on different points, the sensitive observer never failed in pointing out the right spot. Reichenbach also found that when slow passes were made with a strong magnet along the surface of the body, his subjects experienced sensations rather unpleasant than otherwise, as of a light draught of air blown upon them in the path of the magnet. When the northward pole of a magnet was employed, the sensation was that of a cool draught; while the southward pole, on the contrary, excited the sensation of a warm one. He soon discovered that the whole body possessed these Od qualities, and that the one side of a person was *polar* to the other; that is to say, one's right side bears the same relation to his left as the negative and positive sides of a horse-shoe magnet: so that when two persons take hold of each other's hands *normally* (left to right, and right to left), the Od current passes through both persons unobstructedly, but sometimes attended by uneasy sensations. But by changing hands the circle is broken, and opposite currents meet: so that if the two persons be equal in odylic power, no effect is produced, the rival currents mutually repelling each other; but if unequal, a sense of inward conflict ensues, which quickly becomes intolerable. We have ourselves experienced this.

'But what does all this testimony to the reality of the Od force amount to?' says the sceptic. 'The subjectivity of your evidence renders it worthless. All that you can say is, that you and a few others see and feel so-and-so; and as we, and the great majority of men, see and feel nothing of the kind, we must just set you down as very fanciful persons, who are the dupes of your own imaginations.' This, in truth, is a very damaging line of argument, and, coupled with the charge of collusion brought against all platform exhibitions of mesmerism, was deemed sufficient to shelve it altogether. The only obvious way of overcoming this argument was by exhibiting so many severely-tested cases as gradually to overwhelm scepticism, by making it more astonishing that so many honest and sensible men should be deceived by impostors, or duped by their fancy, than that the marvels which they avouched should be true.

Fortunately a more speedy and satisfactory remedy for scepticism has at length been found. An objective proof of mesmerism has just been discovered; and it

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is so simple in its nature that any one can try it for himself. Dr Herbert Mayo, well known both in the literary and medical world, has of late been residing as an invalid at Boppard on the Rhine; and anxious to wile away the long tedious nights of winter, he resolved to engage in the study of the higher mathematics, and with this view sent for Herr Caspari, professor of that science in the gymnasium at Boppard. It was on the last night of December last that the German professor entered the room of his invalid pupil, and after the hour's lesson was over, they entered into desultory conversation. 'I am told you have written something on the divining-rod,' said Herr Caspari, 'and as I have two or three experiments possibly akin to it, I thought it might not be uninteresting for you to see them.' He added that, so far as he knew, they were original, and that, though he had shown them to many, he had never yet received any explanation of them. He then attached a gold ring to a silk thread, wound one end of the thread round the first joint of his forefinger, and held the ring suspended above a silver spoon. After a few seconds' quiescence, lo and behold! the ring began to oscillate backwards and forwards, or to and from Herr Caspari. At the suggestion of the operator, the maid was then summoned, and directed to place her hand in his unengaged one; and forthwith the oscillations of the ring became *transverse!* Herr Caspari next took a pea-like bit of something, which he called *schwefel-kies*, and which he said exhibited another motion: when held suspended over either of the fingers, it rotated one way; when held suspended over the thumb, it rotated in the contrary direction. The professor then took his departure, promising to return on the morrow to assist in any exploratory experiments which his pupil might think fit to make.

The first dark hours of the new year, which with us came in amid many sounds, found the invalid Mayo revolving in his lonely chamber what these things might signify. They immediately seemed to him to be connected with the mystery of the divining-rod, and with Reichenbach's Od force; and his first supposition was amply confirmed by his subsequent experiments. But before detailing these, we must first explain his terms. Any article, of any shape, suspended either by silk or cotton thread, the other end of which is wound round the nail joint of the forefinger or thumb, he calls an *odometer*. The thread must be long enough to allow the ring, or whatever it is, to reach to about half an inch from the table, upon which you rest your elbow, to steady your hand. As soon as the ring becomes stationary, place under it on the table what substances you please—these he calls *Od-subjects*. A good arming for the odometer is gold, or a better still, a small cone of shell-lac about an inch long; the best od-subjects are gold, silver, and one's forefinger. All od-subjects do not act equally well with each odometer: for instance, an odometer of dry wood remains stationary over gold, while it moves with great vivacity over glass; and over rock-crystal shell-lac acts very feebly, while a glass odometer oscillates brilliantly. We may add that, in our own experience, the *transverse* oscillations are never so strong as the longitudinal; doubtless because the former act against the attraction of the body, while the latter act with it. The following are a few of Dr Mayo's experiments:—

'1. Odometer (we will suppose armed with shell-lac), held over three sovereigns heaped loosely together to form the od-subject; the odometer suspended from the forefinger of a person of either sex. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations.

2. Let the experimenter, continuing experiment 1, take with his or her unengaged hand the hand of a person of the opposite sex. *Result*—Transverse oscillations of the odometer.

3. Then the experiment being continued, let a person of the sex of the experimenter take and hold the unengaged hand of the second party. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations of the odometer.

4. Repeat experiment 1, and the longitudinal oscillations being established, touch the forefinger which is engaged in the odometer with the forefinger of your other hand. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

5. Repeat experiment 1, and the longitudinal oscillations being established, bring the thumb of the same hand into contact with the finger implicated in the odometer. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

6. Then continuing experiment 5, let a person of the same sex take and hold your unengaged hand. *Result*—The oscillations become again longitudinal.

7. Experiment 1 being repeated, take and hold in your disengaged hand two or three sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

8. Continuing experiment 7, let a person of the same sex take and hold your hand which holds the sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become longitudinal.'

The following experiments, with results exactly parallel to the preceding, possess the greatest physiological interest:—

'20. Hold the odometer over the tip of the forefinger of your disengaged hand. *Result*—Rotatory motion in the direction of the hands of a watch.

21. Hold the odometer over the thumb of your disengaged hand. *Result*—Rotatory motion against that of the hands of a watch.

22. Hold up the forefinger and thumb of the disengaged hand, their points being at two and a-half inches apart. Hold the odometer in the centre of a line which would join the points of the finger and thumb. *Result*—Oscillations transverse to the line indicated.'

The development thus given of the few isolated and long-hoarded experiments of Herr Caspari was by no means so simple an affair as it may seem to be. For several days Dr Mayo was in doubt as to the genuineness of the results, so capricious and contradictory were they; and it was only when he discovered that approaching the thumb close to the other fingers of the odometer hand had the same effect as bringing it into contact with the odometer finger, that he succeeded in obtaining unvarying results.

'The interest of these experiments,' says Dr Mayo, 'is unquestionably very considerable. They open a new vein of research, and establish a new bond of connection between physical and physiological science, which cannot fail to promote the advancement of both. They contribute a mass of objective and physical evidence to give support and substantiality to the subjective results of Von Reichenbach's experiments. They tend to prove the existence of some universal force, such as that to which he has given theoretical shape and form, under the designation of Od. And such a universal force, what other can we deem it to be than the long-vilipended influence of Mesmer, rendered bright, and transparent, and palatable, by passing through the filter of science?'

For his other experiments, especially those with the odometer and magnetic needle, as well as for a list of some other substances suitable for experimenting with, we must refer to the book itself. Our readers will find the odometer treated of in a supplementary chapter (the twelfth) to the new edition, just published, of Dr Mayo's 'Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions'—a work of the most absorbing interest, in which a number of astonishing material and mental phenomena are systematically treated, and the latest discoveries of science are made to shed light on the old horrible legends of Vampyrism, on True Ghosts, on the mysteries of Trance and Somnambulism; and lastly, on Mesmerism, and the higher trance-phenomena of prevision and clairvoyance. It is no secret that Sir William Hamilton and Sir David Brewster (two of our most distinguished men of science) are

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now converts to the new doctrines, so that there is now no risk of these not obtaining the fullest investigation; and of the few good books at present published on this subject, we know of none so curious, so full, and so dispassionate, as this of Dr Mayo's. We cannot at present enter on so wide a field of inquiry as his little volume opens up: we must content ourselves with a few further remarks on his latest discovery—the odometer.

In concert with a fellow-dabbler in the black arts, we first repeated Dr Mayo's experiments, and then began examining for ourselves. Knowing that when a person wishes to consult a clairvoyant at a distance, he supposes he can do so without being brought into personal contact with the clairvoyant, by simply sending a lock of hair, a handkerchief, or anything that has been long worn about the person, it was natural to suspect that these articles might be impregnated with the peculiar Od of the sender. At anyrate, we found that if we suspended a gold ring by a woman's hair, a transverse motion ensued, as if a female had been actually brought into contact with us. In like manner, if a woman were using the odometer, by making a man's hair part of the suspending cord, a change immediately ensued in the oscillations, as if a man had laid his hand upon hers. All we can as yet say further is, that the odometer oscillated with more than usual vivacity when suspended over the spinal cord of a boy; while over a well-developed female head, a similar action took place—with this difference, that it was the *transverse* oscillations that were most energetic. We propose for ourselves, and particularly recommend to others who are better fitted for such inquiries, a course of experiments with the brain and eye of men and animals. Von Reichenbach thinks he has now identified his Od force with diamagnetism; and the electrometer has already shown that muscular action is produced by a kindred agency.* The brain itself, indeed, has been likened to an electric machine, and in part the parallelism is correct; for there is a waste of brain in thinking, and a waste of zinc when electricity is being evolved.

The experiments with the hair remarkably corroborate Dr Mayo's (No. 2), in establishing the *sexual* difference of Od; and we doubt not some more delicate odometer will soon be discovered, by means of which the *individual* varieties of Od will become distinguishable. That such varieties exist is already known. It has often been remarked that people mesmerically entranced are differently, sometimes most disagreeably, affected by the different persons who then approach them. A gentleman had a brother in delicate health, and exquisitely sensitive to Od, whom he used to mesmerise himself; for of several who had been tried, there was but one other person whose hand (in mesmerising) the brother could bear at all. This was a maid-servant, who was herself highly susceptible; and she said that she perceived, when entranced, the suitableness of her influence, and that of the brother, to the patient—using the singular expression that they were *nearly of the same colour*. She said that the patient's od-emanation was of a pink-colour, and that of the brother's was a brick-colour—a flatter, deeper red; and she endeavoured to find some one else with the same coloured Od to suit her master. 'In some experiments made at Dr Leighton's house in Gower Street,' says Dr Mayo, 'I remember it was distinctly proved that each of the experimenters produced different effects on the same person. The patient was one of the Okeys, of mesmeric celebrity; and the party consisted of Dr Elliotson, Mr Wheatstone, Dr Grant, Mr Kiernan, and some others. Mr Wheatstone tabulated the results. Each of us mesmerised a sovereign; and it was found that on each trial the trance-coma, which contact with the thus mesmerised gold induced, had a characteristic duration for each of us.' Thus it seems as if every one had a spiritual effluvium peculiar to himself, and more or less affecting those with whom he comes in contact—even as every one has a peculiar bodily effluvium, by which you see a dog track one's footsteps in the grass; though possibly the emanation in both cases is the same.

May we not discern in this a clearing up of some of those mysteries which have so long baffled thoughtful inquirers? May we not see in this an explanation of those unaccountable predilections which at times seize us?—of that 'love at first sight,' so long derided, and yet so true? A child in its nurse's arms will cry instantaneously when some persons approach it—persons whom it has never seen before—and often the instinctive feeling of aversion proves permanent; while to others, equally strangers to it, it will stretch out its little arms delightedly, as if to well-known friends. And which of us cannot recall some case in his lifetime when he has been fascinated on first sight—he knew not how—often without ever exchanging a syllable with his charmer? It is a phenomenon that happens every day, and is not less powerful in its influence than frequent in its occurrence, yet it has never been accounted for. Plato sought to explain this mystery by the notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state, and that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one, and which it discovers on earth. How often has this beautiful idea inspired the poet's strain! The Od force clears up Schiller's 'Mystery of Reminiscence' (as he titles his love poem) much more simply and satisfactorily than do the dreams of Plato. Indeed, we doubt not that this odylic influence is the real basis of several of the most powerful of the animal feelings.

Another thing worth noting is, that the Od force exists in, and is given out by, inorganic bodies, as well as by living bodies. One instance of this will be seen in No. 7 of Dr Mayo's experiments, where it is evident that the sovereigns give out Od in the same way as if another person had taken hold of the operator's unengaged hand. But this power is by no means confined to gold; silver, lead, zinc, iron, copper, coal, bone, hair, horn, dry wood, charcoal, cinder, glass, soap, wax, shell-lac, sulphur, earthenware, and some other substances, have already been found to exhibit Od qualities when tested by the odometer; and probably *all* other substances will be found to possess more or less of the same power; and the few experiments already made (the odometer is not yet six weeks old) seem to show that each substance, as well as each individual, has a quality of Od peculiar to itself.

This strange force, in fact, is cosmical, as Mesmer long ago affirmed his to be. It extends throughout space, and reaches us even from the stars. Von Reichenbach's patients were quite sensible of the influence of the heavenly bodies—the sun and fixed stars being Od-negative, and the moon and planets Od-positive: in other words, the former causing the sensation as of a cool draught of air—the latter of a warm one. May not this exhibit the germ of astrology—of the ancient and almost universal belief in the influence of the heavenly host upon the destiny of man? although, doubtless, much of the basis of that old doctrine still remains lost to us. How does attraction act? May

* An anatomical inquirer asserts, that the muscles of the human body are evidently capable of exerting (or rather transmitting) an enormously greater force than we ordinarily see them do: all that is requisite to attain this being a greater evolution of electricity by the brain; or, in other words, a greater intensity of volition. The astonishing influence of the volitive process in producing strength, is evident from the prodigious muscular power occasionally exhibited by persons when inordinately excited by passion—still more remarkably, from the supernatural strength of fever-frenzy or of maniacs. It is worthy of notice, also, that the gigantic strength of Samson came by *accesses*, or impulses. We may add in connection with this subject, that a person has just patented a new motive power, which acts by passing electricity along a fibrous substance—that is to say, just as our muscular system does.

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we look for a solving of this mystery, too, in the new powers which the researches of the mesmerists are now beginning to disclose? But there is no limit to conjecture here. An ocean of new and strange things spreads out before us, brooded over as by the clouds of the dawn; and as here and there the faint light of morning penetrates the haze, it reveals a prospect that makes the boldest hold his breath, and the most daring imagination confess its feebleness.

One word more, and we have done. The subjects of the electro-biologists (so self-styled) are made to *mesmerise themselves* by fixing their eyes intently for some time on a piece of bright metal placed in the palm of their hand. That the Od force of the metal may assist the result is probable; but even the metal itself is by no means indispensable to the success of the experiment. We have heard of at least one person who could entrance himself by gazing fixedly on the cornice of his room; and we could show how the same thing has been accomplished for 3000 years in India, simply by a steadfast concentration of thought. But in our own day, and on the testimony of numerous travellers, we find the feats of the electro-biologists exactly paralleled on the banks of the Nile. The present magicians of Cairo take a boy (the young, be it recollected, from their delicate susceptibility, are most readily affected by mesmeric influences), making him stoop down and gaze steadfastly into a little pool of ink in the hollow of his palm; and after continuing thus for a little while, the youth is said to describe to the stranger any absent person or object as he is commanded. Nay, the stranger himself is sometimes subjected to the experiment; and forthwith, on command, beholds armies, processions, &c. in the inky mirror which he holds in his palm. With some travellers the Cairo magicians are unsuccessful; but the electro-biologists are liable to similar failure—the results in both cases depending on the more or less susceptible organization of the persons experimented with.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.—We have ourselves some doubts as to the cause of the oscillations and gyrations described in this article. It will require many farther trials to demonstrate clearly that they are not the result of involuntary movements in the hand of the experimentalist. Our readers may, however, have some amusement in trying over the experiments, and endeavouring to detect some less mysterious cause for the phenomena than Od.

DESERT OF ATACAMA.

A TRAVELLER through the highlands of Peru found lately in the Desert of Atacama the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, seated in a semicircle as when alive, and staring into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried here; life had not departed before they thus sat around; but hope was gone; the invader was at hand; and no escape being left, they had come hither to die. They still sit immovable in that dreary desert: dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air, they still keep their position, sitting up as in solemn council, while over that dread Areopagus silence broods everlastingly.

The scene is described by Dr Ried, in a letter from Valparaiso to a friend at Ratisbon, to whom he sent some of the mummies for deposition in the museum of the Zoological-Mineralogical Society of that city, where they now are. The letter is dated from the old Peruvian fortress of Lasana, on the skirts of the Desert of Atacama, and is as follows:—

As I announced to you in my last, I am now on the road to Sucrè, the capital of Bolivia. Four days after our departure from Valparaiso, we reached Cobija, from which the road leads for one and a-half or two leagues (twenty leagues to a degree) along the coast; it then turns towards the east. The shore consists of coarse sand, and is bespread with fragments of rock, which the frequent earthquakes have shaken down from the overhanging cliffs. The first mountain-range, which runs parallel with the sea at a distance of at most 1000 paces, rises to a height of about 4000 feet. The way up leads through a steep ravine, the bed of an antediluvian torrent, and in four, or four and a-half hours, we find ourselves on the plain—in the Desert of Atacama. I will not venture to give a description of this waste. You may imagine, however, a vast undulating plain, whereon no trace of life is to be seen, where no insect shows itself, where no plant grows, where the stillness of the grave is only broken by the moaning of the wind, where the surface of the earth consists of a calcareous mass—out of which salt and saltpetre, and similar products, shine forth abundantly—where a fine dust and a glaring refraction of the sun's rays make it painful to look around; and where, finally, here and there, as the sole proof that men had once been here, the mummies of mules, of horses, and of human beings, are seen dried and undecomposed—and you may have a faint picture of Atacama.

After four days' march I came to Calama, a colony in the midst of an immense morass, where the traveller gives the mules water, and allows them to rest. One cannot possibly imagine anything more dreary than this place. The marsh contains a sort of bulrush, and a liquid which has nothing in common with water, except that it *is* liquid, and which it is almost impossible to drink—and yet we must drink it, although it produces diarrhœa. This morass is the source of a river, which, nearer the coast, and under the appellation Lao, forms the boundary between Bolivia and Peru. If little channels are made in the banks of this river, their bed soon becomes petrified; and grass, bulrushes, and whatever vegetation may be near, is covered with a crust of lime. In two days' time I reached Chiu-Chiu, an ancient Peruvian burying-place; and here, in an extensive half-moon, sit men, women, and children—from 500 to 600 in number—all in the same attitude, and gazing vacantly before them—some fallen down, some partly covered with sand. One feels himself transplanted into another world, and fancies that these ghastly features ask, 'What seekest thou here?'

The common opinion is, that they were buried in this place: mine is, that they buried themselves. For, *firstly*, there is no place in the neighbourhood where they could have dwelt; *secondly*, many women are among them with their infants at the breast; and *thirdly*, the similar attitude of them all, and the expression of grief which is still discernible on most of the countenances, prove sufficiently that they had withdrawn hither in despair when the Spaniards conquered and devastated their land. There is, moreover, on the boundary of this desert a place called Tucuman, which, in the language of the country, means, 'All is lost.'

They had the belief that if they died, they would be removed to a better world towards the west, on which account there are cooking utensils found beside them full of maize. The whole scene produces a deeply melancholy impression—on me at least it had that effect. With this you will receive two of these dried human beings; more I cannot send, on account of the many difficulties, and the great expense of transport. The cases for these two must be sent hither from Valparaiso, for in Cobija there is no wood at all. The people and the mules must be hired at the last-named place, and for each mule I must pay from eighteen to twenty dollars.

Not far from the same place are the so-famous meteorlithes [stones supposed to have fallen from the air], which you will receive at the same time with the mummies. It is my opinion that they are not meteorlithes, but are of volcanic origin. The first was found about fifty years ago. They lie on the road by which the Indians carried the Peruvian bark to Copiapo in Chili. At first they were thought to be silver, and the Indians made themselves spurs of them.

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Those which have not already been collected are covered over by the drifting sand, and one must dig in order to get at them. With little trouble we may convince ourselves that a volcanic eruption once took place here, for the direction of a distinct vein can easily be followed. I have my compass with me, and find that these stones contain a large quantity of iron. The stones appear in about 23° 30′ south latitude, and between forty-five and fifty Spanish leagues distant from the coast. You will get too, with these, several lumps of salt, of which I here discovered six or eight enormous veins and beds.

At the north-east end of the coast I reached Lasana, a fortress of the old Peruvians. It is built on a tongue of land between the two arms of a small river, and appears to have been the last place of refuge whither the Peruvians withdrew when pursued on all sides by the Spaniards. The style of building is exactly similar to that of our old German marauder fortresses—the walls being of coarse masonry, and the small rooms, holes, and hidingplaces endless and indescribable. No room is more than eight feet square, many scarcely five; doors two feet in height; windows few in number, and those not larger than one's fist; and withal the whole town (a hundred or a hundred and fifty families perhaps may have dwelt here) built like one house, in which the greater part had to pass through from ten to fifteen rooms to get to their own apartment. All this, together with the wildness of the site, the high river-banks, which so cover this castle of the Incas, that from the level of the desert one is not aware of its existence—forms a remarkable spectacle. An old negro, who has lived down by the river for upwards of forty years, told me I was the first white man who had been there in that time. The inhabitants must have died of hunger, for we literally stand and walk on skulls and bones. Every hole and corner is full of them. I was unable to find out the meaning of the word Lasana. The language of this district is now unknown.

I got acquainted with a Bolivian officer, who, at the command of his government, had undertaken the journey to the frontier of Paraguay. His accounts are very delightful, and he showed me various medicinal plants, as yet unknown, of which I will send you some by and by. An insect which in Bolivia is found in great quantities, and which *instantly* raises a blister on the skin like boiling water, is used by the natives as a remedy for sore throat; and a plant which causes much pain is excellent for scrofula and rheumatism. It is called jarilla (charija), and deserves to be used. From this letter it will be seen that a stay in this desert alone could furnish matter for researches and observations for a whole year.

I will only add, that through the very middle of the desert a mountain-chain stretches itself, consisting of naked rocks, of which I send some fragments. Everywhere around we see the broad and deep beds of rivers, one of which falls 3000 feet in the space of four leagues. The granite to the right and to the left is polished like marble. Everywhere are traces of the gigantic effects of water, but nowhere any water, neither any historical accounts of rain.

And now enough of Atacama. May what I have sent arrive safely at its destination, and help to complete the picture which the pen of a passing wanderer is too weak to give!

The sensation produced by the sight of these mummies is very different from that experienced when viewing those Egyptian ones which we have hitherto been accustomed to see. In the latter, the recumbent posture takes from the corpse all that might connect it in our minds with the functions of the living body. Like our own dead, it lies stretched out at its full length, the hands generally crossed over the breast, nor does the countenance retain much of a life-like expression; but in the former the attitude reminds us at once of the time when the warm blood still circulated through the now dry body, while the face has still its distinct features, and in one instance especially, the expression of intense suffering. They do not seem so far removed from our own present state as the embalmed mummy of Egypt: by that expression of human suffering, and by their erect position, there still seems some link between us and them. Hence perhaps our painful sympathy: while, as we gaze on the shrunken form that hath lain thousands of years within the Pyramids, and is at last unswathed before our scrutinising eyes, we feel, 'between us and thee there is no connecting link; *we* live, and thy realm is death.' And it is just because these mummies of Peru do *not* remind us of death that they produce on us the impression which they do. There they sit before us, inanimate and immovable, yet associated by this attitude and aspect with all the phenomena of life.

The two mummies at present in the museum at Ratisbon—of which one is the body of a man, the other of a female—may thus be described:—The knees are drawn up close to the body, the arms are pressed against the ribs, and in each instance the right arm falls between the bent knees to the ground. The body of the man is of a reddish copper colour, approaching to brown; that of the woman of a dirty brownish yellow. The nails of the fingers and toes are perfectly preserved, even the hair of both still remains, and that of the female is prettily braided, and at the end fastened with a knot. The eyelids, too, are in a good state of preservation. The heads of both are bent backwards, as if death had overtaken them in their present posture, and as if, too, they had had to combat with exhaustion. The mouth of the woman is open, giving to the whole face an expression which makes it painful to dwell upon: one turns away from it as soon as possible, and is glad to do so. Suffering, terrible suffering, is depicted on that countenance, and the last convulsive efforts of nature are distinctly visible.

Dr Ried, the traveller from whose letters the extracts above quoted have been taken, is by birth a Scotchman. While still young, he was sent to the Scotch monastery at Ratisbon to receive his education, and since, twenty years, has traversed the world in all directions, meeting with the strangest adventures, and adding greatly to our knowledge of the country and the people of the interior of South America. His present journey was undertaken in the character of inspector-general of the military hospitals in the free state of Bolivia; and it was while proceeding thither that these letters, dated from Lasana, were written.

FATE OF THE RED MEN.

It appears that, by recent annexations, about 124,000 Indians have been brought under the control of the government; and these are so fierce in their disposition, and warlike in their habits, as to be the terror of the settlers in and around the district of Texas. They are well mounted and armed; they steal and murder without remorse, and utterly disregard any infantry that may be sent against them. The American war secretary recommends the employment of light cavalry, which, 'by pursuing them to their homes, and retaliating severely upon them,' will soon teach them 'to respect the property of the whites.' The expense of conveying provisions to military posts in these districts is enormous: to some it amounts to nearly L.10 for a barrel of pork, and L.6, 10s. for a barrel of flour. Again, in Florida, old though that state is, the Indians, not numbering more than a hundred men, are a source of terror and annoyance to the whites; and it is reported that 'so long as they remain in the state, collisions will continually occur, and will only end with the extinction of the race.' Efforts are to be made to induce the Indians to emigrate, and join the rest of their nation further west, or 'to abandon their wandering life—to live in villages, and resort to agricultural

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pursuits.' In another report it is recommended that the Red Men should be concentrated in one district, where they would be under the direct control of the federal government—prevented from warring on each other, and forced to learn for themselves the arts of civilised life—an excellent proposition truly, and all the more excellent from its advocacy in this country by an intelligent Indian chief, who has assumed the name of George Copway. But the poor Indians seem to be a doomed race, and while here and there one or two may give up their nomade habits, and turn civilised and industrious, the great mass seem utterly unable to subdue those propensities that, there is too good reason to believe, will ultimately exterminate them. In the report of the war secretary there is the following melancholy passage:—'Information has been communicated to this department that, through the instrumentality and persuasion of the governor of Minnesota and our agent stationed among them, the Chippewa tribe of Indians had been prevailed upon to make a treaty of peace with the Sioux, with whom they were at war, and who had been the aggressors; that shortly after the treaty was concluded, it was broken by the Sioux, who made an unprovoked attack on the Chippewas. As the treaty had been made at the earnest solicitation and almost command of the governor and the agent, and the most solemn assurances had been given by them both to the Chippewas that if it was violated the United States would interfere to protect them and redress their wrongs, the department has been invoked to make good these pledges. It is highly important that these people should respect the authority and confide in the promises of the agents of the government. It is deemed advisable, therefore, that a small force be sent against the Sioux. No doubt is entertained that the mere appearance of this force among them will suffice to intimidate them, and prevent what might otherwise be a protracted and sanguinary war.'

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER.

M. Adolphe Roque, who has bestowed many years of patient investigation on the improvement of the manufacture of paper, has at length, we are informed, succeeded in adapting to that purpose the fibres of certain filaceous plants, especially the banana and the aloe, whereby the present costly, laborious, wasteful, and patchy 'rag' process may be superseded by a raw material, easily procurable in large quantities, and safely and economically worked into a clear, strong, and durable texture.—*Literary Gazette.*—[With an excise duty of fourteen guineas per ton on the manufactured article, any attempt to make paper from the above material would in all likelihood prove as futile as has been the attempt to make paper from straw. So long as the duty lasts, an extension of paper-making by new and precarious operations is hopeless.]

THE PTARMIGAN IN NORWAY.

The bird which gave me the greatest sport in Norway, and which I most frequently sought for the sake of food, was the ptarmigan, called by the Norwegians 'rype.' I have generally found them concealed among the gray lichen-covered rocks on the summits of the fjelds, and so closely do they resemble these rocks in colour, that I could scarcely ever see them on the ground; and sometimes when the more practised eye of my guide would find them, and he would point out the exact spot, it was not until after a long scrutiny that I could distinguish the bird within a dozen yards of me. Frequently we could find them on the snow itself, and many a time has a large circular depression in the snow been pointed out to me where the ptarmigan had been lying and pluming himself in his chilly bed. He is a noble bird, as free as air, and for the most part uninterrupted in his wide domain: he can range over the enormous tracts of fjeld, seldom roused by a human step, and still more seldom hunted by man. When the winter clothes his dwelling in a garb of snow, he too arrays himself in the purest and most beautiful white; when the summer sun melts down the snow, and gray rocks appear, he too puts on his coloured dress, and assimilates himself once more to his beloved rocks.—*Rev. W. Smith in Zoologist.*

THE ROAD ROUND BY KENNEDY'S MILL.

[From a volume of 'Poems, by Allan Park Paton' (Saunders and Otley, London), distinguished by fancy and feeling.]

The steam-carriage now rushes angrily o'er
The fields where in youth's golden years I have ranged;
The streams where I tracked my flag-boats are no more,
And the dells where I lay reading ballads are changed;
But a few of the haunts of my boyhood can show
Those features so dear in the past, to me still,
And one of the few, where I yet love to go
Of an eve, is the road round by Kennedy's Mill—
The quiet little road round by Kennedy's Mill.

When closed for the day, with a smile, were our tomes,
And we rushed with a shout from the pedagogue's frown,
When the last game was o'er, and my friends sought their homes,
Which lay in the smoke and the dust of the town—
And a blithe little scholar, my bag on my back,
Alone I set out unto mine on the hill,
Be it early or late, be the sky bright or black,
My route was the road round by Kennedy's Mill—
The sweet winding road round by Kennedy's Mill.

Then, to gather the wild-flowers that studded its breast,
I'd slip down the glen-side so thorny and steep,
Or climb some old ivy-clad tree to its nest,
And have of the smooth oval treasures a peep;
Or I'd wade up the stream, and beneath the large stones
I'd feel for the sly little trout with a thrill!
Oh! what were the pleasures of kings on their thrones
To mine as I strayed round by Kennedy's Mill—
The silent green road round by Kennedy's Mill!

If the grasshopper chirped from the bank as I passed,
I'd gently glide over, and hope, by my ear,
To find that mysterious being at last,
That ne'er could be seen, and yet ever was near;
Or if the lark soared up to heaven's bright gate,
I'd sit down and hear out his carolling shrill;
What cared I for dinners or scolds that might wait,
As I listened his song round by Kennedy's Mill—
By the branch-shaded road round by Kennedy's Mill!

The cot by the way, on whose front roses smiled,
And the tall mill itself, with its slow-going wheel,
Its high open doors where the white bags were piled,
And its many small windows bedusted with meal;
Its dog, its gay poultry, its lamb tied above,
Near the green lane behind that led on to the hill—
Ah! these were the sights that I warmly did love,
As I strolled on the road round by Kennedy's Mill—
The quick-turning road round by Kennedy's Mill.

And so was it dear unto me when a boy
All thoughtless of change, and of death and of care,
And therefore my heart will throb quicker with joy
In these days, when I wander and look round me there.
But often dark clouds will my bright spirit cover,
And feelings the saddest my bosom will fill,
When I think on the loved voice, now silent for ever,
That said, 'Let us walk round by Kennedy's Mill—
The sweet, retired road round by Kennedy's Mill!'

Erratum.—In No. 371, at page 89, an error in figures has occurred. For 400,000,000, read 80,000,000.

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STORY OF SILVER-VOICE AND HER SISTER ZOË.

THE phenomena of memory are singular objects of study. I have often thought that a certain class of ideas and observations could be so arranged as to form an orderly, connected chain, one link of which would bring home all the others, however deeply sunken in the mind. But experience teaches me that this is not the case. During my residence in the East, though I kept a careful journal of everything that seemed interesting at the time, a thousand circumstances came to my notice which I did not set down; and when I have endeavoured to recall them, many have stubbornly refused to appear when wanted. But suddenly, when I least expect it, I now and then find myself irresistibly carried back to old times. Forms that had faded into distance—thoughts that had seemed dissolved into nothing—scenes and impressions which I had in vain sought to revive—obtrude themselves irresistibly on my notice. In general, the unexpected visitants are welcome; the fireside is rendered brighter and more cheerful by them; and their presence sends a glow through this northern atmosphere which allows autumn to steal on unperceived.

I was prevented last night from sleeping by the perpetual recurrence in my reveries of the name of Lady Silver-Voice. I had forgotten her existence, as one is apt to forget a beautiful thing amidst the material cares of this life. Let me endeavour to tell her story as simply as it was told to me.

But first, how I came to see her; for I have had that privilege. It was one evening in winter-time, that, after a prolonged illness, I was taking a stroll on the roof of a palace-like mansion in Cairo. The sun had set *for me*; it had gone down behind the interminable sea of houses. But I could still see it shining on the forest of minarets that rose through the moist, balmy air, and on the vast dome of the mosque that now towers above the citadel. The terrace-roof on which I was, though commanded at a distance by much more lofty buildings, was far raised above the humble dwellings near at hand, so that I could look down and observe the movements of my neighbours, who were most varied in race and costume—Turks and Maltese, Arabs and Greeks, Armenians and Copts—to say nothing of 'Jews and poultry,' which my servant, who brought me a pipe, added to the enumeration.

I passed some time in examining the movements of these various personages, who all come out upon their terraces to enjoy the evening air; and though I did not observe anything very characteristic, anything which would necessarily go down in my journal, I was sufficiently interested not to notice the flight of time, and to allow complete darkness to gather round me whilst I still leaned over the parapet. Suddenly I was aroused from my contemplations by a snatch of a strange song sung in the most marvellously sweet voice I had ever heard. I started, not exactly like a guilty thing, but transfixed, as it were, by an almost painful shaft of delight. The voice swelled up on the night air, until, in spite of its divine sweetness, it became almost a cry of sorrow, and then ceased, leaving a thrill running through my frame that gradually seemed to shrink back to my heart, and expire there in a feeling of mingled joy and pain. Perhaps the state of my health rendered me peculiarly susceptible of strong emotions: I am afraid I wept. The darkness, however, prevented this weakness from being witnessed by Ali, who came to announce that my dinner was ready. I went down the winding staircase to the vast lonely hall, where I usually ate alone—the master of the house being absent on a journey; but though my appetite was that of a convalescent, I am sure I did not enliven the meal for myself by my usual humorous observations: to the officer, for example, that I was doubtful whether the beef was camel, or the mutton was donkey. Ali seemed rather surprised, especially when I asked him abruptly who it was that sang so sweetly in the neighbourhood.

He did not know! My curiosity was unsatisfied; but perhaps I went to bed that night with a fuller gush of happiness at my heart than if I had heard this prosy fellow's account of the matter. It is a frequent subject of meditation with me whether or not I am constituted as other men are. Are others played upon in this way by some slight occurrence?—by meeting with a face seen before only in a dream, by a peculiar smile, by a gesture, by a sigh, by a voice singing in the darkness? If not, who will understand the delicious watchful hours I passed that night, or the dreams, spangled with bright eyes, fairy forms, purple clouds, golden gleams, and buzzing with sweeter warblings than ever rolled in a nightingale's throat, that lured me on until morning?

Naturally, the first inquiries I made were about the voice; but I did not that day meet with any success. When evening approached, I again went up to the terrace; and, not to lengthen the story, I did see, just as the sun went down upon a low house not very far off, but looking into another street, a little fairy figure walking up and down, and leading a child by the hand. A kind of instinct told me that the voice was embodied before me; and presently all doubt was set at rest. The same silver tones rose upon the air; and this time I recognised that the song was in the Greek language. I remained looking intently in that direction, until

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the form faded into a mere shadow; and then, as darkness increased, seemed to multiply before my aching eyes, and assume all sorts of fantastical shapes. Every now and then a couplet or a stanza came sweeping up. It was evident the lady, whoever she might be, was not singing merely to amuse the child. The notes were sometimes lively, but in general sad and plaintive. I listened long after the last quaver had died away, and was rather sulky when Ali came with the persevering joke that 'the camel was getting cold.'

Next day I suddenly remembered that an old Greek priest had frequently invited me to go to his house; and reproaching myself with the want of politeness I had hitherto exhibited, I ordered my donkey to be saddled, and started off. The ride was only of a few streets: it seemed to me quite a journey. On arriving, the worthy papa was fortunately at home, and by himself. He was delighted with my visit; and, after a small altercation with his servant, succeeded in getting me some coffee and a pipe. I admired the art with which I wound towards my query. The old gentleman suspected nothing; but when I casually asked if he knew who it was among his countrymen who sang like an angel, he quickly replied, 'It must be Silver-Voice, as she is called among the Moslem!'

I overturned my pipe on the mat in my eagerness to turn round and listen. Excellent old man! instead of clapping his hands for the servant, he went down upon his knees to collect the scattered tobacco, and replace it in the bowl, and silenced my excuse with as mild an 'It is no matter, my son!' as ever passed the lips of one of our species. He grew before my eyes in that humble posture; and when he returned to his seat, seemed fifty times as venerable as before. The same spirit would have led him to wash the feet of the poor.

He then told me the story of Silver-Voice and her sister:—

'Many years ago, a Greek merchant was walking through the slave-market, when he beheld for sale a little girl, so beautiful, and yet so sad, that though he was on the way to conclude a bargain for fifty thousand ardebs of beans, he could not prevail on himself to pass indifferently on.

"Of what country?" he inquired.

"A Candiote," replied the slave-dealer. She was from his own beloved island.

"How much?"

"Five thousand piastres."

"I will pay the price." The bargain was concluded on the spot. Another merchant got the beans; but Kariades took home the Silver-Voice to his house.

'The girl followed him, silently hanging down her head, and refusing to answer the questions he put in his kind, bluff way. Some great sorrow evidently weighed upon her, and she refused to be comforted. When, however, Kariades presented her to his wife, and said, "This shall be our daughter," the child opened her mouth and cried, "Wherefore, oh father, didst thou not come to the slave-market one short hour before?" He asked her meaning, and she explained that her sister had been separated from her, and sold to a Turk; and," cried she, "I will not live unless Zoë be brought back to my side." Kariades smiled as he replied, "I went forth this day to buy beans, and I have come back with a daughter. Must I needs go and fetch another?" "You must!" said the girl resolutely.

'From that hour forth she was the queen in the house. Kariades returned to the slave-market, but, strange to say, could find no clue to the fate of Zoë, although he offered double her price to the dealer. It was believed that she had been bought by a stranger merely passing through Cairo, and making no stay; for the public crier was employed to go about the streets and proclaim that whoever would produce the girl should receive whatever he demanded. All was in vain. Time passed on; and the active grief of the Silver-Voice sobered down into steadfast melancholy. She continued living as the daughter or rather as the mistress of the house, knowing no want but that of her sister, and enchanting every one with the magnificence of her singing, until she reached the age of sixteen years.

'One day Kariades said to her, "My child, I must seek a husband for thee among the merchants of my people." But she firmly refused, declaring that there could be no joy for her unless she knew that her sister was not living in wretched thraldom in the house of some cruel Turk.

"But," said he, "what if death have overtaken her?"

"We promised, as we lay folded in each other's arms the night before we were parted, to be happy or sorrowful together—to laugh at the same time, to weep at the same time—and if one died, the other was never to cease grieving. I remember that, as they were dragging Zoë away, she turned her pale face, all sparkling with tears, towards me, and cried '*for ever!*'"

"Meaning that you were parted for ever?"

"No; but that we were to be faithful to our vow for ever. I never shall forget the agonizing expression of that face. How can I? I see it every night in my dreams; and painful though it be, I rush into sleep as eagerly to behold it as if I were going into Paradise. No: I will never marry whilst that face threatens to interpose between my husband and me."

"Then this vision torments thee?"

"Ah, father!" and she shuddered, and bent her head.

'It was evident that her mind was weakened by too much contemplation of one idea.

'Kariades yielded before a will stronger than his own, and nothing more was said either about marriage or the lost Zoë for nearly a year. At the end of this time, Silver-Voice appeared before the good old man, and said, "Father, give me money; I have thought of a means by which I may find my sister Zoë." He looked sadly at her, but gave her what she required. Next day she disappeared, and was not heard of for several weeks. Then she returned, consoled her adopted parents by her presence for a while, and again departed without giving the least indication of how she employed her time. Nor did they ask her, confident that all she did was prompted by that most powerful of all loves—the love of a sister supplying a mother's place.

'The truth was, that she had hired a number of houses in various parts of Cairo, and visited them alternately, in order to pass the evenings singing on the terrace. Despite the failure of the researches made by Kariades, she remained persuaded that Zoë was in Cairo, and hoped that the echoes of her magnificent voice might at length go as messengers into the depths of every harem, and make known her presence. The whole city was by turns rendered happy by the Silver-Voice; but as it was heard now in the Citadel, now near the Bisket-el-Fil, anon at the Bab Zuweileh, men began to think strange things. It was curious, indeed, to hear the speculations of the gossiping Turks about this ubiquitous voice. I remember laughing much at the wise arguments by which one of them, who had heard the fable of Memnon's statue, demonstrated to me that the sound came from no human organ at all, but was produced by the rays of the setting sun striking in some peculiar way upon the minarets.

'A whole year passed in this manner without bringing anything new; but the beautiful patience of the Silver-Voice was at length after a fashion rewarded. Better had it been perhaps for her had her soul been wafted away in some sad song. She was standing one evening, long after the sun had set, filling the air with her plaintive notes, and calling, as usual, upon her sister; sud-

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denly there rose a cry—a piercing, terrible cry, such as no mortal ever utters but when the sanctuary of life is invaded. At that awful sound the Silver-Voice was struck dumb. She stood listening like a gazelle when it hears the howl of a wolf afar off upon the desert. The wild accents seemed to hang for a moment over her, and then fell into her ear, moulding, as they fell, into the words, "My sister!" How it came to pass she could not tell: over the parapet, along a crumbling wall, across a ruined house, she passed as if by magic, until she fell like a moonbeam through an open window, and saw upon a rich couch the form of an expiring woman lying. It was her sister Zoë. The blow had been too well aimed: it had gone to her heart; and the life-blood bubbled rapidly forth between her white fingers, which she pressed to her side. One eloquent glance, in which eyes mingled with eyes, whilst lips hung upon lips, was exchanged. There was not time, neither was there need, to tell their stories in any other way. The dying woman made one effort, pointed to a cradle that stood under a cloud of gauze curtains in a corner, then smiled a long impassioned smile of recognition, of gratitude, and of love, seemed to wander a little back in memory, murmured some pleasant sounds, and was still.

'The Silver-Voice rose solemnly, and casting her eyes about, beheld a man crouching in a corner weeping. "It is all over!" she said. "All over!" he replied, looking up. But I will not weary you with the scene in which the wretched man, a Greek renegade, related how he had bought Zoë—how he had loved her, and made her his wife—how they had travelled in far countries—how he was jealous, ever, as he acknowledged, without cause—and how, in a fit of madness, he had slain the mother of his child. When he had finished, he led the bewildered Silver-Voice to the cradle, and thrusting aside the curtains, disclosed the miniature counterpart of Zoë, sleeping as if it had been lulled into deeper slumber by its mother's death-cries. Then stealing towards the corpse, with the step of one about to commit a new crime, he snatched a hasty kiss, and rushed away. What became of him was never known. Silver-Voice performed the last duties for poor Zoë, and took the child under her care. Since that time she has almost always continued to live in the house from the roof of which she heard her sister's cry; and though apparently rational in everything else, never fails to go up each evening and sing the song she used to sing of old, though in a more plaintive and despairing tone. If asked wherefore she acts in this wise, her reply is, that she is seeking for her sister Zoë, and nobody attempts to contradict the harmless delusion. Several years have now passed away since this event, and the child has become a handsome boy. You may see them both at the church to-morrow.'

I thanked the worthy papa for his story more warmly perhaps than he expected. He had been as much pleased by narrating as I had been by listening; but he was not very particular about the quality of his facts, and unintentionally made me do penance for the excessive pleasure I had experienced by giving me an account—two hours' long, and with equal unction—of a tremendous controversy then raging as to the proper form of electing the sub-patriarch of Cairo. It would have been ungrateful to interrupt him, although there seemed no end to his garrulity. Fortunately two or three people at length came in, I compromised my dignity as a heretic by kissing his hand, and escaped, to turn over this curious story in my mind. Next day I went to the Greek church, and saw a melancholy-looking face through the bars of the cage-like gallery in which the women sit. I am quite certain it was that of Lady Silver-Voice, but no one whom I asked seemed to know her. The boy did not show himself. It was my intention to go another Sunday, and observe more accurately, for I really felt a deep interest in this unfortunate lady. But other thoughts and occupations came upon me, and it was only by an accident that, as I have said, these circumstances recurred last night to my mind.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

THE PAUPER COLONIES.

I HAD scarcely finished breakfast the morning after my arrival at Fredericksoord, when the promised guide entered the room and announced himself. He had not long to wait, for my expectations were lively. I was about to witness the working and results of an endeavour to elevate human beings in the social scale—physically, without doubt; morally, perhaps; if both combined, then so much the better.

Many readers will remember that the first quarter of the present century was marked by times of great distress and privation to the classes immediately dependent on trade and labour, except to those directly engaged in making a profit out of the war. In common with other countries, Holland felt the pinch severely: for there pauperism threatened, as it has threatened in England, to swallow up all the available resources of public and private benevolence. The magnitude of the evil induced a remedy. A society was instituted, composed of voluntary members in every part of the kingdom, who agreed to pay a small weekly or annual contribution. So many thousands joined the new *Maatschappij van Weldadigheid* (Society of Beneficence), that the trifling amount of individual subscriptions was made up for by the bulk of the aggregate. Their project was to remove the surplus mendicity from the towns to the country, and if possible make it support itself. A most praiseworthy scheme! Accordingly, land was purchased where it could be had cheap, portions of the dreary heaths lying in the provinces of Drenthe, Overyssel, and Friesland; and thus a double reclamation would have gone on at the same time. Certain parts of the land were cleared and cultivated, trees planted, houses built, cattle and implements provided, and the first colonists installed. These were such families as had been most burthensome in the parishes from which they were sent; many of them knew as little of agriculture as they did of algebra. It was an interesting question, whether those who had heretofore ranked among the incapables would then succeed in removing the first syllable from their designation. By their labour, as was believed, they would be able to repay all the outlay for their settlement, and also to afford such a rent as would reimburse the directors for maintenance, and enable them to keep the machinery in motion, and gradually to extend their operations. Such a project appears to be hopeful as well as rational; and could the managers have borne it to a successful issue, theirs would have been the honour and satisfaction of resolving a difficult problem—one that in all ages has occupied the attention of earnest and of enthusiastic thinkers.

Immediately on leaving the tavern, I saw that what seemed to me an endless avenue in the twilight of the previous evening, was the road which runs in a straight line beyond the limits of the colony to Vledder. About fifty yards to the right of this track you see one of the long, low, gabled cottages peculiar to the district; a short distance farther stands its counterpart, and others still farther. Imagine three or four roads parallel, a furlong or two apart, with similar houses ranged along them, and each situated amid small and well-cultivated fields of wheat, barley, potatoes, or peas, and flanked by a garden displaying a goodly store of vegetables and flowers, with patches of grass and wild heath-land here and there, connected by numerous paths, and bordered by lines of fir, poplar, and birch—giving the whole a somewhat poor and dusty appearance, and you have a picture of Fredericksoord.

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We went first into one of the cottages. To describe one is to describe the whole, as they are all after the same pattern. They are built of brick, and are thatched, with three windows towards the road. There is one large room on the ground-floor, and a chamber above it in the pitch of the roof. The latter descends suddenly behind, and being prolonged some distance backward, forms a low shed, partly enclosed, which serves as a wash-house and scullery, and to shelter the turf and wood-pile, working-tools and implements, live stock and fodder. In the one I visited, the living-room exhibited much neatness and comfort: a good walnut wardrobe stood against the wall; at the opposite side a corner closet, well furnished with crockery; a clock ticked between the windows; and among other miscellaneous articles on some shelves were a few books: these, as I was informed, are supplied by the Bible Society. One side of the fireplace was fitted up as a bed-closet, similar to those seen in farm-cottages in the rural districts of Scotland. The room overhead, which is reached by a ladder from the back, contained three separate bed-places; so that, allowing two to a bed, there was sleeping accommodation for a family of eight. Here the beams and rafters of the roof were whitewashed, so as to give the place a light and cheerful appearance, and the whole house was clean and well-ordered. But the habit or practice of domestic cleanliness is not universal: some of the cottages were unclean and untidy. Each one has a garden about fifty yards by ten apportioned out of the general domain, and these, with rare exceptions, are properly looked after. In some of the plots I saw scarlet-runners carefully sticked, and the rows supported by horizontal poles tied across them, besides peas, potatoes, beetroot, lettuce, carrots, &c. The beds nearest to the house generally contained a few flowers; pots of blooming plants stood in the windows; and here and there a creeper clung to the wall, and drooped over the door. The cottagers work in their gardens before and after the regular duties of the day; their fixed hours of labour are from six to six, with an interval of one hour and a half for breakfast and dinner. Water is obtained from wells dug midway between every two houses, and is met with at a depth of from ten to thirty feet.

On first taking possession of their farms, the colonists are supplied with implements of husbandry, seeds, fruit-trees, and a cow and pig. Neglect of the animals or the garden is punished by deprivation, withholding of food, and, in extreme cases, by imprisonment at the Straf colony of Ommerschans or Veenhuizen; but no instance of the severer punishments being necessary had occurred for six years prior to my visit. Thus it would appear that a provision of milk, butter, and bacon, is always secure to the prudent cottager; and, judging from the beehives scattered in the gardens, some among them add honey to their dietary. Such articles as are not produced in the colonies — groceries, candles, soap, crockeryware, &c. — can be bought at shops belonging to the society. There are two to supply Fredericksoord, each managed by a competent person; the prices the same as in the large towns. The sale of spirits and intoxicating drinks is absolutely prohibited.

At the bureau certain ruled and printed sheets were shown to me, from which I saw that an account is opened with each colonist; and on these sheets are entered the weekly debit and credit. Each individual is furnished with six pounds of bread and eighteen *kops* (about five gallons) of potatoes every week—the latter are charged one cent the kop, and the bread three and a-half cents the pound. A Dutch cent, it should be remembered, is the fifth of a penny. Besides these items, a charge of twenty-four cents is made for clothing, and seventeen cents entered as cash paid. Thus the actual weekly cost of each colonist to the society is eighty cents weekly; and supposing he earns not more than one florin, the twenty cents which appear on the credit side of the account go towards paying rent for his house and appurtenances, and to the fund in the *spaar-bank* for widows and orphans, and as a provision against casualties.

Each farm comprises about three acres, of which one-half is brought under cultivation before the tenant takes possession. As I wished to see the first process of reclaiming the land, we went to one of the outlying farms, where half-a-dozen lads were busy digging and trenching. The soil is loosened to a depth of three feet—that which was below is brought to the surface, and the upper stratum, with its thick tough coating of heath, is buried. In this condition it remains for a year, after which it is manured, and planted with potatoes; and in the third year, without any additional manure, wheat, oats, or buckwheat is sown, with seeds of what the Dutch call *brem*—our broom—or *genista*. The latter remains in the ground when the grain is cut, and stands through the winter and the following year, when it is dug in as green manure, and the ground again planted with potatoes. Such is the rotation; one year in four being lost for want of a sufficient supply of fertilising substances. The soil had a yellow ochrey appearance—my conductor called it *ijzer grond*—iron ground. Its purification can only be effected by good drainage. Some oats which I saw—the first crop on new land after potatoes—were so thin and short as to appear scarcely worth the trouble of cutting. If the land were in high condition, produce might be raised for outward markets; at present the whole vegetable crop is consumed in the colonies.

A diligent labourer will trench and clear a piece of ground eight yards square in a week, by which he earns two florins. If, by superior skill or industry, he should succeed in gaining more than the usual average, the whole of the overplus is not paid to him, but 10 per cent. only of the amount; the remainder is applied towards rent and the contingency fund, as above-mentioned. Thus he has the opportunity of becoming a prosperous and independent agriculturist on a small scale; yet, as I was informed, very few of the colonists do this: the majority content themselves with the bare fulfilment of the prescribed routine. In general appearance, allowing for differences of dress, they might be considered as presenting a parallel to thrifty English labourers.

To reach the field we had ascended a long, low slope, which in any but a flat country would have passed unnoticed. Here, however, it was sufficiently elevated to command a prospect over the surrounding level, and enable one to comprehend the plan of the ground. The property here belonging to the society includes about 13,000 acres, on which 450 farms are established in three different localities, within half an hour's walk of each other: they are Fredericksoord, Willemsoord, and Wilhelminasoord. The word *oord* signifies place. They are situated in the three provinces of Overyssel, Drenthe, and Friesland, which here unite their boundaries. The total number of colonists at the time of my visit was 2600.

The farms, as I have already stated, are intended for families; yet no marriages are allowed to take place. If a young couple wish to enter into matrimony, they must leave the colony; and young men are not allowed to remain after the death of the parents, unless on payment of sixty florins. According to the regulations, the numbers are recruited from without, not from within. Families, however numerous, may be admitted from any part of Holland, in ratio with the occurrence of vacancies, or the ability of the society to clear new land, 1700 florins being paid with them on their entry by the contributing members in the districts from which they are sent; and in this way thickly-populated neighbourhoods have been relieved of part of their burthen of pauperism. The deaths do

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not appear to be out of proportion with the total population. I could not learn the exact number; but here, in Fredericksoord, which has 1000 inhabitants, not more than two deaths had occurred since January, and those were of infants. The number is greater at Ommerschans and Veenhuizen—the latter suffered from cholera. With respect to religious observances, all the colonists are required to attend worship at least once every Sabbath. The Catholics have a meeting-house on the spot; the Protestants go to the church at Vledder. There are churches for each of these denominations at the Straf colonies, besides a synagogue for Jews at Ommerschans.

Pursuing our walk we came to the weaving-shops, in which eighty boys, women, and girls were at work. The former are employed at the looms until the age of eighteen, when they are put to field-labour. The materials produced are sackings, coarse woollens, calicoes, and checks; the surplus of which, after supplying the wants of the colony, is, by a standing arrangement, purchased by the *Handels-Maatschappij* (Trade Society). And in this way the home colonies furnish coffee and rice bags, and negro clothing, to the foreign colonies in Java and Guiana. Over the largest weaving-shop is the store-room, well stocked, and in excellent order. On the shelves lay an abundant assortment of garments for both sexes, of five different sizes. Jackets, trousers, and petticoats of coarse black fustian; shirts and chemises of a very rough texture; and worsted stockings coarser than Shetland hose. Although it may be urged that such clothing will subserve all the literal requirements of health and comfort, still the quality indicates a low standard, especially for *free* colonists. Criminals might be made to submit to it until they had earned a better by reforming their character. Besides wearing-apparel, bed-coverings, boots, shoes, and caps, the store-room contained tinware, pots and kettles, iron and wooden spoons and ladles, wheelbarrows, spades, tubs, churns, baskets, brooms, and so forth—all made at one or other of the colonies; chiefly at the penal establishments, where the fabrication of this variety of utensils and implements gives occupation to some thousands of individuals who otherwise would not be able to keep out of mischief.

We next went to the bakery, where the grain grown in the surrounding fields is converted into bread. Eight men are employed: they make 240 loaves of twelve pounds' weight each every day. The colour is very dark, and the quality extremely coarse and heavy. It will not keep good more than a week. English labourers would hardly consider it a favour to be fitted with the colonial garments, and most certainly would they find the eating of the colonial bread a grievous hardship. The loaves are made of rye, simply moistened with water, and baked. From August to May the meal is mixed with half its weight of potatoes; and the bread so prepared is liked better than during the two months when it is all rye.

After this inspection of what might be termed the *physique* of the colony, I felt desirous to observe the moral appliances and resources, and begged to be conducted to the school. This was held in a detached building not far from the weaving-shops, and numbered eighty-five children of both sexes. The system of instruction is the same as that pursued in the Armen Schools—the younger scholars being partitioned off in an apartment by themselves.

'I teach them music,' said the master—'that is, we sing from notes; and we do not neglect geography, grammar, or arithmetic.'

'Is there any difficulty,' I asked, 'in getting the children to attend school?'

'None whatever. On the contrary, they are all glad to come; the singing, in particular, has great attractions for them.'

'What punishments do you inflict?'

'They very seldom need punishment, and when they do, I just keep them in to conjugate a verb.'

There must be something good, I thought, in the method or matter of the training which fulfilled its purpose by means so mild, and effected moral results with so little of physical coercion.

The walls of the room were hung round with maps—an important aid in imparting knowledge, which, as far as I have had opportunity of observing, is extremely rare in village schools in England. One never sees a map-hawker in this country; and yet on the continent, and in the United States especially, they are numerous. During our conversation the master, now middle-aged, told me that he came first to the colony a poor boy nine years old, and went through the usual routine of work until he attained his present position. About three years ago he began a course of self-instruction in French, and, by dint of practice, came in time to speak that language with much facility. Several of the elder scholars were also beginning to learn French—a fact worthy of consideration, as the acquirement will open to them a world-wide literature in addition to their own, and so enlarge their minds with more abundant knowledge.

The look of the majority of the children was unintellectual: the general contentedness of expression seemed passive rather than active. How wise is the arrangement which raises up men willing to devote themselves to the unvarying routine of a teacher's duties, which endows them with patience to bear with apathy and indifference! Society, as yet, does not appreciate them at their full worth. While standing at the end of the room, with the ranks of faces before me, I was struck by some four or five which did not seem cast in the same mould as the others. On inquiry, I learned that they were the children of the director, the eldest an intelligent lad of about fourteen. They were, he informed me, ten in family; 'and we all come here in turn,' he said, 'brothers and sisters, and stay until it is time for us to go away to a higher school.' It was gratifying to see this instance of what an Englishman cannot fail to observe in Holland—the approachableness between different grades of society.

From the school we took a leisurely stroll through a plantation, which afforded a welcome shelter against the scorching heat. The guide was particularly communicative, and talked of many subjects besides those connected with his immediate duties. He spoke in high terms of the director. 'Everybody praises him,' he said; 'he has been here twenty-two years, and the longer he stays the more is he beloved. If the first directors had been as honest as he is, the colonies would have been more prosperous than they are.'

'What is the reason,' I inquired, 'that establishments apparently so well conducted are not self-sustaining?'

'Ah, monsieur, to give all the reasons one would have to go over the history of the place for the past thirty years; but the chief is, that the people, when located on their little farms, are too careless about paying their rent, or doing work enough to pay back the cost of their settlement.'

This was a disappointing conclusion, but I cannot venture to gainsay it. The director afterwards confirmed it in a conversation that we had together at the tavern, where he kindly called to talk the subject over. From this I gathered that the society would not be able to continue its operations were it not for an annual grant of money from the government. A portion of the sum is an allowance for work done by the colonists; and, considering that the mendicancy of the country is kept at honest work in the Straf colonies, it is but fair that the state should bear a portion of the charge of maintenance. Much better to pay money to keep paupers at labour, than to support them in forced or

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voluntary idleness. At the same time, I regretted to find that the much-talked-of pauper colonies of Holland do not, after so many years trial, pay their expenses; while the best that can be said of them is, that they keep poor people alive in a deadening species of dependency. In short, they do not, in my opinion, offer an example to be followed. Pauper labour, on a great self-supporting scale, with a tendency to elevate the character, must seek for other models. I was recommended by M. Konynenburg to see other two establishments. 'If you have not time to see both,' he said, 'at least go to Ommerschans. There you will see a more widely-developed system of management than here; the farms for the hundred free colonists who are settled there are ten or twelve times larger than ours. And besides, you will see what we do with the beggars.'

'How many of that class,' I asked, 'are you entertaining at present?'

'At the two places, Ommerschans and Veenhuizen, 4400. In 1847, when prices were high, the number was 6000; so that, judging from these barometers of pauperism, the country is now pretty well off.'

At the colony of Veenhuizen there are also one hundred free families, who cultivate the larger farms, besides the pauper establishment and orphan house. The number of inmates of the latter is 1200, the greater part being foundlings from Amsterdam. In certain respects the social arrangements of the Dutch are such as to favour illegitimate births. Children are received from the city establishments at the age of seven, are instructed in the schools, taught a trade, and retained on the establishment until their twentieth year, when the regulations require them to leave. During six weeks after their departure they are maintained at the cost of the society: at the end of that time, whether they have found employment or not, they are dropped; no further thought is taken for them. Most of the young men enter the army, which perhaps derives its greatest number of recruits from this source; and the girls go into service as domestic servants, if they can—if not, they do worse. In this way, as it appeared to me, the evil professedly sought to be remedied is perpetuated.

I mentioned my thought to the director. 'What can we do?' he replied; 'we are not omnipotent. We cannot undertake to guarantee work to all who leave our colonies; we must defer something to individual responsibility.'

'True,' I answered; 'but do you take sufficient pains to inspire or cultivate a spirit of self-reliance? Pauperism, like slavery, has a debasing influence, and those to whom it has been familiar all their lives are little likely to rise in the scale without guidance. You must either force them to do right, or put it out of their power to do wrong.'

The reply was an admission that such an aim, even if practicable, did not come, except to a limited extent, within the society's plans. 'We have to feed as well as reform,' said M. Konynenburg; 'and keeping folk alive, and in working condition, seems to be the first duty, and this can only be done with money. If that fails, all goes wrong.'

'Again true,' I answered; 'but when you consider that the charities of Holland are notorious, that the enormous sums which you lavish every year in benevolence tend mainly to foster mendicancy and coddle idle people into helplessness, you will perhaps allow that money is not the supreme agent. Let a genius arise with an efficient plan for draining the Zuyder Zee, and cultivating your myriads of acres of heathland, and you will find a moral power at your disposal beyond that of money.'

'Meantime,' replied the director, 'we do the best we can. When M. Ducpétiaux was here from Brussels, he observed that our colonies were more successful than those in Belgium. There the colonists have sunk into a condition scarcely better than that of serfs in the feudal ages. However, you may stay here as long as you will, six months if you like, and observe what you please, and walk about everywhere just as it suits you. And when you leave, do not fail to go to Ommerschans.'

'Shall I not need a letter of introduction?'

'No; go to the director, and say that you have been here—that will be sufficient. He will show you everything.'

A tourist out for a brief holiday is compelled to snatch hasty glances where he would gladly have time for studious observation. This was my case, and one day was all that I could spare for Fredericksoord. I waited till five o'clock, in hope that the temperature would then have become more agreeable for walking. The old landlady, when I paid my bill, complimented me very undeservedly on my acquirements in Dutch, assuring me that I was the first foreign traveller she had seen for many a day who could make himself at all understood. This duty discharged, I once more lent my shoulders to the knapsack, and started for Meppel.

The route was not the same as that by which I came: it led across the widest plains my eyes ever beheld, on which in many parts troops of haymakers were busy in all stages of their odoriferous task. In the distance a dark and dreary-looking slope rose before me: it was the same which I had crossed more to the westward the day before. On these extensive flats it is as easy to deceive one's self regarding distance as at sea, and I was long in reaching the rising ground over which my road lay, after it seemed but half a mile further.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

[The city of Glasgow cannot justly be considered as a subject of only local interest. It is the second city of this great empire in point of population—probably in industry and its results also: the best and the worst features of our present social economy are there seen in the most striking light. The most remarkable circumstance respecting this great city is, however, its rapid rise and progress.* It has advanced from about *eighty* to *three hundred and eighty* thousand inhabitants since the beginning of the present century! It has now as many Irish immigrants as it possessed of every kind of population at the beginning of the reign of George III.! Accordingly, the reminiscences of old people in Glasgow are exceedingly curious; connecting, as they do, the present age of intense activity and metropolitan hugeness of population with a time when the place was comparatively a village. Here, indeed, we must correct ourselves, for Glasgow has not, since early ages, been a village. It was in all modern times a small university town, with a system of mercantile enterprise engrafted upon it. Thus, what we look back upon in its old social state is fully as dignified as anything which we can trace in its present condition—dignified, yet comparatively simple and familiar. In those old days, as now, there were men of learning in the College, and men of consequence on the Exchange; but they were fewer, their peculiarities came more strongly out, and they were more under each other's observation. Of their habits, too, many were of a nature of which we see little trace in modern society. It is thought that a few anecdotes of the characters and manners of the city in past times, which we derive from an individual of mature years, belonging to the upper class of citizens, may be perused with interest beyond the sphere to which they refer.]

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Dr Smollett, who received his early education in the College of Glasgow, and was apprenticed there to a surgeon, revisited the city in 1765 or 1766, and has given the result of his observations on it in his excellent novel of 'Humphry Clinker'—perhaps the most ingenious of all his writings. According to this author—and from his personal acquaintances and connections he had the best means of information—Glasgow at this period was a 'perfect beehive in point of industry.' The following account which he gives of one of the leading merchants will show the great extent of business carried on by a few individuals of this comparatively small community:—'I conversed,' he says, 'with one Mr Glassford, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken. You must know I have a national attachment to this part of Scotland,' &c.

The branch of commerce in which Mr Glassford and others realised such large fortunes was the tobacco trade; at that time, and for some years afterwards, till the breaking out of the American war, the great staple of the trade of Glasgow. This trade is said to have taken its rise from very small beginnings. The first adventure which was sent from the Clyde to Virginia was, it is reported, put under the management of the captain of the vessel, who acted also as supercargo. This captain was a shrewd man, but totally unacquainted with accounts. Being asked, on his return, for a statement of his management, he said he had none to give; 'but there were the proceeds,' producing at the same time a large *hoggar* (stocking) filled with coin. The adventure had been successful; and the parties interested in it conceiving that if an uneducated man had done so well, one versant in figures would do still better, sent out a second shipment of goods, with an experienced accountant as supercargo. This person, when he came back to Glasgow, rendered a beautifully-made-out account to his employers—but there was no *hoggar*.

This new branch of trade, which had been only opened up to Glasgow since the Union, gradually increased, and was pushed with so much vigour as to excite the jealousy of the English merchants, who looked on the Scotch as interlopers, and used every means to crush them in the bud. At length, however, the perseverance of the Glasgow merchants overcame all obstacles, and that city became the great emporium for the tobacco trade in the kingdom.

At a certain hour of the day, the principal merchants to whom we have alluded were accustomed to assemble on a privileged walk, arrayed in scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs, where they strutted about with as much assumed dignity as a senator of Venice pacing the Rialto; and wo to the luckless plebeian who then ventured to come betwixt the wind and their gentility! The master tradesmen, who were in the habit of receiving their orders, were obliged to take their stand on the opposite side of the street, from whence they endeavoured to catch the eye of their employers. From the following anecdote, communicated many years since by an old American merchant, it would appear that the foreign mode of salutation was then in fashion. A certain tobacco lord, who had enjoyed the double honour of being at the same time Lord Provost and M.P. for the city, was familiarly known under the appellation of Provost *Cheeks*; and besides the peculiarity of visage which had gained him this sobriquet, was gifted with an immense capacity of mouth, extending from ear to ear. This dignitary was no small man on the *plainstanes* (or pavement) opposite King William's statue at the Cross, where the walk in question was situated. He was complaining one day of 'some d—d fellow' (swearing was then in greater repute than it is now) 'who had come up to him on the walk, and, will he, nill he, bussed him on both sides of the face, slavering him with his filthy saliva.' 'If I had been you,' said his friend, looking significantly at his mouth, 'I would have *bitten off his head!*'

Another well-known provost of Glasgow, who afterwards went to London, and became a most active and efficient police magistrate there, was standing one day on the same privileged ground chatting with the Rev. Mr Thom, minister of Govan, a shrewd but sarcastic observer, when a ragged little urchin had the temerity to ask his lordship for an alms. The dignitary replied with a growl, and the boy was running off, when Mr Thom stopped him with, 'Stay, laddie; let me see thy face: thou 's a bit decent callant eneugh. Here 's a bawbee for thee; ye 'll maybe be provost of Glasgow yet.' The provost himself had been of humble origin.

This gentleman, before he left Glasgow, was considered a very precise person. One story of him was well authenticated, and often repeated. Scolding a clerk in his office one day for some trifling blunder, he softened a little towards the close of his lecture, and said, 'Well, I believe I must forgive you for this time; *I myself* was *once* guilty of a mistake.' Like many *parvenus*, this provost was very fond of good living, and had expressed to some one the peculiar relish with which he ate his dinner from china dishes. A bitter old lady, to whom the observation was repeated, and who knew his family well, said, 'Cheeny, quotha; set him wi' cheeny! I mind his mother taking her dinner—and that was a herring—aff a peat, and when she wanted anither plate, she just turned the t'ither side o 't!'

The Rev. Mr Thom, whom we have just introduced to our readers, seems to have had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one fine Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather, fell fast asleep during sermon. In the middle of the discourse, a dog which had got into church most inopportunely set up a howl. 'Put out that dog,' said the minister: 'put out that dog instantly—*he 'll wauken a Glasgow magistrate!*'

I have mentioned the exclusiveness of the merchant-grandees at this period; but there was one of their customers who was not to be daunted, and who kept 'the crown o' the causey' with the best of them. This was a grocer named Robert M'Nair, a shrewd, sagacious man, who knew his own interest well, but, in an age of eccentric characters, pursued his objects in a manner quite his own. A sign-board above his shop had the names, Robert M'Nair and Jane Holmes (his wife), inscribed in large characters; and all his business transactions, which were extensive, were under this firm. Like many of his neighbours of that day, he appears to have had a taste for litigation, and was occasionally before the 'fyfeteen' (Court of Session). One of his causes, which had been long depending, was

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ne day called for trial. Robin, as he was usually alled, was in court himself, but no counsel for him. Where is your counsel, Mr M'Nair?' said the judge. My Lord,' said M'Nair, 'I have no counsel. The ause has been twenty-one years in court. It is now f *age*, and should be able to take care of itself.' An ld gentleman who told me this story remembered lobin well. 'The law-plea,' he said, 'was at last ecided in his favour.'

There being little competition among the grocers in hose days, and Mr M'Nair and his spouse, Jane Holmes, ving very frugally, he amassed by degrees a very andsome competency. A lot of ground, on which he ad set his heart, having been offered for sale by public uction, he purchased it, and built a steading on it, hich, in honour of his better half, he called Jeanfield. When his name was given in as purchaser, he was sked as usual for his security. 'I have no security to ffer,' said Robin; 'Jean Holmes is not here, but here 's er pouch!' at the same time throwing down an im- ense pocket, used by the goodwives of the time, full f bank-notes, with which he paid for his purchase.

Robin, when he had become well-to-do in the world, ook it into his head to give an entertainment to all ie merchants with whom he had dealings. He was a ood customer, and most of them accepted the invita- on. When dinner was served up, they found that othing had been provided for them but herrings and otatoes. Accustomed as they were to the good things f this life, we may suppose that the guests looked ather blank at this sorry fare; but there was no emedy. When all of them had been helped, and were bout to commence, Robin said, 'Gentlemen, this is ie way in which I made my money; follow me, and I ill show you how I mean to spend it.' He then led ie way into another room, where they found an excel- nt dinner, set out with all the delicacies of the season, nd, what some of them would relish as much, with ie choicest wines which could be procured.

About the middle of last century Glasgow was a leasant city of habitation, even externally. Arkwright, hose invention of the spinning-jenny has effected uch a revolution in the manufactures of the country, as then a barber's apprentice. The dense volumes of moke which, perpetually vomiting from the cotton- ills, gas-works, and numberless manufactories, hang ke a lowering cloud over the capital of the west of cotland, poisoning the air by its mephitic influence, ere then unknown.* The atmosphere was as clear nd bright as in a country village, or as you see it n some of the smaller towns in Belgium, to which, in s gable-end houses, fronting the streets, Glasgow at his period bore no small resemblance.

Several of the mansion-houses of the first-rate mer- hants of Glasgow at this period were built in a tyle of sumptuous magnificence, greatly superior to ny private dwellings which have since been erected n the city. They were generally surrounded with ne gardens, thus forming a 'rus in urbe.' The im- ense rise which has taken place in the value of round in Glasgow, is the reason that, one after the ther, these fine houses have been sacrificed to the ants of a continually-increasing community. One f the last which was taken down was the very fine ansion-house in Queen Street, built by Mr Cun- ingham of Lainshaw, a Glasgow merchant, after the odel, it is said, of a palace at Rome. It was latterly urchased by the Royal Bank of Scotland for their branch established here, and afterwards disposed of by them as a site for the Royal Exchange. The Royal Bank's present office is situated in the ground which in days of yore was part of Mr Cunningham's garden— the remaining space round the Royal Exchange being filled up by a square of very substantial shops and warehouses, built by the Royal Bank Company, which no doubt that wealthy establishment have found a profitable investment. 'Ex uno disce omnes:' all the old houses of the Glasgow patricians have disappeared from the same cause.

The great value of such houses, even in the times when they were built, may be estimated from the heavy damages adjudged to Mr Campbell of Shawfield, the member of parliament for Glasgow, whose house was destroyed by a riotous mob in 1725, in consequence of his having voted for the extension of the malt tax to Scotland. The sum was L.6400, besides L.2600 for other damages.

The style of life in the middle classes was very dif- ferent. The bulk of the inhabitants, including many who had prospered considerably in the world, dwelt in *flats*—that is, floors of large houses, denominated *lands*, such as the Trades' Land, Gibson's Land, and the like. In one of these, Donald's Land, opposite the Tron Church, Sir John Moore, the 'Hero of Corunna,' first saw the light; and the fathers of many of the most distinguished citizens who were destined to make a figure in the world—of Sir Thomas Munro, Kirkman Finlay, and many others—had no better dwellings. As might have been expected in a rising mercantile com- munity, time was precious, and the hours of the citizens generally were very early. The maxim incul- cated on the rising generation was—

'He that would thrive
Must rise at five;'

and their fathers enforced the rule by their own ex- ample. It is recorded that three leading merchants had made an appointment to meet each other at five o'clock on a winter morning, for the purpose of examin- ing their books, and striking a balance-sheet. Two of them had met while the clock was striking, and the third, as the story goes, made his appearance with his *bowat* (small lantern) 'just as the last stroke of the bell had chappit.' The same method was pursued by some of the merchants till a much later period in the century. Thus the late Mr Carrick, one of the most successful bankers in Scotland, and who realised an immense fortune by his own industry and good management, regularly as the balance-day came round—some day, I think, in July—was seen, to a very late period in his life, working most assiduously at six o'clock in the morning, surrounded by his clerks, each labouring in his own department to bring out the results. Mr Carrick's maxim was, that one hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon. The good effects of this orderly method were exemplified in his own case: 'Carrick on the Promises,' as his promissory bank- notes were quaintly called, had a circulation all over Scotland, particularly in the Highlands, to which they were taken by the drovers, and where they were greatly preferred to gold or silver. The writer has himself seen notes of the Ship Bank—of which Mr Carrick was cashier and principal partner—originally issued in 1775, and not returned for payment till nearly thirty years afterwards—thus, at the rate of compound interest, more than doubling their value. So much for the profits of Scotch bankers at this period.

The usual hour of dinner was two o'clock, and for fashionable parties an hour later. Tea at six o'clock was a very sociable meal. The best families in the city used then to meet each other, to chat over the occurrences of the day; and after a hand at whist, or a round game of cards, generally concluded with a hot supper, which, like the supper of the Romans, was in

* The smokiness of manufacturing towns is surely susceptible of ome degree of remedy, if we can attach any consequence to the esults of an arrangement applied to the furnace of the tolerably arge boiler used in printing these sheets. *It certainly prevents moke entirely*, and that without any drawback or difficulty what- ver, the simple principle being a gradual and regulated intro- uction of the coals. We trust soon to be able to return to this ubject, with details as to saving of fuel, &c.—Ed.

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fact the principal meal. As the streets were badly lighted in winter nights, a servant-girl, very trigly arrayed, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Mattie, generally preceded her master, mistress, and family, bearing a small lantern. This practice was continued to a very recent period in Glasgow—indeed till the introduction of gas-light made it unnecessary. The celebrated Dibdin—the composer of those admirable sea-songs which infused so much spirit into our gallant tars during the last war—at his visit to Glasgow about the beginning of this century, was struck with the peculiarity which I have mentioned, and introduced it into the amusing fund of anecdotes with which he was accustomed to vary his musical entertainments. 'In other places which he had visited,' he said, 'when the company were departing, the usual order to the servant was, "John, bring up the curricle," or, "John, order up the carriage;" but in Glasgow it was, "Whaur's the lass and the lantern?"'

Such was the usual temperate mode of life of the respectable citizens of Glasgow. But all rules are liable to exceptions. Occasionally they would take what they called a 'screed,' and then, to be sure, all the rules of temperance were thrown to the winds. When a jollification had been resolved on, after the ladies, if there were any in the party, had retired, the first thing done by the landlord was to lock the door, and put the key in his pocket. Punch was then, and long afterwards, the favourite beverage; it was, according to a song of the day, 'the liquor of life,' and wo to the luckless wight who failed to do justice to the toast! As the glass went round, coarse wit and broad humour had their full swing, like Counsellor Pleydell at his high-jinks, till at last few of the company were conscious of what either themselves or their neighbours were about. It is a well-authenticated fact, that at a joyous meeting of this kind, where the Laird of Garscaddan—an estate in the neighbourhood—was present, some one made the remark to the person who sat next him, that 'his neebour Garscad was looking unco *gash*' (grave). 'Deil mean him,' said the other, 'to look gash, he has been with his Maker for the last half hour!' 'And why didn't *you* speak out?' 'Ou, I didna like to spoil gude company!' was the reply.

This occasional relaxation of manners was perhaps never seen to a greater extent than in what is now very properly accompanied with suitable feelings of solemnity—a funeral.

I have often heard the story, that a Dumbartonshire laird—connected perhaps with Glasgow—at the *drejie* given in honour of his mother, where, as in duty bound, he presided—delighted with the mirth and good-humour of the party, and totally forgetting the occasion of the meeting, proposed as a toast—'May ne'er waur be amang us!'

In the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries, claret seems to have been the favourite wine with the wealthier Glasgow citizens, and those of the middle class who could afford it; and the only perquisite of office afforded to the Lord Provost was a certain sum for a hogshead of claret, that he might entertain therewith the chief citizens. After the trade to the West Indian colonies had been opened up to the Scotch merchants by the union of the kingdoms, rum-punch gradually superseded claret and wines of every description, and maintained its place for many long years as the favourite beverage of Glasgow. Brydone, the celebrated traveller, tells a good story of this mixture. Dining one day with a large party of Sicilians at Agrigentum, where he and his English friends had been regaled with the choicest delicacies, they were asked to make a bowl of punch, which the Italians had often heard of, but had never seen. The materials were at hand: a bowl was made, and so much approved of, that he was obliged to replenish the contents again and again. The Italians preferred it to their own wines, of which there was a great variety on the table. They called it Pontio, and (alluding to Pontius Pilate) said, 'Pontio was a much better fellow than they had ever taken him for!' 'However, after dinner'—I give the words of the lively writer—'one of them, a reverend canon, became excessively sick, and while throwing up, he turned to me with a rueful countenance, and shaking his head, he groaned out—"Ah, Signor Capitano, sapeva sempre che Pontio era un grande traditore!"—("I always knew that Pontius was a great traitor!")'

The *deceptive* qualities of this very pleasant liquor, to which Brydone's unfortunate canon alluded, were quite proverbial among strangers who visited Glasgow for the first time; and it was only the 'auld-used hands,' or, as they were usually called, 'seasoned casks,' who could stand the debauch of an evening where punch was the only tipple. I remember, many years since, that a party of very gentlemanlike officers belonging to the Cheshire militia, then quartered in Glasgow, dined one day with a gentleman, who, as usual after dinner, made a bowl of punch. The Cheshire men were much pleased with the beverage, but gently hinted at the smallness of the glasses. 'Very well, gentlemen,' said the landlord, 'larger glasses are at your service.' These were ordered; but alas for the pride of England, not one, or two, but several of the gallant soldiers were crelong laid under the table!

Sir John Sinclair, in his 'Code of Health and Longevity,' published many years since, attributes the general good health and long lives of the Glasgow people to their free use of punch, which, unlike immoderate indulgence in wine, was never followed by gout, gravel, or other complaints which he enumerates. It is certainly remarkable that many of the votaries of punch lived to a good old age; and I remember very well often seeing, when a boy, an old West India merchant who had spent the greater part of his life in Jamaica, and who, it was notorious, never went sober to bed; to which, however, he retired at an early hour, and rose betwixt four and five o'clock next morning. This patriarch died about the venerable age of ninety.

The reduction on the duties on foreign wines, which took place some years after the late war, introduced, or rather extended in Glasgow, a taste for these luxuries. Punch gradually became unfashionable, and at length was all but excluded from the higher circles. One wealthy West India merchant, at whose hospitable table the *élite* of the society was always to be found, continued his devotions to the punch-bowl as formerly to the end of his days; and great was his contempt if any younger guest hinted that punch did not agree with his stomach. 'For his part,' he said, 'he had been born before *stomachs* were in fashion.' This gentleman certainly tried a Herculean constitution as much as any man I ever knew. He was engaged from one year's end to the other in a constant round of dinner parties at home or abroad, and usually concluded the evening with a hot supper, after which the punch-bowl was always introduced. A robust frame of body, early rising, and regular exercise, long prevented the usual effects of such a mode of life from being visible. But 'non omnia possumus omnes:' nature will vindicate her rights. One evening, while dealing out his favourite potation to a party of friends, he was suddenly seized with a vertigo (or *whirley*, as it then used to be called), and fell insensible on the table. His friends, knowing that he would be mortally offended were he to find he had been interfered with, prudently waited till he should recover. He did so in about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and grasping the punch-spoon, gave the well-known call, 'Put in your glasses, gentlemen!' as if nothing had happened.

Punch, so long the favourite drink of Glasgow men—high and low—received its *coup de grace* when the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in this country. It was then interdicted by the faculty, and

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has never since recovered favour. 'Stat nominis umbra,' the *name* only is remembered, and scarcely even that, except by veterans of the old school like myself.

THE READER OF THE THOUGHTS.

In Berlin, at the end of the grand promenade 'Under the Linden,' between the Catholic church and the king's palace, stands the well-known Café Belvidere. This is the favourite dining-place for students at the university, junior officers, briefless advocates, patientless doctors, supernumerary diplomatists; in a word, for a host of young men whose embryo fortune does not in the least prevent them from enjoying a good dinner, while it effectually denies them a dear one.

In front of the café, which is entered by a broad flight of stone steps, is a garden surrounded by summer-houses. In one of these were lounging, on a fine summer afternoon some ten years ago, two young men, habitual frequenters of the café. The younger of the two was evidently of the university. None but a student would have worn those long, light-brown, curling locks which streamed over his shoulders, or that beard and moustache of anything but 'formal cut,' whose extent seemed only limited by its powers of vegetation. Nevertheless, the German student at Berlin is no longer the wild apparition of Bonn or Heidelberg. The scornful glance and half-suppressed grin of the dandy of the capital may, on his first arrival, provoke his untamed, almost savage spirit of defiance to more than optical reprisals; but the *Bursche* ends by submitting to public opinion. If he do turn down the collar of his shirt, the linen is at anyrate of unobjectionable colour: if his hair be some quarter of a yard longer than is customary, no one can deny that it is often combed, brushed, and even oiled and curled, with considerable attention. In fact he begins to emerge from the natural Bedouin and smoko-beeriform into the so-called civilised state. His hands—red with exercise in scrambling over mountains, gymnasticising, and fencing; browned by exposure to the sun of the valley and the wind of the forests—are cunningly disguised in Parisian gloves, manufactured in the Friedrich-Strasse; his white, sky-blue, or crimson cap, denoting the illegal Landsmanschaft or club to which he belongs, is replaced by a well-brushed gossamer; the rusty velvet shooting-coat, so remarkably short in the skirts, gives way to an orthodox surtout; and instead of a rapier or a sabre under his arm, may be seen a gold or silver-headed whalebone instrument, neither dangerous nor useful to any mortal man, and which cannot be too soon lost, to save its proprietor the unnecessary labour of carrying it. Such also, outwardly considered, was the student of our sketch; but his pale, thoughtful countenance, and dark, dreamy blue eyes, implied a lofty and imaginative soul; while his fine mouth betrayed in its sombre curves sufferings of more than momentary origin.

His companion, on the other hand, was a little, dark, lively man of some thirty years of age, in the costume of the Royal Guards. Balancing his sabre between his knees, he beat what is vulgarly and inexplicably termed the 'devil's tatoo' on the rustic table before him, while discoursing with apparent indifference, but real eagerness, in an undertone to his companion. Notwithstanding the gay smile that played round his trimly-moustached lips, an almost imperceptible spasmodic contraction of his brows confused, as it were, the general expression of his features, which were delicate without being harmonious, and handsome without conveying much idea of dignity. As he spoke, the student occasionally replied with an equally assumed nonchalance. After uttering a few words, however, his old reflective look resumed its empire over his countenance; and the contraction of his right hand, buried in the bosom of his surtout, indicated an internal agitation, which would otherwise have escaped the penetration of the keenest observer.

But the eyes which rested upon the two young men were those of no ordinary critic. He was seated in the opposite summer-house, at a distance of some dozen yards. Resting a forehead, darkened by locks of iron gray, upon his wrist, he seemed to shade his eyes from the light with his hand; while, in fact, regarding with deep attention the faces of the student and the officer before him. In a few minutes he rose, after having written hastily some lines with a pencil in a red morocco-covered note-book. Placing a broad-brimmed hat resembling a Spanish sombrero on his head, and smoothing down the skirts of a strait single-breasted frock-coat, green in colour, and antique in cut, he strode leisurely across the garden, tore out the leaf on which he had written from his red morocco note-book, threw it with a slight, but stately inclination to the student upon the table at which he was seated, and disappeared through the door leading to the Linden, without uttering a word in explanation, or seeming to notice the surprise of the two friends at his eccentric conduct.

They caught but one glimpse of a severe and deeply-marked countenance, surmounting a tall, thin, muscular figure, and he was gone.

'What is it, baron?' cried the officer impatiently.

'I can inform you better when I am myself more enlightened,' replied the student, poring intently over the dim and mysterious ciphers.

'Read it aloud, if it be no secret,' said the captain.

'Certainly,' replied his friend, 'as soon as I can make out three words consecutively.'

'It is difficult to decipher, then?'

'Very. Perhaps you will succeed better than I in making out the meaning of the scrawl. Take it,' and the student handed the stranger's manuscript to his companion.

The captain regarded it with a look that changed rapidly from mere idle curiosity to intense anger. With a flushed face and sparkling eye he rose abruptly, overturning his chair in the act, and demanded fiercely, 'Which way did he go? Where is the scoundrel?'

'He passed through that door,' replied the student, pointing with his finger in the direction alluded to.

The captain darted through the portal. The stranger was still visible. He was, however, at a considerable distance, and about to step into a fiacre. The captain shouted to him to stop, accompanying this request with an insulting reflection on the courage of the stranger. The latter saw the captain's gestures, if he could not at the distance hear his words. He raised his hat with sarcastic politeness, and entered the vehicle, which soon bore him out of reach of the infuriated captain's threats of vengeance.

'*Who* is he?' said the captain, returning to his impassable friend, still seated in the summer-house, and occupied in lighting a long meerschaum.

'I do not know,' said the student.

'Did you never see him before?'

'Never;' replied the young baron somewhat abstractedly.

'Let us inquire in the café,' said the captain. 'I am determined to discover his name at all costs and hazards.'

'You forget that you have not yet explained to me the cause of your unusual excitement. At anyrate read the paper to me, or let me try again if I can make it out myself.'

'I have lost it in my confusion,' said the captain hesitatingly, casting a quick, scrutinising glance at his friend, whose calm look seemed to give convincing proof of his ignorance as to the contents of the strange missive.

'No—you have it crumpled up in your hand,' said the student with a smile.

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'*Donner Wetter!* so I have!' exclaimed the captain, reddening. 'What a curious thing it is when the mind is absent or the nerves excited! *Blitz noch einmal!*' (one more flash of lightning!) 'I have hunted for my nightcap when it was on my head all the while before now!'

'Nothing commoner,' said the student, seeming not to notice the captain's embarrassment. 'Give me the paper; I am curious to know what roused your bile so terribly.'

'Here it is. Ha! ha! you will be amused at its absurdity.'

The student took the mystic document. He was far too good a decipherer of notes taken at college lectures, in heterogeneous short-hands, old manuscripts of the dark ages, and other curious specimens of caligraphy, to have been really puzzled by the writing of the stranger, which, though sufficiently indistinct, and evidently the production of a foreigner, was nevertheless far from illegible, even to a less practised eye. Consequently, he was already perfectly in possession of the contents of the paper. Notwithstanding which fact, he proceeded to read aloud slowly, and with apparent effort—observing meanwhile, without seeming to observe, its effect upon his friend—the stranger's note, thus conceived and worded:—

'Herr Studiosus—Cassandra prophesied in vain, and Troy fell. She was wise, and they called her mad. What I reveal to you, unerring science teaches.

'Beware of the man beside you! He is a traitor, and his counsels are delusions! His lightest hint may be a snare, and his most friendly offer of service a deadly injury!

'Wiser than the Trojans, be warned in time by

A Reader of the Thoughts.'

'Did you ever read such monstrous and impertinent nonsense?' cried the captain.

'*Nur ruhig!* (only be calm); it is merely carrying a practical joke a little too far,' replied the student, laughing. 'The idea of your betraying me—giving me delusive counsels—injuring me by pretended services! It is preposterous!'

'A reader of the thoughts indeed!' said the captain, delighted at his friend's careless confidence. 'Why, what were we thinking of, and talking of, both of us? Mere bagatelles!'

'Mere bagatelles!' repeated the baron.

'A casual discussion about a pretty girl,' resumed the captain. 'A fine occasion, truly, for all the Machiavelian plottings this old conjurer would feign to have read in my heart! He did well to run away, or I would have made him swallow his words, in the literal sense, paper and all. He shall do it yet, if ever I catch him!'

'You may catch a Tartar,' thought the student as he mentally compared the tall figure of the stranger with that of the irate little captain, and added aloud—'I shall always laugh when I think of this droll adventure. By the way, I have a lecture to attend at four, and my watch only gives me five minutes to reach the university; *au revoir!*'

'*Au revoir!*' replied the captain; and the student entered the café to seek his portfolio, without which no German student enters a lecture-room.

As he went out he met the landlord; and after describing the stranger, demanded whether his name was known at the café.

'Oh yes,' replied the landlord; 'he dines here almost every day, generally at a late hour, and has grand discussions with the Herr Doctor Matthesius Weitstrecken, who is, as you know, professor extraordinary* of the philosophic faculty at the university.'

'Who is he, then?' rejoined the student. 'I am interested in making his acquaintance.'

'Why, they say, Herr Baron, that he is a gentleman from Scotland; and that, as a physiognomist, he beats somebody whose name I cannot at the moment'——

'Lavater, perhaps?' suggested the student.

'Yes, that's the name,' said the landlord—'beats Lavater hollow. That's it! And his name is Herr ——: that's the name as near as I can pronounce it.'

'Thank you,' said the student, as he hastened off to his lecture, well resolved not to despise the warning of the stranger, and to dine *after* the lecture on the morrow. He even caught himself reflecting on the curious ways in which nature writes her secrets on material forms during a discourse by a great transcendental transcendentalist, which amply demonstrated that everything and nothing were identical; and that black and white were only the same idea at bottom, rendered contradictory by the absolute unity of their elementary principles. The student, who was at least as great a metaphysician as his master, lay awake all night pondering over the astounding fact, that a strange Scotchman should discover at a glance what all his profound analyses of human nature, and the primitive elements of thought, had left him utterly blind to.

Within three days after his eyes had been thus opened he knew all. The captain's vague inuendoes and dark hints as to the past and present conduct of the Geheim-Rath's (secret state-counsellor's) daughter were all explained. His eagerness to dissuade the baron from ruining himself by marrying an extravagant, and, whatever report might say, portionless bride, were fully accounted for. The captain had made the attempt to supplant him, after having, as he believed, hopelessly embroiled the student with his mistress. The young heiress, forewarned of his perfidy, had rejected the offer with suppressed contempt; and Hugo Baron von Reichenheim was betrothed to the object of his long-cherished dreams, and subsequently popular poem.

Within three months he had taken his degree, and invited the strange professor of physiognomy to his wedding. Whether the captain ever made the professor eat his written words, as threatened, we never heard. But as the physiognomist in question was our intimate friend, and never mentioned the circumstance, we suspect the valiant guardsman of not having kept his promise to the letter.

* That is, supernumerary without fixed salary, and living on hope, literature, and the chance of subscribers to his courses of lectures.

GAS-LIGHT—ITS INVENTORS AND IMPROVERS.

We believe that the daily applications of science to economic purposes would excite a greater degree of interest, and attract the attention of a larger portion of the community, if the nature and history of such discoveries were more familiarly known. In this remark we do not refer to discoveries in science, properly so speaking; these require, to be appreciated, a certain acquaintance with the subject to which they belong, which is perhaps only possessed by those who have seriously engaged in its study. To the purely scientific investigator, the attainment of knowledge is the aim, and the discovery of a new fact or principle is his reward. Such men are the pioneers in the march towards physical improvement, though they may be themselves unconscious of their mission; and the facts which they are the means of bringing to light, while they possess a special value in as far as they contribute to the extension of knowledge for its own sake, have also a special interest for those who devote themselves to such acquirements. It is not in this light, however, that we regard them at present. Apart from the special importance to which we have alluded, the facts of science are often fraught with

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valuable applications to the useful arts, which may not happen to be followed out to this end by the cultivator of science alone: the economic powers which they contain are often left to be trained into service by more practical men, who are usually stimulated to the task, as well perhaps for their own profit as for the benefit of the public.

It is a common saying that great discoveries are often made gradually, the progress of knowledge leading slowly but surely towards them; and the remark is peculiarly applicable to many of the useful arts. A happy arrangement is often attained at last, not so much by the labours of one individual, as by a succession of inventors, to whom it is difficult to apportion the credit which each may justly claim. To illustrate these views, and with the hope of exciting the interest of our readers in a subject of considerable social importance, we propose to lay before them a short account of the history of gas-making, to which our own attention has recently been directed, by a process which promises to be a valuable contribution towards the cheap production and an extended use of this useful article.

The first notice of the artificial production of an inflammable air from coal is to be found in a letter from the Rev. Dr John Clayton of Kildare to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in the year 1691. In this letter, published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1739, he states that he distilled coal in a close vessel, and obtained abundance of gas, which he collected in bladders, and afterwards burnt for the amusement of his friends. Other experimenters, among whom Bishop Watson is conspicuous ('Chemical Essays'), confirmed Dr Clayton's discovery; and the properties of coal-gas, and the method of preparing it, thus became well known to chemists.

The idea of applying this air for purposes of illumination seems to have first occurred to Mr Murdoch—an engineer residing at Redruth in Cornwall.* In the year 1792 he commenced a series of experiments on the gases obtained by the action of heat upon coal, wood, peat, and other inflammable substances, and actually prepared coal-gas on a scale sufficiently large to light up his own house and office. Five years after, while living at Cumnock in Ayrshire, he again erected a coal-gas apparatus. In 1798 he was engaged to put up his apparatus at the manufactory of Messrs Boulton and Watt, Soho, near Birmingham, where he continued to experiment, with occasional interruptions, until the year 1802. It does not appear, however, that much attention was excited by these first efforts at gas-lighting, except among a very few scientific individuals, until the general illumination at the Peace of Amiens afforded opportunity for a more public display. On this occasion the front of the manufactory was brilliantly lighted up by the new method, and it at once attracted the wonder and admiration of every one who saw it. 'All Birmingham poured forth to view the spectacle; and strangers carried to every part of the country an account of what they had seen. It was spread about everywhere by the newspapers; easy modes of making gas were described; and coal was distilled in tobacco-pipes at the fireside all over the kingdom.'

By the exertions of a Mr Winsor, a company was formed for supplying London with gas; but it struggled for many years with the difficulties at once of inexperience and public prejudice, and was a cause of loss to many individuals. This is the less to be wondered at, as the coal-gas first produced was not in a state of great purity: it was injurious to many articles of furniture, and to wares exposed in shops, and it had a very disagreeable smell. In course of time, however, methods have been devised, by the joint labours of the chemist and practical engineer, to remove nearly all its noxious and disagreeable qualities; and now the whole apparatus for making gas and the mode of its purification seem to be so perfect in well-constructed gas-works, that it is doubtful whether much remains to be done either in simplifying the processes or improving the quality of the product *from coal*.

The following is a brief and general statement of the process by which the best coal-gas is made:—Cannel or parrot-coal is quickly shovelled into a red-hot cylinder of iron or clay, and the mouth of the cylinder being closed by an appropriate lid, the vapours which instantly arise from the coal are carried away by a wide tube which passes from the cylinder into a series of vessels, where the mixed product is cooled, and loses much condensible matter: thus partially purified, the gas still contains sulphureous, and other vapours, which, if allowed to remain, would give it a very nauseous smell, and tarnish paint and metallic surfaces wherever it was burnt. To remove these impurities, it is subjected, in some gas-works, to dilute sulphuric acid, which separates ammonia; but it is mainly purified by quicklime, contained in a series of vessels, through which it is made to pass; and being thus cleared from all sulphureous gases, it flows on to the gasometer, where it is stored for use.

The change from all the older modes of illumination to the employment of coal-gas was certainly a very remarkable one, whether we look to the novelty of the method or to the brilliancy and economy of the light; yet it has only stimulated to the search for better methods and greater economy, and few arts have produced so many inventions in so short a time, or led to so great an expenditure in patents. It was a very natural step from the production of gas from coal to attempt to make it from oil, and it was not long before oil-gas appeared to compete with the other. The advantages claimed for the new gas were the simplicity of its preparation, for no purifiers were required; it could have no noxious qualities not equally pertaining to oil-lamps or candles; it gave a more brilliant light, and took longer time to burn, than an equal bulk of coal-gas. All these merits, however, though justly belonging to it, have not enabled it to compete with the superior economy of its progenitor, and oil-gas may be now considered to be in disuse.

The gases which have been spoken of, whether from coal or oil, are not simple or uncompounded airs: they both consist of an air called hydrogen in combination with charcoal. When pure hydrogen is burned, it gives a very feeble light; but if a small portion of an incombustible substance be held in its flame, such as a piece of thin platinum wire, the wire becomes heated to whiteness, and is strongly luminous: it is said to be incandescent. In a common gas flame the charcoal is separated from the hydrogen before it is consumed; and thus losing its gaseous form, it exists for an instant in the condition of minute solid particles suspended in the flame. This fact, first explained by Sir Humphry Davy, can be made apparent by the introduction of the edge of a white plate into the burning gas. If the plate be thrust into the lowest part of the jet where the flame is blue, it will not be stained, because the charcoal is still in the gaseous state; but if it be raised to the middle of the flame, where the light is brilliant, it is instantly coated with charcoal. In accordance with these facts, it is seen that heated particles of charcoal are the source of light emitted from coal-gas; and as the luminosity of incandescent bodies is greater as the heat is more intense, an increase of light should be obtained by increasing the temperature of a flame by more rapid combustion—an object which is in so far effected in the Argand and other improved burners.

As early as about the beginning of the present century, Dr Thomas Young in London, and Dr Ure in

* Mr Murdoch was a native of Scotland. There is a good full-sized portrait of him in the halls of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.—Ed.

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Glasgow (1806), introduced a jet of oxygen (the great supporter of combustion) into the interior of the flame of a lamp, and thereby produced a more rapid combustion and an increase of light.

In 1838 and 1839 patents were taken by Mr G. Gurney for a similar method of burning an Argand oil-lamp, and also for coal-gas. This light, commonly attributed to him, takes its name from his residence in Cornwall, and is called the Bude Light. Mr Gurney also improved the London coal-gas for his lamp, by passing it through a vessel of naphtha, a vaporisable substance abounding in charcoal; and he finally obtained a light of so great brilliancy, that for flames of equal size it was twelve times more luminous than ordinary gas. Unfortunately, the Bude light is troublesome to manage, and expensive; and though it has been tried by the Trinity Board with a view to its introduction in lighthouses, and was used for some time to light up the House of Commons, we believe that it has been abandoned in both cases, and its expense is likely to prevent it from being ever generally adopted.

The principle of an incandescent solid body being the main source of the luminosity of flame, is beautifully apparent in another intense light, obtained by directing a stream of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases upon lime or clay. It was first noticed by Dr Hare of Philadelphia, who used clay as the incandescent substance; but lime was subsequently employed at the suggestion of Mr Gurney, and it is now usually called the Lime-ball Light. The flame of the mixed gases which contain no solid matter is scarcely visible; but the heat is intense, and the lime at so high a temperature is almost too brilliant for the eye to look upon. It has been proposed to use the lime-ball as a miniature sun, where one powerful lamp might supersede a great number of ordinary lights; but it is not easily managed, and, like the Bude light, it is expensive.

Of late years experimenters in gas-making have mainly directed their attention towards new methods for procuring it at a cheaper rate than its present cost. And the easy preparation of hydrogen gas from water, long known to chemists, has especially pointed to it as a basis for their operations. Water, which is a compound of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—is decomposed at a red heat both by iron and charcoal. If steam, for instance, be forced through a mass of red-hot iron filings, its oxygen is retained by the iron, and its hydrogen, which is an inflammable gas, passes off by itself. If, again, steam be passed through a quantity of red-hot charcoal or coke, it is equally decomposed; but in this case its oxygen is not retained; it forms gaseous compounds with the charcoal, which come over along with the hydrogen. In both cases the resulting gases will burn—but they give a very feeble light. In fact the *water gases*, as we may call them, cannot give much light, from their deficiency in charcoal, which we have already shown to be the great source of light in ordinary flame. On the other hand, there are many substances of no great value which, when heated, abound in vapours rich in charcoal—such are coal-tar, naphtha, resin, turpentine, &c.—but they deposit a great quantity of their charcoal when exposed to a decomposing temperature, and cannot be profitably converted into gas. Now if the water or other gases deficient in charcoal, and the tar or resin vapours holding it in excess, could be combined together, the probability is great that they would produce a gas of good illuminating power, and at a cheaper rate also than it can be manufactured from coal.

Viewing this problem theoretically, the chemist has some reason to doubt the facility of solving it; yet he is aware that otherwise improbable unions do take place when bodies meet each other in what may be called a nascent condition. And it is possible so to present the water gases and the resin vapours to each other. Next to the first experiments by which coal-gas was brought into notice, we regard this era in the history of gas-making as the most interesting, and will therefore plead no excuse for narrating a number of its inventions. They may be regarded in four different groups—namely, those in which coal-gas is sought to be improved by the addition of carboniferous vapours; where the water gases are treated in the same way; where inferior gases are produced at the same time with the vapour of tar and resin; and finally, where the water gases are brought into contact, at a red heat, with the vapours forming from tar, resins, or oils. Mr Gurney's method of improving the London coal-gas for the Bude burner is an example of the first; and had the union of the gas with the naphtha vapour been permanent, the feat would have been accomplished. But the naphtha vapour is liable to be condensed into a liquid, and the improved gas cannot be passed through any great length of pipe. A patent was taken for a similar plan, however, in 1842, with what success we are not acquainted. In the second group we may rank a process by M. Jobard, which he invented in 1833, and laid before the Royal Academy of Brussels, who reported favourably on it in the beginning of 1834. It appears to have consisted in the production of gases from water, which were simply passed through liquid naphtha, so as to take up a portion of its vapour. In 1845 Mr J. Constable obtained a patent for producing gas by throwing steam upon anthracite coal at a red heat, and afterwards passing the mixed gas, with a certain portion of common air, through turpentine, to improve its luminosity. The same process, we believe, or a very similar one, was reproduced very lately in America, and had for a short time a considerable notoriety in the public prints. In all these cases the gases sought to be improved can only obtain a mechanical mixture of the vapours which increase their light; and as even the best coal or oil gases soon deteriorate when kept, it is not to be expected that such condensible vapours as those of naphtha or turpentine should remain with the gases which have imbibed with them, especially if the temperature is lowered. The third group includes a process patented by Mr Cobold in 1838, in which he produced gas fit for illumination by distilling peat saturated with coal-tar; and a patent process by J. C. Robertson in 1848, in which he proposes to distil a mixture of resin, sawdust, and some alkaline matters, passes the vapours over red-hot surfaces, and thereby produces, among other products, a gas fit for illumination. In the last group we include a second process by M. Jobard, which he appears to have invented soon after his experiments in 1833. He caused the gases formed by passing steam upon red-hot coke to come in contact with the vapours arising from resinous substances in a heated cylinder; his invention was sold by him for 10,000 francs to an individual in Paris, who passed it off as his own, and not only received for it gold medals from the Society of Encouragement and the Academy of Industry, but was in 1839 about to obtain the cross of the Legion of Honour, when the fraud was discovered.

In 1839 a patent was granted in England to M. de val Marino for a process essentially, if not actually, the same as Jobard's. The apparatus of this patent consisted in three upright cylinders filled with coke in small pieces, and brought to a bright red heat; water was allowed to drop into one of them, coal-tar into another, and the products from both were brought into contact in the third, from which the gas was led off in pipes. The quantity of water introduced, compared with the tar, was made a matter of calculation, but in practice it was regulated by the workman superintending the process, who had a small burner as a test of the quality of his product, and could increase or diminish the quantity of either ingredient according

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to its indications. Practically and economically this method has proved a failure, owing to carbonic acid in the water gases, and sulphurous vapours given out by the coke—which greatly injured the illuminating power—and more especially from the tar in the second retort producing so rapid an incrustation around the coke, as speedily to destroy its decomposing power, and prevent all egress of gas through it. In 1845 a patent was taken by Mr J. Murdoch for a method of bringing the gases from water decomposed by coke in contact with the products distilling from coal and coal-tar, and thereby producing an improved gas; and another very ingenious process, for a similar end, was patented by Mr Croll in 1848. In 1847 Mr Stephen White of Manchester took a patent for what he calls hydro-carbon gas; and in 1849, secured by another patent various improvements in the manufacture of this and other gases for illuminating and heating purposes. His process differs from that of Jobard and Val-de-Marino principally in his substituting wood-charcoal and iron turnings for coke, and in a very improved form of apparatus. Mr White decomposes the carbonic acid in the water gases by causing them to pass through red-hot iron turnings, previous to their contact with the resin vapours. Water is made to drop into the top of a red-hot upright cylinder, the upper part of which is filled with wood charcoal, and the lower part with scrap iron or iron turnings; the water is decomposed by the charcoal before it meets the iron through which the newly-formed gases must also pass to arrive at the exit-pipe; they are then conveyed into a horizontal cylinder, also at a red heat, in which they meet with the carboniferous vapours arising from the decomposition of a small stream of melted resin or coal-tar, and (it is asserted) combine with them so as to form a permanent and highly-luminous gas. We have not ourselves seen or examined this gas, but we know it to be the opinion of individuals who have done so, and are apparently competent to decide the question, that an actual union is effected, and its applicability to all purposes of illumination in which coal-gas could be used is no longer a matter of speculation or opinion, but of fact. The towns of Southport in Lancashire, and Ruthin in Wales, are lighted up by it; and it has been for some time in use in a large factory in Manchester, and in several private establishments in different places.

The main superiority of this kind of gas over that which is produced from coal is its greater cheapness. One hundredweight of resin, which may be bought, including an estimate for carriage, for three or four shillings, is said to produce not less than from 1800 to 2000 feet of gas, yielding at the same time a residual oil equal to half the value of the resin; and the other materials, exclusive of the cost of fuel for heating the apparatus, may be had for a few pence. One individual, who lights up a large hotel in Harrowgate with this gas, states that he fills his gasometer, containing 1100 cubic feet, at a cost of thirteen pence for the gas-yielding materials—a price far below that for which he could get the same amount of gas from coals. In addition to its greater cheapness, this gas is also estimated by competent judges to be superior to the best coal-gas in brilliancy as well as durability; and it possesses several great advantages over coal, which will render it especially desirable for private establishments—namely, the smaller bulk and easier management of the apparatus, as well as its freedom from the offensive smells so characteristic of a coal-gas manufactory. In conclusion, we may observe that we have made particular mention of Mr White's apparatus, in connection with what appears to be a great improvement in gas-making, because we believe that it exhibits the principle reduced at last to a simple and an efficient working condition; and we have the greater pleasure in lending our assistance to its publicity, for this reason, that while we are interested in every invention which promises to minister to the wants, or to increase the comfort of the community, we regard the cheaper production of light not only in this view, but as a powerful aid towards the moral and intellectual improvement of the industrious classes.

AN ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

William and Ellen Craft were reared in Georgia, and living near each other at Macon, they became in time man and wife. Their lot as slaves was not of the worst kind, but they nevertheless formed an ardent wish to escape from their bondage—an object in which they were at last successful. We for our own part know nothing of the couple beyond what they themselves relate. Their narration, however, involves such singular adventures, and forms so curious a contrast with the ordinary usages of a civilised country, that we are induced to give it a place in these pages.

William, who is a black man, had been apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, and in this occupation he in time became a source of considerable profit to his owner—not less, he says, than L.45 a year. It was from gains made by himself in over-work that he realised the means of making his escape. Ellen, who is nearly white, belonged to a tyrannical lady, who, being annoyed at finding her often mistaken for a child of the family, gave her, when she was eleven years old, as a wedding-gift to her daughter. In the care of that lady she was better treated; but she nevertheless longed for freedom. Whenever she and William met after their marriage, they contrived and discussed plans of escape. At length, in 1848, they resolved on the ingenious expedient of disguising Ellen as a white young gentleman, while William should act as his servant, or rather slave. By cautious degrees they procured the necessary articles, buying one at one place, and another at another. Ellen then asked leave to go to see a sick aunt, and, after much intreaty, received the necessary permission. William, with much difficulty, obtained a similar permission to accompany his wife; and they lost no time in availing themselves of the liberty granted, that they might extend it to a point little thought of by the master and mistress. William cut off his wife's hair, and provided her with a pair of green spectacles. There was one difficulty which for a while puzzled them: this was, that at the railway-offices, &c. they might be asked to write their names, and neither of them could read a letter, much less write one. So it was fixed that Ellen should pass for a very sickly young gentleman suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, which required the right hand to be kept poulticed.

This ignorance of being able to read, on more than one occasion nearly betrayed Ellen. Once a very kind-hearted gentleman, pitying her delicacy, presented her with a receipt for rheumatism, for which she thanked him politely, and, folding it carefully up, put it in her pocket, lest, in pretending to read it, she might hold it upside down.

They first travelled to Savannah, and then took the steamboat to Charleston in South Carolina. On arriving there they went to the first hotel. William took care to secure a good room for his master, and to provide two hot poultices for the rheumatic hand and face. These, however, were not used till the poor invalid had tried to get some rest; the faithful slave then went to blacken the master's boots, and to perform all the usual necessary services; after which, dinner being served, the master with all honour was seated at the guest-table, and treated with the best viands, while the slave was sent off to the kitchen with a rusty knife and fork and broken plate to get a few rough scraps. These, however, suited him as well as daintier fare, for appetite failed him at the moment, and he returned to the side of his master, who soon finished the repast, and, leaning on his slave for support, returned to the steamer.

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When they reached the office, the master asked for tickets for himself and servant to Philadelphia. The clerk requested him to write his name, to which he replied by pointing to his poulticed arm, and requesting the clerk to write the name. He declined, saying such was not his duty; but the difficulty was met by the captain of the steamer offering to do it, and William Johnston's name was entered on the books.

On arriving at Wilmington, they took the railway, and travelled through Virginia. At Petersburg an old gentleman with two nice daughters got into the car along with the master. The old gentleman soon entered into conversation, and expressing much sympathy with the poor young man on his bad health, invited him to recline on the couch (which in the American railway cars stretches across one end of the saloon-like apartment), and also to take off his boots. These attentions were suffered, in the hope that further conversation would be avoided. The interesting young gentleman seemed to excite much sympathy in the young ladies, who were overheard expressing their interest in warm terms: they handed him refreshments, and vied with each other in attentions till they reached Richmond, Virginia, where the old gentleman and his daughters left the train, but not before warmly inviting their fellow-passenger to visit them whenever he went that way again.

The fugitives proceeded in the same way, with many terrors excited by the various incidents of the road, but in safety, to Fredricksburgh, thence to Washington, and thence to Baltimore, which place they reached on the third day after leaving Macon. Here a great danger awaited them. The slave was accosted, and asked where he was going. He said he belonged to a sick young gentleman, and was going to Philadelphia. They were then informed that no negro was allowed to pass from the slave into the free states, between which this was the boundary, without a certificate to prove that all was right, and that they must go to the office to be examined. The clerk asked the master, 'Is this your servant?' to which he replied in the affirmative. 'Well, then,' said the clerk, 'it is against our rules to allow any slaves to pass unless we have security that all is right. You must get some gentleman who knows you to certify that you have a right to take this fellow with you.' The master replied, with more energy than could have been expected from a person of such delicate appearance, 'that he had bought tickets in Charleston to take both to Philadelphia; that he knew several gentlemen there, but that he did not know it was necessary to bring them along with him to certify that he was master of his own slave.' 'Well,' said the clerk, 'you must stay here then, as it is against our rules to let you pass.' But in the end, after some minutes' deliberation and consultation, he said—'I don't know what to do about it; but he is a sick young fellow, and I suppose I must tell the conductor to let him and his slave go on.' So the two fugitives, with trepidation which can scarcely be conceived, but with thankfulness of heart, resumed their seats in the train, and entered the free states.

Here the coloured man had to be parted from his master, and to take his seat in the negro car, where he made inquiries as to lodging-houses in Philadelphia, and being satisfied as to the character of one for the coloured people, he repaired to it with his wearied but thankful wife, who concurred with him in thinking the effort well repaid by their being free; and though not a penny almost was left them, they considered the hard savings of all their previous lives well spent in securing the blessed boon of liberty. They made their case known to the lodging-house keeper, who introduced them to several friends, who thought it best for them to remove to Boston, where their safety was less liable to be endangered. Accordingly they repaired to that city, where they settled down, William to pursue his trade of cabinetmaking, and Ellen to work with her needle.

In this way they maintained themselves respectably, and procured a little education, so as to enable them to read and write. They had formed pleasant plans for the winter of 1850 and 1851, of working in the day, and going to evening-schools to obtain what they so much prized—a little more learning—when the fugitive-slave law came into operation; and on the very first evening they attended the school, the warrant was issued for their apprehension, and the slave-catchers were abroad in Boston. William Craft lost no time in placing his beloved Ellen in a situation of concealment, and, as he hoped, safety, and then he left her, thinking at the time he would never see her again; for although he had resolved never to go back to slavery again, he fully contemplated that he should die in the attempt to resist his captors. The excitement and agitation of the three or four days' hunt in Boston were extreme; but William and Ellen ultimately succeeded in getting on board a British vessel, while the kidnappers were at New York.

They arrived about three months since in Liverpool, where, for the first time, they set foot on really free soil. They are described as very interesting and intelligent persons. Ellen is a gentle, refined-looking young creature of twenty-four years, as fair as most of her British sisters, and in mental qualifications their equal too. William is very dark, but of a reflective, intelligent countenance, and of manly and dignified deportment.

LIBRARY COBWEBS.

Diapason of Laughter.—An ancient writer has remarked that the five vowels form a diapason for the laugh in general. According to this singular observer, man laughs in A, woman in E, the devout woman in I, the countryman in O, and the old woman in U. We should, however, observe that the first vowel must be sounded like the Italian A, or like that letter in the word father, which is the sound given to this keystone of knowledge in almost all languages but our own. We leave it to the reader fond of a laugh to ascertain how far the assertion of the eccentric author is borne out in the manly *Ha, ha, ha!* and the feminine titter, so full of malice, *He, he, he!* The vowel I might also seem to express the more devout laugh, partaking rather of the languid *Heigho!* than the gay and hearty *Ha, ha, ha!* How well, too, the O sounds the merriment of the honest countryman, whose gaiety arises more from astonishment than from any lively perception of the ridiculous. Some village wit has been repeating for the hundredth time some wonderful tale, or performing some practical joke, and out bursts the boisterous *Ho, ho, ho!* Lastly, the poor old lady, forced to economise her breath, finds the fifth vowel more kind to her infirmities, and gives utterance to her feeble mirth in an asthmatic *Heu, heu, heu!*

An Italian astronomer, Damascene, published in 1662 a pamphlet of six sheets, printed at Orleans, in which the different temperaments of men and women are indicated by their various kinds of laughs. The laugh in I, says this grave author, denotes the melancholic disposition; in E, the bilious; in A, the phlegmatic; and in O, the sanguine temperaments.

Early Alphabets.—Godefroy Henselius, in his 'Synopsis Universæ Philologiæ,' published at Nuremberg so late as the year 1741, gives the alphabets of Adam, Enoch, and Noah; and even dwells at some length on the language spoken by the angels. Another author, Andrew Kempe, maintains that God spoke to our first parents in Swedish, and that Adam replied in Dutch; and, as if to confirm the ancient reputation of the French for gallantry, he declares that the serpent tempted Eve in French.

Peculiarities in Authors.—The French historian, Mezerai, wrote only by candle-light, even in the day-time, and in the middle of summer. He never failed to conduct his visitors to the door with a candle in his

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hand; and whenever he wrote, a bottle of wine was always placed on the table. Varillas, contemporary with Mezerai, wrote only at daylight, and pretended that all his knowledge had been acquired in conversation, which might perhaps account for the fabulous statements to be met with in his works. This romantic historian boasted that he never dined out once during thirty-four years; and he disinherited a nephew because he knew not how to spell. The celebrated French jurisconsult Cujas always wrote and studied while stretched out on a carpet with his books around him. Magliabecchi, a learned Italian of the seventeenth century, passed all his life in the midst of books. His meals were most frugal, and a few eggs, with a little bread and water, his ordinary food. His usual bed was the chair he sat in; and, surrounded by his books, his thoughts were wholly absorbed in study. The only beings he appeared to take an interest in were his spiders; and he would often cry out to those visitors whose curiosity appeared to him imprudent, to take care and not injure his spiders. It was to this celebrated librarian that a Cardinal Noris wrote, 'that he was more obliged to him for having directed his studies than to the pope for making him a cardinal.'

Learned Infant.—Among the numerous infant prodigies and examples of precocious learning, the most remarkable on record was Christian Henry Heinecken, born in Lubeck in 1721. It is related that at ten months this extraordinary infant was acquainted with geography, as well as ancient and modern history; and when only two years and a half old, he could speak with fluency the French and Latin languages. He was taken to Denmark in his fourth year, where he harangued the king and royal family. His body was delicate and infirm, and he was averse to every kind of food but his nurse's milk. He died in 1725, in the fourth year of his age; and his death is stated to have been so edifying, as to have astonished those who beheld it still more than the wonderful knowledge he displayed during his brief existence.

'MARK ISAMBARD BRUNEL.'

In an article with the above title, in No. 368 of this Journal, the invention of the blockmaking machinery in Portsmouth dockyard is attributed to Brunel. We are now assured, however, that many of the most money-saving machines subservient to the manufacture of blocks were invented by General Bentham, and were actually in use in that dockyard before the year 1802, in which Brunel first presented himself to the general. It was not by the friendly offices of either Lord or Lady Spencer that Brunel's part of that machinery was introduced. By General Bentham's advice it was proposed to the Admiralty in 1802, during Lord St Vincent's naval administration; and through his recommendation, both private and official, it was adopted. The remuneration to Brunel was not L.20,000, but L.16,621, 8s. 10d., being the precise amount of a year's savings made by manufacturing blocks and blockmaker's wares on government account, instead of obtaining them, as theretofore, by contract.

AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

I encountered to-day in a ravine some three miles' distant, among the gold-washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl, by the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, 'Three weeks and an ounce!' Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B——, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, 'How deep did you find the stream?—what did you get for your butter?' 'Up to the knee and ninepence,' was the reply. 'Ah!' said the judge to himself, 'she is the girl for me; no words lost there:' turned back, proposed, and was accepted, and married the next week. And a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned—its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last perhaps capsized, take a lesson of the judge, that 'up to the knee and ninepence' is worth all the love-letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.—*American Paper.*

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

THE TEMPLE IN DARKNESS.

Darkness broods upon the temple,
Glooms along the lonely aisles,
Fills up all the orient window,
Whence, like little children's wiles,
Shadows—purple, azure, golden—
Broke upon the floor in smiles.

From the great heart of the organ
Bursts no voice of chant or psalm;
All the air, by music-pulses
Stirred no more, floats deathly calm;
And no precious incense rising,
Falls, like good men's prayers, in balm.

Not a sound of living footstep
Echoes on the marble floor;
Not a sigh of stranger passing
Pierces through the closed door.
Quenched the light upon the altar:
Where the priest stood, none stands more.

Lord, why hast thou left thy temple
Scorned of man, disowned by thee?
Rather let thy right hand crush it,
None its desolation see!
List—'He who the temple builded
Doth his will there. Let it be!'

A LIGHT IN THE TEMPLE.

Lo, a light within the temple!
Whence it cometh no man knows;
Barred the doors: the night-black windows
Stand apart in solemn rows.
All without seems gloom eternal,
Yet the glimmer comes and goes—

As if silent-footed angels
Through the dim aisles wandered fair,
Only seen amid the darkness
By the glory in their hair.
Till at the forsaken altar
They all met, and praised God there!

Now the light grows!—fuller, clearer!
Hark, the organ 'gins to sound,
Faint, like broken spirit crying
Unto Heaven from the ground;
While the chorus of the angels
Mingles everywhere around!

Lo, the altar shines all radiant,
Though no mortal priest there stands,
And no earthly congregation
Worships with uplifted hands:
Yet They gather, slow and saint-like,
In innumerable bands!

And the chant celestial rises
Where the human prayers have ceased:
No tear-sacrifice is offered,
For all anguish is appeased.
Through its night of desolation,
To His temple comes—the Priest!

DECISION.

Things should not be done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—*Bishop Hall.*

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'I SWEEPS THE CROSSING.'

SOME time ago there was a little boy introduced to one of the police-offices in London, as a witness of some offence, who astonished the magistrate and the audience by the betrayal of a degree of ignorance hardly conceivable. If he had been the child of an Australian savage, and now for the first time brought into contact with civilised men, he could not have been more utterly destitute of knowledge either of the things of this life, or of the hopes of that which is to come. And the wretched boy seemed to feel his degradation; for it was with a gloomy look and a sullen voice he gave in his perpetual 'No!' to the interrogatories that were intended to ascertain whether he possessed the common intelligence of a human being. But there was at length one question put—'How do you get your living?'—which roused him from his stupor; and suddenly raising his head, and looking boldly round him into the eyes that were fixed upon his, he answered in a clear voice, 'I sweeps the crossing!' He did not know how to read or write; he did not know that falsehood was less commendable than truth; he did not know that there was a God; he did not know that there was a future state—

'My poor boy,' said the magistrate in a voice of wonder and compassion, 'what *do* you know?'

'I knows how to sweep the crossing!' And straightway the boy felt as if there was some link between his questioners and himself, as if he was not wholly an outcast from the social system, as if he had a place and a position in the world, and as if he had a right to be in it.

This is a true interpretation of the boy's look and tone; and we venture to affirm that a corresponding change took place in the estimate formed of him by the bystanders. Their compassion remained, but their contempt was gone. They unconsciously admitted his claims. They regarded him as one of themselves, only more hardly treated by fortune; and low as his post was in the general system, they knew that it belonged to it as well as their own. They lamented his ignorance; they execrated the neglect with which he had been treated by his natural guardians; but nevertheless they respected that boy as having something to do in the community, and as knowing how to do it.

The idea we are trying to bring out will be comprehended with painful distinctness by those who have had the misfortune to be thrown into temporary want of employment. Such persons will easily call to mind that their uneasy thoughts about the future recurred only at intervals, while their permanent state of mind was composed of a feeling of isolation and insignificance. A barrier was between them and their employed brethren; they had no part in the general business; their presence was an interruption and a reproach; and they stole along the street like criminals and castaways. They made way, with a feeling of unconscious respect, for the porter staggering along under his load. They stood aside to let the living current pass, with their thoughtful eyes, determined step, and preoccupied minds. For themselves they were nothing—worse than nothing; they were an exception to the rule, a discord in the harmony—a blot, an excess, a superfluity: they had not a crossing to sweep in all the highways of the wide world!

There is another class who might seem to be in a very different position: those who are idle from choice, or from want of energy. But if we consider their lot we find so many analogies between them and the compulsory idler, that we almost come to the conclusion that want of employment is no negative, but a positive substantive thing, whose properties are only slightly modified by the character of the subjects on which they act. They belong to the class who are said to be born with a silver spoon in their mouths—a self-acting spoon, which fills the mouth without troubling the hand. It might seem, at first view, that such persons had nothing to do but to sit still and submit patiently to the comforts and luxuries of life; but if we examine them a little closer, we find them amenable to the same law of work as their fellows, and subject to the same penalties for its contravention. The boy of this class studies as hard, and learns as much at school as any other boy; and when he arrives at manhood he seeks out a crossing for himself, and applies himself to it as energetically as if his bread depended on his industry. Some of these voluntary workers are farmers, some magistrates, some statesmen, some one thing, some another; each prides himself on a particular line; and all yoke themselves quietly, and as a matter of course, in the great harness of the commonwealth. Their money purchases anything but rest; their independence is no independence of toil; and for the one avenue of anxiety in their case closed, a hundred others are open which their humbler brethren know nothing about.

If such persons resemble the workers of the other classes, so do the optional idlers of all resemble each other. The difference is merely conventional; the real character is the same. Ignorance, stupidity, and profligacy, are only superficially different in a cellar and a palace; and in both they draw down the contempt of the world. If the idleness is mere indolence—if it escapes temptation through want of sensibility, and the individual is only negatively virtuous because he has

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not energy enough to be vicious, then he passes, in whatever station he may be, with simple disregard. The rank of one may excite the admiration of the vulgar, just as the rags of another may be looked upon as adjuncts of the picturesque; but in both cases the wearer, be he lord or beggar, is a complete nonentity.

Generally speaking, men of all stations are trained from their boyhood to work in some way or other; and the optional idlers are the Pariahs and outcasts of their class. But with women the case is for the most part different; and this, we venture to surmise, is the true reason why the stigma of frivolity attaches in a peculiar manner to the sex. A woman of the lower rank is rarely frivolous, because work is compulsory with her; while in the higher rank it is only a comparatively small number who, yielding to a natural taste, choose their own crossings, whether in art, needlework, music, housekeeping, economy, or any other department. Such women, however common the taste may be, have a definite place in society—there is no mistake about them; and their opinion is always listened to with respect on their own subject. They are not liable to be passed over without notice, or to be grouped in classes, or spoken of as abstractions. 'Who is that?' said one of the women-workers whose crossing is literature, addressing us at an evening party—'I never know one young lady from another: they seem to me to be all sets of ringlets!'

It is both unscriptural and unreasonable to suppose, as is very commonly done, that the law of work was intended as a penalty upon fallen Adam. Adam, when this law came into operation, was no longer in Eden, but a denizen of this stubborn earth, which, like the angel at Piniel, yields its blessing only on compulsion. The penal sentence was exile; and work was accorded, not merely as a means of rendering the exile tolerable, but of turning the wilderness into a garden, typical of the lost paradise. Man was indeed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and woman to bring forth in sorrow. In both, endurance and energy were necessary, yet in both, the result was joy and exultation. We do not live in this world by bread alone, neither are children the only sources of solace and delight; but in *any* way in which laudable perseverance is shown, in which toil is cheerfully borne, in which pain is proudly endured, the sentence of the Lord of the Garden is fulfilled. Idleness in this point of view is sin, and the wages of sin is moral death: it is a breach of the divine law, and the offender is punished even in our present life by the forfeiture of the respect of his fellow-men.

To this point we confine ourselves here. To obtain the respect of the world, we must fill properly our place as links in the social chain: we must work, and work with purpose and intelligence. Set a merchant to dig the earth with a spade, and see what kind of job he will make of his husbandry! Set a rustic labourer to the business of the counting-house, and mark with what a wild stare he will look at its simple implements of industry! Each of these men, however, is perfect in his own department: he knows how to sweep his crossing, and he does it; and the one is as necessary as the other to the work of society, and as respectable in his degree.

It is an old saying, and deserves more attention than it usually receives, that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. We may be dissatisfied with our present employment; we may consider that we are fit for something better; we may long to try some more feasible crossing: but while waiting for opportunity, or seeking it, let us by all means do what we are about to the very best of our ability. It is an admirable thing for a man to know, and do some one thing thoroughly. It gives him confidence in himself, and obtains for him the confidence of others. However humble his position, however unsuccessful his efforts in the world, he has an inward satisfaction to the last. He looks back upon no wasted years, no abused powers. When death approaches, he feels that he has lived—that, in so far as work is concerned, he has fulfilled the law; and in turning away from the things of time to address himself to that new prospect which opens out like a gleam of light amid clouds and darkness, he thanks God that, to the best of his strength, and of his skill, and of his opportunities, he has swept his crossing! L. R.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

'EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.'

A SMARTER trader, a keener appreciator of the tendencies to a rise or fall in colonial produce—sugars more especially—than John Linden, of Mincing Lane, it would have been difficult to point out in the wide city of London. He was not so immensely rich as many others engaged in the same merchant-traffic as himself; nothing at all like it, indeed, for I doubt that he could at any time have been esteemed worth more than from eighty to ninety thousand pounds; but his transactions, although limited in extent when compared with those of the mammoth colonial houses, almost always returned more or less of profit; the result of his remarkable keenness and sagacity in scenting hurricanes, black insurrections, and emancipation bills, whilst yet inappreciable, or deemed afar off, by less sensitive organizations. At least to this wonderful prescience of future sugar-value did Mr Linden himself attribute his rise in the world, and gradual increase in rotundity, riches, and respectability. This constant success engendered, as it is too apt to do, inordinate egotism, conceit, self-esteem, vanity. There was scarcely a social, governmental, or economical problem which he did not believe himself capable of solving as easily as he could eat his dinner when hungry. Common-sense business-habits—his favourite phrase—he believed to be quite sufficient for the elucidation of the most difficult question in law, physic, or divinity. The science of law, especially, he held to be an alphabet which any man—of common sense and business habits—could as easily master as he could count five on his fingers; and there was no end to his ridicule of the men with horse-hair head-dresses, and their quirks, quiddits, cases, tenures, and such-like devil's lingo. Lawyers, according to him, were a set of thorough humbugs and impostors, who gained their living by false pretence—that of affording advice and counsel, which every sane man could better render himself. He was unmistakably mad upon this subject, and he carried his insane theory into practice. He drew his own leases, examined the titles of some house-property he purchased, and set his hand and seal to the final deeds, guided only by his own common-sense spectacles. Once he bid, at the Auction Mart, as high as fifty-three thousand pounds for the Holmford estate, Herefordshire; and had he not been outbidden by young Palliser, son of the then recently-deceased eminent distiller, who was eager to obtain the property, with a view to a seat in parliament which its possession was said to almost insure—he would, I had not at the time the slightest doubt, have completed the purchase, without for a moment dreaming of submitting the vender's title to the scrutiny of a professional adviser. Mr Linden, I should mention, had been for some time desirous of resigning his business in Mincing Lane to his son, Thomas Linden, the only child born to him by his long-since deceased wife, and of retiring, an estated squirearch, to the *otium cum*, or *sine dignitate*, as the case might be, of a country life; and this disposition had of late been much quickened by daily-increasing apprehensions of negro emancipation and revolutionary interference with differential duties—changes which, in conjunction with others of similar character, would

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infallibly bring about that utter commercial ruin which Mr Linden, like every other rich and about-to-retire merchant or tradesman whom I have ever known, constantly prophesied to be near at hand and inevitable.

With such a gentleman the firm of Flint & Sharp had only professional interviews, when procrastinating or doubtful debtors required that he should put on the screw—a process which I have no doubt he would himself have confidently performed, but for the waste of valuable time which doing so would necessarily involve. Both Flint and myself were, however, privately intimate with him—Flint more especially, who had known him from boyhood—and we frequently dined with him on a Sunday at his little box at Fulham. Latterly, we had on these occasions met there a Mrs Arnold and her daughter Catherine—an apparently amiable, and certainly very pretty and interesting young person, to whom, Mr Linden confidentially informed us, his son Tom had been for some time engaged.

'I don't know much about her family,' observed Mr Linden one day, in the course of a gossip at the office, 'but she moves in very respectable society. Tom met her at the Slades'; but I *do* know she has something like thirty-five thousand pounds in the funds. The instant I was informed how matters stood with the young folk, I, as a matter of common sense and business, asked the mother, Mrs Arnold, for a reference to her banker or solicitor—there being no doubt that a woman and a minor would be in lawyers' leading-strings—and she referred me to Messrs Dobson of Chancery Lane. You know the Dobsons?'

'Perfectly: what was the reply?'

'That Catherine Arnold, when she came of age—it wants but a very short time of that now—would be entitled to the capital of thirty-four thousand seven hundred pounds, bequeathed by an uncle, and now lodged in the funds in the names of the trustees, Crowther & Jenkins of Leadenhall Street, by whom the interest on that sum was regularly paid, half-yearly, through the Messrs Dobson, for the maintenance and education of the heiress. A common-sense, business-like letter in every respect, and extremely satisfactory; and as soon as he pleases, after Catherine Arnold comes of age, and into actual possession of her fortune, Tom may have her, with my blessing over the bargain.'

I dined at Laurel Villa, Fulham, about two months after this conversation, and Linden and I found ourselves alone over the dessert—the young people having gone out for a stroll, attracted doubtless by the gay aspect of the Thames, which flows past the miniature grounds attached to the villa. Never had I seen Mr Linden in so gay, so mirthful a mood.

'Pass the decanter,' he exclaimed, the instant the door had closed upon Tom and his *fiancée*. 'Pass the decanter, Sharp; I have news for you, my boy, now they are gone.'

'Indeed; and what may the news be?'

'Fill a bumper for yourself, and I'll give you a toast. Here's to the health and prosperity of the proprietor of the Holmford estate; and may he live a thousand years, and one over!—Hip—hip—hurra!'

He swallowed his glass of wine, and then, in his intensity of glee, laughed himself purple.

'You needn't stare so,' he said, as soon as he had partially recovered breath; 'I am the proprietor of the Holmford property—bought it for fifty-six thousand pounds of that young scant-grace and spendthrift, Palliser—fifteen thousand pounds less than what it cost him, with the outlay he has made upon it. Signed, sealed, delivered, paid for yesterday. Ha! ha! ho! Leave John Linden alone for a bargain! It's worth seventy thousand pounds if it's worth a shilling. I say,' continued he, after a renewed spasm of exuberant mirth, 'not a word about it to anybody—mind! I promised Palliser, who is quietly packing up to be off to Italy, or Australia, or Constantinople, or the devil—all of them, perhaps, in succession—not to mention a word about it till he was well off—you understand? Ha! ha!—ho! ho!' again burst out Mr Linden. 'I pity the poor creditors though! Bless you! I shouldn't have had it at anything like the price, only for his knowing that I was not likely to be running about exposing the affair, by asking lawyers whether an estate in a family's possession, as this was in Dursley's for three hundred years, had a good title or not. So be careful not to drop a word, even to Tom—for my honour's sake. A delicious bargain, and no mistake! Worth, if a penny, seventy thousand pounds. Ha! ha!—ho! ho!'

'Then you have really parted with that enormous sum of money without having had the title to the estate professionally examined?'

'Title! Fiddlestick! I looked over the deeds myself. Besides, haven't I told you the ancestors of Dursley, from whose executors Palliser purchased the estate, were in possession of it for centuries. What better title than prescription can there be?'

'That may be true enough; but still'——

'I ought, you think, to have risked losing the bargain by delay, and have squandered time and money upon fellows in horse-hair wigs, in order to ascertain what I sufficiently well knew already? Pooh! I am not in my second childhood yet!'

It was useless to argue with him; besides the mischief, if mischief there was, had been done, and the not long delayed entrance of the young couple necessitating a change of topic, I innocently inquired what he thought of the Negro Emancipation Bill which Mr Stanley, as the organ of the ministry, had introduced a few evenings previously, and was rewarded by a perfect deluge of loquacious indignation and invective; during a pause in which hurly-burly of angry words I contrived to effect my escape.

'Crowther & Jenkins!' exclaimed one morning Mr Flint, looking up from the 'Times' newspaper he held in his hand. 'Crowther & Jenkins!—what is it we know about Crowther & Jenkins?'

The question was addressed to me, and I, like my partner, could not at the moment precisely recall why those names sounded upon our ears with a certain degree of interest as well as familiarity. 'Crowther & Jenkins!' I echoed. 'True: what *do* we know about Crowther & Jenkins? Oh, I have it!—they are the executors of a will under which young Linden's pretty bride, that is to be, inherits her fortune.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Mr Flint, as he put down the paper, and looked me gravely in the face—'I remember now: their names are in the list of bankrupts. A failure in the gambling corn-trade too. I hope they have not been speculating with the young woman's money.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Mr Linden was announced, and presently in walked that gentleman in a state of considerable excitement.

'I told you,' he began, 'some time ago about Crowther & Jenkins being the persons in whose names Catherine Arnold's money stood in the funds?'

'Yes,' replied Flint; 'and I see by the Gazette they are bankrupts, and, by your face, that they have speculated with your intended daughter-in-law's money, and lost it!'

'Positively so!' rejoined Mr Linden with great heat. 'Drew it out many months ago! But they have exceedingly wealthy connections—at least Crowther has—who will, I suppose, arrange Miss Arnold's claim rather than their relative should be arraigned for felony.'

'Felony!—you are mistaken, my good sir. There is no felony—no *legal* felony, I mean—in the matter. Miss Arnold can only prove against the estate like any other creditor.'

'The devil she can't! Tom, then, must look out for

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another wife, for I am credibly informed there wont be a shilling in the pound.'

And so it turned out. The great corn firm had been insolvent for years; and after speculating desperately, and to a frightful extent, with a view to recover themselves, had failed to an enormous amount—their assets, comparatively speaking, proving to be *nil*.

The ruin spread around, chiefly on account of the vast quantity of accommodation-paper they had afloat, was terrible; but upon no one did the blow fall with greater severity than on young Linden and his promised wife. His father ordered him to instantly break off all acquaintance with Miss Arnold; and on the son, who was deeply attached to her, peremptorily refusing to do so, Linden senior threatened to turn him out of doors, and ultimately disinherit him. Angry, indignant, and in love, Thomas Linden did a very rash and foolish thing: he persuaded Catherine Arnold to consent to a private marriage, arguing that if the indissoluble knot were once fairly tied, his father would, as a matter of course—he being an only child—become reconciled to what he could no longer hope to prevent or remedy.

The imprudent young man deceived both himself and her who trusted in his pleasing plausibilities. Ten minutes after he had disclosed the marriage to his father, he was turned, almost penniless, out of doors; and the exasperated and inexorable old man refused to listen to any representation in his favour, by whomsoever proffered, and finally, even to permit the mention of his name in his hearing.

'It's of no use,' said Mr Flint, on returning for the last time from a mission undertaken to extort, if possible, some provision against absolute starvation for the newly-wedded couple. 'He is as cold and hard as adamant, and I think, if possible, even more of a tiger than before. He will be here presently to give instructions for his will.'

'His will! Surely he will draw that up himself after his own common-sense, business fashion?'

'He would unquestionably have done so a short time since; but some events that have lately occurred have considerably shaken his estimate of his own infallibility, and he is, moreover, determined, he says, that there shall be no mistake as to effectually disinheriting his son. He has made two or three heavy losses, and his mind is altogether in a very cankered, distempered state.'

Mr Linden called, as he had promised to do, and gave us the written heads of a will which he desired to have at once formally drawn up. By this instrument he devised the Holmford estate, and all other property, real and personal, of which he might die possessed, to certain charitable institutions, in varying proportions, payable as soon after his death as the property could be turned into money. 'The statute of mortmain does not give me much uneasiness,' remarked the vindictive old man with a bitter smile. 'I shall last some time yet. I would have left it all to you, Flint,' he added, 'only that I knew you would defeat my purpose by giving it back to that disobedient, ungrateful, worthless boy.'

'Do leave it to me,' rejoined Mr Flint with grave emphasis, 'and I promise you faithfully this—that the wish respecting it, whatever it may be, which trembles on your lip as you are about to leave this world for another, and when it may be too late to formally revoke the testament you now propose, shall be strictly carried out. That time cannot be a very distant one, John Linden, for a man whose hair is white as yours.'

It was preaching to the winds. He was deaf, blind, mute, to every attempt at changing his resolve. The will was drawn in accordance with his peremptorily-iterated instructions, and duly signed, sealed, and attested. Not very long afterwards, Mr Linden disposed of his business in Mincing Lane, and retired to Holmford, but with nothing like the money-fortune he had once calculated upon, the losses alluded to by Mr Flint, and followed by others, having considerably diminished his wealth.

We ultimately obtained a respectable and remunerative situation for Thomas Linden in a mercantile house at Belfast with which we were professionally acquainted, and after securing berths in the *Erin* steamer, he, with his wife and mother-in-law, came, with a kind of hopeful sadness in their looks and voices, to bid us farewell—for a very long time they and we also feared.

For an eternity, it seemed, on reading the account of the loss of the *Erin*, a few days afterwards, with every soul on board! Their names were published with those of the other passengers who had embarked, and we had of course concluded that they had perished, when a letter reached us from Belfast, stating that through some delay on the part of Mrs Arnold, they had happily lost their passage in the *Erin*, and embarked in the next steamer for Belfast, where they arrived in perfect safety. We forwarded this intelligence to Holmford, but it elicited no reply.

We heard nothing of Mr Linden for about two months, except by occasional notices in the 'Hereford Times,' which he regularly forwarded to the office, relative to the improvements on the Holmford estate, either actually begun or contemplated by its new proprietor. He very suddenly reappeared. I was cooling my heels in the waiting-room of the chambers of the Barons of the Exchequer, Chancery Lane, awaiting my turn of admission, when one of our clerks came in half-breathless with haste. 'You are wanted, sir, immediately; Mr Flint is out, and Mr Linden is at the office raving like a madman.' I instantly transferred the business I was in attendance at chambers upon to the clerk, and with the help of a cab soon reached home.

Mr Linden was not *raving* when I arrived. The violence of the paroxysm of rage and terror by which he was possessed had passed away, and he looked, as I entered, the image of pale, rigid, iron, dumb despair. He held a letter and a strip of parchment in his hand: these he presented, and with white, stammering lips, bade me read. The letter was from an attorney of the name of Sawbridge, giving notice of an action of ejectment, to oust him from the possession of the Holmford estate, the property, according to Mr Sawbridge, of one Edwin Majoribanks; and the strip of parchment was the writ by which the letter had been quickly followed. I was astounded; and my scared looks questioned Mr Linden for further information.

'I do not quite understand it,' he said in a hoarse, palpitating voice. 'No possession or title in the venders: a niece not of age — executors no power to sell—Palliser discovered it, robbed me, absconded, and I, oh God! am a miserable beggar!'

The last words were uttered with a convulsive scream, and after a few frightful struggles he fell down in a fit. I had him conveyed to bed, and as soon as he was somewhat recovered, I hastened off to ascertain from Sawbridge, whom I knew very intimately, the nature of the claim intended to be set up for the plaintiff, Edwin Majoribanks.

I met Sawbridge just as he was leaving his office, and as he was in too great a hurry to turn back, I walked along with him, and he rapidly detailed the chief facts about to be embodied in the plaintiff's declaration. Archibald Dursley, once a London merchant, and who died a bachelor, had bequeathed his estate, real and personal, to his brother Charles, and a niece, his sister's child—two-thirds to the niece, and one-third to the brother. The Holmford property, the will directed, should be sold by public auction when the niece came of age, unless she, by marriage or otherwise, was enabled, within six months after attaining her majority, to pay over to Charles Dursley his third in money, according to a valuation made for the purpose by competent assessors. The brother, Charles Dursley,

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had urged upon the executors to anticipate the time directed by the will for the sale of the property; and having persuaded the niece to give a written authorisation for the immediate sale, the executors, chiefly, Sawbridge supposed, prompted by their own necessities, sold the estate accordingly. But the niece not being of age when she signed the authority to sell, her consent was of no legal value; and she having since died intestate, Edwin Majoribanks, her cousin and undoubted heir-at-law—for the property could not have passed from her, even by marriage—now claimed the estate. Charles Dursley, the brother, was dead; 'and,' continued Mr Sawbridge, 'the worst of it is, Linden will never get a farthing of his purchase-money from the venders, for they are bankrupt, nor from Palliser, who has made permanent arrangements for continuing abroad, out of harm's reach. It is just as I tell you,' he added, as we shook hands at parting; 'but you will of course see the will, and satisfy yourself. Good-by.'

Here was a precious result of amateur common-sense lawyership! Linden could only have examined the abstract of title furnished him by Palliser's attorney, and not the right of Dursley's executors to sell; or had not been aware that the niece could not, during her minority, subscribe an effective legal consent.

I found Mr Flint at the office, and quickly imparted the astounding news. He was as much taken aback as myself.

'The obstinate, pig-headed old ass!' he exclaimed; 'it almost serves him right, if only for his Tom-fool nonsense of "Every man his own lawyer." What did you say was the niece's name?'

'Well, I don't remember that Sawbridge told me; he was in such a hurry; but suppose you go at once and look over the will?'

'True: I will do so;' and away he went.

'This is a very singular affair, Sharp,' said Mr Flint on his return from Doctors' Commons, at the same time composedly seating himself, hooking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, crossing his legs, and tilting his chair back on its hind legs. 'A very singular affair. Whom, in the name of the god of thieves—Mercury, wasn't he called?—do you suppose the bankrupt executors to be? No other,' continued Mr Flint with a sudden burst, 'than Crowther & Jenkins!'

'The devil!—and the niece then is'——

'Catherine Arnold—Tom Linden's wife—supposed to have been drowned in the *Erin!* That's checkmate, I rather fancy—not only to Mr Edwin Majoribanks, but some one else we know of. The old fellow up stairs wont refuse to acknowledge his daughter-in-law now, I fancy!'

This was indeed a happy change in the fortunes of the House of Linden; and we discussed, with much alacrity, the best mode of turning disclosures so momentous and surprising to the best account. As a first step, a letter, with an enclosure, was despatched to Belfast, requiring the return of Thomas Linden and family immediately; and the next was to plead in form to the action. This done, we awaited Catherine Linden's arrival in London, and Mr Linden senior's convalescence—for his mental agitation had resulted in a sharp fit of illness—to effect a satisfactory and just arrangement.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Linden and Mrs Arnold arrived by the earliest steamer that left Belfast after the receipt of our letter; and much astonished were they by the intelligence that awaited them. Catherine Linden was for confirming the validity of the sale of the Holmford estate by her now authoritative consent at once, as a mere act of common justice and good faith; but this, looking at the total loss of fortune she had sustained by the knavery of the executors, and the obstinate, mulish temper of the father-in-law, from whom she had already received such harsh treatment, could not for a moment be permitted; and it was finally resolved to take advantage of the legal position in which she stood, to enforce a due present provision for herself and husband, and their ultimate succession to the estate.

John Linden gradually recovered; and as soon as it was deemed prudent to do so, we informed him that the niece was not dead, as the plaintiff in the action of ejectment had supposed, and that of course, if she could now be persuaded to ratify the imperative consent she had formerly subscribed, he might retain Holmford. At first he received the intelligence as a gleam of light and hope, but he soon relapsed into doubt and gloom. 'What chance was there,' he hopelessly argued, 'that, holding the legal power, she would not exercise it?' It was not, he said, in human nature to do otherwise; and he commissioned us to make liberal offers for a compromise: half—he would be content to lose half his purchase-money; even a greater sacrifice than that he would agree to—anything, indeed, that would not be utter ruin—that did not involve utter beggary and destitution in old age.

Three days after this conversation, I announced to him that the lady and her husband were below, and desirous of seeing him.

'What do they say?' he eagerly demanded. 'Will they accept of half—two-thirds? What do they say?'

'I cannot precisely tell you. They wish to see you alone, and you can urge your own views and offers.' He trembled violently, and shrank nervously back as I placed my hand on the door-handle of the private office. He presently recovered in some degree his self-possession, passed in, and I withdrew from the humiliating, but salutary spectacle, of obdurate tyrant power compelled to humble itself before those whom it had previously scorned and trampled upon.

The legal arrangements which Flint and I had suggested were effected, and Linden senior, accompanied by his son, daughter-in-law, and Mrs Arnold, set off in restored amity for Holmford House. Edwin Majoribanks abandoned his action, and Palliser, finding that matters were satisfactorily arranged, returned to England. We afterwards knew that he had discovered the defect of title, on applying to a well-known conveyancer, to raise a considerable sum by way of mortgage, and that his first step was to threaten legal proceedings against Crowther & Jenkins for the recovery of his money; but a hint he obtained of the futility of proceedings against them, determined him to offer the estate at a low figure to Linden, relying upon that gentleman's ostentatious contempt of lawyers that the blot in the title, subjected only to his own common-sense spectacles, would not be perceived.

MAHOGANY.

The literature of commerce, as embodied in prices-current, trade-circulars, share-lists, &c. is usually the very reverse of popular. In the little circles of the various trades these documents are read and studied with eagerness, but in the eyes of the general public they are classed with those useful but rather dry publications, the Ready Reckoner and Interest Tables. The abbreviations, significant marks, and strangely-applied nouns and adjectives with which this literature abounds, are almost as puzzling to the general reader as the inscription on the Rosetta stone, or an advertisement at the head of the third column of the *Times*. But when things serve their purpose, few people wish to change them, and no one can deny that the peculiarities of these business documents save time, facilitate buying and selling, and if they *are* mysteries to many, no harm can result if many are mystified by them. But when the trader has to address a circle wider than his own, he shows that the British merchant can, when

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necessary, write 'a fine Roman hand,' and give an exposition of some subject connected with his business, marked by a directness and vigour of style that if not classical, is at least clear.

There is an example of this in a little work now before us on 'The Mahogany-Tree,' by Messrs Chaloner & Fleming, timber-merchants, Liverpool. The book extends to nearly a hundred and twenty octavo pages, is profusely illustrated with drawings and maps, and though it is little else than an extended trade circular, it yet contains information of considerable importance to the public.

The discovery of gold in California seems to have led to the publication of this book; which may appear to be a 'far-fetched reason,' though in reality it is not. The mahogany chiefly used in this country and Europe generally is brought from the West India islands and Central America. There are two species grown in the East Indies, but seldom exported, and seldom used except in the ornaments and other decorations of the native temples, for which the beauty and durability of the wood eminently fit it. Of the West India islands, Jamaica, Cuba, and Hayti, have hitherto been the most productive; and the best mahogany, known as *Spanish*, and almost always selected for veneering, has been brought from thence. But in these islands, Jamaica especially, the trees are now very scarce. Those nearest the shore have of course fallen first; and though the quality of the wood in the interior, where it grows on drier and more elevated districts, is superior to that of the lower plains, yet the expenses of felling and transit increase so much, that there is little inducement to capitalists to embark in such enterprise. On the other hand, the tree, while it is among the largest and most majestic, takes a long series of years to reach maturity, and a mahogany-tree is not considered of full age and growth until it has lived out the winds and rains and heats of at least two hundred years. We should like to see the man who, in these days of 'quick returns' of capital, would plant a forest of mahogany-trees, by which nobody would be benefited until the second half of the twenty-first century of our era! But on the mainland, in the district where mahogany grows in greatest abundance and perfection, a district extending from the Isthmus of Darien northwards to Mexico, nearly 1200 miles, there are 'the densest forests of mahogany and other gigantic trees, with an underwood of many valuable tropical plants and shrubs, so matted together, that it is difficult for parties on foot to make a track into the interior.' Now if there were no other motive to the clearing of these dense forests than the rich woods that could be carried away, and the rich soils that would then be exposed, it is probable that many generations would pass before the work was done. But the whole of this district lies in the west route from the United States and Europe to California, and a large tract of these forests must be cleared to open up that route effectually. The desire for gold is greater than the desire for mahogany, and both roads and canals must be made across this district. These will ultimately facilitate the permanent settlement of the country; the forester will be the pioneer of the planter, and Europe will be as completely stocked with mahogany from Central, as it has already been with pine from North America. This beautiful wood being thus made plentiful and cheap, will of course come into general use, and to show its superior claims to be used in ship-building seems to be one great object of this publication from the Liverpool timber-yard.

The idea of a mahogany ship may perhaps be to some as extraordinary as that of an iron ship was some years ago. Certainly it would be an extraordinary sight to witness a stately ship entering some of our harbours, her sides glistening and slippery, not with salt water, but with French polish, and looking as if she had been lined, not with copper, but with the tops of dining-tables. Such a spectacle will in all probability never be witnessed; but if any one will think of mahogany, not as it is usually seen in cabinet-makers' shops, but in the wood-yard, he will have a better idea of how a mahogany ship will look. The idea of using it in ship-building is not new. Many of the first vessels built by the Spaniards in the West Indies were constructed of mahogany, and so were several of the Spanish men-of-war, captured during some of our naval battles. One of these, the *Gibraltar*, of eighty guns, captured in 1780 by Lord Rodney off Cape St Vincent, was broken up in the royal dockyard at Pembroke, and though 'she must have been one of the oldest ships afloat, yet all her timbers were as sound as when they were put into her, and the whole British navy, if I [Captain Chappell, secretary to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company] am not mistaken, are now supplied with tables made out of the *Gibraltar's* timbers.' So long ago as 1597, some vessels belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh were repaired with mahogany at Trinidad, in the West Indies. It is said that the best mahogany is almost entirely free from liability to dry-rot; that, being produced in the tropics, it is best fitted for tropical navigation; that it is much more buoyant than British oak—a cubic foot of the latter weighing 55 lbs., and of mahogany only 44 lbs.; and that it is much more free from acid than oak, and consequently, as reported by Dr Ure, 'iron and copper bolts and fastenings will waste much more rapidly in oak at sea than in mahogany, when each is employed in ship-building.' Several interesting experiments have been made by Messrs White, ship-builders at Cowes, Isle of Wight, to ascertain the comparative stiffness and strength of Honduras mahogany, compared with other ship-building woods. The following was the result. If the deflection from the horizontal line of a piece of Honduras mahogany under pressure be represented by 1000, the deflection of

American Yellow Pine will be	1702
... Elm,	1512
Quebec Oak,	1457
English Oak,	1364
Moulmein Teak,	1075
Dantzic Fir,	1049

thus showing the mahogany to present the greatest resistance; or, in other words, to be the least flexible.

Why, then, it may reasonably be asked, is this wood not used to a greater extent in ship-building? Among many other reasons, this important one appears, that it must not be used in certain parts of a vessel that is intended to be registered at Lloyd's as a first-class ship for twelve years. If the mahogany be used, then the ship can appear as first-class for ten years only. This of course renders a ship less valuable, and prevents the general use of the wood.

Turning now to the subject generally, we find in Messrs Chaloner & Fleming's work a repetition of the time-honoured anecdote of the mode in which the peculiar qualities of mahogany were first discovered in our country in 1724. 'A few planks,' it is related, 'were sent to Dr Gibbons of London by a brother, who was a West India captain. The doctor was erecting a house in King Street, Covent Garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected them as being too hard. The doctor's cabinet-maker, named Wollaston, was then employed to make a candle-box of them, but as he was sawing up the planks, he also complained of the hardness of the timber; but when the candle-box was finished, it outshone in beauty all the doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favour. Dr Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another, and the despised mahogany now became an article of luxury, and at the same time

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raised the fortune of the cabinet-maker by whom it had at first been so little regarded.'* The imports of mahogany into this country are very large. In 1829 they were 19,335 tons; in 1839, 25,859 tons; and in 1849, 29,012. Of this last-named quantity, 11,057 tons were imported into Liverpool, being 5121 from Hayti, 1025 from Cuba, and 4911 from Honduras. In the year ending 31st January 1851, the quantity imported into Liverpool was altogether 13,374 tons, or about two and a quarter millions feet of Honduras, a million and a half of Haytien, and nearly half a million of Cuban. These logs, if joined together, would form an unbroken line of eight hundred miles, or about the distance, 'as the crow flies,' between London and Vienna.

In Honduras, nearly a year is occupied before a mahogany-tree can be felled and brought to the sea-coast for shipment. A beginning is made in August: one man, more experienced than the rest, penetrates into the forest, and after making a survey of the country from the tops of the tallest trees, selects the places where the mahogany appears most abundant. Parties of men are conducted thither, platforms are erected round the doomed 'monarchs of the wood,' and the men cut them down with the axe about ten or twelve feet from the ground. After a sufficient number have been felled, it is necessary to cut roads to the nearest river, and often miles have thus to be cleared of brush-wood and hillocks, and bridges thrown across ravines, &c. The cost of this is estimated as being two-thirds of the labour and expense of bringing the mahogany to a place of shipment. The roads are usually fit for use about the beginning of April, which, along with part of May, embraces the dry season. The rainy season begins about the end of May, and the object is to convey the logs across to the river just before this season sets in, so as to avoid wet, soft roads, and be in time for the swelling and increased rapidity of the river, caused by the rain. The logs are conveyed on trucks drawn by bullocks. 'A gang of forty men is capable of working six trucks, each of which requires seven pairs of oxen and two drivers, sixteen men to cut food for the cattle, and twelve to load or put the logs on the carriage. The intense heat of the sun prevents the cattle being worked under its influence, consequently they are obliged to labour in the night instead of the day-time.' The logs are tumbled into the river after being marked, and left to float down until stopped by a kind of weir previously placed at the river's mouth. The labourers follow in canoes, and disengage any logs that may have been stopped by overhanging trees or other obstructions. In Cuba, the process is not so laborious, as the wood is nearer the sea; and no cutter will fell a tree unless in the wane of the moon, as then the wood 'is freer from sap, sounder, and of a richer colour, than when felled before the full.'

'The beauty of mahogany,' says Messrs Chaloner & Fleming, 'arises from its being cross-grained, or presenting the fibres endways or obliquely on the surface. These positions of the fibres, as well as their different colours, give a clouded and mottled variety to the surface; and when some of the parts are partially transparent, they give rise to a variety of lights and shades as the observer shifts his place, and reflect them in the most varied number, like the surface of a crystal. This overlapping of the fibres and their various colours are the occasion of the singular appearance which the surface of a dining-table will present to two persons when seated opposite to each other. From one side of the table portions will seem to be quite light, but in the same, seen from an opposite point of view, the contrary effect of deep shade will be produced; and this is the reason why no painter can correctly imitate mahogany.'

What changes for the better, even in household furniture, may we not yet live to see? Some people characterise the present time as an 'age of veneer;' but however true this may be as regards the superficial acquirements of various loud-speaking classes of the community, it is not true, especially as regards the physical comforts of the people. The luxuries of the rich in one age are certain to become the necessaries of the poor in another; and the day does not seem distant when the solid mahogany will supersede the veneer, and many articles now confined to the houses of the wealthy will be found imparting new grace, and giving additional comfort, to the poor man's home.

* In the handsome old town of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, there is a gentleman's house of good proportions, which was built about eighty years ago, and the whole wood-work of which, the floors, we believe, alone excepted, is of mahogany. The effect is inexpressibly rich and substantial.—Ed.

SEMINARY FOR (SHAKSPEARE'S) YOUNG LADIES.

In this age of novelty and novel applications, it is curious to observe the usual failure of authors in their manifold attempts to devise something new, and it is the more interesting on that account to notice an effort of the kind which has any appearance of success. We do not say, however, that Mrs Cowden Clarke's preparatory school for heroines is a *perfectly* new idea, since another author has already given us a view of these ladies in their superannuation and retirement. This occurs in the 'Hero,' a bad novel, by the author of the 'Heroine,' a more than commonly good one; and introduces us to the company of fat dowager Sophia Westerns and gouty Sir Charles Grandisons. If these personages have their old age, why not their nonage? And the latter is surely the more interesting of the two, and likewise the more instructive, since it shows the process by which young people are brought up to the heroic profession, and finished for the use of the dramatist and romancer. Now this is precisely Mrs Clarke's notion, although she confines her pupils for the present to the female offspring of Mr William Shakspeare.*

To disarm the objections to this little work on the score of presumption, the author plants a pretty feminine acknowledgment on the title-page—

> 'As petty to his ends
> As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
> To his grand sea;'

but for our part we find no fault with an aim for being lofty. Our author has tried to show, in her own way, what education of circumstances would be likely to bring out those materials of character which the great wizard of all times wrought into so wonderful a fabric; and we think she has done this so far with skill and feeling. The ladies, be it understood, are with her in their youth, before they have embarked in the profession, before even they know that they are intended for heroines, and certainly before they are touched by that wand which makes them spring, like so many Columbines, from the common state of young ladyhood into an enchanted life. This keeps them within the circle of our sympathies. They are the young ladies of Mrs Clarke's seminary—nothing more; and as we see them walking out in procession, we think to ourselves—alas, poor dears, if they only knew what is to come!

It will be seen that in these sketches a regular story is not demanded of Mrs Clarke, but rather an introduction to a story. The child is born, educated in feeling and fancy, and then turned over to the Magna Parens. The anecdotes of her early years, however, are suffi-

* The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines; in a series of Fifteen Tales. By Mary Cowden Clarke. Parts I., II., III., and IV. London: Smith & Son. 1851.

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ciently interesting to keep up the reader's attention; and sometimes Mrs Clarke thinks it necessary to go back a generation, and begin with the adventures of her mortal mothers and fathers, showing how it came to pass that she was born at all. The plan of the work is such as to render it impossible, by means of brief extracts, to give any idea of the author's theory of the character; although it is very easy to show by separate sketches the literary power with which the task is executed. Take this as an example, which occurs in 'Helena:' it is the portrait of the Bonne:—

'A gray-headed man, whose garb at once proclaimed him to be the venerable curé of the village, sat on a wooden chair with his back towards Gerard; whilst opposite him was seated a white-capped, gold-earringed, smooth-aproned, wrinkle-cheeked, but quick-eyed old dame, who seemed to be his Bonne. She was knitting diligently, but her keen eyes were not required for her work; her practised hands plied the needles with twinkling rapidity, and allowed her sharp glances to be wholly absorbed by another object.

'Over the back of the curé's chair leaned the figure of a young peasant girl. She had drooped over the shoulder of the old man, so that her face rested nearly on his bosom, whence it looked up at the Bonne, and was indeed the object upon which her keen eyes rested.

'By the young girl's position, her face was entirely hidden from Gerard's sight, but as soon as that bending figure met his eye, Gerard felt no hesitation in at once ascribing the voice he heard to herself. There was something harmonious in the flexible grace of the outline, that seemed to claim affinity with the gentle tones; something of beauty, purity, and attractive charm, that rendered both naturally akin.

'"But your father should not have allowed you to come alone!" retorted the Bonne with a tone as sharp as her eyes, to something the sweet voice had just said.

'"I did not come alone," it replied. "My father sent Petit Pierre with me."

'"Bah! Petit Pierre indeed!" was the tart exclamation of the Bonne, with a cutting flash of her eyes, and a smart snap of her knitting-needles:—"Petit Pierre forsooth! A pretty person to take care of you!—a cow-boy!—an urchin of ten years old!—a scapegrace that can't take care of himself, much less of anybody else! What could your father be thinking of?"

'"My father was thinking of indulging me as usual," replied the soft voice. "You know everybody says he spoils his Gabrielle; and as he found she was intent upon going, and as nobody could be spared from the farm so well as Petit Pierre, my father sent him with me."

'"I can't think why you were so intent upon coming for my part," said the old lady, darting another piercing glance, and sticking one of her needles with a sudden stab into her apron-string. "I don't mind your coming over quietly, as you do at other times, to read, and write, and study, and to talk, and confess, to Monsieur le Curé. That's all very right and proper, and what he approves, I approve of course; but why you should take it into your foolish little head to come to the fête, is what I can't fathom, and can't approve: it's not at all the thing for you, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, to come here, with only a cow-urchin to take care of you, among a parcel of strangers, and a crowd of nobody-knows-who from the other villages."

'Here the old lady snatched out the knitting-needle again, and darted it into her work with a poignant thrust, and began another row, without so much as suffering her eyes for an instant to withdraw from the succession of pointed interrogatories they were aiming with such relentless acuteness into the face that looked up into hers.'

The young lady here is the mother of that Helena so loving, so forgiving, and so persevering, who conquered fate itself, and who, unmindful of sorrows and insults, was satisfied at last that 'all's well that ends well.' Her love and endurance begin in the seminary where she and Bertram are still girl and boy; and we are early prepared for those exquisite musings of her after-life, which are in all hearts and on all tongues:—

——'My imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.'——

In the 'girlhood of Portia,' that high-hearted heiress and brilliant doctress of laws—she who jew'd the Jew of Venice by her wit, and was won by the instinct of love in a raffle—we can find no suitable extract; but perhaps the reader will accept as a substitute her portrait, taken after she had left Mrs Clarke's seminary for young ladies, and was metamorphosed into a heroine:—

'What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow,
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.'

The name of a third embryo heroine is Gruoch, and she is the daughter of a thane of Scotland. The nature of the elements that are struggling into their places in her character may be observed from an anecdote told with considerable power, which we have no room to give entire. A page had discovered a nest of martlets on a slight jutting point of the castle wall, not far from the top, and Gruoch and he, leaning over the parapet, amused themselves in watching the callow nestlings, with gaping mouths, fed by the parent birds. The young lady's ball, with which she had been playing, fell from her hand, and lodged in a crevice just below the nest.

'"If I had but a ledge ever so small to set my foot upon, I could get it; I know I could!" exclaimed Culen. "It's quite close; I could be over in a moment!"

'"Would you venture?" said his young mistress, looking at him approvingly.

'"That I would! I could get it in an instant, if I had but a spot to step my foot upon: ever such a point would do! If the martlet's nest were not there now, that would be quite room enough!"

'"But we can soon dislodge the nest, if that's all!" exclaimed Gruoch. "Here's one of Grym's long shafts—that'll do exactly to poke it off with."

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'"Oh no," said the page hastily.

'"Are you afraid?" said she, looking at him abruptly.

'"No, not that; but I don't like—I can't push the nest off," said Culen.

'"Then I will! Give me the arrow!" she exclaimed.

'Gruoch leaned over the edge, fixed the point of the arrow into the caked mud and earth which fastened the nest to the jutting point, loosened it, raised it, and in another moment the martlet's home, with its unfledged tenants, spun whirling through the air, and was scattered to pieces, striking against the buttresses and rough-hewn walls.'

The page, excited to the adventure by his young mistress, now grasped her little hand, and climbed over the wall.

'But when he set his foot upon the jutting point which had lately held the nest, and then planted the other foot on the same spot, and after that carefully stooped down, and stretched his arm out, so as to stick the arrow into the ball, that he might raise it, and convey it to the top of the wall—he had no sooner effected this, than he suddenly felt his head reel, and his eyes swim at the unaccustomed height over which he hung suspended, merely sustained by that frail support.

'He closed his eyes for an instant, and struggled to nerve himself boldly against the thought of the small point on which he stood, and to shut out the view of the depth beneath him.

'Gruoch felt the spasmodic twitch that these sensations communicated to the hand she grasped.

'"Keep firm, Culen! Hold fast my hand! I have yours tight!" And the small hand never trembled or wavered, but clutched close, like a vice.

'Her voice did him good; her tone of resolution inspired him; her steady grasp encouraged him; and he was enabled to recall his dizzied senses.

'He looked up; and as he beheld that exquisite face leaning over towards him, anxiety and interest in each lineament, and wish for his success beaming in every feature, he flung up the ball from the point of the arrow, and strove to regain the top of the wall.

'But on raising his arm to the edge, he found he should not be able to obtain sufficient purchase, even when he should gain the assistance of the other hand which was now held by Gruoch, to enable him to draw himself up that height. The point upon which he stood afforded too little space, the weight of his body was too great, to allow of his climbing up again unassisted.

'The page cast one look of mute dismay towards his young mistress.'

She shrieked for assistance, and he was saved; and then Gruoch turned pale, and had nearly fallen to the ground.

'"And she feels thus for me!" whispered Culen's heart, as he stood rooted to the spot, his cheek flushed, and his chest heaving at the thought.

'They were wrong. Neither the page nor the man-at-arms guessed that her swoon was the effect of mere physical sympathy; a sickening sense of danger past; a reaction of the nerves—braced for the moment by strength of will, with an object in view—but suddenly relaxed from their tension by the native weakness of a frame less powerful than her spirit.'

It was this same Gruoch who thus mused later in life—

'Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood!
Stop up the access and passage to remorse!
That no compunctuous visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry *hold, hold!*'

It was the same Gruoch who said still later, when walking in her frenzied sleep, 'Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!' and the sigh that accompanied the words, transmitted to our own day—we are old enough to remember it—made the hearts of a whole people quake.

The latest published of these sketches is 'Desdemona;' but towards the close of this one the mistress of the seminary goes a little beyond her vocation, and, loth to part with the young lady she has so skilfully finished, pursues her into her heroine life. Mrs Clarke should have felt that any account of Othello's recitation of his story in the hearing of the gentle Desdemona would be lame and impotent after his own. But it must be confessed, that if this offence against good taste is deep in dye, it is small in bulk; and we think, upon the whole, that no inconsiderable portion of the public will watch the progress of Mrs Clarke's preparatory seminary for heroines.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

COVENT GARDEN.

In order to understand the revolution which has been brought about by the orchestra in the lyric drama, we must call the reader's attention to the distinctive styles of a few of the most eminent composers, who are not only classical, but whose works are constantly reproduced, and still enjoyed; for although Handel as an operatic composer, Porpora, Scarlatti, Zomelli, Paesiello, and several others, renowned both for their dramatic and sacred styles, are justly accounted classics, they are rather names embalmed in musical histories, than composers of music whose works continue to be enjoyed by generation after generation.

Music is real, as it adheres to dramatic passion; ideal as it falls into melting melodies, or soars to grand harmonic combinations; but in Mozart we find the perfection of the art displayed in the exquisite balance of both those qualities. No composer ever followed more closely the action of his drama, and no composer ever relieved the intentional irregularity of his rhythm with more enchanting melodies; while the ingenious elaborateness of its construction is a barrier to a large proportion of his music being ever hackneyed in chamber practice. With Mozart, as with Raphael, we find ourselves in that wide and lofty region of art where every taste can appropriate something to itself—that of the million, the obvious and striking beauties—and that of the initiated, those mysterious graces and that tranquillity of effect which we find only in the aristocracy of genius.

Rossini is the prince of melodists, and his popularity has been prodigious. At first sight, the profusion of ornament seems to interfere with the dramatic passion of his works; but on a closer examination, this profusion is mostly to be found in the cavatinas of the principal singers, which comprise a very small part of the whole of an opera; and this very florid vocalisation has preserved even the most popular airs of Rossini from being hackneyed. Take, for instance, any of his commonest songs, such as the serenade *Ecco ridente* in the Barber of Seville, which not one amateur in a thousand can even attempt. Unquestionably Rossini has carried

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the ornate to excess; but it belongs to his nature, which is that of a fertility, facility, and spontaneity of invention altogether unrivalled in musical history, and which in the world of sweet sounds is a miracle which equals, if it does not exceed, what was achieved in romance by the pen of Scott, or in painting by the pencil of Rubens. His comic style is quite in the 'Ercles vein;' and in buoyant hilarity he surpasses all musicians that ever lived, not even excepting Mozart himself, who rarely let himself loose in high glee. Donzelli, the greatest tenor of his day, who had played Count Almaviva in the Barber of Seville many hundred times, once assured us that this opera was, after a life-glut of music, the most enjoyable of operas to him; and yet it was written literally *currente calamo*. But as a successful author is said to be in the latter part of his career his own most serious rival, there was for a time (especially after the works of Beethoven and Weber became well known) a reaction against him; and even Coleridge, in a spirit of spurious German purism, said to a friend, 'The music of Rossini, compared with that of Beethoven, seems to me like nonsense verses.' But this one-sided folly lasted a very short time. Beethoven is more worshipped than ever; and yet Rossini stands on a pedestal of his own that nothing can shake.

His immediate Italian successor was Bellini, who also was a melodist, and a stranger to the complication of German instrumentation; but in tenderness he is without a rival. His pathos is frequently so exquisite as even to go to excess; and while a certain vein of dignity lurks under the tenderness of Rossini, that of Bellini is often suggestive of hopeless prostration, such as in the celebrated 'Qui m' Accolse' in Beatrice di Tenda. Bellini was not prolific, but what he did was carefully digested. In fact he was somewhat the converse of Rossini; for while the profuse ornament of the latter was spontaneous, the simplicity of Bellini was elaborate. His temperament was melancholy, his manners soft and retiring; his person slender; a sepulchral gloom hung over his compositions; and to make all complete, he died in youth. Rossini, on the other hand, according to the last accounts from Italy, is in the fulness of fame and of personal form, robust, hearty, vigorous, and one of the *bon vivants* of Bologna la Grassa; for while from time immemorial Venice has been surnamed the fair, Bologna has rejoiced in the epithet of the lusty.

Next in prominence to Rossini and Bellini on the modern Italian stage is Donizetti — a most prolific composer, whose works are characterised by great versatility. In his genius there was no lagging and flagging: like the Arab courser, he stood more in need of the bridle than of the spur. His Elisir shows that he approaches the nearest of modern writers to the excellence of Rossini. In Lucrezia Borgia he is equally successful in the treatment of the darker and more violent passions; while in Anna Bolena, and in several other operas, there is a depth of tenderness that frequently reminds one of Bellini. But the great error of this most plastic and versatile genius was diffusion. Had he, instead of writing several scores of operas, concentrated his energies on a dozen, his fame would unquestionably have sailed down the stream of time with a heavier freight. As it is, the operas we have named, and half a dozen others, have become stock pieces in every Italian theatre. But his mortal career has been closed in a manner even more painful to contemplate than that of Bellini, for he descended to the grave from the lunatic asylum.

Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, are the chief Italian composers that for a series of years have held possession of the Queen's Theatre, and who may be called the most eminent masters of the school of melodists, as contrasted with that of the German instrumentalists, who have now taken a firm hold of the Italian operatic stage, and who, without detracting from the peculiar merit of the melodists, give a grandeur and variety to the Italian lyric drama in London such as was never before known. This distinction must be taken in its broad acceptation; for the Italian melodists are not deficient in good scoring; on the other hand, no one who has heard the masterpieces of the German instrumental school—such as Robert the Devil and Freischutz —can be insensible to their delicious flow of melody.

This Gothic invasion of the Italian stage of London has had several immediate causes, the most prominent of which are the disruption of the old company of the Queen's Theatre, the establishment of Covent Garden, and last, not least, the mighty influence of the genius of Meyerbeer on his day and generation. We have already adverted to the successive bankruptcies of former Opera directors, and so long as the Opera was a precarious speculation, there was no thought of a second theatre; but no sooner did the principal singers find that Mr Lumley was likely to accumulate a large fortune, without making any corresponding advance in their salaries, than the project of Covent Garden as an Italian Opera was started. The partisans of the new theatre included Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and other singers of the very highest class; and, above all, Signor Costa as the musical director, a gentleman of unrivalled experience in this capacity, and possessed of an amount of talent and energy which has been shown not only in the difficult task of overcoming preliminary difficulties, but of producing the greatest works of the greatest masters, in a manner to elicit the hearty approbation of the fiercest critics.

But in so huge a speculation as a rival to the Queen's Theatre, the most consummate science and the most melodious voices could have done nothing without an adequate capital to set the machine afloat. This at first sight would seem a difficult matter, for the chain of bankruptcies of the older establishment formed a barrier sufficient to deter any experienced member of the money market from such a speculation; but a young gentleman, possessed of more musical enthusiasm than worldly prudence, stood forth on the occasion. This was Mr Delafield, a scion of the brewing-house of Combe, Delafield, & Company, who had recently come into a fortune of between L.90,000 and L.100,000. His share in the brewery was sold, and the product devoted to the reconstruction of Covent Garden, from the floor to the roof, nothing but the shell having been suffered to remain of the old edifice. The result, as is well known, was a bankruptcy after a couple of seasons, the details of which have been so recently given in the newspapers of the day, that it is unnecessary to reproduce them; and the theatre is now going on at the risk and charge of several of the principal performers, including Signor Costa. The rivalry with the Queen's Theatre is maintained by parties who are not weighed down by the heavy liabilities that pressed upon Mr Delafield, whose patrimonial thousands may be called the sunken piles on which the new fabric of Covent Garden stands.

But with all this sacrifice of original capital, it is much to be doubted if Covent Garden could have been kept open unless the entertainments had presented that novelty and variety of character by which they are distinguished. There is no ballet, and consequently all attention is concentrated on the operatic department. Signor Costa, the musical director, is about fifty years of age, and was educated at the Conservatory at Naples, and unites in his person the popular sentiment of Italian music with the profound science of Germany; and it is his production of the great works of the German school of instrumentation that has enabled Covent Garden to stand its ground. For a quarter of a century and more, Meyerbeer has had a

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great and increasing *reputation;* but the impetus to his *popularity* in England has come from Signor Costa's direction of Covent Garden, for the muse of Meyerbeer is like that of Milton, a majestic beauty, somewhat distant and unfamiliar.

In order to characterise this remarkable composer, his music may be presented as the most striking contrast to that of the Italian melodists we have named. In natural genius he falls far short of Rossini, and yet his numbers will live as long as those of a Mozart or a Beethoven, being written not for an age, but for all time; and no composer can be pointed out who has so husbanded his powers by skilful elaboration and inexhaustible pains and patience. Meyerbeer is a German Jew, but his works are unlike those of the other German Jews, who in literature are more remarkable for showy than solid qualities. The genius of Meyerbeer is essentially Teutonic. He cares nothing for a quick brilliant success: he looks upon the composition of a butterfly opera which lives a short season as a mere waste of time. In like manner, when somebody asked a friend of Beethoven why he had composed only one opera, the answer given was, 'a lioness drops only one cub.' Meyerbeer's work, 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' is an illustration that there is no greatness attainable by imitation. He then imitated Rossini, and 'Il Crociato' is the least effective of his compositions. Not less than six laborious years were spent in the composition of 'Robert le Diable;' and of all modern operas, it is that which best unites the graceful forms of Italian melody with the massive colouring of German instrumentation. The 'Huguenots,' which followed, is as remarkable as a work of art, but lacks inspiration, except in some pieces. It is a difficult matter to unite grace with strength; the one is generally at the expense of the other; and the 'Huguenots' is massive and cyclopean rather than remarkable for ideal beauty of form, and has since been surpassed by 'The Prophet,' Meyerbeer's last production; which, after fifteen years of silent labour, he has given to the public as a work which will send his name down to distant ages and distant nations. Its detached melodies will not stand a comparison with those of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, and therefore 'The Prophet' can never be popular chamber-music. Italian melodies are like the pictures of a gallery, complete in themselves, and may be enjoyed even if removed; while the various parts of 'The Prophet' are like the columns of a hall, admirable as parts of the structure, but incapable of separation without ruin. A work such as 'The Prophet' must be regarded as a whole, and is a mixture of the grand oratorial style of Handel and the fervid passion of Gluck, with that rich massive orchestral power in which Meyerbeer shows himself as a worthy occupant of the throne of Beethoven.

In order to understand this great artist and his new school, we shall attempt to set 'The Prophet' in a few lines before the mind's eye and ear of the reader; and first let us remark, that the vaulting ambition of Meyerbeer eschews all subjects of a quiet or partial character: he must have a broad canvas, with numerous figures, bold light and shade, movement, variety, and complication, as a vehicle for a description of lyric drama, not illustrative of an incident, but of some great historical epoch, abounding in incidents. In 'Robert le Diable,' the middle ages immediately preceding the period of the Crusades, surrounded with the splendours of chivalry and the terrors of superstition, seem to awake after a slumber of eight centuries. 'The Huguenots' is taken from that part of French history of which the bare chronicle is thrilling romance; and in 'The Prophet' we have that most extraordinary of the episodes of the Reformation, in which the Anabaptists of Munster recognised John of Leyden as prophet, priest, and king.

This opera commences with a view in Holland, at the gate of a castle, and presents us with a glance at the humble early fortunes of John, who was a Dutchman, and of that exercise of feudal and priestly power which lent each other a hand in precipitating the social and religious revolution of the period. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, we see John of Leyden, a poor tailor and innkeeper, interrupted in the preparations for his marriage with Bertha, by the lord of the manor interposing his authority. The exercise of this feudal privilege not only shocks John and his mother, and appals his bride, but excites the indignation of a people ripe for revolution; and three Anabaptist elders, clad in deep black, with stern countenances, appear to fortify their resolutions, as the representatives of the superiority of spiritual over temporal power. This is the business of the first act, the music of which is managed with consummate skill, commencing with the melancholy pipe of a peasant sitting on the bridge, as if deploring the excesses of priestly and feudal domination, and then rising progressively to a musical climax in the so-called 'flail chorus,' which is the first full outburst of popular frenzy.

In the next act, the bride flees, and is hidden by John of Leyden; but his mother being brought before him by the myrmidons of the feudal lord, and threatened with death if she be not given up, the bride comes forth and generously surrenders herself. John becomes frantic, and his thirst of vengeance prepares him for any hallucination. On recounting a strange dream, he is persuaded by the elders to assume the character of prophet and deliverer of the people from feudal and priestly tyranny. In the following act, the revolutionary drama advances. Winter has incrusted the wide plains of Westphalia with nipping frost. The people are conquerors. Priests, barons, and ladies, terror-struck, beg their lives of the frenzied mob; and we see that the reformation was so far no mere matter of theological subtleties. Hundreds of skaters pass and repass on the river below, while darkness covers the earth, and a grand choral-hymn resounds through the camp, while a sun, produced by electrical light, is seen to rise in the east.

We are then carried into the city of Munster, which has become the possession of the Anabaptists (A.D. 1534), and where John of Leyden was crowned with great pomp, during which scene is presented one of the most striking and dramatic situations that can be conceived. The mother of John enters the cathedral, and recognises in the impostor her own son; but he, struck with guilt, feels that to own his humble mother will be ruin. She wishes to appeal to his filial affection; but the elders menace her with death, and John himself, his criminal ambition gaining the mastery, asks her, with an agitated and a guilty countenance, who she is. And after a scene of the highest interest, we see her maternal affection so strong, as to deny her own identity, in order not to expose her son; on which the credulous mob proclaim him to have performed a miracle, in restoring reason to the insane old woman who believed herself to be his mother. The effect of this scene is electrical. The grand coronation-march with which it is heralded—the pealing organ—the loud anthem; and, with this conjunction of dramatic effect and inspiring music, the acting and singing of Madam Viardot, who soars to the highest flight of tragic declamation—realise that union of the fervour of Gluck with the majesty of Handel, and a harmonic richness unknown to either, which has made the Prophet a landmark in musical history. As for the fifth act, although containing some fine things, and essential to the conclusion of the career of John of Leyden, whose grandeur was succeeded by defeat and death, it falls off; and both author and composer would have done well to finish with the cathedral scene.

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Covent Garden, in prices and in the class of habitués, differs little from the Queen's Theatre. With its dark crimson hangings and its semicircular form, it has a richer and more spacious appearance than the Queen's, with its yellow damask and horse-shoe form, but is less light and elegant in general effect. Having, as already stated, no ballet, it appeals less to the eye; but no expense is spared in costume and scenery, as accessorial to the gratification of the ear; and few things are finer than the production of even operas of light music, such as the 'Masaniello' of Auber—with the azure atmosphere and the unruffled sea that washes the Bay of Naples, its picturesque dancing groups and soft Circean melodies wooing the most obdurate ears from the first chorus to the last finale, when the eruption from the crater shows the mountain ribbed with seething lava.

As for the company, its excellence is fully on a par with the high class of music selected, and with the efficiency of the orchestra. The soprano prima donna is Madame Grisi, who has been for nearly twenty years at the head of her profession, and whose dramatic experience has been gathering new strength ever since her first appearance in the Queen's Theatre, in 'La Gazza Ladra,' in the year 1833, she having appeared the previous season in Paris, where her cismontane reputation was made. Her voice is in freshness not greatly abated; and although in delicacy of quality it does not equal that of Jenny Lind, Grisi is altogether the first dramatic soprano now on the stage. The first contralto is Madame Viardot Garcia, the sister of the late Malibran; and of her voice we may say that in fulness of volume and compact beauty it is not equal to that of Alboni, yet in dramatic power she not only surpasses that singer, but may fairly challenge comparison with any tragic actress of our own generation. Old opera frequenters have been heard to say that since the days of Siddons, half a century ago, the stage has presented nothing superior to the acting of Viardot in 'The Prophet.'

The principal male singers are Mario, Tamburini, and others, a notice of all of whom would swell this article to an unconscionable length. The former may be called the finest tenor of the day; for although he cannot combine the same amount of power and sweetness in a few of the highest chest notes, as Signor Tamberlik, the other first tenor of Covent Garden, yet in fulness, steadiness, equability of voice, grace of ornament, and dramatic experience, he takes the precedence of that singer. We may add that Mario is a stage name, as this gentleman is an Italian count of ancient family.

The first barytone is Signor Tamburini, who was born at Faenza in 1800, and is now consequently fifty-one years of age. He is the son of a horn-player of the cathedral of that town, who brought his son up to his own instrument, though from weakness of chest the lad gave it up, and took to sing the contralto parts in the cathedral. At the change of his voice, he settled into a low barytone, and first appeared at Ceuto, the birthplace of Guido, in 1818, which led to an engagement in Naples, in Milan, Vienna, and Paris. His voice is capable of taking bass parts; but his power lies in the florid barytone, as in 'Corradino' and 'Pirata.' If in a notice of the principal singers of Covent Garden we omit Madame Castellane, Zelger, Tagliafico, and several others, it is from want of space, and not from lack of appreciation of their merits.

It may be easily imagined how formidable such a rivalry must be to the Queen's Theatre. Mr Lumley has been induced to bring out Shakspeare's Tempest, with all the aids and appliances of Halevy's music, and the full strength of his company; but in spite of all this expenditure and labour on a noble subject, there is no appearance of Covent Garden closing its doors. It is much to be regretted that some arrangements cannot be made for concentrating the strength of both companies in one effective and lucrative establishment, leaving the other open for English opera; that is to say, for not only classical foreign operas translated into English, but as an arena for the employment of English singers, and of the rapidly rising school of English musical composers. An essential feature of the plan should be a scale of prices for the English opera, such as would render good music more accessible to the middle classes. For the direction of such a theatre Mr Balfe has been unanimously designated by the native musical public as beyond all comparison the most fitting individual: and we close this article with a very short account of the musical career of the only English composer who has ever been universally popular on the continent of Europe.

Mr Balfe was born in Dublin in the year 1808, and when a youth of only sixteen, was so admirable a violin player, as to attract the attention of Mr Charles Horne; and being brought forward by him, played concertos at several oratorios in England, in the palmy days of Braham and Mrs Salmon. During this tour an incident occurred which had a great influence on his fortunes. Count Mazzara, a wealthy Roman travelling in England, having heard a ballad composed by Balfe, entitled 'The Lover's Mistake,' at once advised him to go to Italy and study composition; while at the same time he offered him a home in his own palace. Thus favoured by fortune, Balfe, at the age of seventeen, set out for Italy, and, by a singular coincidence, the Countess Mazzara finding in him a great resemblance to a son she had lost, the young artist was adopted by her.

For two years Balfe laboured at composition under Federici, then one of the best contra-puntists of his day; and in 1827, when only nineteen years of age, he tried his youthful skill in the composition of the music of a ballet for the theatre of La Scala, in Milan, on the subject of La Perouse. This being successful, he was introduced to Rossini, then musical director of the Italian opera at Paris, and commenced his theatrical career as bass singer at a salary of L.600, playing Figaro to Santago Rosina, in the Barber of Seville, for nine successive nights. Balfe revisited Italy in 1830, and had composed his first opera, entitled 'Atala,' founded on Chateaubriand's romance of that name; but unfortunately having lost a portion of his luggage in travelling, his maiden opera never saw the light. But a circumstance soon occurred which again put his powers into requisition. Being engaged for a year, in 1830, as first bass-singer at Palermo, the revolutionary spirit of that year passed from the arena of politics to that of the arts. The chorus revolted, from some motive that does not appear, and the director having said to Balfe, 'Oh for an opera like "Il Matrimonio Secreto," that would enable me to do without a chorus!' Balfe wrote his second, and produced his first opera, 'I Rivali.' The attempt was successful, and made him well known as a composer to the Italian public; and having, in 1832, sung with Malibran at the Fenice of Venice, that accomplished singer and actress made his talents known to Mr Bunn, and in 1835 his first English opera, the 'Siege of Rochelle,' was produced in Drury Lane. This established his reputation, and was succeeded by many others, which it is not necessary to particularise; but the most successful of which was the 'Bohemian Girl,' produced in 1843, with such signal success, that he was called to Vienna, where the opera stood the test of the critical audience of a metropolis, which had seen the triumphs of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. Mr Balfe has also written several operas for the French stage; and the last accounts of him state that, having composed a new opera, it is to be presented to the throng of strangers expected to crowd London during the forthcoming Exhibition. Let us hope that it will be successful, and that this specimen of our lyric drama will take a place which, until the

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advent of Mr Balfe, has been unanimously refused to Great Britain in this department of the 'arts and industry of all nations.'

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

HINDOO COLLEGE—PARSEE FAMILY—DRESS—EMBARKATION OF ELEPHANTS—FANCY BALL.

December 5.—We had long promised ourselves a visit to the Hindoo College, but never made this intention out till to-day. It was a very interesting sight. The boys looked well and lively, the teachers good-natured, but pale and worn, at least those among them who are European. Several classes are taught by their own pundits, who seemed especially pleased to see us, or probably any strangers. The friend who accompanied Edward, Arthur, and me, examined the highest English class for our benefit, to the great joy of the teacher, who complains that the gentlemen of the presidency never come to see how the boys get on. They were just now preparing for a public exhibition, and were all quite aware of the value of a few private rehearsals. The pupils we were to hear questioned first were all fourteen years old or upwards, they spoke English fluently, seemed intelligent, looked bright, and apparently liked being thus noticed, perhaps in the hope of the half-holiday usually asked for by any lady visitor. In history they were reading our own, and had arrived at the reign of Elizabeth. They were perfectly correct in all facts, names, and dates; and they drew such just conclusions from these premises, as evidenced great care in their instructor, not only in teaching them what was past, but its application to the present, thus bringing forward the reflecting powers of his pupils as they proceeded; for no two gave the same answer, nor were any two of exactly the same opinion either as to the propriety of events, or the characters of the actors in them. They were perfectly acquainted with the great men in all departments who had figured in that or any preceding reign. If one of them were at a loss, another could always set him right; and their replies were all made without the book—extempore, as were the questions put to them. We could detect neither shyness, nor forwardness, nor envy among them—it was altogether a very interesting scene. We had then a little bit of amusement. Arthur gravely demanded their opinions upon some of the political matters of the day. They gave them readily, as from minds quite made up—ultra liberal in the extreme, their ideas all taken from the newspapers of that side in which they are deeply read—Lord Brougham their hero. They next gave us some readings from Shakspeare's scenes, taking each his character, and they really astonished us. They dote upon Shakspeare, understand him, feel his sentiments and his poetry, and give nearly perfect expression to his meaning. Their voices are naturally soft, low-toned, and melodious; and having been well taught from the beginning to attend to the sense more than to the rhythm of the verse, their recitation was curiously beautiful. The head boy, a lad of seventeen, was particularly at home in his appreciation of this 'oracle of nature.' He quite amazed us by his explanation of obsolete words and inverted passages, and by the occasionally fine expression of his voice and eye.

We next put some questions to the junior classes: geography, grammar, history, arithmetic, all were satisfactorily answered. The drawing-class was very good—maps, landscapes, and figures very promising. A class of some little boys, of from four to ten years of age, was almost the most amusing of any in the schools. They were only in the rudiments, which were taught to them very agreeably. They were lively little creatures, some of them very pretty. It is easy to distinguish the high-caste boys from those of lower orders: independent of their better dress, their look and bearing is quite superior. It is certainly a great step to have so far conquered the deeply-rooted prejudices of the natives in this respect, as to have brought so many children of different castes together at this Hindoo college, where the young Brahman stands up in the same form and sits on the same bench with his lower-caste brethren, or maybe with those of no caste at all; but it is curious to know how entirely they keep aloof from contamination when out of school—immediately then resuming their own peculiarly exclusive habits. I observed one natural curiosity in this collection of young Hindoos: a boy with hair quite red; his complexion was in nowise different from other natives, but he had an odd countenance, and looked more stupid than the rest of the children.

6th.—We went this morning to visit the Parsee ladies; but before entering on the particulars of our interview, I must tell you that we had each of us secret reasons for waiting upon these new acquaintance. I am preparing some figures for your cabinet of costumes, which I wish to make as true to nature as possible: I therefore intended making a most minutely-accurate examination of toilette matters; while Caroline's purpose was to borrow some jewels, as she is going very splendid to a fancy ball, which is to be given in a few days by a very spirited party of bachelors. We met with no difficulties on preferring our requests. I rather think, indeed, they were flattered by feeling able to oblige us; for they took every kind of trouble to assist us, all appearing and crowding about us—women, and children, and attendants—seemingly most anxious to be of use, and quite amused and interested with our schemes—the old mother above all. She sent her daughters here and there on all sorts of messages, and chattered and laughed unceasingly. They had a pretty long journey to go occasionally; for they are at this time not living in their garden-house, but in their immense factory of a residence in the denser part of the native town, which serves for warehouse, counting-house, storehouse, and ordinary domicile for all ramifications of these extensive families. These town-houses are for the most part of great size, generally built round the four sides of a large court, without one good room in all the vast number of private apartments. In this Parsee abode there are as many as three hundred small dark cells, into half of which I am sure but little light or air can enter, and where furniture would seem to be as little necessary; for with the exception of some few bedsteads, there was none as far as we could see. The verandas are spacious, and the house-top better still after the sun is down. By the by, Edward has taken to play chess up there of an evening—native fashion—with his new friend the race-horse man; and there they sit, as grave as two Turks, till the darkness of night overshadows them.

But I must go back to the dress of the Parsee ladies. It is surprising how little clothing they wear, for they were not in full dress on this occasion; their garments were of homely texture, and there were no shoes and stockings. A short inner vest of muslin just reaches the waist; in fact, it is a mere body with short sleeves: the drawers are very full. They reach down to the ankles, but only up to the hips, round which they are drawn, thus leaving a good wide space of naked skin between them and the little body. A small tight silken jacket goes on over these, and the long web of silk or cotton, called the sarec, completes the dress. There is some dexterity required to arrange the saree, for no pins are used. One end is tucked into the belt of the drawers behind, then some yards are plaited up in the hand—passed between the legs—brought up in front, and fastened to the string of the drawers before—tucked into the belt, falling down in pretty drapery in front, but scanty and ugly, and indeed scarcely decent, behind, although the other end, thrown over the head and shoulders, falls low about the figure. When I had thoroughly

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examined them, the Parsee ladies, as of right, as minutely scrutinised me; and the fits of laughter elicited by my complex attire—the exclamations of wonder—the numerous inquiries as to the use or necessity of certain articles of my clothing, and surprise at the forms so curiously contrived for them, cannot be set down as altogether complimentary to the fashionable toilette of an Englishwoman.

The jewels were lent with pleasure, and were to be carried to us next day by the eldest son. They were of such value, I should not have liked to borrow them; but Cary had no fears.

8th.—This was a day of real bustle, for the Coolie bazaar is a long way down the river, and we were to be there by ten o'clock, to see the embarkation of the elephants. The large male elephant declined to put his foot upon the jetty or pier, along which it was intended he should walk towards the steamer; which had been warped up so close, that it was expected one turn of the crane erected there would have hoisted the huge animal right over the main hatch, when he could have been immediately lowered into his berth. When we came in sight of him, he was down on his knees, for about the twentieth time, in token of his refusal to move in obedience to the mohaut seated on his neck. Many times the spur of the hook induced him to rise slowly till his broad back towered above the surrounding crowd, his head turned to the ship, but one step forward he would not make. So he kneeled down again. When standing, he looked to be about twice the height of the tallest man. The female elephant, longer tamed and better trained, had walked to the end of the jetty and back again several times to show him the way, but he seemed aware of his greater weight, and that what would support her might yield under him; for his great foot having once struck the sounding planks, no power could move him to venture on them. After a couple of hours of vain attempts, the whole plan of operations had to be altered. The ship was unmoored, and swung round some twenty yards higher up the stream, and the elephants were to swim to her side. The two enormous creatures turned at the bidding of their guides, walked leisurely along the quay, and entered the water with a sort of stately docility, which gave a certain dignity to their unwieldy ugliness. They were both of them well cased in slings made of strong canvas, and the larger one carried several men upon his back engaged in arranging the cords attached to his canvas casing. The mohauts prepared for steady seats by closely embracing the necks of the animals with their legs. A thick bed of mud extends close to the bank, through which they had to make their way before attaining the deep water. On entering this, the slingsmen slipt off, and the female quietly leading, the male followed, both sinking knee-deep at every step, and raising up their gigantic limbs for the next stride with apparent difficulty. When they got beyond their depth, they rolled off like enormous porpoises, swimming in the direction required, in obedience to the iron nook. They soon neared the vessel, but close up to her the larger elephant would not go: no pricking, no coaxing, no menaces, affected his dogged determination to keep his distance. At last he wheeled about and began to swim back to shore. The mohaut got him turned again, and brought him to the ship-side once more, when round he wheeled again; and so the game continued. There appeared now to be much consultation on board. A crane had been erected on the deck close to the hatchway, for the purpose of the disembarkation at Suez, and this, it seems, it was resolved to make use of in the present perplexity. The opening of the main hatch had been considerably enlarged to admit the bodies of these monstrous creatures, and about this opening, just beneath the crane, stood the consulting parties, certainly in some dilemma.

At length a boat was lowered from the steamer, men with long cords having iron hooks fastened to the end of them, descended into it, and rowed as near the poor frightened elephant as they dared. Two or three of them then jumped into the river, and swimming towards him, warily climbed upon the huge back as it lay sulkily upon the water. They fastened their hooks into the rings fixed in the slings bound round him, and then slipped off, without his attempting to molest them, carrying the cords attached to the hooks in their hands. Half of these cords were thus fastened to each side of the elephant; and they were respectively caught by parties of men on the quay and on the deck of the steamer, and passed through pullies attached to a windlass and a capstan. Now began an exciting scene. An immense crowd covered the shore, boats innumerable lay upon the water, and a large company stood upon the deck. The preparations being completed by signal-masters on the quay and near the capstan, the monstrous creature began to move. As his immense carcass rose helpless in the air, a nervous half-stifled cry burst from all the multitude. The animal himself was exceedingly terrified, as was seen by the nervous twitchings of his head and legs, though he was perfectly quiescent under this astounding mode of transport. The ropes from the ship pulled him steadily towards her, those from the shore kept him as steadily back; so that there could be no jerk to hurt him. The men who worked the ropes kept their eyes fixed on the signal-masters, whose directions were all given by various motions of the arms. Regularly worked the ropes, lengthening on the shore side, shortening on the ship side, till the elephant swung slowly over the deck above the open hatchway, the mohaut still upon his neck, bravely keeping his seat there, and coaxing and fondling his huge charge during the whole operation. They descended slowly together, the man and the elephant—the elephant sinking down the abyss slightly struggling, and the man—just at the critical moment, when a more than ordinary nervous plunge might have dashed him against the crane—sliding easily from his dangerous position, and standing safe upon the deck. Then a shout did rend the air: a waving of hats and handkerchiefs accompanying the wild huzzas: it was a sort of delirium for the moment. One of our party told us that the first time an elephant was put on board ship at Calcutta, not one native would believe such an undertaking to be of possible accomplishment. They fully expected to see the English machinery at fault, and to have a laugh at the Bellatee sahibs. Their astonishment at the result was proportionably great, their admiration unbounded. For me, I grudged the pacha his present, thinking of all the fear the poor animals had gone through, and all the discomfort they would have to undergo. The hatchway had hardly been sufficiently enlarged—it only barely admitted this huge freight; and an enormous foot escaping from a loosened cord, caused the male elephant to do some damage to the poultry coops. One of these was quite broken by the blow, and all its imprisoned inmates sent fluttering about, more alarmed than pleased by their sudden liberty.

Another accident happened afterwards that might have been more serious. The female elephant, though more easily led to the vessel, was less manageable during her descent to her berth; and in her struggles she knocked an officer down before her a fall of many feet through both the decks. He was stunned, but not otherwise injured, although some hours elapsed before he came quite to himself. As soon as these creatures were fairly secured below, they were regaled with sugar-cane, which they devoured with an avidity quite reassuring as to any ill effects upon their nervous systems from the exploit of the morning. The male is eleven feet high, and fifteen feet long—very large for this part of the world, where the general size is much less than that of the Ceylon or Bombay elephant. We

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heard from some friends who remained later than ourselves, that after eating the sugar-cane, the large elephant became much excited, knocked all his berth to pieces, and conducted himself so violently it was dangerous to go near him: they had some difficulty in chaining him properly up. He really could not be a pleasant shipmate, and so probably most people have thought; for almost all the passengers who had intended going to Suez in this steamer, have forfeited their passage-money rather than run the risk of an introduction to such society.

9th.—The fancy ball took place last night. I don't exactly know what Cary called her dress: it was Eastern certainly, and suited her well, which I suppose was all she wanted. She wore a turban, a tunic, and full drawers—all of rich materials glittering with gold and jewels. Her diamond stomacher was worth a thousand pounds: her three rows of large pearls for a necklace near as much: her earrings were very costly: the aigrettes and clasps about her head, some of them priceless, as were the ornaments she stuck about her sleeves; for everywhere she possibly could place them, she sewed on brilliants. She was all in a blaze, her husband said. He wore a real Turkish dress, which he had got at Constantinople some years ago. Mr Black was an Albanian pirate, in a very splendid dress, with such handsome pistols in his belt—two pair of them, and a cutlass, and a great number of richly-studded baldrics, and sashes, and other adornments. Helen wore the costume of a Greek girl, which suited her peculiar style of beauty so well. We who knew the family history were quite amused by some one saying, when they walked about together, that the pirate had run off with his bride: at which he laughed, and she blushed, as a willing captive might be supposed to do.

THE LENTIL IN SCOTLAND.

The *Ervum lens*, although a new field-crop in Scotland, in its cultivation as an article of food, is so well known abroad, especially in Catholic countries, that the very name *Lent* is unquestionably derived from the use of lentils during that period of abstinence from all sorts of animal diet. As green crop for cattle-feeding, however, we can trace its introduction into Britain three hundred years back: the date which Mr Lawson gives being 1545. But he adds in his 'Agriculturists' Manual,' that 'although well adapted to our climate, its cultivation has not been attended to'—for what good reason it is difficult to discover, unless, like other items of husbandry practised by the monks in the vicinity of their settlements, it was driven out with the Reformation. The vine, which was general in the south of England, shared this fate. The *Ervum lens* belongs to the general order *leguminosæ*; in generic character its calyx is five-parted; segments linear, acute; corolla, sub-equal; pod, oblong, and two and four seeded. Six species are natives of the northern hemisphere. The species termed botanically *Ervum tetraspermum hirsutum*, presents us with those troublesome weeds of the New-Testament parable called tares. They are natives of England; but the *Ervum lens*, the lentil, is a native of the south of Europe. The eatable lenticular seed is of very ancient culture. On the authority of Genesis xxv. 34, it distinctly formed the mess of *red* pottage for which Esau sold his birthright. Several references to it occur elsewhere in holy writ, as in 2d Sam. xvii. 28; xxiii. 11; and Ezek. iv. 9. It constitutes at the present time much of the food of the common people of many continental states, being not only the cheapest, but the most palatable and nutritious diet. For the value of *twopence* six men may dine well on lentils; and as this extraordinary fact will doubtless excite the attention both of the poor and the benevolent, we shall mention the various modes of cooking adopted.

Steep the lentils an hour or two in cold water; then take them out and place them in a goblet, with enough of water to cover the surface; adding a little butter, some salt, and flavouring with parsley. Place the whole over a slow fire. They must boil slowly; and care must be taken to add water enough to keep the surface covered, but merely covered.

They may be boiled with ham, bacon, sausage, or merely with water and salt, or prepared afterwards with onion *à la maître d'hôtel*.

In schools, barracks, or large boarding establishments, they are often boiled in salt and water; and when cool the water is poured off, and they are dressed with oil, vinegar, &c. like a French salad.

When the lentil is bruised or ground into meal, it makes an excellent *purée*, with wildfowl or roasted game.

It is prepared also like peas for soups, dumplings, puddings, &c.

One single pound of meal makes soup sufficient for fifteen persons; or a pudding-dumpling, purée, &c. for six; and the pound costs from 2d. to 8d. in France or Germany.

Being exceedingly nutritious, lentils would make a capital substitute for potatoes; and it is mainly on this ground that the recent efforts of a French gentleman, M. Guillerez, of Castle Street, Edinburgh, have been directed to bring about their adoption as a British field-crop. But why is it that, having free trade in corn of all kinds, this foreign crop is not in the meantime more largely imported for British consumption? This is a singular circumstance, for it affords one of the most popular of all dishes abroad; the finest or small brown kind—which is also the most prolific—being esteemed a delicacy by the rich, and highly relished by the poor. The very paucity of the supplies that have lately reached us of the flour of lentils have tempted those by whom it is vended as food for invalids, to palm off mixtures of bran-meal, and other leguminous products, for the genuine article. And the high price put upon the packages doled out so mysteriously, and puffed so extensively, would preclude the public from enjoying the advantages of this cheap and plentiful description of food, even if their contents were legitimate.

The character of the lentil, both intrinsic and economical, would seem to point it out as a proper substitute for the potato; and the important question is, whether it would thrive under general culture in this soil and climate as luxuriantly as that root? One of our scientific growers (Lawson) has already given his testimony in the affirmative—'Agriculturists' Manual,' p. 95. Dr Palnekheell failed, indeed, in an attempt to cultivate them twenty years ago, at Canonmills, near Edinburgh; but Messrs P. Lawson & Son ripened specimens of the seed of the larger lentil at their Meadowbank nursery in 1835. They were sown on the 7th April, were in flower on the 6th July, and ripened the second week of August. The only systematic and persevering attempts, however, to ripen the seed, and acclimatise the plant, have been those of M. Guillerez. These have been carried on at Queensferry; and in the course of his experiments, it has been found that seed of his own produce ripened there, and proved more luxuriant than continental seed newly imported from France, given to him in exchange by Lord Murray. Here, then, there is room to hope that, if not already predisposed for vegetating kindly in our climate, the lentil is in a fair way of being acclimated.

M. Guillerez's plants grew, we believe, to two and even three feet in height—a luxuriance seldom attained in France: and yet his experiments could hardly be said to have been made under circumstances the most favourable for the growth of the plants. A dry warm soil is requisite for the lentil. This gentleman, however, sowed his at Queensferry in heavy garden-ground, manured with sea-weed and common manure. He put in the seed at various periods, some

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two months earlier than others, without experiencing any sort of advantage from anticipating the stated period for sowing; and, on the whole, has arrived at the conclusions, that in this country the best time for sowing is a little later than that for peas—about the middle of March. There should be from one to one and a half bushels to the acre; with probably a row of horse-beans between every row of lentils, to prevent their falling, and to save the expense of propping, which is never incurred by the foreign farmer. In other respects their treatment, harvesting, &c. are similar to those bestowed upon the pea. The plant is of a close branching habit, producing from 100 to 150, and often a considerably greater number of pods. M. Guillerez counted 134 on a single stalk, and has found his pods to contain from 1 to 2, and occasionally 3 seeds each. In gardens they may of course appear in pretty thick rows, 18 inches or 2 feet apart, and 5 inches' distant from each other. Their appearance in this situation is improved by their being propped.

There are three cultivated varieties of the lentil—the lentil of Provence, as large as a pea, with a luxuriant straw, better adapted for culture as a tare than as a grain for human food; the yellow lentil, less in size, easily unhusked, and convertible into flour, serving as the base of the preparations so much and so long puffed in the newspapers; and the small brown lentil, the best for use, the most agreeable in flavour, and preferable to all others for haricots and soups. The two last-named varieties are those which have been grown, and their seed ripened, in the open air at Queensferry.

It was a very pleasant sight to see this novel and agreeable-looking product in bloom at Queensferry in the middle of June, covering the drills with a profusion of delicate white blossoms. There was even a peculiar charm in the fairy-like tracery of its soft green foliage. In the beginning of August it was properly podded, and within a few days of being ripe. In short, the experiment, on however limited a scale, was entirely successful; and it is to be hoped that the prosecution of an object so desirable will not be lost sight of. It is always to be remembered that such an addition to our resources must be of essential importance to the poor, whether as a substitute for the potato crop or not; for a pint of the meal, or of the lentils entire, simply unhusked, will produce at this moment two large and substantial family dishes, at a cost of sixpence; and if cultivated in our own fields, at a much less expense. This vegetable, so generally used in France in boarding-schools, in the army, in large families, and in hospitals, is one of the most nutritious and succulent serials in existence—cheaper, more wholesome, and more susceptible of digestion and assimilation as human food, than any description of peas or beans—making delightful soup, very savoury to the taste when cooked with ham, or when its farina is used for puddings or purée with any kind of meat. In short, it wants but a knowledge and appreciation of its qualities among us to create a demand which our farmers, having now been shown the way, will greatly advance their own interests in studying to gratify.

EGGS OF THE EPIORNIS.

Until very lately, ostrich eggs were regarded as the largest in existence, but they are mere dwarfs when compared with those which M. de Malanau has just sent over from the island of Reunion, and which are to be placed in the Paris Museum. Their history is as follows:—In 1850, M. Abadie, a captain in the merchant service, saw in the hands of a Malagasy a gigantic perforated egg. The information obtained from the natives led to the discovery of two other equally large eggs, and some bones. These were all sent to Paris; but one of the eggs was unluckily broken. The others arrived in safety, and M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire has presented them to the Academy. These eggs differ from each other in form: one has its two ends very unequal; the other approaches nearly to the form of an ellipsoid. The dimensions of the latter are:—Largest diameter, 12½ inches; smallest diameter, 8½ do.; largest circumference, 33½ do.; smallest circumference, 28½ do. The thickness of the shell is about the eighth of an inch. This great Madagascar egg would contain about seventeen English pints, and its gross volume is six times that of an ostrich egg, and equal to 148 ordinary hen eggs. The first question to be decided was—Are these the eggs of a bird or of a reptile? The structure of the shells, which is strictly analogous to that of the eggs belonging to large birds with rudimentary wings, would have sufficed to determine the question; but it has been completely set at rest by the nature of the bones which were sent with them. One of them is the inferior extremity of the great metatarsal bone of the left side: the three-jointed apophyses exist, two of them being nearly perfect. Even a person unskilled in comparative anatomy cannot fail to see that these are the remains of a bird. The gigantic bird of Madagascar, or epiornis, appears to have differed in many respects from the struthionidæ, and may henceforward become the type of a new species in the group of *rudipennæ* or *brevipennæ*. The height of the epiornis, according to the most careful calculations made by comparative anatomists, must have been about twelve English feet, or about two feet higher than the largest of the extinct birds (dinornis) of New Zealand. According to the natives of the Sakalamas tribe, this immense creature, although extremely rare, still exists. In other parts of the island, however, no traces of belief in its present being can be found. But there is a very ancient and universally-received tradition amongst the natives relative to a bird of colossal size, which used to slay a bull, and feed on the flesh. To this bird the Malagasies assign the gigantic eggs lately found in their island.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A THOUGHT of joy, that rises in the mind
Where sadness hath been sitting many an hour!
A thought of joy, that comes with sudden power
When least the welcome guest we looked to find!
Who sends that thought? Whence springs it? Like the wind,
Its passage is invisible! The shower
That falls is seen—the lightning o'er the bower
Passes with fiery wing, and leaves behind
Rent boughs and withered buds! But air and thought
Come and depart, we know not how! Be sure
From Heaven the solace is! Lo, as men note
A gorgeous butterfly, whose tremulous wings—
All bright with crimson meal—a glory flings;
So joyful thoughts are seen, and sent by angels pure!

HORN HOUSES OF LASSA, THE CAPITAL OF THIBET.

There is a certain district in the suburbs where the houses are built entirely with the horns of cattle and sheep. These odd edifices are of extreme solidity, and present a rather agreeable appearance to the eye; the horns of the cattle being smooth and white, and those of the sheep being black and rough. These strange materials admit a wonderful diversity of combinations, and form on the walls an infinite variety of designs. The interstices between the horns are filled with mortar. These are the only houses that are not whitewashed. The Thibetians have the good taste to leave them in their natural state, without endeavouring to add to their wild and fantastic beauty. It is superfluous to remark, that the inhabitants of Lassa consume a fair share of beef and mutton; their horn-houses are an incontestable proof of it.—*Cape Colonist.*

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THE PEACE APOSTLE.

Nothing of any value is ever done unless under a certain degree of enthusiasm. Indeed, enthusiasm, even when verging upon downright craziness, is generally more effective in matters of enterprise than cool calculation or considerations of prudence. Wise, discreet sort of people seldom do anything very novel; they are too much afraid of what the world will say to dare to invent or originate. A total disregard, in short, of the laughers and snarlers is at the bottom of the more important class of movements, whether public or private.

Amongst the various enthusiasts at present refreshing society with their various demonstrations, there is one for whom we must own a special regard; namely, Elihu Burritt, the Peace Apostle. It will be said that Elihu labours under a decided monomania. Yes; that is what is always said of your uncompromising enthusiasts—the said enthusiasts entertaining the blessed conviction that they know better than all the rest of mankind, and not caring one pin what is thought of them.

To come to the point: Elihu Burritt, as will be known to a tolerably wide circle, is an American who, having raised himself from the condition of a working blacksmith, and acquired a wonderful command of languages, has for several years been engaged in a seemingly hopeless crusade against war in every shape. The continent of Europe has been the chief theatre of his operations. Four years ago, on the occasion of a personal interview with this apostle of Peace, we ventured a doubt as to the likelihood of continental countries giving up their reliance on Force; seeing that they all sat like so many men each with a dagger in his hand, and a significant look at his neighbour's throat. Elihu only compassionated our incredulity. He foresaw the approaching commencement of the reign of common sense. Gentleness was to guide the Earth.

These pleasant anticipations could not but be ruffled by the subsequent and entirely unforeseen revolutions of 1848, every one of which was a work of force in its most abrupt and revolting form. Warned by the progress and consequences of these tumults, Elihu has assumed the character of teacher; without, however, abating one jot of his enthusiasm. On this ground we think he is likely for the first time to find rest for the soles of his feet. The world is much in need of schoolmasters, and no lesson is more desirable than that which inculcates the folly of fighting. But to give proper, or at least practical efficacy to admonitions of this kind, it is unfortunately necessary to teach all nations and peoples simultaneously; for if one of any importance be left out, it goes on according to its old fighting notions, and obliges peaceably-disposed neighbours to remain in arms in self-defence.

To this desperate job of teaching continental nations how to behave themselves, the American has addressed himself; and nothing could be more easy than to laugh at the presumption of undertaking so Herculean a task. But why deride any plan whatever that aims at good? By all means let Elihu alone, and see what he will do in his own way. Wesley and Whitefield did very wonderful things by means not quite orthodox, and, as is well known, things which orthodoxy left unheeded. Who knows but this wandering blacksmith may, after all, do more to disseminate ideas of peace among foreign nations, than any ambassador with ten thousand a year, or other accredited functionary?

The manner in which Elihu goes to work is worth noting. Every month he prepares and issues a small tract of four octavo pages. The 'Olive Leaf,' as this interesting little periodical is called, consists principally of short articles, from a few lines to a column in length, all elucidating some point or principle involved in the subject of peace. These articles embrace short moral arguments, pointing out the sinfulness, inhumanity, and folly of war; statistics carefully collated, shewing the bearings and burdens of the war-system; anecdotes and facts in illustration of the power of love, and the beauty of peace and fraternal concord between different classes, communities, and countries. The 'Olive Leaf,' as thus described, is circulated over Great Britain and North America; and the work is regularly translated into French and German for continental circulation. At first, the French edition was a tract resembling that in English; but the difficulties and expense of disposal in this form, as well as the obligations of the new stamp law in France, soon compelled a change of measures. The plan was resorted to of getting the whole contents of the 'Olive Leaf' transferred to the pages of the newspapers. The idea was a happy one, and was speedily tested. Elihu went to different European capitals; spoke to some editors, and wrote to others. All entered warmly into the proposal, and space was offered at a comparatively moderate charge. Not one man in a thousand could have gone through the thing with the tact of this uncompromising, yet quiet and inoffensive enthusiast. To make a long story short, Elihu has actually procured admission for his articles, deprecatory of war and all its concerns, into twelve papers, which perforate almost every district from the Northern Ocean to the Mediterranean. Let us just present a copy of Elihu's jotting, to shew the amount of his auditory. The 'Evenement,' a Parisian

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paper, edited by Victor Hugo, with a circulation of 30,000 copies; 'Vossiche Zeitung,' Berlin, 16,000; two other papers in Berlin, with a united circulation of 17,000 copies; the 'Nachrihten,' Hamburg, 11,000; 'Illustrated Zeitung,' Leipsic, 10,000; 'Cologne Gazette,' 18,000; 'Frankfort Journal,' 12,000; 'Allegemeine Zeitung,' Augsburg, 15,000; 'Swabian Mercury,' Stuttgard, 10,000; 'Austrian Lloyd's,' Vienna, 10,000; 'St Petersburg Journal,' 10,000—the whole comprehending a circulation of 159,000 copies. In these an 'Olive Leaf' appears once every month. Besides these, articles ready for insertion are despatched by post to other newspapers on the continent, with the hope that the editor will transfer them to his columns; thus putting into gratuitous and wide-spread circulation a great variety of arguments on the impolicy of resorting to force, and keeping up large and expensive armies. Several of the leading French journals have made these articles texts from which to denounce that stupendous war-system that preys on the vitals of the nation, and makes France a terror to peacefully-disposed neighbours.

It need hardly be said that all this machinery of translating, printing, and distribution, is maintained at considerable cost. Burritt's efforts, however, are supported by voluntary contributions in Great Britain and America, and, we have reason to believe, principally from small periodical subscriptions among ladies connected with the Society of Friends. In order to impart interest to the undertaking, a number of individuals take a distinct country in charge. The ladies of Edinburgh, for example, are at the entire cost of humanising Saxony through the agency of these tracts; and they will by and by be able to say to what extent their endeavours have been successful. The ladies of Leeds have in a similar manner taken charge of Wurtemberg. Altogether, we are told that there are thirty societies of this kind already formed. The expense of irrigating such a country as Saxony with 'Olive Leaves' is said to be about L.24 per annum. If no practical benefit be achieved through this novel and somewhat expensive enterprise, it will certainly not be from lack of earnest application.

The novelty of these proceedings will probably afford some amusement to our readers. They have revealed to them one of those remarkable under-currents of benevolence for which the Anglo-Saxons are so greatly distinguished. We cannot say, however, that we are particularly hopeful of the result of this any more than of numerous other schemes of missionary enterprise; yet, to dogmatise on the subject would be as unsafe as it would be ungracious. There can be no doubt that the pithy little articles and anecdotes which Elihu presents for cogitation, will be something quite new within the sphere of their circulation. Take, for instance, the following short explanation of the method of preserving 'a balance of naval power:'—

'Most persons are familiar with the process by which the monkey in the fable sought to effect a balance between the two pieces of cheese which he was asked to apportion equitably between two litigant cats. All will recollect how the wily arbiter presided at the scales, until he had appropriated to himself the last morsel of the cheese in dispute. We shall find the commerce of the nations wasting away, like those pieces of cheese, under the modern process of establishing a balance of naval power for its protection. One of these powers, Great Britain, for instance, constructs a commerce-defender of enormous power, or a war-steamer, called *Stromboli*, *Styx*, or *Bull-dog*. This fiery mastiff is not unkennelled to hunt pirates. In the application for money to build it, the secretary of the British navy perhaps referred point-blank to the posture and power of France, and even hinted at her disposition to injure the commerce of Great Britain. In fact this war-steamer is let out like a bull-dog, to thrust his nose through the fences of the English Channel, and growl a defiance at France. Well, France has not been asleep the while. She knew the purpose and argument of that war-steamer before its keel was laid. The secretary of the French navy has described the danger to which that nation is exposed by the power of sudden invasion or injury which that new war-ship has put into the hands of England. In all haste the keel of one to match it is laid down at Cherbourg; and before the British mastiff has displayed his teeth for a week upon the sea, a French one, of equal power, is unkennelled, to shew his, and growl a defiance. The two nations are now relatively just where they began. They are equally exposed to each other's invasions; perhaps more than they were before their war-steamers left the stocks. At least England has quite as much occasion to send out another sea-mastiff as she had to launch the first. So the next year another is turned out upon the sea, to mate its companion in watching that suspicious bull-dog of France. Of course France cannot suffer this disparity; she feels that her coasts and commerce are in greater jeopardy than ever; and, in what she calls the sheer necessity of defence, she draws more deeply upon her revenues, and sends out another mastiff, with longer teeth and stronger claws. The competition between the two countries for the purpose of *effecting a balance* of naval power is now fairly under way. When each nation has constructed one hundred war-steamers, they are relatively just where they commenced. Is it not self-evident that, at this point, they are just as much exposed to each other's attacks as they were before they had a single war-steamer upon the ocean?'*

If the above logic serves to persuade our belligerent neighbours, the gain will not be inconsiderable; but as a large proportion of the male population may be said to make fighting a trade, the argument which Elihu employs is not likely to meet with universal acceptance. An instance of proselytising an accomplished military officer is, however, recorded in the following anecdote:—

'During our sojourn at Hamburg, a Swedish officer took up his quarters for a few days at the hotel in which we resided, and was presented with one of the German "Olive-Leaf" pamphlets, which we caused to be distributed among all the guests of the establishment. The next day the officer came into our room, and expressed himself fully convinced of the truth and force of the arguments against war contained in the little *brochure*. "But," he asked with serious tone and emphasis, "what shall we military officers do? This is our *trade!*" He then fully and frankly described his condition. He had been educated for the army from his youth up, and he was the son of a general. He had graduated in the first university of Sweden, spoke five or six languages, was an accomplished scholar, and just in the prime of young manhood. Having studied for the army, and acquired the theory of the soldier's *trade*, he entered the Russian service, and went into the war with the Circassians, to learn the practice of the profession, just as young American surgeons go to France and other countries to *practise* in their hospitals, and under their professors of anatomy, the art of setting broken bones, and of performing difficult and dangerous operations on the human body; with the difference, that his *trade* was to break bones, and gash human beings with wounds beyond the healing of surgery. For four years he *fleshed* his blade upon the Circassians, and acquired scientific skill in cleaving the skull, transfixing the bosom, or lopping

* While we write, a debate has occurred in the French Assembly respecting the warlike preparations at Cherbourg, which are justified on the ground that the English are making similar preparations; these said English preparations having been entered upon in consequence of certain previous proceedings at Cherbourg. One may well ask, whore is this rivalry to end?—*Ed.*

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off the arm of a fellow-being. Having thus perfected himself in the art, he left the Russian service, to practise his profession wherever it should be most remunerative, and, perhaps, honourable. His native country had nothing for him to do in his line of business, so he repaired to Denmark, as we understood, and offered his services to the Danes, to fight the Schleswig-Holsteiners. But they had plenty of officers, and declined his offer. He then proceeded to Hamburg, with the view of offering himself to the Schleswig-Holsteiners to fight the Danes —being equally ready and willing to draw his sword against the one as the other. But the war was drawing to a close, and could not furnish him a job in his profession. "His occupation was gone," and he seemed to open his eyes to its uncertainty, and to the loss of time he had suffered in learning the trade. He said he was ready to enter upon any situation in civil life which would afford him support, and employment of his talents. He was then looking for such a place, and would prefer any honest business to his military profession. He admitted all its incongruities and immoralities, and wished himself well out of it. Taking up one of the "Olive Leaves," he said he should like to translate them into Swedish, for circulation in that country. The idea was a pleasant one to our mind, and full of promise. It was turning the sword into a ploughshare by an interesting process of transformation. It seemed to indicate what might come in coming days. It was one of the incidents of progress, of encouraging significance. If the first "Olive Leaf" that shall carry its message of peace to the people of Sweden shall be put in their language by this officer, whose other occupation was gone, it will make another incident of interest.'

Elihu's general appeals are pervaded by an amount of hopefulness that contrasts dismally with some of the late operations of Austria and Prussia. While Force is stifling nascent demonstrations of social improvement, the Apostle of Peace sees only indications of universal brotherhood. It is this proneness to overlook discouraging circumstances which has invested Elihu's proceedings with some degree of ridicule. 'The bristling barriers of nationality, which have hitherto divided and alienated men, are everywhere disappearing, and they are beginning to fraternise with each other across the boundaries which once made them enemies. The great transactions of nations, the mighty works of human skill and energy, are becoming *international*, not only in their benefits, but in their ownership and construction. Is it a canal that is proposed?—It is a channel for the ships of all nations across the Isthmus of Panama, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and shorten the passage to India by 6000 miles. Is it a railway that is projected?—It is one 4000 miles in length, across the continent of North America, to open to the nations of Europe a north-west passage to China of thirty days from London; or it is one to be constructed from Calais to Calcutta for their equal benefit. Is it an electric telegraph?—It is one to reach round the globe, crossing Behring's Straits and the English Channel, and stringing on its nerve of wire all the capitals of the civilised world between London and Washington. Is it a grand display of the works of art and industry, for the encouragement of mechanical skill?—It is an exhibition opened, without the slightest distinction, to the artists and artisans of all nations, just as if they were all equal subjects of one and the same government, and equally entitled to its patronage and support. Is it an act affecting navigation?—It is to place all the ships that plough the ocean upon the same footing, as if they were owned by one and the same nation. Is it a proposition to cheapen and extend the facilities of correspondence between individuals and communities?—It is "to give the world an Ocean Penny-Postage, to make home everywhere, and all nations neighbours." These are the material manifestations of the idea of brotherhood which is permeating the popular mind in different countries, and preparing them for that condition promised to mankind in Divine revelation. They are, as it were, the mechanical efforts of civilisation to demonstrate, in physical forms of illustration, the truth, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."'

We wish we could with truth say that the anticipations here expressed are, to any common apprehension, in the way of being realised. But perhaps we are in error in looking for the fruits of August, when we have no chance of seeing more than the *braird* above the ground, or the seed beginning to germinate. Give Mr Burritt a little time, and then judge of the value of that moral husbandry which he is practising. At anyrate, there is surely no harm in looking hopefully on human progress; and, as we have said already, nothing of any importance is to be done without enthusiasm. Elihu Burritt, with all his self-sacrificing ardour and devotedness—and, it may be, all his delusions—is fully as useful in his generation as the man who dares not, for the life of him, entertain an original idea, or perform an original act, and who spends existence in the unvarying round of commonplace duties, and the exercise of a dull jog-trot respectability—

'Content to dwell in decencies for ever.'

MESMERISM.*

In a recent paper, we treated of the qualities of the Od Force, and of the ways in which it manifested itself to our sight and feelings. We then shewed the strange bond existing between man and the globe on which he lives, and how much he is unwittingly influenced by the lifeless matter around and beneath him. Let us now proceed to a still more interesting part of our subject, and observe the way in which the Od Force, circulating in each of us, can be propelled outwards, and made to influence others.

The practice of animal magnetism seems to have existed in the earliest ages, and, more or less, among all nations with whose ancient history we are familiar. But in those ages it was made a mystery of, its secrets were jealously kept from the mass of the people, and served to invest its adepts (generally the higher class of the priesthood) with a character and attributes seemingly divine. This appears to have been especially the case in ancient Egypt. In later times—as among the Rosicrucians of mediæval Germany — the same mystery was kept up, but from a different reason. The age that burned witches, and imprisoned Galileo for maintaining that the earth revolved, was obviously not a tolerant one. The researches of science it denounced as profane; and powers which it could not account for were summarily ascribed to the devil. Hence the illuminati of the middle ages had to veil their discoveries from the public eye, only communicating them to a chosen few, banded by oath in Secret Societies.

In circumstances so unfavourable to its preservation, it is not surprising that, by the beginning of last century, the knowledge of animal magnetism had become virtually extinct, or could only be gathered, dimly and in fragments, from the not very intelligible writings of the old mystics. The merit of its rediscovery is due to

* This paper coming to us from a respectable quarter, and containing information on a subject which at present excites much attention, we do not feel called upon to exclude it, merely because we have not ourselves had the opportunities enjoyed by the writer of becoming convinced of the truth of the phenomena described and referred to. The reader will please to receive the paper as one presented for the gratification of any curiosity which may exist on the subject of Mesmerism, and not as a declaration of our own faith upon that subject; on which, however, it is but candid to say, we entertain none of those prejudices of scepticism which as often form a measure of ignorance and self-conceit as of knowledge and true wisdom.—*Ed.*

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Mesmer; and accordingly the science of animal magnetism has very generally been called after his name.

Puységur subsequently discovered that the magnetic trance could be induced by a simpler method than that practised by Mesmer. The principal features of the process are too generally known to need any description here: suffice it to say, that the result can be obtained either by contact or *passes*—by the eye, or by the will. As a general rule, the mesmeriser should be stronger than the person he operates on. From their weak diet and apathetic temperament, Dr Esdaile found the natives of Bengal very susceptible to the magnetic treatment; but the case is different with Europeans. With us a person in health succumbs only to a skilled operator, remarkable for mesmeric power; and if he be robust in body, as well as in health, it is almost impossible to affect him. The lymphatic temperament is the most easily subdued; while a restless, energetic mind is least so. Trance is ordinarily induced in from five minutes to half an hour; but sometimes more than half-a-dozen sittings are required ere this takes place. Among French patients, the mesmeric powers are more rapidly developed than with English or Germans. The English especially, says Dr Mayo, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings, to have their powers drawn out; but 'these are by far the most interesting cases.' Let us see now what are the principal stages in the development of the mesmeric powers — premising that very few persons are capable of reaching the clairvoyant degree, and that the progression is not always regular from stage to stage, but varies with different persons, and even with the same person at different times, both in order and extent:—

1. As soon as the mesmeric process has taken effect, the patient falls into a profound trance. In some cases one or other of his senses is partially active, but in general he is totally insensible. You may cut off a leg or an arm, and he will not feel it; you may fire a gun at his ear, and he will not hear it.

2. After continuing thus for some time, or after being several times entranced, the patient awakes within himself. He cannot see anything; but he hears and pertinently answers his mesmeriser, and sometimes others also.

3. By and by a new phenomenon appears. Without seeing, he sympathetically adopts the voluntary movements of the operator. He imitates what he says and does. He will sing a song after him, though the music be strange to him, and the words be in a foreign tongue; and will throw himself into any posture the operator may assume, however difficult to maintain, and will continue in it motionless as long as you please, or until he awake. Thus Dr Esdaile made a native Bengalese, who knew not a word of English, sing 'God save the Queen,' and others of our national ditties, in capital style. He gives a curious account also of the odd rigid postures which he made his patients assume; and mentions that any limb could be instantaneously *thawed* by directing against it a jet of cold water. Thus with a syringe, and from a distance, he shot down one limb after another of his living statues; while, directing a *jet-d'eau* against the calf of the leg brought them at once to the ground.

4. A step further, and the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, feels, tastes, and smells everything that is made to tell on the senses of the operator. If the most acrid substance be put in his own mouth, he is quite insensible to its presence; but if sugar or mustard be placed on the operator's tongue, the entranced person immediately expresses satisfaction or disgust. So, also, if you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give him.

Dr Mayo accounts for these sympathetic phenomena by supposing that the mind of the entranced person has interpenetrated the nervous system of the operator; that in the third stage, it is in relation with the anterior half of the cranio-spinal chord and its nerves (by which the impulse to voluntary motion is originated and conveyed); and in the fourth stage, with the posterior half also.

This interpenetration can extend farther; but before this happens, a phenomenon of an altogether different kind manifests itself: this is *transposed sensation*. The operator contrives to awake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new organs of sensation. Comparatively few persons can be brought as far as this, but many make a tantalising advance towards it, *thus:* They are asked, 'Do you see anything?' and after some days they at length answer 'Yes!' 'What?'—'A light.' 'Where is the light?' Then they intimate its place, which may be anywhere around or above them, and describe its colour, which is usually yellowish. Each day it is pointed to in the same direction, and is seen equally whether the room be light or dark—their eyes meanwhile being shut. And here with many the phenomenon stops. Others now begin to discern objects held in the direction in which they see this light. In most of the persons in whom Mr Williamson (of Whickham) brought out this transposed sensation, the faculty was located in a small surface of the scalp behind the left ear. The patients generally saw objects best when held at five or six inches distant from and opposite to this spot; but with one the best distance was seven or eight feet, and behind her. Some can see to read with their finger-ends, others with the pit of the stomach; and in some rare cases this visual faculty is spread over the whole cutaneous membrane. Dr Mayo mentions a curious case in which a girl, when entranced, saw with the knuckles of one hand; and on smearing the back of that hand with ink, she could no longer see with it.

5. In the fifth stage, the entranced person reaches what has been called the state of self-intuition: he obtains a clear knowledge of his own internal, mental, and bodily state, and generally possesses a like power of internal inspection with regard to others who have been placed in magnetic connection (*en rapport*) with him. Thus such persons have frequently told the exact nature of their disease; have prescribed for themselves, in no recorded instance erroneously; if subject to fits, have predicted the precise hour of their recurrence, sometimes months beforehand, as well as the period of their own recovery. It is to this stage and the next that the term clairvoyance, or 'lucid vision,' has been applied.

6. The sixth degree is just an extension of the preceding one, and has been styled that of *universal lucidity*. When a person has reached this stage, if there be given him a lock of hair, or letter, &c. belonging to an unknown and distant party (and of course impregnated with his peculiar Od), the clairvoyant will forthwith mentally go in search of him, and will tell where he is, what he is like, what he is doing—nay, even how he is, both in body and in mind.

To this stage belongs the remarkable phenomenon of *mental travelling* by entranced persons; the more complicated cases of which prove that the mind of the clairvoyant actually pays a visit to the scene in question, and can see things, or pass on to remote places, of which the fellow-traveller has no cognisance. Instances of this are stated. We quote one in illustration from Dr Mayo's book:—'A young person whom Mr Williamson mesmerised became clairvoyante. In this state she paid me a mental visit at Boppard; and Mr Williamson, who had been a resident there, was satisfied that she realised the scene. Afterwards I removed to Weilbach, *where Mr Williamson had never been*. Then he proposed to the clairvoyante to visit me again. She reached, accordingly, in mental travelling, my former room in Boppard, and expressed surprise and annoyance at not

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finding me there, and at observing others in its occupation. Mr Williamson proposed that she should set out and try to find me. She said, "You must help me." Then Mr Williamson said, "We must go up the river some way till we come to a great town (Mainz.") The clairvoyante said she had got there. Then said Mr Williamson, "We must go up another river (the Maine), which joins our river at this town, and try to find Dr Mayo on its banks somewhere." Then the clairvoyante said, "Oh, there is a large house, let us go and see it: no; there are two large houses—one white, the other red." Upon this Mr Williamson proposed that she should go into one of the two houses, and look about; she quickly recognised my servant, went mentally into my room, and described a particular or two which were by no means likely to be guessed by her. When Mr Williamson subsequently came to visit me at Weilbach, he was forcibly struck with the appearance of the two houses, which tallied with the account given beforehand by the mental traveller. I have not the smallest doubt she mentally realised my new abode. Then how did she do all this? . . . . I cannot help inclining to the belief, that in the *ordinary perception* of a place or person the mind acts exoneurally [beyond the body]; that in visiting new places the mind establishes a direct relation with the scenes or persons. Then, in the simplest case of mental visiting, where the scene to be visited is familiar to the interrogator, I presume that the clairvoyante's mind, being in communion with his, realises scenes which his has previously exoneurally realised. Arriving thus at the scene itself, the clairvoyante observes for herself, and sees what may be new in it and unknown to her fellow-traveller; and in the same way may pursue (as in the mental visit made to myself at Weilbach) suggested features of the locality, and be thus helped to beat about in space for new objects, and at length to recognise among them, and mentally identify persons with whom she has already arrived at a mental mesmeric relation.'

Still more astonishing is the faculty of prevision manifested in the higher degrees of mesmeric trance. Cases of this kind are referrible to three different heads:—1. The case of Cazot (mentioned by Dr Foissac), who had predicted, as usual, when his next epileptic fit would occur, but ere the time came round, was thrown from his horse, and killed, proves that the clairvoyant can foresee what his living economy will be, *other things continuing the same.* 2. Dr Teste gives the case of a lady, his patient, who, when entranced, foretold the day and hour when an accident, the nature of which she could not foresee, was to befall her, and from it a long series of illness was to take its rise. Dr Teste and the lady's husband were staying with her when the fatal moment (unknown to her) approached. Then she rose, and making an excuse, left the room, followed by her husband; when, on opening a door, a great gray rat rushed out, and she sank down in a fit of terror, and the predicted illness ensued. In this case the prevision plainly extended to an extraneous and accidental circumstance, which no calculation or intuition of her natural bodily changes could have led her to. 3. But there are instances which reach yet further. Dr Foissac mentions the case of a Mademoiselle Cœline, who, when entranced, predicted that she would be poisoned on a certain evening, at a given hour. What would be the vehicle of the poison she could not foresee, either at the time when she first uttered the prediction, or on an occasion or two afterwards, when, being again entranced, she recurred to the subject. However, shortly before the day she was to be poisoned, being questioned in trance as to the possibility of averting her fate, she said, 'Throw me into the sleep a little before the time I have named, and then ask me whether I can discern where the danger lies.' This was done, and Mademoiselle Cœline at once said that the poison was in a glass at her bedside: they had substituted for quinine an excessive dose of morphine.

'Thus,' says Dr Mayo, 'there is a true series of consequences to be deduced from whatever partial premises the clairvoyante may happen to be acquainted with. When she has more data, she makes a wider calculation, again certain so far as it goes; but other premises influencing the ultimate result may still have escaped her. So the utmost reach of genuine trance-prevision is but the announcement of a probability which unforeseen events may counteract.'

Such, in brief, are the mesmeric faculties, and the modes in which they manifest themselves. Wonderful they certainly are; but, unlike the more recondite facts of science, which yet readily obtain credence—unlike the velocity of light or the vibrations of the air—the verification of animal magnetism is within the power of all. It is the apparent impossibility of the thing that hinders belief in it: people think it so opposed to the whole course of nature, that they will not waste time in examining the matter. Let us see if we cannot remove this impression—if we cannot find in nature herself something analogous to the mesmeric powers. We trust in a few sentences to do this, and more than this—to shew that nature often develops in the human being powers not only analogous, but identical, and even exceeding in some respects any *yet observed* in the mesmeric stages. The annals of natural trance, of somnambulism, and catalepsy, furnish proofs redundant. Our only difficulty is what to select.

Take the following:—M. Petetin attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious, and her arms, when raised, remained in the air. Being put to bed, she commenced singing; but pinching her skin, and shouting in her ear, all failed to arouse her attention. Then it happened that the doctor's foot slipped while arranging her; and as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, 'How provoking we can't make her leave off singing!' 'Ah, doctor!' she cried, 'don't be angry: I wont sing any more;' and she stopped. But shortly she began again: and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties addressed to the ear, to keep her promise, and desist. At last it occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before; and raising the bedclothes, he bent his head towards her stomach, and said in a loud voice, 'Do you, then, mean to sing for ever?' 'Oh, what pain you have given me!' she exclaimed: 'I implore you speak lower;' at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. 'In what way, then, do you hear?' asked Dr Petetin. 'Like any one else,' was the answer. 'But I am speaking to your stomach!' 'Is it possible?' she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears, speaking even through a tube, to aggravate the sound: she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him—'No,' said she; 'I am indeed unfortunate.' Here is transposed sensation.

A few days after the scene just described, the lady had another attack of catalepsy, during which she still heard with her stomach, and also saw with it, even through an intervening opaque body. Meanwhile her countenance expressed astonishment, and Dr Petetin inquired the cause. 'I am singing, doctor,' she answered, 'to divert my attention from a sight which appals me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a network of light. My countenance must express what I feel—astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him.' 'Do you see your heart?' asked Dr Petetin. 'Yes, there it is: it beats at twice—the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts,

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the lower part swells, and immediately afterwards contracts; the blood rushes out all luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but a little apart.'

But to proceed. One morning (still farther on in her case) the fit came on, according to custom, at eight o'clock. Petetin arrived later than usual. He announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient (by which also he was now heard.) 'You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor,' said she. 'It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me.' 'Ah!' said she; 'I perceive: you have had a headache for the last four hours: it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing: no human means can prevent it running its course.' 'Can you tell me on which side is the pain?' said Petetin. 'On the right side: it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth: I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock: at six you will be free from pain.' The prediction came out literally true. 'If you wish me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand.' 'I see through your hand an antique medal.' Dr Petetin inquired at what hour her own fit would terminate. 'At eleven.' 'And the evening accession, when will it come on?' 'At seven o'clock.' 'In that case it will be later than usual.' 'Yes: the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so.' During this conversation the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin—'My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband behind the screen; his visit will fatigue me; beg him to go away.' The uncle, on leaving, took with him, by mistake, her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim it. Here, indubitably, is clairvoyance and prevision.

Experiments were subsequently tried by M. Petetin upon eight different patients, all of whom exhibited the same phenomenon of the transference of the faculties to the pit of the stomach (*epigastrium*), and to the extremities of the fingers and toes; with the addition of a prodigious development of the intellectual powers, and a presentiment or foresight of their future diseased symptoms. The following experiments shew that *taste*, as well as sight and hearing, is sometimes transferred to the epigastrium. M. Petetin secretly placed pieces of cake, biscuit, tarts, &c. upon the stomach of one of these patients, which was immediately followed by the taste of the particular article in the mouth. When the substance was enveloped in silk stuff, no sensation was felt by the patient; but the taste was immediately perceived on removing the covering. An egg was covered over with varnish, and the patient felt no taste until the varnish was removed. M. Petetin, we may remark, was by no means an advocate of the Mesmerian system; of which, indeed, at the time he published his reports on these cases, he does not appear to have had the slightest experimental knowledge.

The late Mr Bulteel witnessed the following phenomena in the case of a female in natural trance:—After a remark made to put her off her guard, a line of a folded note was pressed against the back of her neck: she read it. She used also to tell that persons, whom she knew, were coming to the house, while they were yet at some distance; and when persons were in the room with her playing chess, behind her, if they made intentionally false moves, she would ask them what they could possibly do that for.

A case treated by Dr Despine at Aix-les-Bains. This was an epileptic patient, who had all sorts of fits and day-somnambulism, during which she was not incapacitated for waiting at table, though her eyes were shut. She likewise saw alternately with her fingers, the palm of her hand, and her elbow, and would write with precision with her right hand, superintending the process with her left elbow. 'These details,' adds Dr Mayo, 'are peculiarly gratifying to myself; for in the little I have seen, I yet have seen a patient walk about with her eyes shut, and well blinded besides, holding the knuckles of one hand before her as a seeing lantern.'

Of another patient Dr Prost remarks:—'Her intellectual faculties acquired a great activity, and the richness of her fancy made itself remarked in the picturesque images which she threw into her descriptions.' As she was telling her friends of an approaching attack of catalepsy, suddenly she exclaimed—'I no longer see or hear things in the same manner; everything is transparent around me, and my observation extends to incalculable distances.' She designated without an error the people who were on the public promenade, whether near the house, or still a quarter of an hour's walk distant. She read the thoughts of every one who came near her; she marked those who were false and vicious (a faculty which is often remarkably exhibited by dying persons); and repelled the approach of stupid people, who bored her with their questions, and aggravated her malady. (Persons much questioned when in trance, either natural or mesmeric, generally complain of severe headache when awakening out of it.)

We commend these cases of natural trance to general attention. They are selected and abridged from the works of Mayo and Colquhoun—the latter of which gentlemen was the first to draw the public attention of this country to the claims of animal magnetism, in his erudite work, 'Isis Revelata.' These cases, we think, sufficiently prove that there is nothing supernatural or impossible in the pretensions of animal magnetism; on the contrary, that the mesmeric state is nothing else than *natural trance artificially produced*. A comparison of the cases quoted will in fact shew, that in 'self-intuition' the natural trance equals the mesmeric, while in 'transposed sensation' it surpasses it. In 'prevision' they are nearly on a par: especially if we add in favour of the former (as we now do) the well-authenticated prediction of the sudden death of the late king of Wirtemberg, four years before it happened, by one somnambulist, and six months previous to it by another; the latter naming the very day (28th October 1816) on which he was struck by the fatal apoplexy. Lest our evidence in favour of *natural* 'clairvoyance and mental travelling' should be thought inferior to that of the mesmeric trance, we shall close our case with one more instance, which we hope will be found decisive. The strange communion of the spirits at such a distance, and previously unacquainted, cannot fail to arrest the reader's notice.

Mademoiselle W——, a natural clairvoyante, whose case is minutely detailed by Dr Klein, her physician, being on a visit at the house of M. St ——, was asked by that gentleman to turn her clairvoyant powers towards his son, then serving with the French army in Russia. From that moment Mademoiselle W—— directed her thoughts towards the young officer, and in all her paroxysms, although she had never seen him, she described him exactly as if she had him before her eyes. She frequently asked his sister if she did not see him in a corner of the room; and one day, upon receiving a negative answer, she said, 'Well, then, ask him any questions you please, and I shall return his answers.' The sister then asked all sorts of questions relative to family matters, which were quite unknown to the somnambulist, who answered them all in a manner so precise and accurate, that the interrogator afterwards declared that she felt herself seized with a cold perspiration, and was several times on the point of fainting with fright, during what she called the Dialogue of the Spirits. On another occasion the somnambulist declared to the father that she saw his son at the hospital, with a piece of white linen wrapt round his chin—that he was wounded in the face—that he was

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unable to eat, but that he was in no danger. Some days later she said that he was now able to eat, and that he was much better. Some weeks afterwards a courier arrived from the army. M. St —— immediately went to Count Th—— to inquire what news he had received; and the latter set his mind completely at rest, by informing him that his son's name was not in the list of the wounded. Transported with joy, he returned home, and said to Mademoiselle W——, who was at that time in her somnambulic sleep, that for once she had not divined correctly, and that, fortunately for his son and himself, she had been completely deceived. At these words the young lady felt much offended; and in an angry and energetic tone assured him that she was quite certain of the truth of her statement—that, at the very moment, she saw his son at the hospital with his chin wrapt in white linen, and that, in the state in which she then was, it was quite impossible she could be deceived. Soon afterwards there came a note from Count Th——; which, after some expressions of politeness and condolence, announced that a second list of the wounded had arrived, containing the name of his son, who had been struck by a musket-ball on the chin, and was under medical treatment in the hospital, &c.

These facts are related in the third volume of the 'Bibliothèque du Magnetisme Animal,' and 'the veracity of the persons upon whose authority it is given,' says Mr Colquhoun, 'lies under no suspicion.'

LIBRARIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

As you walk from the Manchester Exchange to the railway station, you pass near Hunt's Bank, a neat stone gateway, above which is carved a Latin inscription. The door stands invitingly open; and on looking in, you see a large, clean, and well-kept courtyard, surrounded by buildings bearing the stamp of age, and marked by a decidedly learned or monastic look. Crossing over, a boy dressed in an antique costume will conduct you into what is called Chetham's Library, which, until two or three years ago, was the only public library open freely, and without restriction, to the people of England. The interior has a venerable and scholarly look: the volumes—about twenty thousand in number, and nearly all folios—are piled up in compartments, with locked doors of wire-work. At one end is the printed catalogue, from which you select the book wanted, which the librarian speedily procures. Your name and address are registered, and you are ushered into a small comfortable room with stained-glass windows, and fitted up with convenient sloping tables, where, having disposed of yourself and book, you may study at your ease. Around you are a few thoughtful-looking people; some busily engaged in making extracts, not on mere slips of paper, but in large paper-books; others reading with an intentness that shews they are seeking instruction, not amusement; and one or two are perusing, with less attention, a volume of some review. It matters not who the man may be who comes wanting to read a book. He may have a shabby coat on his back, and no cash in his pocket; he may be a cotton-spinner from Manchester, or a foreigner scarcely able to speak English; the book he wants is always supplied. No fee is charged; no gratuity looked for; no thanks expected. The visitor may sit and read day after day for a whole year, and never spend a farthing.

This library was founded by Humphrey Chetham, Esq., one of the earliest 'merchant princes' of Lancashire, in the year 1653. He endowed it with some property, which now produces about L.540 per annum; designing it for 'scholars and others well affected,' and imposing no restriction whatever on its free use, except directing that the books should be chained or otherwise fixed—a condition at one time literally complied with, but which is now fulfilled by the arrangements in the reading-room. The population of Manchester, when Chetham founded this library, was only 12,000. The greater part of the books belong to the sixteenth century, and are mostly on theology. No gas is allowed in the library, lest it should injure the books; and it is never open after four in winter, and five in summer. Except, therefore, for students and men engaged in *making* books, this library is of little practical use: it is not open at a time when the people of Manchester can use it; and its contents, rich though they are of their kind, are not attractive to the great majority of modern readers. It is, in fact, a library of the past, placed in the heart of the most stirring influences of the present.

Leaving it, however, you proceed across the Irwell into Salford, up Chapel Street, and past a crescent, and arrive at the entrance to the Peel Public Park. In the large mansion in the park there is another public library, open as freely to all comers as the Chetham in Manchester, but differing from it materially in many respects. The Salford Library is not a private endowment, but to a great extent a municipal institution: the books have been obtained by the donations and subscriptions of the public; while the Salford corporation have supplied a building, and pay the officers required for the proper working of the library. The proposition for the establishment of such a library was first made in May 1849; and it was so energetically taken up by the town-council and the public, that on the 9th January 1850 the library was opened with no fewer than 5300 volumes; besides a great many specimens of natural history, &c. forming the nucleus of a museum. Of the books, 3000 volumes were presented, and the remainder purchased out of a fund of L.1715, to which the mayor of Salford (Mr Longworthy) contributed the handsome sum of L.250. In the rules, the object of the library is declared to be 'providing all classes of society with the means of acquiring sound and useful knowledge gratuitously: the property in the museum and library being permanently vested in the town-council for the free use of the public.' The hours during which it is open are from ten in the morning till nine at night, there being no prejudice against gas, as in the Chetham Library. There are three reading-rooms—two for males, and one for females—comfortably fitted up, well lighted and heated. They are supplied with the local newspapers, and several literary and scientific periodicals. You will find few scholars or book-*makers* among the visitors: the greater part seem reading chiefly for amusement, though many are seen consulting the numerous and excellent dictionaries both of languages, geography, &c. with which one of the reading-rooms is well supplied. A Hebrew dictionary, in particular, has been remarkably well thumbed. On first opening the library, it was thought necessary that each person who obtained a book should write his name and address in the register; but this had to be given up after a few days' trial, not only because it occupied so much time, but because many who came for books were unable to write; and some, rather than confess their inability, would go without the book they desired.

The number of volumes now in this library is nearly 10,000. The additions by purchase have been made with the greatest care, and with the view of stocking the library not only with the best standard English works, but with the best editions of them. It has been necessary, of course, to include novels and light literature generally among the purchases; but the discretion with which this is done may be judged of from the fact, that recently L.700 were expended in the purchase of 2057 volumes: of these, 186, costing L.28, were novels, chiefly by Bulwer, Dickens, James, &c.; and 544 were standard, solid works, costing L.300. During the year ending 9th January 1851, being the first year that the

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library was open, the number of volumes issued was 27,323, or an average of about 90 for each day. During the summer months the number of readers decreases, as then the park in which the library is situated presents greater attractions, not only in respect to pleasant and agreeable walks, but also in giving facilities to exercises and games, such as cricket, &c. and enlivened by a military band. In one week in May, for example, the number of issues of books was 450, and in one week in March it was 778. Many young men come day after day and apply for the same book, reading it steadily through. I traced through the register the name of a young man who had come day after day for more than a week to read a Life of Napoleon. The check on the readers is entirely of a moral kind—a person so disposed could, without much difficulty, carry off the volume he had been reading; but *not one case of this kind has yet occurred*, and the conduct of all the readers has been most orderly and becoming. The readers know and feel that they are trusted, and this naturally makes them anxious to shew that the trust has been well reposed. Mr Plant, the excellent and intelligent librarian, wisely remarked, that any arrangement which would indicate that the readers were *suspected*, would, he was convinced, lead to the very thing it was intended to check. Indeed the apprehension of loss by the free admission of the public to such collections seems very ill-grounded; for in the Chetham Library at Manchester, which has been open freely for nearly 200 years, only 150 volumes have been lost, and of that number very few can be said to have been purloined. The number of readers is usually greatest on Saturday; the increase arising from those who have no other spare time during the week, and also from some who come from villages in the neighbourhood. On one Saturday in January of this year, the number of volumes given out was 147, thus classified:—

Novels and Romances,	82
History, Biography, Voyages, &c.	30
Sciences,	17
Bound Periodicals,	10
Collected Works,	4
Ecclesiastical History,	3
The Drama,	1
	147

It is no doubt to be regretted that in this number novels occupy such a conspicuous place; but in all libraries to which the general public have access the same fact is seen. Every keeper of a circulating library, every librarian of a mechanics' institution, every list of new books, and every catalogue of old, all tell the same tale. The people *will* read novels; and all the managers of such a library can do, is to take care that the library does not contain novels of a decidedly bad kind. Even among the higher classes there is a disposition equally strong, if not stronger, to patronise light literature; and a Lancashire cotton-spinner reading a 'romance by the author of Waverley' in a public library, will favourably stand a comparison with a man educated at one of the universities yawning over the last new novel at his club. Where is the man of education or taste who would not, if he could, blot out all his remembrances of Scott's novels, that he might reperuse them with all the pleasure and zest of a first acquaintance? And why should we be sorry to see the sons of toil doing that which we ourselves have done and would gladly do again?

Less progress, as was to be expected, has been made with the museum connected with the Salford Library. An excellent suite of rooms has, however, been prepared, and one of these is already well filled with specimens. The glass-cases attached to the wall have sheets of plate-glass, eight feet by three; so that from the top to the bottom is one unbroken mass, shewing specimens much more distinctly than when the glass was divided into smaller portions. There are about four hundred visitors each day to the museum, many of them being servants in charge of children sent out into the park for recreation. It is not proposed to make the museum a great general collection, but rather to give it a local character, as specially illustrative of the surrounding district. This appears to be the true policy for the managers of all provincial museums.

The example of Salford is about to be followed by Manchester and Liverpool. Already a large building, originally erected as a Socialist hall, has been purchased in Manchester for the purpose, and subscriptions and donations have been received to such an extent, that the mayor expects the library will be opened this year with about 15,000 volumes. In Liverpool, the extensive buildings and fine museum of the Royal Institution have been given to the town-council, and active measures are now in progress for the formation and opening of a free library. The act passed during last session of parliament, which authorises town-councils to levy a rate for the support of such libraries and museums, will doubtless be taken advantage of very soon by other towns in the kingdom.

In the Manchester Library it is intended that a considerable portion of the books shall circulate so that they may be read at home. At Salford, the books are not allowed to be taken out of the room. There are many of course who would prefer reading books in a comfortable room at a public institution, to reading them by their own fireside; but there are many others, fathers and brothers, who would much rather take a book and read it aloud in the family circle; while, again, there are many among the working-classes unable to attend a public library from illness, or some other cause, who would be cheered and comforted in sickness and sorrow if they could procure books in such a way. A plan that gives facilities for this will vastly increase the beneficial influence of these libraries; and it is to be hoped that the experience of Manchester will shew that it can be carried out without danger and without loss.

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

HINDOO BETROTHAL—DANCING-GIRLS AND DANCING-BOYS—LOVE OF JEWELS—ANGLO-INDIAN CONCERT—DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS FOR EUROPE—*Conclusion.*

December 10th.—Yesterday evening I carried out my intention of seeing a nautch. I should have been better amused at the fancy-ball, which I had given up, not caring to venture on two dissipated nights close together. This was a very fine entertainment too, quite beyond the ordinary style of an ordinary nautch, being given in honour of the betrothal of two children of very high caste and wealthy parentage. There was a large party of British assembled. We had first a dinner in the European style; our Baboo host and the men of his family—a very numerous connection seemingly—sitting with us at table. Except the Parsee guests, some of them ate, and all of them drank very sociably. Dinner over, and the great lady having made the proper move, we lesser ladies rose and followed her up stairs, where, at the end of the drawing-room, close to a large Indian screen, were the females of the family, waiting anxiously to receive us. There were a good many of all ages; two young wives, really handsome girls—all richly dressed in silk sarees, edged with gold or embroidery, the tight bodies underneath made either of fine muslin, or of gold and silver tissue. The saree fell gracefully around the upper part of their persons, and was their only head-dress. Their little feet were popped into inlaid slippers, their ankles and their arms were hung with bangles; strings of pearls were round their necks, and they wore earrings. The worth of all these jewels must have been very great;

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but I don't believe they were all personal property, nor the sarees neither—it was the wealth of the firm, or a portion of it at least, exhibited on the various members upon this occasion of unusual display. The little bride and bridegroom were really loaded, poor children, with pearls, diamonds, and gold! The bridegroom walked by the side of the old lady—the mother of the tribe—and seemed to be three or four years old; the bride was a mere baby in the arms of her ayah. Our toilettes again delighted our female native acquaintance. They looked at us from head to foot all round, and touched all our clothes, lost in wonder at their form. They kept chattering all the time, and laughed with such genuine glee as was really quite infecting to hear; so we joined the merry chorus heartily. At length the noise of approaching gentlemen sounded up the staircase, and away the dark ladies all scudded behind the screen with the quickness of children; and we saw no more of them, although I am quite sure they saw us; for a whispering often reached the ears of those who approached that screen during the evening, and bright eyes could be detected glancing through the crevices of the folding leaves.

After tea and coffee, the nautch began. It is certainly not easy to understand how it can be thought amusing. Two dancing-girls stepped forward, and began to spin round like two teetotums, which we took for a kind of prelude; but nothing more came of it: they just spun on their allotted time. There was neither agility in their movements nor grace in their attitudes; the feet merely shuffling very quietly, in time to the beat of the tomtom, and the very monotonous tone of a sort of mandolin. The dress of the nautch-girl is curious: over the full and loosely-hanging drawers — which touch the ground, and merely allow the point of the toe to be visible—she wears a short petticoat, exceedingly wide, plaited up in large folds all round her waist, hanging about her person handsomely, while the wearer is motionless; but the moment she begins her spinning round, these folds open at the bottom like an opening fan; and being supported by the current of air passing under, the little full petticoat stands out like a hoop, disclosing a scanty under-petticoat of muslin in the ordinary form. The material of the upper dress was white and gold, or white and silver muslin, or red and gold silk. Shawls were draperied about the head and shoulders. When one pair of dancers had finished, another pair began: each set had its own musicians—conceited-looking men, finely equipped in turban, shawl, and tunic of gay colours, and generally handsome, though saucy enough. They are all much occupied, each with his own lat, holding their heads on one side, and admiring, even applauding, as the dance proceeds. These musicians stood all in a row at the end of the apartment; the girls not dancing sat on the ground at their feet, each pair beside their own master. All the servants were ranged in the veranda, enjoying this rather tiresome spectacle with an intensity of pleasure which there is no possibility of a European comprehending: and, by the by, I believe the Indians as little understand our dancing: they wonder how we can take such trouble when there are those to be had who, for pay, will dance for us. We British all sat in dignified composure together, the native gentlemen in great numbers a little removed from us smoking their bubbling hookahs.

When several pairs of girls had finished their exhibition, two boys came forward, twirling round and shuffling their feet in just the same manner as the girls had done. Then the girls began again; and this time, while spinning round, they unwound their shawls, and twisted them into many ingenious forms, making them up into bunches of flowers and other representations, singing all the while, as well as moving their feet, a sort of low humming chant, in praise, I believe, of our entertainer. The two boys next gave us a sword-dance, doing many difficult feats, and strange, and I thought dangerous ones; always twirling round however, which seems to be the only idea they have of dancing. Then we had a tumbler with a body like an eel, and a head of shock-hair—excepting which natural adornment he was otherwise all but naked.

When the tumbler had finished, the best nautch-girl came forward alone. She had been seated all the evening rather apart, throwing herself into attitudes with a coquettish air, which spoke the prima donna. She was extremely well made, tall, and with fine features; her head particularly well set upon her shoulders, and her complexion by no means dark—a great beauty in Indian eyes. Her dress was of fine materials, and had nothing tawdry about it; and her hair fell in long ringlets, English fashion. Poor girl, she could not have been all Hindoo! Her dance was the same whirling round and round as all the rest had been, but it was more gracefully done; and her shawl attitudes were really attractive. She had a way, too, of holding the edge of her wide petticoats in her fingers, while raising both hands and clasping them over her head, thus letting the folds of the petticoat fall on either side in the form of the wings of a butterfly: it was very pretty. As she began to turn quicker she sang, loud and screaming, an air with very few notes; sad rather, yet pleasing; with a great many verses to it; two or three mandolins and a tomtom accompanying her. When she had tired herself, a little girl of nine years old took her place, and nautched far better than any of them. This concluded the entertainment: a very tiresome one to me: quite uninteresting. Up the country there is much better nautching it seems: the best must be wearisome enough, except to the natives, to all of whom it certainly affords extreme delight. It is indeed the only way in which the rich Baboos spend their wealth, or mark the difference between themselves and their inferiors. All classes appear to have much the same tastes—a love of money, a supreme pleasure in making it, in adding to it, and no way of shewing they possess it, except this one of great displays upon either religious or family festivals. They don't care about multiplying daily comforts; they don't feel any wants beyond the simplest; they seldom assist a friend; they are for the most part indifferent to fine houses or handsome equipages; but on these state occasions, sometimes the hoards of a lifetime have been dissipated in one great feast, lasting days, perhaps weeks. The very poorest save for this purpose—beg, borrow, stint themselves of necessaries, to make their little suitable display, and lavish their whole substance on one nautch.

Another passion they all seem to have in common, rich and poor alike—the love of jewels. A rich native will walk about at one of these feasts, when in full dress, bedecked with what would purchase a principality in Australia. The women, when seen, are equally valuably laden; and the poor, who can't reach jewels, take to coloured glass, for bedizened they must be. Formerly, when there was no safe way of investing money, it was a method of banking to buy up precious stones; and the habit remains, now that the funds offer better security, and that mercantile speculation, alas! tempts to the risk of hard earnings.

12*th*.—Our concert at last. We never could collect all the performers before: one or two always happened to be out of the way; and as we were resolved to have a full orchestra, we put off the great evening from day to day in order to secure our artists. One good effect of this delay will be the proficiency consequent on such repeated practice. Your pianoforte is off already to Mr Black's house, with all the little glass-cups its feet stand in to protect it from the white ants. The cups are deep, and filled with water; so any adventurous insect surmounting the slippery side falls into the lake below. The sofas are all on the move too, and

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the chandeliers; and from the go-downs large boxes of small-wares have been taking the road ever since daylight. Caroline being no performer, has undertaken the commissariat: she will also receive the company. She went yesterday to see what was required; made out the necessary list on the spot; came back to give her orders; and is now off again to see how they have been executed—her second visit to-day. She came back extremely displeased from her first. Everything was in confusion; nothing had been properly done; nobody was inclined to take any trouble; the servants were quite behind-hand. And there sat Helen and her husband! No: he stood with his violin to his shoulder, and the tall partner bending over his viol de gamba—all wrapped up in a trio of Beethoven's, with which we are to end our first act this evening. If the men had been at the counting-house, she would have thought nothing of it—business must be attended to; but to see them here, dead to the world, fiddling away, and all at sixes and sevens round them, was really beyond her patience to bear; and so she came off to complain to me. She found me at her old pianoforte, totally abstracted in the difficult accompaniment of a fine quartette of Mozart's, in which our baritone is to electrify the audience. In total despair she turned to the consomaun, the only friend she has this day a chance of interesting in her perplexities.

Angry as dear Cary was, she did all she had undertaken well; and the rooms looked so pretty in the evening, and she was so heartily thanked, so much praised then, when we were at leisure to think of all the trouble she had taken, that she got into excellent humour, and forgave us all. The long drawing-room was the concert-room—desks and chairs at one end for the orchestra, the pianoforte in the centre of them, with standing lights on each side of it for the vocalists. At the other end, and down the long walls of the room, were sofas for the company. In the smaller drawing-room a number of little tables were laid with refreshments. The veranda was covered in with matting, hung with red curtains, carpeted, lighted by our chandeliers, and furnished with our sofas. The effect was excellent. Cary acknowledged she considered it her masterpiece, and a most agreeable lounge we all found it. About forty intimate friends formed the company. With great difficulty has Helen managed to keep the party so small; for the fame of the musicians—we will say nothing about the novelty of the entertainment—had caused a great demand for invitations. We numbered twelve musicians, amateurs and professionals; and having confided the leadership to one we felt perfect confidence in following, we really did our parts well. It was a very perfectly executed concert—the instrumental part excellent, and the singing much better than is generally heard in private society: the one soprano voice is hardly to be equalled anywhere. She outdid herself this evening, particularly in one duet with the baritone, whose quartette, by the by, was also eminently successful. It was encored. We had chosen good composers and pleasing compositions—nothing very difficult either of execution or comprehension—and the result was deservedly gratifying to us. The audience had been equally well selected; all people really fond of listening to music. The only complaint made was that the concert was too short. We were really rewarded for our pains in preparing it. And how many pleasant evenings had our rehearsals given us! How well acquainted some of us have become by means of this help to intimacy! It was no bad part of the arrangements to find at the end of the great crash, the final flourish, when all rose to mingle in a moving crowd, that the slight refreshments of the round tables had been changed into a good substantial supper; and as nothing gives such an appetite as music, full justice was done to all provided. I don't know what o'clock it was when our merry party broke up.

13th.—This is Selena's wedding-day; the marriage has been a quiet one; not more than twenty people present at it in the cathedral, and about as many more at the dinner afterwards. The bride and bridegroom were as happy-looking a pair as could well be seen—she slightly agitated, timid and modest, and paler than usual, but always graceful and interesting; he a fine-spirited, decided-mannered young man, handsome from intelligence and military bearing, and from his unmistakable air of having won the prize. The friends all seemed more than reconciled to him. The good appointment had developed numberless perfections in the once slighted lover. The dinner was very animated; every one seeming to be in spirits, as if particularly pleased; more than usually satisfied with so ordinary an affair as a marriage. I certainly have no misgivings as to the future happiness of Selena and her faithful lover. We shall lose them, for his appointment is at a distance; but we part with the hope of meeting again.

14th.—At last the vessel sails. After twice altering her day, the captain has sent word that she starts with the tide to-night. We have had a toiling morning, still sending stray luggage on board even to near the last, and after all finding another trunk required to hold the gatherings. No place could well have been more wretched than the sick partner's house during this unsettled time. It shewed all the melancholy symptoms of approaching desertion. The furniture was disarranged, the packing was going forward, the children were unsettled, and the master and mistress very much out of spirits. The leave-taking of their servants was quite affecting, for the natives are a grateful and affectionate people; perhaps easily moved to tears, still there must be some feeling before tears flow. They begged their sahibs to come back again, promising literally to be 'good boys' till their return. The head-servant and her own particular personal attendant kissed Mary's hands over and over again, saying what a kind mistress she had been—how should they bear to serve any other. I was really glad to escape from them. The scene at Helen's house I shall not venture near.

We have got them off at last—Freeman and all the children—and the first division of the cabin luggage went on board early in the afternoon. Cary's servants had been in the vessel since quite the morning, arranging the furniture. After dinner came the melancholy parting. Helen and Mr Black took charge of the sick man, and I went with Mary, and the new trunk, and a new tin case, and sundry bundles and some bags and baskets. Edward's carriage conveyed us quickly to the ghaut, where Arthur and I, at the same time of night a year ago, had landed. The comfortable boat of one of the native partners of the firm was there waiting for us, and we were soon alongside the ship. It was nearly dark: all was wretchedly uncomfortable, confused, and noisy, and crowded; altogether, it was very sad. The uncertainty of the poor debilitated husband recovering; the unfitness of the young wife to scramble through her troubled way with such a charge and her four baby children; and Helen's silent agony as she herself undressed her pretty boys, and laid them in their little cots, kissing them for the last time as her children, for if they live to meet again, it is grown men who will receive the embrace of their mother. I could not stay below—I was choking: I left the cabins without saying farewell, and waited upon deck the reappearance of Mr Black and Helen. They came, he leading her silently, and we descended to the boat, and reached the shore, and entered the carriage, and drove away; not one single word uttered amongst us. She lay with her head upon her husband's shoulder in speechless grief. It was the most miserable half hour I ever passed. It must be like a succession of deaths to parents these dreadful separations from their children. Gay, happy, thoughtless Helen! she will never wear her bright smile again.

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15th.—This is the anniversary of our arrival. One whole year we have been in Calcutta—a very happy one, all things considered. Arthur's prospects are very fair. If he proceed as he has begun, he may do here what he never could have done at home—save out of the income he will earn at the bar, from the beginning of his law career. And for happiness while doing so, we can insure it, for we have but to will it—the way is very plain. It is a little difficult to bear up against the languor induced by the climate; but for the greater part of the year it can be done, and health can be preserved here as at home—by care. India, so little known by those unconnected with it, reveals itself on near approach as much like any other place where British congregate. The busy may work, the reflecting may study, the benevolent may serve their kind, and the frivolous will find their follies. Duty here must guide us as elsewhere. We move into our own house upon the 20th; after which, as we intend to lead a much quieter life than we have been able to do hitherto, my journal will become of little interest.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

March, 1851.

Scottish men may plume themselves somewhat on a matter connected with the Exhibition: their stall in the Crystal Palace, with its display of goods and cunning handiwork, is the first finished. The special merit belongs to the worthy burghers of the little town of Dunfermline. Now that the building can be seen in all its complete proportions, with the painting and decoration so far advanced as to produce an effect, its attraction increases; and the crowds that flock to Hyde Park, favoured by the present fine weather, constitute already a 'fair' of such magnitude, as to remind you of the great gatherings talked about in history. Venders of cakes, cigars, fruit, sweetmeats, and potables, occupy the approaches; while itinerant retailers of 'Splendid Engravings of Mr Paxton's Palace of Glass,' one penny each, and 'Correct History and Descriptions of the Crystal Palace,' only sixpence, walk up and down, and entice customers among the multitudes. The southern end of the transept looks remarkably imposing, with its decorations of white and blue, and circle of numerals to mark the hours of the electric-clock there to be set up; and, whatever may have been predicted of the *tout ensemble*, whether of the inside or outside, the fault-finders are now in a minority. Notwithstanding the host of onlookers, the various works are going on with systematic celerity: sappers and miners, policemen, artificers, and porters, each man has a certain task assigned him, with regulations to prevent interference of the numerous groups. 'Mind your work!' is the order of the day; and with pass-tickets and counter-checks due order is preserved over the vast establishment. Of course you know what has been published touching the admission charges, but there will be no harm in repeating them. Season tickets, of which 4000 have been already sold, are to be three guineas for a gentleman, and two guineas for a lady; and on the first day of opening, none but the holders of these tickets are to be admitted. On the two following days the charge will be a sovereign per head, and from the 4th to the 24th of May, five shillings per head; after which, on the first four days of every week, it will be one shilling only; on Fridays it will be half-a-crown, on Saturdays, five shillings, as long as the show lasts. Thus all parties will have an opportunity to gratify their curiosity according to their means, leisure, or inclination. The thousands of handicraftsmen and operatives in our northern counties who make Whitsuntide an especial holiday, will be able to come up in June, with their wives and children, and see the famous Exhibition—something to talk about for the rest of their lives. Eighteen acres of show for a shilling!—less than three farthings an acre! Lodgings for working-men are being fitted up on a large scale in Westminster, where cheap beds, cheap food, cleanliness, and security, and a line of conveyance to the Park, are the claims put forward for the allurement of guests. Householders with spare rooms and spare beds are everywhere on the alert: those who never turned a penny in their lives before mean to do so now. Tradesmen, too, are laying their plans for transferring coin from the pockets of visitors to their own. Booksellers, in particular, are active with Guide-Books, Maps of the Metropolis, and Cautions, Directions, and Descriptions, at all prices; disdaining not 'the exiguous sixpence,' or its cupriferous unit. And, not to be behind-hand, omnibuses are already placarded, 'To the Exhibition—all the way—threepence;' or have the word Exhibition painted in large capitals on their varnished sides. Whether locomotion is to be possible in our thoroughfares or on our river, when the additional battalions of omnibuses, cabs, and steamboats enter the field, is a problem which midsummer will solve much more accurately than any present speculation.

Goods for show, native as well as foreign, are pouring in fast, numerous and various. France is to send us L.800,000 worth; Italy and Switzerland mean to beat us—if they can; Sardinia has just sent her quota of industrial and artistic ingenuity; and before these lines are printed, the *St Lawrence*, a United States frigate, will have arrived with her multifarious cargo of Yankee notions; besides the *Susquehanna*, a war-steamer, which in herself is to exhibit the skill of American shipbuilders, and also to bring specimens of what can be done by the mechanics and artisans of Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, as it is often called by Brother Jonathan. Among the articles for exhibition from the state of New York, we are to have sawing-machines, gold-mounted harness, fire and water proof paint; springs for chairs, bedsteads, and railway seats; brooms, bridges, stoves, sleighs, books, telegraphs, steamers, teeth, hats, coat and trousers, bonnets; a herbarium of 300 plants, and paintings of native wild-flowers—the last two by ladies. The specimens of leather will, it is said, present some extraordinary qualities; and daguerreotype-machines are talked of which will take pictures exceeding in dimensions all that has hitherto been attempted or accomplished in that department of art. If every state in the Union is to send in the like proportion, the *St Lawrence* will be stowed to repletion, and the Crystal Palace will have to concede a good breadth of territory; the more so, as we are promised a multitudinous throng of the makers of the interesting articles above enumerated. So many, indeed, have made up their mind to come over, that a packet is to sail from New York *daily* for their conveyance. It will be a rare time for ethnologists and social philosophers to study the genus *homo*—to compare transatlantic and Gallic republicans; Kentucks and Kalmucks; Brazilians and Belgians; Indians and Icelanders; Poles and Patagonians! The concourse will be a noteworthy one, and well worth a pilgrimage to the metropolis to look at it.

The printing of the catalogue of the Exhibition is rapidly proceeding. There are to be editions in French and German, besides two in English; of the latter, the most complete will comprise some thousand pages, as numerous illustrations are promised of the articles exhibited. An abridgment, however, for popular use will be sold in the building for one shilling; and we are given to understand that it shall specify all the objects on show, and contain references to their positions, so that sight-seers may find whatever they want. The price of the foreign catalogues will be half-a-crown: all the editions are to be ready by the first of May. It is considered that

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their publication affords a capital opportunity to advertisers. I heard the other day that a well-known clothing firm had offered L.850 for the outside-end cover of the catalogue as an advertisement page, and that their offer had not been accepted. The sum asked is said to be L.1000.

Apart from what America is to do apropos of the Exhibition, a few items of invention have lately come to hand from the western republic, which I may as well chronicle before proceeding further. One is, 'an improved method of manufacturing drop-shot,' of which the patentee states—'The main feature of my invention consists in causing the fused metal to fall through an ascending current of air, which shall travel at such a velocity that the dropping metal shall come in contact with the same number or more particles of air, in a short tower, than it would in falling through the high towers heretofore found necessary.' Another, which is said to prevent fatigue in walking, 'consists in making a hollow metallic heel for boots and shoes, in two parts, one placed within the other, with a spring between them, to support the weight of the body, and prevent the unpleasant shocks produced by the concussion of the ordinary boot-heel upon a hard surface, when the wearer is walking fast.' Boots, as you know, are criticised as severely as hats—both alike condemned as detrimental to human comfort: if the spring-heels prove a step towards reform, we on this side the ocean shall not be slow to make trial of them. Then there is a man in Massachusetts who has contrived an 'improved table for ships' cabins,' intended especially for the use of sea-going vessels—the particular object of the invention being, to always preserve the top surface of the table horizontal in a transverse direction, during the motions of the vessel produced by the sea or otherwise.' This table, which may be pronounced a 'trimmer,' comes just in time to suit the crowd of adventurers who mean to tempt old Neptune's playfulness during the next six months. Another strengthens spoon-handles by means of a wire concealed within their substance. Another has a sausage-machine, 'by the action of which the meat is minced or ground, and the sausage stuffed, at one operation.' Another makes rakes with spring teeth; another brooms and brushes, handle and all, out of one and the same piece of wood, or whatever may be the material used. Another rejoices in an 'improvement for cleansing bottles;' another in 'an improvement in securing hooks-and-eyes to tape and dresses;' a 'machine for turning leaves of books'—a desideratum with pianofortists and drowsy lecturers; and another produces buttons from straw. Well may this be called the utilitarian age! But the list is not ended yet: there is an improved sun-dial which, with a 'shadow-indicator' attached to the gnomon, tells you not only the hour, but the day and name of the month all through the year. More ingenious, perhaps, than useful, especially in a land where clockmakers are so numerous and clocks so cheap. Next come 'railroad gates,' which open and shut of themselves whenever a train passes; and, last for the present, 'a life-preserving hammock'—an article worthy of more than passing consideration, with the late melancholy steamboat accidents fresh in our memory. It 'consists in the construction of a hollow, sectional, air-tight hammock, of India-rubber cloth, to be inflated with air, and provided with a provision-pouch, pillow, water-pouch, inflating tubes and valves, loops and toggles, slings, thimbles, lanyards, and other appendages, by which it is made to serve the purposes of a hammock-mattress, and, in case of shipwreck, as a life-preserver; also as a canoe and pontoon, for the support of a bridge-raft, for the removal of cargoes from stranded ships, barricades against the small shot of the enemy during an action, or for other purposes.' The catalogue of uses is certainly sufficiently extensive: if the inventor have tact as well as talent, he will send a few over in the *Susquehanna*.

Enough, however, for the moment, of transatlantic projects: I must tell you of a few other talked-of matters. The Academy of Sciences at Munich has appointed five commissions for the physical exploration of Bavaria: the department of botanical geography falls to Martius, a foreign member of some of our learned societies, and well known for his scientific writings on vegetable productions and phenomena. Then our Geographical Society has had a little windfall, which has set some tongues in motion. It appears that a year or two ago the pope appointed Dr Knoblecher, an Austrian, vicar-general of a mission to Central Africa. After staying for some time among the Maronites of Lebanon, the reverend envoy travelled on at the end of 1849 to Khartoum, the point where the Nile diverges into what are known as the White Fork and Blue Fork. The doctor pursued his journey along the former of the two, up to about four degrees from the equator, where he ascended a mountain called Logwek, from the top of which he saw the river trending away in a south-westerly direction, until it was lost among mountains. The stream at the farthest point reached was more than 200 yards wide, and from 9 to 18 feet deep. If not interrupted by rapids or shallows, what availabilities would not such a channel afford for navigation! The doctor believes that the source of the river will be found south of the equator; and having come to Europe to advise and recruit, intends to return to the torrid zone forthwith, and hopes to be again among the Bari negroes—the most distant tribe which he saw—by November next. We can but wish success to his further explorations; for the geography of Central Africa is not less interesting to us than that of the Arctic regions, on which so much endeavour and money have been expended.

I did not mean to say anything more about America in this gossip, but there is one little item relating to travel which presses for notice. It is, that a high-pressure steamer, fifty-five feet in length, with two engines of ten-horse power each, has been built at New York for service on Lake Tibicaca, in Peru. It is of course made to take to pieces, and no piece is to weigh more than 350 pounds, so as not to be too heavy for the mules on whose backs it will have to be carried up the Andes to its destination. The lake is so extensive, as to be worthy the name of an inland sea; and besides the valuable wood which grows in abundance on its shores, there are other products out of which commerce knows how to extract a profit. Should the first vessel succeed, she will be speedily followed by a consort. Frequently in such enterprises as these, which make but little noise, and scarcely excite attention, the germ is deposited of vast social changes, which in after-years puzzle alike the politician and philosopher.

It is some time since I afflicted you with any details of social statistics, so you must permit me now to call your attention to one or two from the last 'Quarterly Return' of the Registrar-General. He tells us, that 'in their general character the returns of the last quarter of 1850 are highly favourable, and imply a happier condition of the population at the close than at the commencement of the year. While fewer lives have been lost by epidemics, the marriages and births have increased.' The marriages are given for the quarter ending September 30th. The number was 37,496—'more by 10,000 than were registered in the summer quarter of 1842; and 2400 more than have been returned in the summer quarter of any previous years. Allowing for increase of population, the proportion of marriages is greater than it has been in the same season of any year since the registration commenced.' This increase has been general all over the country, excepting the eastern and south-eastern counties; and, singularly enough, we find it greatest in the weaving districts.

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'In the purely agricultural counties,' continues the Registrar, 'marriage went on slowly, but steadily; in all the iron and coal fields at but a slightly-increasing rate; while in all the counties peopled by the workers in lace, silk, wool, and cotton, the number of marriages —of new families established—has increased at a rate of which there are few examples in the returns of the last hundred years.' Then we are told that 'the births in the quarter following, which ended on December 31, 1850, were also the greatest number ever registered in the autumn quarters of any previous year: 146,268 children were born in the three months. The births are in general most numerous in the spring quarter, and were so in the spring of 1850: they have since greatly exceeded the numbers registered in previous years in all the divisions of the kingdom, whether agricultural or manufacturing, in counties ravaged by cholera, and in counties left unscathed by that plague.' Thus it would seem as though nature were eager to repair the loss caused by sweeping visitations of the fierce epidemic. 'The excess of births registered over deaths in the quarter is 54,245. The usual excess is 40,000 more births than deaths. The excess in the last quarter of 1845 was 50,000; in 1847, when influenza was epidemic, only 24,000; in 1849, when the cholera epidemic was rapidly declining, 38,000. During the whole of the year 1850, the births were 593,567, the deaths 369,679, and consequently the excess of births over deaths was 223,888 in England: the same year 280,843 emigrants sailed from the shores of the United Kingdom—214,606 (many of them of Irish birth) from England, 15,154 from Scotland, and 51,083 from Ireland. The number of births and deaths in Scotland and Ireland is unknown; and the census alone can disclose at what precise rate the population increases; but we know that the new births more than replace the vast armies of peaceful emigrants that every year assemble without much noise, and, led apparently by the same kind of Divine instinct that directs other migrations, leave their native land to seek homes in regions prepared for them all over the world.'

Now, about a book or two, and then to finish: people who read French literature are talking of 'Whims and Levities,' recently published at Paris. The author, M. Petit-Senn, says, by way of sample, 'People often find themselves cleverer in thinking of what they might have said, than in remembering what they really did say.' Again—'We can find a day to enjoy a pleasure, but seek for an hour to acquit ourselves of a duty.' And—'Great legislators, in enlightening a people, raise them up to themselves; tribunes who seek but to delude, sink down to their level.' Another subject is, 'Directions for the Preservation of English Antiquities,' by the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries; a small pamphlet, intended chiefly for the instruction of the humbler classes, who often through ignorance deface or destroy objects of antiquity which fall into their possession. And last is Mr Johnston's 'England as It Is,' &c.—a work worth reading, notwithstanding the author's strictures on nearly the whole scope of our political and social life. With him all is barren; nothing to inspire promise or hope. I send you a specimen, which perhaps will hit the views of many besides the writer. He is complaining of the unhealthy desire manifested to get into company, and says—'To see men of science pursuing knighthoods, and ribbons, and decorations—men of literature anxious to rub their skirts to dull dukes or leaden lords—members of parliament propitiated by tickets to a state ball—professional men who scarcely allow themselves an hour of recreation—to see all this, and the pompous, hot, heavy dinners—the parade, the waste, the prodigality of expense, the poverty of sense, cheerfulness, and cordiality—is certainly enough to abate one's pride in the social philosophy of England, whatever we may say of the energy, enterprise, ability, and perseverance of the people in affairs of business.' And with this demonstration of authorship against custom and fashion, I cease to tax your patience until the equinox has come and gone—and then!

Tales for Young People.

THE STOLEN FRUIT.

On the 15th of August 1777, two little girls of seven or eight years old were playing in a garden near Ajaccio in Corsica. After running up and down among the trees and flowers, one of them stopped the other at the entrance to a dark grotto under a rock.

'Eliza,' she said, 'don't go any farther: it frightens me to look into that black cave.'

'Nonsense! 'Tis only Napoleon's Grotto.'

'This garden belongs to your uncle Fesch: has he given this dark hole to Napoleon?'

'No, Panoria; my great uncle has not given him this grotto. But as he often comes and spends hours in it by himself, we all call it *Napoleon's Grotto*.'

'And what can he be doing there?'

'Talking to himself.'

'What about?'

'Oh, I don't know: a variety of things. But come, help me to gather a large bunch of flowers.'

'Just now, when we were on the lower walk, you told me not to pull any, although there was abundance of sweet ones.'

'Yes; but that was in my uncle the canon's garden.'

'And are his flowers more sacred than those of Uncle Fesch?'

'They are indeed, Panoria.'

'And why?'

'I'm sure I don't know; but when any one wants to prevent our playing, they say, "That will give your uncle the canon a headache!" When we are not to touch something, 'tis always, "That belongs to the canon!" If we want to eat some fine fruit, "Don't touch that; 'tis for your uncle the canon!" And even when we are praised or rewarded, 'tis always because the canon is pleased with us!'

'Is it because he is archdeacon of Ajaccio that people are so much afraid of him?'

'Oh no, Panoria; but because he is our tutor. Papa is not rich enough to pay for masters to teach us, and he has not time to look after our education himself; so our uncle the canon teaches us everything. He is not unkind, but he is very strict. If we don't know our lessons, he slaps us smartly.'

'And don't you call that unkind, Eliza?'

'Not exactly. Do you never get a whipping yourself, Panoria?'

'No indeed, Eliza. It is the Corsican fashion to beat children; but our family is Greek, and mamma says Greeks must not be beaten.'

'Then I'm sure, Panoria, I wish I were a Greek; for 'tis very unpleasant to be slapped!'

'I daresay your brother Napoleon does not like it either.'

'He is the only one of my brothers who does not cry or complain when he is punished. If you heard what a noise Joseph and Lucien make, you would fancy that uncle was flaying them alive!'

'But about Napoleon. What can he be talking about alone in the grotto?'

'Hush! Here he is! Let us hide ourselves behind this lilac-tree, and you'll hear.'

'I see Severia coming to call us.'

'Ah! it will take her an hour to gather ripe fruit for uncle the canon. We shall have time enough. Come!'

And the little girls, gliding between the rock and the overhanging shrubs, took up their position in perfect concealment.

The boy who advanced towards the grotto differed from the generality of children of his age in the size of his head, the massive form of his noble brow, and the

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fixed *examining* expression of his eyes. He walked slowly—looking at the bright blue sea—and unconscious that his proceedings were closely watched by two pair of little bright black eyes.

'Here I am my own master!' he said as he entered the grotto. 'No one commands me here!' And seating himself royally on a bench within the dark entrance, he continued—'This is my birthday. I am eight years old to-day. I wish I lived among the Spartans, then I should be beyond the control of women; but now I have to obey such a number of people—old Severia among the rest. Ah, if I were the master!'

'Well, and if you were the master, what would you do?' cried Eliza, thrusting forward her pretty little head.

'First of all, I'd teach you not to come listening at doors,' replied Napoleon, disconcerted at being overheard.

'But, brother, there 's no door that I can see.'

'No matter, you have been eaves-dropping all the same.'

'Eliza!—Panoria!' cried a loud voice. 'Where can these children have gone to?'

The young ladies came out of their leafy lurking-place in time to meet the little Bonaparte's nurse, Severia—a tall old woman, who carried on her arm a basket filled with the most luscious tempting pears, grapes, and figs.

'A pear, Severia!' cried Napoleon, darting forwards, and thrusting his hand into the basket.

'The saints forbid, child!' exclaimed Severia. 'They are for your uncle the canon!'

'Ah!' said Napoleon, drawing back his hand as quickly as if a wasp had stung him.

Panoria burst out laughing.

'I never saw such people!' she said, as soon as her mirth allowed her to speak. 'My uncle the canon seems the bugbear of the whole family. Is Severia afraid of him too?'

'Not more than I am,' said Napoleon boldly.

'And yet you were afraid to take a pear?'

'Because I did not wish to do it, Panoria.'

'Did not *dare* do it, Napoleon!'

'Did not *wish* to do it, Panoria.'

'And if you wished it, would you do it?'

'Certainly I would.'

'I think you are a boaster, Napoleon; and in your uncle's presence would be just as great a coward as Eliza or Pauline?'

'Come, children, follow me,' said Severia, walking on.

'You think I am a coward?' whispered Eliza to her little friend. 'Come into the house, and see if I don't eat as much of uncle's fruit as I please. Mamma is gone out to pay a visit, and will not be home until to-morrow.'

'Then I 'll help you,' said Panoria. And the little girls, fixing their wistful eyes on the tempting fruit, followed Severia to the house.

Napoleon remained some time longer in his grotto; and when supper-time approached, he went into the house. Feeling very thirsty, he entered the dining-room, in which was a large cupboard, where fresh water was usually kept. Just as he was going in, he heard a noise: the cupboard doors were quickly shut, and he caught a glimpse of a white frock disappearing through the open window. Instead, however, of looking after the fugitive, he went quietly to get a glass of water in the cupboard. Then, to his dismay, he saw his uncle's basket of fruit half empty! While, forgetting his thirst, he looked with astonishment at the fruit, considering who could have been the hardy thief, a voice behind him roused him from his reverie.

'What are you doing there, Napoleon? You know you are not permitted to help yourself to supper.'

This was uncle the canon himself—a short, stout old man with a bald head, whose otherwise ordinary features were lighted up with the eagle glance which afterwards distinguished his grand-nephew.

'I was not taking anything, uncle,' replied Napoleon. And then suddenly the idea occurring to him that he might be accused of having taken the fruit, the blood rushed hotly to his cheeks.

His confusion was so evident, that the canon said, 'I hope you are not telling a falsehood, Napoleon!'

'I never tell falsehoods,' said the boy proudly.

'What were you doing?'

'I was thirsty; I came to get some water.'

'No harm in that—and then, my boy?'

'That was all, uncle.'

'Have you drunk the water?'

'No, uncle; not yet.'

The archdeacon shook his head. 'You came to drink, and you did not drink; that does not hang well together. Napoleon, take care. If you frankly confess your fault, whatever it may be, you shall be forgiven; but if you tell a lie, and persist in it, I warn you that I shall punish you severely.'

The entrance of M. Bonaparte, M. Fesch, and Joseph, Napoleon's eldest brother, interrupted the conversation; and for some minutes the elder gentlemen spoke to each other on political subjects; when a sudden exclamation from Severia, as she opened the cupboard, attracted the attention of all.

'Santa Madona! who has taken the fruit?'

'This is the mystery discovered!' said the canon, turning towards Napoleon. 'So you stole the fruit?'

'I never touched it,' replied the boy.

'Call in the other children,' said the archdeacon.

In a few minutes five beautiful children, three boys and two girls, formed a group round their father, who, looking at each one in turn, asked—'Which of you has taken the fruit that was gathered in your uncle the canon's garden?'

'I did not!' 'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' cried they all. But Eliza's voice was lower and less assured than those of the others.

'And you, Napoleon?'

'I have said, papa, that I did not do it.'

'That 's a falsehood!' exclaimed Severia, who, being an old domestic, took great liberties.

'If you were not a woman!' said Napoleon, shaking his small clenched hand at her.

'Silence! Napoleon,' said his father sternly.

'It must have been you, Napoleon,' said Severia; 'for after putting the fruit into the cupboard, I never left the anteroom, and not a soul passed through except the archdeacon and yourself. If he has not taken them'——

'I wish truly I had,' said the old gentleman, 'and then I should not have the grief of seeing one of my children persist in a lie.'

'Uncle, I am not guilty,' repeated Napoleon firmly.

'Do not be obstinate, but confess,' said his father.

'Yes,' added the canon; ''tis the only way to escape punishment.'

'But I never touched the fruit—indeed, I did not.'

'Napoleon,' said his uncle, 'I cannot believe you. I shall give you five minutes; and if, at the end of that time, you do not confess, and ask for pardon, I shall whip you.'

'A whip is for horses and dogs, not for children!' said the boy.

'A whip is for disobedient, lying children,' replied his father.

'Then 'tis unjust to give it me, for I am neither a liar nor disobedient.' So saying, Napoleon crossed his arms on his chest, and settled himself in a firm attitude.

Meantime his brothers and his sister Pauline came close to him, and whispered good-natured entreaties that he would confess.

'But how can I, when I have not done wrong?'

'So you are still obstinate?' said his uncle. And taking him by the arm, he led him into the next room. Presently the sound of sharp repeated blows was heard, but not a cry or complaint from the little sufferer.

Madame Bonaparte was away from home, and in the evening her husband went to meet her, accompanied by Joseph, Lucien, and Eliza. M. Fesch and the canon were also about to depart, and in passing through the ante-

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room, they saw Napoleon standing, pale and grave, but proud and firm-looking as before.

'Well, my child,' said his father, 'I hope you will now ask your uncle's pardon!'

'I did not touch the fruit, papa.'

'Still obstinate! As the rod will not do, I shall try another method. Your mother, brothers, Eliza, and I, will be away for three days, and during that time you shall have nothing but bread and water, unless you ask your uncle's forgiveness.'

'But, papa, wont you let him have some cheese with his bread!' whispered little Pauline.

'Yes, but not *broccio*.'

'Ah do, papa, please let him have *broccio*; 'tis the nicest cheese in Corsica!'

'That 's the reason he does not deserve it,' said his father, looking at the boy with an anxious expression, as if he hoped to see some sign of penitence on his face. But none such appearing, he proceeded towards the carriage.

Joseph and Lucien took a kind leave of their brother, but Eliza seemed unwilling and afraid to go near or look at him.

The three days passed on, heavily enough for poor Napoleon, who was in disgrace, and living on bread, water, and cheese, which was not *broccio*. At length the party returned, and little Panoria, who was watching for her friend Eliza, came with them into the house.

'Good-morning, uncle,' said Madame Bonaparte to the archdeacon; 'how are you? And where are Napoleon and Pauline?'

'Here I am, mamma,' said the latter, throwing her arms around her mother's neck.

'And Napoleon?'

'He is here,' said the canon.

'Has he confessed?' asked his father.

'No,' replied the uncle. 'I never before witnessed such obstinacy.'

'What has he done?' asked his mother.

The canon, in reply, related the story of the fruit; but before he could finish it, Panoria exclaimed—

'Of course, poor fellow, he would not confess what he never did!'

'And who did take the fruit?' asked the canon.

'I and Eliza,' replied the little girl without hesitation.

There was a universal exclamation.

'My poor child,' said the archdeacon, embracing Napoleon tenderly, 'why did you not undeceive us?'

'I suspected it was Eliza,' replied Napoleon; 'but I was not sure. At all events, I would not have told, for Panoria's sake, who is not a liar.'

My readers may imagine how Napoleon was caressed and rewarded to make him amends for the pain he had unjustly suffered. As to Eliza, she was severely and rightly punished: first for her gluttony; and then for what was much worse — her cowardice and deceit in allowing her innocent brother to suffer for her fault.*

GOTHLAND AS A FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.

It will be recollected that in the Journal for 9th March 1850 a favourable account was given of the island of Gothland as a field for emigration. This was not done from the personal observation of the writer, but from the report of Major Pringle, the English consul at Stockholm, and of Mr George Stephens, an English land-valuer, who had made an inspection of certain lands upon the island, and whose words were quoted. It was at the same time stated that there was a Land-Company who were buying up lands with the view to encouraging an immigration of British settlers, who might introduce improvements in culture, of which the native population stood much in want.

Subsequently (June 22) a report was given in the Journal respecting this Company's lands, from an East Lothian farmer of experience, who had been induced by the former article to visit the island. He described them as consisting principally of marshes in the course of being drained, and which he judged to be capable of producing excellent turnip crops. On the whole, he judged so favourably of the country, as to resolve on settling in it. He accordingly proceeded thither with his family in the month of July.

He was accompanied by seven individuals who wished to judge of the island; but these quickly returned, and published an unfavourable account of the lands offered to settlers by the Company, unfortunately in a manner and style which we felt to be at once discourteous and unjust towards ourselves. We passed over the discourtesy and injustice, and only expressed (October 26) our surprise that the accounts of an island in the Baltic should differ so greatly, throwing out at the same time a request for an impartial view of the lands from some other source. This we have not yet obtained; but we nevertheless have arrived at a tolerably distinct idea of the real state of the case.

The island of Gothland is a mass of limestone, about eighty miles long, favoured, from its insular situation, with what is for the north of Europe a mild climate. It was a great seat of commerce in the middle ages; and its principal town, Wisby, is full of fine antique structures. The more elevated parts of the island are rounded surfaces of rock, bearing only forests. The lower districts present fine tracts of rich soil, alternating with marshes—the latter condition of the land being very much a result of neglect and of bad legal arrangements regarding mills. Our original statement regarding the island is borne out by what we learn is the condition of a large portion of it. The English consul at Stockholm, reasserts, in a letter to us, dated the 8th October last: 'There is a great deal of excellent land in Gothland, capable, if properly drained, of bearing crops of barley, oats, and turnips. . . . I repeat that I saw excellent land in the marshes, particularly near Rone and Kloster.' The East Lothian farmer, having accepted a commission from the Land Company, is less valid authority; but we know him to be a man incapable of mistating a matter of fact. He informs us that 'they have grown most magnificent crops of turnips and barley on the marshes this last season—the former not surpassed in any country, and that with most imperfect cultivation.'

He adds—'Independent of the Company's lands, the island offers very great inducements to men of small capital, as all over it properties can be bought at very low prices; and, in general, the old cultivated land is of the very finest quality (I have never seen better in any country), but it has hitherto been so wretchedly farmed and manured, that the wonder is it can produce any crops at all. Were it in the hands of Scotchmen, it would produce most abundant crops of all kinds except oats, for which the climate appears too dry: other grains cannot be surpassed in quality. Any person who could afford to look about him for a few months, could easily purchase land on which, were he industrious, he could produce every requisite for the support of a family in far better style than with three times the capital he could do on any farm in Scotland.'

In Sweden prices are generally low, and land is not an exception. The consul, in the letter already quoted, says that he saw a Gothland estate, comprising '600 good arable acres, 1500 acres of forest, and a dwelling-house for a large family, with excellent farm-offices,' sold for L.1900. It is obvious that, in producing grain at a moderate outlay, in an island within eight days' sail of England, there would be a great advantage, provided the business were conducted with the benefit of British skill and British mechanical appliances. The consul, however, recommends none but Scottish farmers, and those of the hardier class, to attempt settling in Gothland, anticipating that the discomforts necessarily encountered at first would be discomfiting to the generality of Englishmen.

It thus appears on very good evidence that our original statements regarding Gothland are perfectly true as far as the bulk of the island is concerned. Our subsequent moderate account of the marsh-lands is also true. Any

* This article is abridged from the French of Madame Foa.

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discrepancy that can arise in the accounts of different observers must only be where one denies regarding the marshes what has only been ascribed to the old cultivated lands. We cannot now entertain any doubt that Gothland forms a good field for the emigrant. We believe that it contains much good arable land, to be had at a moderate, or rather low price, and that even its marshes form a promising field of settlement. If any further evidence on this point were wanting, it would be found in an unexpected testimony from two of the seven individuals who published the condemnatory notice in September last. We now learn, what they did not think proper to make known at the time, that one of them had actually, while on the island, entered into a negotiation for a piece of the Marsh Company's lands, and that another offered L.3750 for an estate, which, however, was not accepted. Where two of the seven persons acted in this manner, and the rest must have been aware of it, it seems strange that their ostensible condemnation of Gothland should have been so sweeping; but it is not our part to solve the problem of their inconsistency; neither shall we stop to inquire if a few hours spent by them in examining an island eighty miles long, and containing a great variety of land, were sufficient either to enable them prudently to make offers for estates upon it, or to entitle them to publish an abrupt, dogmatic statement regarding its general character and condition. We simply set aside their testimony as not appearing to us worthy of the slightest degree of credit, and express our belief, as at first, that hardy and industrious farmers, who find a difficulty in existing circumstances at home, would do well to take a look of this island.*

IMPROVED AMERICAN PIANOFORTE.

This improvement, termed the 'Patent Dolce Campana Pedal Pianoforte,' is from the manufactory of Messrs Boardman and Gray of New York. The effects produced by the application of this pedal are a prolongation of the sound, and the alteration of the quality of tone from the ordinary piano (to that of sweet bells or harps), and which can be used *ad libitum* by the performer; thereby producing not only a charming variety of sound, but a most beautiful accompaniment long sought for the voice. The mechanical part of this ingenious improvement is exceedingly simple, being merely a number of weights arranged by a lever pedal, to fall, when required, upon an equal number of screws fixed in the sounding-board of the piano, and which, of course, altering the vibration, effects and produces peculiar qualities and expressions of tone, unlike anything heretofore known; and when combined with the other two pedals, produces the lightest shade of altissimo notes, alternating with the crescendo and diminuendo, and other musical accents of any kind which may be desired, in imitation of an orchestral performance. The particular qualities of this new attachment are its clearness, brilliancy, and delicacy of tone, which falls upon the ear with a surpassing softness, like the chiming peals of distant bells: hence its peculiar name, 'Dolce Campana' (Sweet Bells). This attachment is perfectly simple, and so constructed that it can be detached from the instrument in a few moments.

WORK FOR SOLDIERS.

An order has been issued from the War Department, which strikes us as being a very sensible one. It provides that at every permanent post at which our troops are or shall be stationed, they shall be employed in cultivating a kitchen-garden, to insure a supply of vegetables. A system of more extended cultivation is soon to be commenced in those military departments which are located in Texas, New Mexico, California, and Oregon, in which Indians are to be employed in company with the soldiers. The clear proceeds from these labours are to be distributed among the soldiers.—*Boston Museum.*

* The agent for the Marsh Company's lands is Mr Liljevalch, Stockholm. Mr Ennequist, the English consul at Wisby, and a member of the company, may likewise be addressed or applied to. There are steamers from Hull to Gottenburg once a fortnight during the summer, and from this town, or from Hamburg or Copenhagen, it cannot be difficult to reach the island.

THE GOOD OF IT.

A CYNIC'S SONG.

Some men strut proudly 'midst honours and gold,
Hiding strange deeds 'neath the shadow of fame;
I creep along, braving hunger and cold,
To keep my heart taintless as well as my name.
So—so—where is the good of it?

Some clothe bare Truth in fine garments of words,
Fetter her free limbs with purple and state:
With me, let me sit at the lordliest boards;
'I love' means *I love*, and 'I hate' means *I hate*.
But—but—where is the good of it?

Some have rich dainties and costly attire,
Guests flattering round them, and duns at the door;
I crouch by myself at my plain board and fire,
Enjoy what I pay for, and scorn to have more.
Yet—yet—where is the good of it?

Some gather round them a phalanx of 'friends,'
Scattering professions like coins in a crowd;
I keep my heart close for the few that Heaven sends,
Where they 'll find their names writ when I lie in my shroud!
So—so—where is the good of it?

Some toy with love—lightly come, lightly go;
A blithe game at hearts—little worth, little cost.
I staked my whole soul, hope and peace, on one throw,
A life 'gainst an hour's sport. We played, and I—lost!
Ha—ha!—where was the good of it?

Moral—added on his Deathbed.

Turn the past's mirror backward! Its shadows removed,
The dim confused mass grows all softened, sublime!
I have worked—I have felt—I have lived—I have loved,
And each was a step towards the mount I now climb!
Thou, God—Thou saw'st the good of it!

TO RESTORE DECAYED IVORY.

Dr Layard, in his explorations among the ruins of Nineveh, discovered some splendid works of art carved in ivory, which he forwarded to England. When they arrived there, it was discovered that the ivory was crumbling to pieces very rapidly. Professor Owen was consulted to know if there was any means of preventing the entire loss of these specimens of ancient art: he came to the conclusion that the decay was owing to the loss of the albumen in the ivory, and therefore recommended that the articles be boiled in a solution of albumen. The experiment was tried with complete success, and the ivory has been rendered as firm and solid as when it was first entombed.—*Jameson's Journal.*

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper: it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it consists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by those intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a place far outvieing the Oriental in brilliancy and glory.—*American paper.*

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A MODEST CELEBRITY.

Some years ago I set out to visit Italy for the first time, and took my way up the Rhine and through Switzerland. A lady friend whom I was to meet, with her family at Milan, had desired me to bring her some of Jean Maria Farina's true and genuine eau de Cologne; and anxious, like a true knight, to fulfil the behest of lady fair, no sooner was I arrived at Cologne, and the duties of the toilet and my breakfast were over, than I sallied out to execute my commission. I had not taken twenty steps along the street, when, over a warehouse door, a large board struck my eye, thus inscribed in gigantic capitals—

ONLY VERITABLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF JEAN MARIA FARINA'S GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE.

This was just what I wanted. The shop contained nothing but bottles of eau de Cologne, for the most part neatly packed by dozens in slight wooden boxes. I made my purchase, desired the box to be carried to the hotel, and went forth to take a survey of the town. But I had not proceeded many steps further, before another sign-board made precisely the same pretensions for its shop, as being the sole depositary of the genuine eau de Cologne by Jean Maria Farina. I was startled. 'I hope I have made no mistake,' thought I. 'If I have, it must be rectified: there is full time.'

Vexed at my precipitancy, I walked on thoughtfully, and soon came to another, and another, and another warehouse of the same description; and so on, in every part of the town, all bearing, in every diversity of colour and characters, the same announcement of being 'the sole and veritable depositary of Jean Maria Farina's genuine eau de Cologne.' I made anxious inquiries of divers persons, without arriving at anything satisfactory; and so, returning to my hotel, I determined to abide by my purchase, and to present it to my fair friend as the real and genuine eau de Cologne, without disturbing her faith by the doubts that distracted my own mind. The subject vanished gradually from my thoughts, only leaving behind it a general impression of the greatness of Jean Maria Farina, that European personage, whose name had stared me thus in the face at every turn in the old town on the Rhine.

Next morning I set off for Mainz by the steamboat. The vessel was crowded with passengers, of whom the majority were English. To own the truth, I am apt to feel greatly ashamed of my countrymen—speaking of them in the mass—when I meet them abroad, swarming in steamboats, railways, and hotels. On this occasion my eye wandered over the commonplace set, with their endless and cumbersome abundance of travelling comforts in the shape of bags, baskets, bottles, and boxes of all sizes and forms. There were likewise flat-faced Germans, smoking extraordinary pipes, and wearing fantastical hats and caps; but of the whole crowd, the only individual who at all fixed my attention was a tall man somewhat advanced in years, and his black hair sprinkled with white, though he was still of comely appearance. The deep-set black eyes, olive complexion, oval-shaped head, and finely-cut features, the mobility and *finesse* of expression, the pliable and easy motions of the body, stamped him a native of the south. There was a shrewd thoughtfulness in the countenance while silent, brightening when he spoke into benevolent cheerfulness, a good-humoured smile lighting his dark eyes, and disclosing a fine set of white teeth, which gave something very agreeable to the whole physiognomy. He looked like a prosperous man, well contented with himself and with the world. That his prosperity had been *earned*, seemed denoted by an appearance of activity which age had not subdued.

The old gentleman was surrounded by a numerous party, and nothing occurred to bring about any communication between us. But by an odd chance we happened to meet every day for a week either in a steamboat, on a railway, or at a *table-d'hôte*—always at a distance, however, without at any time exchanging a word. There was a sort of silent acquaintance established, but we seemed under a spell which obliged us to look, and not to speak. At last it was with a kind of painful consciousness our eyes met, although feeling rather attracted than repelled; so that it was almost a relief the first day I no longer met my dark-eyed vision at supper, although I felt, notwithstanding, a lingering regret that I should now never satisfy a certain curiosity which had sprung up in my own mind as to who or what the stranger might be.

I stayed some time in Switzerland, and then went on to Italy. I crossed the Alps by the Simplon—that wonderful road conceived by the genius of Napoleon—as easy as an English turnpike-road, winding its way up through mountain pastures and vast pine forests to the regions of eternal snow and ice, and the wild territory of the avalanche. Nothing gives a more forcible impression of the power of man's intellect, struggling, calmly and successfully, with the awful powers of nature. Arrived at the summit of the pass, the descent on the Italian side begins from the village of Simplon; and you go winding down, between gigantic, perpendicular, larch-grown rocks, which seem to admit reluctantly within their jaws the road that winds along the edge of the roaring torrent, which has fretted its way during long ages through these rocky walls. Road

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and torrent run together confined between them, and the traveller sees the sky far above the towering masses on either side.

After passing several hours in this gorge, you issue from it suddenly, where at your feet lies, opening to view, the verdant, smiling basin of the Val d'Ossola, rich in luxuriant Italian beauty. After the stern grandeur of the Alpine pass, the view from the bridge of Crevola bursts like enchantment on the sight, presenting a wide, gracefully-circular plain, watered by a winding river, and surrounded by the most picturesque mountains, clothed half-way up their sides with rich wood, while above stand out the naked, brown mountain-tops in fantastic peaks against the blue sky. Among the dark verdure of their swelling base stand forth in strong relief cheerful white villages and country-houses, and tall square white church towers, spotting the sides of the hills, while the town of Domo d'Ossola shines smilingly at the further end of the vale. The vine, allowed to run in its elegant natural festoons, the mulberry mixed with other trees, and the soft balmy air, all tell the traveller he has set foot in Italy. Domo d'Ossola struck me as a cheerful, elegant little town. It had an Italian character, quite new to me, which took my fancy. I travelled alone, guided solely by my own inclination; and I was so much pleased with the situation, that I determined to give some days to examine a few of the numerous valleys which diverge from the Val d'Ossola, winding among these picturesque, but rarely-explored mountains.

I have always had a passion for deviating from the high road. After resting a night at Domo, I inquired if a guide could be procured. My host informed me that as few travellers wandered from the high road, there were no regular guides, but that there was at that moment in his house a young man, servant to a gentleman of the Val Vegeste, who was returning to Santa Maria Maggiore, the principal village in that valley, whom I could accompany thus far. Arrived there, I might easily find some one else to guide me further on. The arrangement was soon made; and Battistino—so my guide was named—and I set out on foot together towards the Val Vegeste. My companion was a barefooted, tall, active, black-eyed, intelligent young fellow, with those free and supple limbs, and that somewhat melancholy cast of countenance—easily, however, brightening into an animated and cheerful variety of expression—which characterise the Italian peasant.

I knew something of the Italian language, but I was totally at a loss to communicate with my present conductor, whose only tongue was his native mountain dialect, in which I with difficulty recognised here and there some word disfigured by a pronunciation wholly new to me; so our communication was more in looks and gestures than in speech. We first retraced a short part of the road by which I had entered the town the day before; but soon deviating to the right, we crossed by a plank bridge the stream which intersects the Val d'Ossola, and proceeding to the limit of the valley in that direction, and then turning to the left, skirted the base of the mountain. Nothing could exceed the beauty of everything that met my eye. After an hour's walk, I was struck by the appearance of a very handsome country-house, which stood on a lofty eminence facing us, surrounded by noble terraced gardens. The mansion commanded the same extensive views of the beautiful valley that strike the traveller so forcibly from the bridge of Crevola. I pointed out this dwelling to my guide with an inquiring look.

'Palazzo del Signor Padrone' ('The palace of my master') was his answer.

'Your padrone then is rich?'

'Hu!' returned Battistino with a lengthened exclamation, waving his hand expressively up and down. 'Tanto ricco!—ricchissimo! Tanto scior!' ('So rich!—very rich! Such a great gentleman!') And this was followed by a long and eloquent eulogium, or history, unfortunately lost upon me, with the exception of the words, 'Generoso, generosissimo—da Paris,' by which I made out the very rich man to be likewise very generous, and to have come from Paris.

As we proceeded along our way, I found that we were not to go towards the palace, as Battistino termed the handsome dwelling upon the hill, our road turning sharp to the right, where a singularly picturesque opening gives entrance to the wild Val Vegeste. Here we crossed a bridge over a beautiful stream, flowing from between two high walls of rock, richly grown with overhanging wood. A few houses stand on this spot, and a chapel with an image of the Virgin, to which is attached a legendary miracle; and from thence a road cut in the rock leads up the course of the stream to Santa Maria Maggiore. At every step the picturesque beauties of this singular valley become more striking. As we advanced, the sound of a fine-toned church-bell came wafted on the air. It sounded like a rejoicing peal. Battistino became excited, and contrived to make me understand that the bell, the *great* bell, was a gift from his padrone to the church.

On entering Santa Maria Maggiore, we found the whole village in holiday trim: the women's heads adorned with snow-white muslin handkerchiefs, or braids of hair fastened round the back of the head by large silver pins placed in a semicircle — the latter coiffure having a peculiarly classical and Italian appearance. Some added coquettishly a natural flower on one side. Their ears and necks were adorned with large earrings and necklaces; and the neat stocking, and embroidered instep of a sort of slipper, with a wooden sole and heels, under a short smart petticoat, completed the holiday attire. Each, with fan in hand, was hurrying to church; while some, after a fashion peculiar to these mountains, carried their infants attached to their backs in light wooden cradles.

The whole formed a rich and novel scene. My guide had a word, a nod, or a smile for everybody, and you may suppose that the stranger with him excited no slight attention. Battistino seemed irresistibly impelled to follow the crowd, and led me with him into the church. We walked up a side aisle, and he pointed out from afar the altar-piece, with a gesture which implied that he looked upon it as a masterpiece of art, whispering at the same time, 'Gift of the padrone.' As I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, I was going to propose that we should leave the church, when a numerous company entering, relieved me from the attention of the congregation, and I remained a forgotten observer. The new-comers were two young couples, surrounded by their respective friends, coming to the altar to receive the nuptial benediction.

'Pepino and Ghita, Giovanni and Maria,' said my guide in an undertone, as he pointed out the couples; and he went on to make me understand that his padrone had given the dota (marriage-portion.) His enthusiasm now seemed to lose all power of expression in words, and to concentrate itself in his two bright eyes; while I thought to myself: 'This padrone of his must be a rare character—a rich and liberal man dispensing his wealth in shedding happiness among the simple population of this retired valley. I should like to see him.'

The wedding-party had stopped in the middle of the church, as if waiting for some one; a moment after, the expected person made his appearance. 'Il padrone!' exclaimed Battistino; and at the same instant I recognised my old mysterious acquaintance of the steamboat.

The priest now stood at the altar, the marriage-ceremony was performed, and the blessing given. The two wedding-parties walked out of the church to return

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to their respective homes. At the door of the church, all crowded round Battistino's master with various expressions of affectionate and respectful gratitude, which he received with fatherly good-humour, and then disengaged himself from the group. His eye had caught mine, and we exchanged a smile of recognition. Battistino darted forward, and said a few words to him; after which the stranger moved towards me, and accosting me with courteous ease in good French, said, that since fate seemed determined to procure him the pleasure of my acquaintance, I must allow him to look upon a foreigner, who did this remote valley the very rare honour of a visit, as his welcome guest. I was too well pleased with the invitation to hesitate in accepting the hospitality offered with so good a grace, and so benevolent a smile; and had I acceded less readily, a sudden clap of thunder, and the bursting of an unexpected storm over our heads, would have left me little choice: as it was, I was made doubly grateful.

I followed my new friend into the open door of a handsome house, while sudden night seemed to occupy the place of day; and the rain poured down in torrents, making me appreciate such comfortable shelter. My host was cordially and gracefully courteous. He assured me that the streams and torrents, swollen by the rain, would make it impossible to proceed in the direction I had intended; and that even when the storm abated, it would already have cut off my return to Domo; for the small stream I had crossed by a plank in the morning must now be swollen, by innumerable mountain-tributaries, into a wide, deep, and impassable torrent. He therefore begged me to submit with patience to necessity, and allow him to make me his guest for the night. He had come that morning from the country-house I had perhaps remarked before entering Val Vegeste, for the purpose of being present at the two marriages that had taken place, and purposed returning as soon as the rain cleared off. He added, that at Monte Christesi he should have the pleasure of introducing me to his wife and family. So, as soon as the storm rolled away, and a blue sky once more smiled upon the valley, Battistino brought to the door a four-wheeled open carriage drawn by one horse; he mounted the front seat as driver, and my host and I took our places behind.

We rolled along the rocky road I had followed on foot. Battistino pointed to the road, and said something to me, of which the word 'padrone' was the only one I understood. I turned to my host for an explanation. He said, laughing, 'Battistino is anxious to inform you that this road from Santa Maria Maggiore to Domo was made by me: some years ago there was only a bridle-path. Living in the neighbourhood, I was of course one of the most interested in the improvement.'

Battistino turned again to add some words on the subject. At the same instant, we came to a sharp turn in the road; and as our driver's eye was not upon his horse, we ran full against a car laden with hay drawn by an ox. The wheels locked, and that of our vehicle gave way, and came off. We got out of the carriage, leaving the mortified Battistino to remedy the damage, and follow in the best way he could. As we walked on, we were overtaken by two youths, each with a pack on his back, and a staff over his shoulder, with a pair of thick-soled shoes slung upon it. They went the swift noiseless gliding pace of the barefooted Italian peasant. My host exchanged kind salutations with the lads, and bade them go on to his house, where they should sleep that night, as the swollen state of the torrents would not let them proceed farther; and he added: 'To-morrow morning I will give you a letter which may be of use to you.' He then desired them to go on before us, and announce that he was following with a stranger gentleman.

My host then explained to me that these youths were leaving home to seek their fortunes abroad, their native valleys being too poor to maintain their population. A large portion of the males emigrate, and generally return at the end of a few months with the little earnings they have gained in some distant place by their industry; then, after a while, they go forth again, like bees to gather new honey. Their traffic is chiefly in tin-ware, or in simples, of which these mountains offer an abundant supply. During the absence of the men, the women and children cultivate the poor soil.

'Our Italians,' continued the padrone, 'are an intelligent race, full of resources, and generally succeed in what they undertake. A most erroneous impression prevails with respect to us in other countries. In my travels I have constantly heard of the idleness of the Italian peasantry—of the "*dolce far niente*" of Italy. Yet there is no country in which the peasantry labour so incessantly, and with so much intelligence, activity, and cheerful industry. I can vouch for so much at least to the credit of Lombardy and Piedmont, which I know intimately. If you, sir, were to remain long enough in this country, to have opportunities of observing our rural life, you would soon be convinced of this. No part of the world is more travelled by foreigners, and so little known. But if strangers underrate our country, most of its wandering sons hold it in loving remembrance. I have myself been absent many long years, and have seen many lands, but I never forgot this spot. I left it, fifty years ago, a poor mountain boy, like those you saw just now, and I always said in my heart, "If ever I can build a house, it shall be on Monte Christesi." I never changed my mind, and there stands my house to-day. Never did I forget my love for these valleys.' And as we advanced, he pointed out the different striking beauties of the prospect.

Everything I heard and saw served to heighten my curiosity respecting my companion, and I was framing in my mind some proper mode of shaping a few questions, when we arrived at the mansion. Here my host introduced me to his wife, a French lady, to two children, and to his brother. I immediately recognised the party in the steamboat. I was cordially received by all, almost as an old acquaintance, and the incidents of our unexpected meeting afforded subject of cheerful conversation. We sat down to dinner in a very handsome hall, ornamented, after the Italian manner, with fresco paintings on the walls and ceiling. Easy chat, and several bottles of good wine, rendered the meal very pleasant. After dinner, we passed from the dining-room to one of the garden-terraces, where coffee was served in the open air.

The terrace on which we were overlooked several others, shelving in succession to the limits of the property. The valley, enclosed by mountains, and watered by a rushing stream, was spread at our feet. The prospect was splendid; the sky glowed with the tints of the evening sun; and the late rain brought out in exquisite freshness the aromatic scent of the flowers and of the neighbouring woods.

It was a moment in which the heart opens to warm and easy sympathies. I felt no difficulty in asking my host to explain to me by what uncommon fortunes he had become, from a poor mountain boy, such as we had met in the morning, the happy possessor of so noble a property, and the benefactor of all around him.

He nodded with a shrewd and cheerful smile, saying, 'I often wonder at it myself. You must know that in my travels I met with a magician who pointed the way to a golden fountain. I will tell you my modest history.

'I was born in Santa Maria Maggiore, the village you visited this morning. My parents were not so poor as the rest of the inhabitants, for my father, according to the custom I mentioned to you, had gone into foreign

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parts. My mother, too, accompanied him; and at the end of some years, they had collected, by their industry in managing a humble commerce, that which was a little fortune on their return to their native vale. They possessed a field more than their neighbours, and two cows to fill the double office of supplying the family with milk and drawing the plough—as you see that cow doing yonder, guided by a woman and a girl. Yet when the family increased, and three boys grew into lads, the means of the family could not suffice for our maintenance. I was the eldest, and while yet in tender years, it became necessary for me to follow the course of most of our valesmen, and go to earn a living elsewhere.

'My parents had carried on their little trade in simples in a town upon the Rhine, and they gave me a letter of recommendation to a friend and distant connection, a chemist and druggist there. With this letter, a few pieces of money in my pocket, and a pack on my back, I set out for a foreign land—distant in reality, and still more so in my imagination. The fancy of youth is always excited by the thought of travel, adventure, and independence, and my spirits kept up well till the day of departure, when the awfulness of separation from all I loved came with full force upon my heart. In those days there were no steamboats or railways—nothing to reduce distance, or ease the toils of the poor traveller. On foot, or with some occasional lift from a slow-going vehicle, or some floating raft, was I to wend my way to my remote destination. I shall never forget the day of my departure. My mother accompanied me as far as the chapel of the Madona you saw this morning. On that spot we parted with many tears. Before our last embrace, my mother knelt before the image of the Virgin, and I beside her, to implore a blessing on my adventure. Then my mother hung round my neck her own rosary. "Keep this, my son," she said, "in memory of your mother. Be a good boy, and never forget your prayers. Every evening I shall say a pater and an ave for you. Now, my boy, farewell! God bless you!"

'I have this rosary still. Sad, indeed, did I feel that night when the melancholy tinkling of the Ave Maria bell sounded from a distant village where I was to rest, and which I hastened to reach before the twilight should deepen into night. How often, through many long years, at the sound of the evening bell, did my sinking heart yearn for my mother and my home!

'Well, in due time I reached my destination, presented the letter to the protector to whom my parents had directed me, and was taken into his service. He was an intelligent man, with an inventive turn of mind, which he applied to the practical purpose of improving his business by the sale of certain mixtures, of which he alone possessed the secret. He was of a capricious disposition, and often became disgusted with his assistants. To me, however, he took a fancy, and proved invariably kind. He initiated me into the mysteries of the laboratory sufficiently to enable me to be of real use in his operations; but he carefully kept some mysterious secrets to himself: praising, nevertheless, my intelligence, activity, and zeal, and becoming more and more attached to me. I was of a cheerful disposition, and my lively sallies and ingenuous remarks amused and cheered the old man. But while I imparted vivacity to his age, my own spirits gradually sunk under the influence of a total change of life—shut up as I was in a dismal laboratory, behind a dark shop, in a narrow street, instead of roaming among our beautiful valleys and breezy mountains. My natural buoyancy bore me up for a time; but as month after month, and even year after year, rolled on in the same monotony, I sunk into unconquerable depression. All surrounding objects became disgusting to me; the very quality of the air, and colour of the light, grew odious. Day and night I was haunted by the thought of the immeasurable distance I had traversed, and which divided me from home. The familiar faces and sounds of my native scenes gleamed upon me in waking dreams. The best moment of the day was when the bell of the Ave Maria brought to my lips my mother's prayer, and to my eyes a refreshing shower of tears.

'Three years had elapsed since my departure from home, when these impressions reached their greatest intensity. My gains were small, and part I had already sent to my family. I thought with agony that not only I had no store by me, but that I had not even sufficient to take me home. I felt as if I must die an outcast in a distant land. My strength failed rapidly, and at last I was obliged to take to my bed. My master consulted a medical man who often came to our shop. He examined me, and pronounced my malady to be no other than nostalgia. The only remedy was to revisit my native land. My worthy master proved himself truly kind; not only did he allow me three months' holidays to go home, but he advanced me the sum necessary for the journey, undertaken of course in the most economical way. He gave me, besides, a letter to my parents, expressive of his satisfaction with my conduct and abilities, and likewise of his desire for my return to his service.

'From that moment he obtained my unbounded gratitude and attachment. No sooner was this plan settled, than my spirits rose, and life seemed infused into my veins. In a few days I was able to rise from my bed of sickness, and set forth on my way homewards. At the first sight of my native valley, at the first breath of the mountain-breezes, at the first embrace of my father, mother, and brothers, all my ills vanished, and health and strength returned to me, as if wafted on the very air. I was speedily quite recovered. I spent a happy three months at home, and then set out to return to my kind old master with renewed courage, instead of the hopeless feeling of banishment. Now I went with the firm hope and resolve to return again, as my parents had done before me, with my modest gains, and settle in this spot, the dearest to me on earth. I trusted that a few years' exertion could accomplish this. I was animated also by a desire to prove my gratitude to my benevolent master, and I came back to his service with redoubled zeal. By degrees he initiated me into many delicate operations, and instructed me in the choice and preparation of various simples, which he often sent me on long excursions to collect. These he prepared for divers uses. His confidence in me increased, on finding that I never pressed inquiries on any point upon which he wished to maintain reserve. Each year the good old man grew more attached to me. He had no near relative of his own; I became to him as a son, and I endeavoured to fulfil the duties of one. Age crept on, with its infirmities; he felt life drawing to a close; and calling me to his bedside, he ordered me to take down in writing certain notes he dictated—the secret, as he termed it, of the golden fountain. "Your activity and ingenuity," said he, "will follow out these hints so as to lead you to it infallibly, my dear child. I may well call you so, for you have been an affectionate child to me."

'Not long afterwards I followed my adopted father to the grave. He had bequeathed to me all his possessions. They were very humble; but I perceived that in his last instructions, if judiciously improved, he had indeed opened a road which might lead to fortune. The course pointed out shortly led me to Paris, where, without giving up my establishment on the banks of the Rhine, I opened another for the sale of genuine and improved eau de Cologne, by Jean Maria Farina.'

'Do I then stand,' exclaimed I, rising with a feeling of enthusiasm and reverence, 'in the presence of that celebrated man? Truly I thank my fortune for having

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guided me so agreeably to the gratification of a strong desire in so pleasant a meeting!' My host was flattered and amused at this burst, and laughed much at the description I gave him of my perplexity at Cologne in trying to find out his real establishment.

'"Tis true,' replied he, 'it stands in a very obscure corner of an old narrow street. I never left the old Ulick's Platz: I never abandoned the original establishment of my friend.' Our conversation then diverged to other interesting points, and my host added a few details, which completed his autobiography.

Eau de Cologne has been to him truly an Aladdin's lamp—a magic cruise. The sale rapidly brought him a fortune. Jean Maria early visited a second time his native place, and had the happiness to lavish on his parents more comforts and luxury than had ever even entered their dreams. They dwelt long in Santa Maria Maggiore, proud and happy in their son's prosperity. He never forgot his love for his native valley, and has invested part of his property in the purchase of land in the Val Vegeste and its neighbourhood. He built the mansion, and laid out the gardens on Monte Christesi, where he now received me, and where he has settled one of his brothers. His wife is French, and he has several children. He contributes with generous care to the welfare of the poor in his neighbourhood. He knows intimately their wants and their feelings; and is therefore competent, from experience as well as inclination, to dispense, with the best effect, his munificence among those who want his assistance.

He constantly spends the winter in Paris, and the summer in his native home among the folds of the Alps, much loved by all around. I slept that night under the hospitable roof of Monte Christesi; and my kind host and I parted next morning with the promise of meeting again.

Ever since then, Eau de Cologne is associated in my mind with the ancient cathedral town beside the Rhine—the romantic Val Vegeste and Val d'Ossola—the mansion on Monte Christesi—and the uncommon fortunes, European name, and goodly benevolent presence of Jean Maria Farina.

DAHOMEY AND THE DAHOMANS.*

Dahomey, as every one knows, is a negro kingdom, adjacent to Ashantee, extending from the coast of Guinea as far as the Kong Mountains. The existence of such a kingdom was not known in Europe till the beginning of last century; though some suppose that *Dauma*, which is mentioned by the early geographer Leo Africanus (died 1526) as one of many African kingdoms lying south of Nigritia, was a corruption of the word *Dahomey*. The native tradition, however, assigns both to the name and to the kingdom an origin not much older than two hundred years. The king, Ada Hoonzoo, who succeeded in 1774, was 'the Macadam of Africa;' for he 'made roads leading to his capital as broad as Pall Mall, and as suited to the traffic of the country as our roads are to that of England.' Another of the 'institutions' of Dahomey, which owes its origin to this monarch, is the far-famed army of Amazons—that is, negro women, who act as the king's body-guard, and take part with the male soldiers in all expeditions, rivalling them in courage and ferocity. Ada Hoonzoo's successor was Agon-groo, who was succeeded by his son-Adanazah. Adanazah proving a coward, was, after a short time, deposed, and superseded by his younger brother Gezo, the present king.

The earliest account we have of the Dahomans and their customs is contained in a letter written in 1724 to the commandant of the English fort at Whydah, by a Mr Bulfinch Lamb, an agent for the English African Company, who was seized by the Dahoman army during one of Guadjah Trudo's conquering expeditions to the coast, and carried away prisoner to Abomey, where he was detained for some time, but treated with great kindness. One or two subsequent accounts and sketches have been published by persons whom chance or business had led into that part of the world. On the whole, however, very little has hitherto been known of Dahomey; yet, as it is the chief site of the odious slave-traffic, which, notwithstanding all the efforts of England and Europe, is still carried on between Africa and the Brazils, there is perhaps no country in Africa towards which it is more desirable that attention should be turned. Aware of this, the English government, in the autumn of 1849, appointed the enterprising African traveller, Mr Duncan, to the post of her Majesty's vice-consul at Dahomey. The death of Da Souza, the king of Dahomey's principal slave-buyer, and a great promoter of the slave-trade, having created a blank in the slave-market, it was imagined that the king would be more favourably disposed than at any other time to listen to proposals for the abolition, or at least the modification, of this hereditary branch of the Dahoman commerce. To give greater weight to Mr Duncan's mission, a naval officer was selected to accompany him; and the choice fell on Lieutenant Frederick E. Forbes, already known for his useful services in the African blockade. The naval commander-in-chief gave Lieutenant Forbes a letter to be delivered to the king of Dahomey.

On the 12th of October 1849, Mr Duncan and Lieutenant Forbes set out from Whydah, accompanied by a large retinue of black men and women, one or two of whom were to act as interpreters, and the rest were employed in carrying the baggage, and the load of presents, consisting of kegs of rum, pieces of cloth, and packages of cowrie-shells (the currency of Dahomey), which were to be distributed among the Dahoman king and his courtiers. Intelligence of the arrival of the mission had been previously sent to Abomey, and Gezo had forwarded the necessary passport through his dominions, in the shape of 'a gold-headed Malacca cane,' to Lieutenant Forbes. A journey of four days brought the party to Abomey, the first aspect of which is thus described:—

'The city is about eight miles in circumference, surrounded by a ditch about five feet deep, filled with the prickly acacia—its only defence. It is entered by six gates, which are simply clay walls crossing the road, with two apertures—one reserved for the king, the other a thoroughfare for his subjects. In each aperture are two human skulls; and on the inside a pile of skulls, human, and of all the beasts of the field, even to the elephant's. Besides these six gates, the ditch, which is of an oval form, branches off at each side the north-west gate to the north and north-west; and over each branch is a similar gateway, for one only purpose—to mislead an enemy in a night attack. In the centre of the city are the palaces of Dongelah-cardeh and Agrim-gameh, adjoining; on the north stands the original palace of Dahomey: about these, and to the south gate, are houses, the most conspicuous of which are those of the ministers. In front of Agrim-gameh is an extensive square, in which are the barracks and a high shed or palaver-house, a saluting battery of fifteen guns, and a stagnant pond. Just inside the south-east gate (the Cannah) are a saluting-battery and pond, and numerous blacksmiths' shops. The roads or streets are in good order, and though there are not any shops, the want of them is supplied by two large markets—Ahjah-ee, to the eastward of the central palace, at once a market, parade, and sacrificial-ground; and Hungjooloh, just outside the south gate. Besides these are several smaller markets, the stalls of which are all awned, and are generally attended by women, the wives

* Dahomey and the Dahomans; being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital, in the Years 1849 and 1850. By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander, R.N. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

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of all classes and orders, from the miegans to the blacksmiths. The fetish houses are numerous, ridiculously ornamented. Cloths are manufactured within the palaces and houses. . . . . Within the city are large waste lands, and many cultivated farms. There are no regular streets, and it is difficult for a European to imagine himself in the capital of a large country, as all the houses are surrounded by high red clay walls, which enclose large forest-trees, besides orange, banana, and other fruit-trees. All the houses are low and thatched, and one only in the palace of Dongelah-cardeh, and one in that of Cumassee, can boast of two storeys.'

After being visited by several of the Dahoman chiefs, the embassy was admitted to an interview with the king:—

'The square of the palace was filled with armed people, squatted on their hams, the polished barrels of their Danish muskets standing up like a forest. Under a thatched gateway was the king, surrounded by his immediate wives; while on each side sat the Amazons, all in uniform, armed and accoutred; and in the centre of the square squatted the males. Hundreds of banners and umbrellas enlivened the scene, and a constant firing from great guns and small arms increased the excitement. When near the king's seat we came to a halt, while the cabooceers bowed down and kissed the dust. Passing before the throne we bowed, and made the circuit of the square three times—the cabooceers prostrating, and ourselves repeating our obeisances each time that we passed the royal seat. On the third time, the ministers and cabooceers formed a line to the king's position; and as we stepped from our hammocks, the king, who had been reclining, rose, and forty discordant bands struck up a quick step, whilst guns were fired, and all shouted except the ministers and cabooceers, who prostrated themselves, and threw dirt on their heads, as we advanced and shook hands with the king. His Dahoman majesty, King Gezo, is about forty-eight years of age, good-looking, with nothing of the negro features, his complexion wanting several shades of being black; his appearance commanding, and his countenance intellectual, though stern in the extreme. That he is proud there can be no doubt, for he treads the earth as if it were honoured by its burthen. Were it not for a slight cast in his eye, he would be a handsome man. Contrasted with the gaudy attire of his ministers, wives, and cabooceers (of every hue, and laden with coral, gold, silver, and brass ornaments), the king was plainly dressed in a loose robe of yellow silk, slashed with satin stars and half-moons, Mandingo sandals, and a Spanish hat trimmed with gold lace; the only ornament being a small gold chain of European manufacture. Taking our seats on chairs facing the royal mat, we entered into a complimentary conversation; the king asking many questions about our sovereign and England, and afterwards of Messrs Freeman, Cruikshanks, and Wynniett, who had preceded us at his court. The ministers were then introduced by name, and we all drank together.'

Two days spent in feasting, giving and receiving presents, and seeing the sights of Abomey, such as the review of the Amazons, &c. and the mission came to business:—

'After many compliments, his majesty requested me to read the commander-in-chief's letter. Handing it to him, he broke the seal, and returned it. I then read its contents piecemeal, so that the interpreters might the better explain it. His majesty listened attentively; and then explained that he was not accompanied by those officers who should form members of so serious a palaver, but if I would attend his Customs, he would give an answer. He then dictated a letter to the commander-in-chief, in which he promised to give me an answer at the Customs.'

The 'Customs' here alluded to are certain periodical festivals held at Abomey, when, amid drinking, rejoicing, the offering of human sacrifices, and much military parade, all the more important business of Dahomey (such as the paying of the troops, the trial of offences, and the determination of the scene of the great slave-hunt of the following year, &c. &c.) is transacted. The king of Dahomey is absolute, and can strike off the heads of his subjects when he pleases; still, even in Dahomey, there cannot be entire absolutism, and the Customs are, as it were, the meeting of the Dahoman parliament, when the king hears the grumblings as well as the adulations of his subjects. As the Customs were not to be held till the months of May, June, and July, and as, by Gezo's dexterous procrastination of the subject of the mission till then, no farther conversation with him upon it could be immediately obtained, Messrs Duncan and Forbes set out on their return to Whydah. Mr Duncan fell severely ill on the way, and died almost immediately after having embarked on board the *Kingfisher* on his voyage home.

Lieutenant Forbes, according to promise, returned to Abomey in May 1850, accompanied by Mr Beecroft, Her Majesty's consul at the Bights; and staying there for about six weeks, witnessed the following customs:—1*st*, The *Fe-que-ah-eh-bek*, or 'Paying of the Troubadours;' 2*d*, The *Ek-bah-tong-ek-beh*, or 'Display of the King's Wealth;' 3*d*, The *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-meh*, or 'Throwing of the Presents'—an essential portion of which custom consists of human sacrifices, though these are frequent on other occasions; 4*th*, The *Ek-beh-soh-ek-beh*, or 'Firing of the Guns;' 5*th*, The 'King's Court of Justice,' or parliament, which lasted several days, and in which various charges were made, and various questions entertained, amid much noise and confusion; 6*th*, The 'Amazon's Oath of Fidelity;' 7*th*, A 'Sham Fight;' 8*th*, The *See-que-ah-hee*, or 'Watering of the Ancestral Graves.' Mr Forbes gives detailed accounts of these ceremonies, which were a curious combination of the comic, the gaudy, the fierce, and the disgusting.

The Custom of the *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-teh*, or 'Throwing of the Presents,' took place on the last day of May, and consisted in the king's throwing—for seven hours continuously, from a raised platform in the market-place—cowry-shells, pieces of cloth, kegs of rum, rolls of tobacco, &c. into the midst of a vast multitude of naked blacks, who scrambled for the prizes. As neither the Dahoman army nor any of the Dahoman officials have any regular pay (though many perquisites), this distribution of the royal bounty is, in fact, the annual payment of the nation's salaries. At the close, however, of the distribution comes a horrid gift from the monarch to his subjects—that of a number of captives of the last slave-hunt, who, after being exhibited all day, tied in shallow baskets or cradles posted round the parapet of the platform, are thrown down, head foremost, among the yelling thousands beneath, there to be despatched with clubs, and torn in pieces. Fourteen such victims had been prepared on the present occasion; and after the rest of the ceremonial was over, the king asked Messrs Forbes and Beecroft to stay to witness their execution. They very properly refused; and after succeeding in buying off three of the poor wretches, hurried from the platform. The remaining eleven victims were then thrown down, three by Gezo, the others by his ministers. The whole expense to the king of the day's ceremonial did not exceed 2000 dollars.

At the 'palaver,' or parliament proper, the chief subjects of debate were the conduct of certain individuals during the slave-hunt of the preceding year, and the direction in which the expedition of the next year should be led. There was a great deal of quarrelling and mutual abuse among the Amazons and male soldiers. The following extract, containing the closing speeches of an Amazon and the king, will give an idea of Dahoman parliamentary eloquence:—

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'Again all rise, whilst an Amazon chief makes the following speech:—"As the blacksmith takes an iron bar, and by fire changes its fashion, so have we changed our nature. We are no longer women; we are men. By fire we will change Abeahkeutah. The king gives us cloth, but without thread it cannot be fashioned: we are the thread. If corn is put in the sun to dry, and not looked after, will not the goats eat it? If Abeahkeutah be left too long, some other nation will spoil it. A cask of rum cannot roll itself. A table in a house becomes useful when anything is placed thereon. The Dahoman army, without the Amazons, are as both unassisted. Spitting makes the belly more comfortable, and the outstretched hand will be the receiving one: so we ask you for war, that our bellies may have their desire, and our hands be filled." At the conclusion of this harangue the female court again rose, and, heading the Amazons, saluted the king; all sang in chorus—"May thunder and lightning kill us if we break our oaths!" The king now left the tent amid cries of *Kok-pah-sa-kres* (a peculiarly fierce eagle), whilst all fell prostrate. The king received a handsome ebony club, and danced with it. Then the Amazons rose, and the king thus addressed them:—"The hunter buys a dog, and having trained him, he takes him out a hunting, without telling him the game he expects to meet. When in the bush he sees a beast, and by his teaching the dog pursues it. If the dog returns without the game, the huntsman, in his anger, kills him, and leaves his carcass a prey to the wolves and vultures. If I order you to clear the bush, and you do not do it, will I not punish you? If I tell my people to put their hands in the fire, they must do it. When you go to war, if you are taken prisoners, you will be sacrificed, and your bodies become food for wolves and vultures." Having concluded his oration, the king again danced and drank, then handed round rum in a large pewter basin to the Amazon officers. On his return to his tent, all the Amazons—in number about 2400—marched off, and thus ended the parade.'

It was understood, as agreed upon, that the scene of the next slave-hunt would be the city and neighbourhood of Abeahkeutah—a flourishing negro community in the Bight of Benin, containing many hundreds of Christians.

At the end of the Customs, Gezo, to whom Lieutenant Forbes had delivered a letter from the queen of England, became more explicit on the subject of the slave trade. 'He now wished to know the ulterior object of the embassy. In the first place, we answered, we hoped he would put a stop to the slave trade in his vast dominions; and in order to do that, we impressed upon him the methods pursued by neighbouring nations, who, by encouraging the growth of the palm-tree, had so well met the market as now to have a far more advanced and lucrative trade than the Portuguese and Brazilians offered to Dahomey. That the first step to the establishment of the palm-oil trade must be the encouragement of labour within his dominions; and instead of devastating his neighbours' territories (particularly those whose geographical position placed Dahomey between them and the sea), he should, if war were unavoidable, reduce them, binding them by treaties to join in the pursuit of agriculture and trade, and then, by levying transit-duties on their goods, cause them to enrich him far more than the mere sale of the slaves of the exterminating hunt. Thus by making Dahomey the centre of a vast trading country, all kinds of goods would soon find their way into his kingdom; and instead of being dependent on a few merchants for the paltry articles with which they chose to supply him, he might demand the choicest merchandise of the world—a boon already obtained by many neighbours. By thus turning a military into an agricultural people, and raising himself into the enviable position of a reformer of the iniquitous and fearful habits of his people, in the course of time he could abolish those fearful human sacrifices he had already reduced in numbers, and then his memory would be revered by all nations, and be handed down in love and peace instead of slaughter.

'The king gave a history of trade, from its earliest commencement in Whydah and Dahomey, down to the present date. First, he said, the French came to Whydah before Dahomey conquered it. War put a stop to trade for many years. The white man left Whydah in Ah-dah-hoon-zar's time: the English traders were the first who landed there and bought slaves. His father had impressed him with the belief that the English were the first of white men: he thought so, and desired much to be at peace with them. "Time had passed," he continued, "but the Dahomans had never given up slave-dealing. His people were soldiers, his revenue the proceeds of the slave trade. Do we not observe the absence of agriculture? Other nations dealt in slaves, but not like me: they keep no Customs, make no general disbursement. The slave trade of these states must be stopped before I can treat." . . . .

'The king then dictated a letter to Her Majesty, stating his anxiety for peace with Great Britain; his willingness to enter into treaty when the trade was stopped in the neighbouring petty chiefdoms; his wish for a British consul to be sent to his kingdom, for missionaries to visit Dahomey, and reside at Whydah; and that the military state of his subjects alone at present precluded his becoming the head of an agricultural people.'

Connected collaterally with the narrative of his mission, Lieutenant Forbes gives many interesting particulars relative to the negro races in general. Of these perhaps the most curious refer to the discovery of a native African language, called the *Vahie*, constructed on phonetic principles, as a means of reducing the prevalent languages of that part of Africa to a written unity. The notice of it leads Lieutenant Forbes to speak of the prospects of negro education in general. He says:—'Education is a favourite pride of the African, and there are few in Sierra Leone, who have been brought there young, but can read and write. Men of eminence are now expounding the Gospel in their native languages, as ordained clergymen of the Episcopal Church, whose early sojourn and troubled life was passed in the lottery of foreign slavery. . . . . Instances are constantly occurring illustrating the extraordinary capacity of the African mind. The island of St Thomas sends forth hundreds of black Roman Catholic priests to many parts of Africa; and these sable fathers assist materially towards the great object—the civilisation of Africa. Acting, however, under the protection of the Portuguese government, the known connection of that people with the slave trade prevents the fathers from being often heard of out of the scene of their labours. The richest slave merchant resident in Whydah, Don Jose Almedia, is an ex-slave, sold from the very part of Popoe in which he now commands a monopoly. This remarkably clever, shrewd man was educated in the Brazils during the period of his slavery in that country. If from each great slave state a selection of youths were made, educated in professional rule as clergymen, doctors, agriculturists, and artisans, these, returning to their countries, would soon assist civilisation, and generate a contempt for sacrifice and slavery. The extraordinary contempt an educated black has for his unpolished neighbour is inconceivable; and it is the pride of all to attend church meetings, to prove their education (not to mention a weaker pride of exhibiting their finery.) These foibles worked upon, studied, and humoured, might be rendered eminently serviceable. What the African particularly requires is example; for, be it good or bad, he will follow it if set by "the

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white man," by which he means men of any colour, but educated.

As regards the immediate object of the abolition of the Dahoman slave trade, Lieutenant Forbes thinks it is to be accomplished by a judicious blending of coercion, commercial enterprise, and education. He is a friend to the continuance of the blockade, an opinion in which many will differ from him. But his revelations of the state of Dahomey—a land rich in native resources, yet not half peopled—a land, the most conspicuous household ornaments of which are human skulls, and whose soil drinks nightly the blood of human sacrifices—a land, the people of which are clever enough, yet the slaves of the most abominable habits and superstitions; these revelations can have but one effect on all right minds—that of increasing the conviction that, whatever are the true methods for abolishing the horrid slave traffic, whether force or suasion, the earth ought not to be at peace till the object *is* finally and for ever accomplished.

THE 'COMING MAN.'

As the nineteenth century advances towards maturity, a fear begins to be entertained that it will not produce that due supply of 'great men' which we are entitled to look for every hundred years. The crop of heroes is becoming gradually more stinted. There is a complaint of a universal mediocrity. Yet, even thus afflicted, the world is unwilling to relinquish hope. It cannot bring itself to the belief that it has entered on an everlasting reign of hum-drum. Something must be in store. All look for the 'Coming Man.'

But where or in what direction to look for this personage is the difficulty. Gaze as fixedly as we will, we feel as if trying to pierce a mist. An impenetrable haze hangs over the future. Speculation, in these circumstances, takes the place of certainty. Is the 'Coming Man' yet born into the world? Is he an unruly brat, squalling for his porridge in some obscure hovel? Is he advanced to boyhood, indulging, like an incipient Bonaparte, in the delights of a snow-ball engagement, and domineering over the turbulent democracy of the schoolyard? Supposing him to be arrived at manhood, whether does he flourish a pen or a sword?—bow behind a counter, or bend within the precincts of a court? Has this shadowy individual ever opened his mouth at a public meeting, and astonished the parish with his eloquence? All this, and much more, lends a painful interest to the whereabouts of the 'Man.' One really would be glad to have even the slightest inkling on the subject. Surely somebody might speak out. All the biographies of great men reveal the fact, that their greatness was prognosticated from their cradle upwards. Shrewd people saw at a glance that 'the boy would come to something.' Knowing ones, who possess the rare faculty of prognostication, but usually exercise it retrospectively, treat us for once to a prediction before the event! Tell us where, and who, and what, is the 'Coming Man!' Now is your time!

What if the 'Man' has already come, and people are so stupid as not to see and acknowledge him? There is something very awful in this idea—the more so, from its being justified by every historical parallel. For anything we can tell, some intimate and very modest acquaintance, whom we occasionally eat an egg with, and take the liberty of calling 'Jemmy,' may be the 'Coming Man.' It may be fated that one day, all on a sudden, a marvellous concurrence of circumstances—quite a social whirlwind—will toss him to the surface. A word spoken, or a deed done, just in the nick of time, makes every one fall back; and the 'Man' stands revealed—is by general consent put at the helm of affairs—very much doubtless to his own amazement! How, when this grand apotheosis takes place, we are to conduct ourselves towards our old and valued friend, we cannot imagine. Much will depend on himself. If, like the rest of the world, he forget former poor acquaintances, we shall have little trouble on the subject. Under a modest sense of our own merits, we hope to be not quite overlooked by him. The great man will probably retain a sort of kindness for us, and accordingly throw a post of some kind in our way. Perhaps he may admit us to a private audience when no grand companions are at hand; and, like Napoleon with Bourienne, joke about old stories. His friendship may go so far that we may, unchallenged, slip out the dear old familiar name—'Jemmy!'

So much for one view of the subject. Physiologically speaking, the elementary properties of greatness cannot be quite absent in the passing generation. One cannot seriously be brought to the conclusion that nature has betaken herself to the production of pigmies. On the contrary, the aggregate as well as the individual mind seems to be improving. In short, it must be social circumstances, not efforts of nature, that are at fault; or, to speak more plainly to the general apprehension, there would most likely be plenty of great men if we would only permit them to develop themselves. We cry for the 'Coming Man,' but do all in our power to keep him back when he wants to come. It must be said that the world is pretty much of a simpleton on this point, with all its claims to increasing wisdom. No doubt there are faults on both sides. The 'Man' himself is far from blameless, as we shall immediately take the liberty of explaining to him.

It is tolerably clear that society abounds in two growing principles: on the one hand, an idle opulence, with an increasing susceptibility of feeling; and on the other, a disposition and power to criticise severely, laugh down, and positively abuse, all generous and noble aspirations. This is an unhappy conjuncture of opposing influences, leading to what may be called a neutral result. The spectacle of whole masses of highly-educated and wealthy, and consequently leisurely men, spending existence in walking up and down a fashionable thoroughfare, lounging in club-rooms, and peeping through eye-glasses at painted Opera-dancers, is surely not what we should naturally expect as the ultimate consequence of high civilisation. Mankind must have been made for something more than the perfection of elegant indolence. If there be any thinking still wanted, it would be at least economic to employ those in that occupation who have nothing else to do. Very true as a proposition; but unfortunately the lounger is not without his excuse. As he is, he is free from annoyance; as he might be, he should indisputably subject himself to distracting cares. Talk to him confidentially on the subject. 'I would,' says he, in reply to your expostulations—'I would of course do a little in the performance of active public duties; but *cui bono*, where is the good of it? The moment I peep above the surface of stagnation, I should be assailed with all sorts of impertinence. If I came forward voluntarily, I should be pronounced vain, and desirous of display: if I suffered myself to be brought into notice by others, I should be set down as the tool of

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a party. No doubt I had some selfish object in view by making myself so officious. I wanted a place, a title, a pension, a job, for a son or nephew. My presumption was laughable. I deserved to be caricatured. A pretty fellow to be sure—*à bas l'aristocrat!* Down with him! Now,' continues our delicate-minded idler, 'I do not much like this sort of thing. As I want nothing, what inducement can there be for my exposing myself to this course of misconception and obloquy? I should, in fact, be little better than a fool to give myself the slightest trouble either to think or act for the public, which may go seek servants where it can find them: I shall have nothing to do with it.' Duty, duty, my dear, good sir. The world has a right to ask your assistance in carrying on its affairs. 'Bah! I don't choose to take kicks in exchange for my halfpence. When the world learns how to behave itself, it will be time enough for me to enlist in its service.'

There, in our opinion, lies one branch of the philosophy of the question. Jemmy naturally prefers to eat his egg with us in the evening in peace and quietness, to taking the path to glory across a sea of vexation. It may be argued that, ever since the world began, heroes have had to contend with peculiar difficulties before they established themselves in their respective shrines. Circumstances, however, change with times. The world is not now so young as when Mohammed was able to persuade whole nations that he went up every night to the seventh heaven on the back of a horse. If any would-be-great man were to tell such stories now, he would readily find accommodation in Bedlam, and his case would be reported in the morning papers at the rate of three-halfpence a line. So that would be the end of him. Without going to extreme examples in the Mohammed line of greatness, we can fancy that the 'Man' would be trammelled with a variety of encumbrances in his laudable endeavour to burst the shell. Public opinion, acting with concentrated energy through the press, can be faced by comparatively few. By means of this marvellous engine the whole kingdom is in a sense reduced to the character of a small country town, in which every man keeps an eye on his neighbour, and can tell what everybody else has for his dinner. Hence the feverish dread of being in anyway conspicuous, unless in the matter of trade, where notoriety is only another name for fortune. Add to this the susceptibility which, as already hinted, accompanies refinement of manners, and the indifference which ordinarily goes in the train of wealth, and we can account for the growing indisposition to start out from the ranks even in the most pressing emergencies.

Yes; the time has apparently arrived when ambition is so chastened by conventional dogmas that comparatively few whose opinion is worth regarding, or whose character can endure criticism, care for taking a high seat in the social circle. We of course do not mean here to confine our view to the ranks of idle opulence. To these we allude merely as the nursery of a great majority of the men who *have* come, and as the ranks which are daily recruited from all the lower places of society. That a 'crisis' in general affairs would tend materially to dispel diffidence, and hasten the development of what may be termed the elementary principles of greatness, nobody can doubt. Meanwhile, the course of events and tone of manners are in some degree counteractive of robustness either in private or public sentiment. The defect of the age, in whatever way it comes about, is want of moral courage. Thousands of men may be picked up to face a storm of bullets for the poor guerdon of a shilling a day. But that is physical courage, a quality existing in the greatest force among the lower animals. Moral courage is quite a different thing, and partakes of the very highest spirituality. The man who would unconcernedly mount 'the deadly breach,' though animated by a consciousness of rectitude and sense of duty, shrinks from encountering the paper pellets of nameless paragraph writers and pamphleteers. A somewhat mortifying feature this of the nineteenth century!

There are other restraints on civil greatness. Constitutional and legal forms are now so nicely defined, and of such pervading influence, that eccentricity in public affairs is far from being so easily realised as in the days of Cromwell. Men must now go to work only according to law. A police-officer, with an act of parliament in his pocket, is within reach of every man's collar. Aspiring geniuses, who attempt to emulate Hampden, have a lamentably small chance of any other distinction than that of appearing in handcuffs at the Old Bailey. Unfortunately, also, the faith in greatness is lessened by the many instances of imposture. Those who have been fondly deemed to be the 'Coming Men,' have turned out to be nothing more than dexterous charlatans, who had all the time a deliberately selfish object in view. It may be doubted if ever blatant crowds will again fall down and worship a state prisoner who affects to consult Magna-Charta on his way to the Tower. That kind of stuff has had its day.

An incredulity in the possibilities of greatness arises from one more circumstance. It is observed, not without a painful revulsion of feeling, that men endowed with certain qualities of greatness—eloquent in debate, acute in discernment, honest in intention, and of persevering industry—ruin everything by giving themselves up to crotchets. Now crotchetiness is one of the things which that exceedingly practical people, the English, heartily detest. If the 'Coming Man' shew the slightest proneness to occupy himself with crotchets, he is regularly done for, and may at once relinquish his expectations. Tact is, therefore, an essential attribute. The man must be bold, original, and self-confident; regardless of obloquy, he must possess the moral courage to encounter sectarian and party storms, roar they never so wildly. But oh let his originality not be tainted by crotchets, past or present; for if it be, he is a 'damaged man!' The soberest truths he can utter will be set down to the score of fanaticism. His most brilliant harangues may command admiration, but it will be that bestowed on the splendid coruscations of a sky-rocket—not that in which we behold the glory of the noonday sun.

These hints may perhaps not be altogether useless to the 'Coming Man,' if he happen to be numbered among our readers, as we hope he is. In conclusion, and to prevent false starts, we propose to put intending 'Coming Men' through a little bit of catechism, by which they will see what they have to look for in their career. 'Can you submit to be called a fool, an idiot, a designing demagogue?'—'No.' Then you are not the 'Coming Man.' 'Can you go without your dinner, and sit on a bench half the night listening to nonsense?'—'No.' You need never try to be the 'Coming Man.' 'Can you bear to be hissed, laughed at, mimicked, caricatured; to have every action misconstrued; your deeds of benevolence ascribed to systematic bribery and corruption?'—'Certainly not.' It is absurd, then, for you to think of being the 'Coming Man.' 'Have you the constitution of a rhinoceros, the suavity of a courtier, the coolness and imperturbability of an iceberg?'—'Not altogether.' I am afraid you are not fit for being the 'Coming Man.' 'Are you able and willing to curry favour with people whom you despise, to associate for a time with ignorance and low-mindedness?'—'That I could do least of all.' Well, you are evidently incapable of being the 'Coming Man.' 'Do you intend to think for yourself, or to adopt the opinions of others?'—'I shall certainly take the great characters of the past age as my models—Chatham, Burke, Erskine

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Fox, Horner.' The confession does credit to your candour, but is fatal to your hopes. The men you talk of were all very well in their day, and still they have their use, in furnishing materials for school collections; but the living world stands not in need of fossil orators. To let you into a secret—we are getting past the middle of the nineteenth century, and want workers, not talkers. Accordingly, you are not the 'Coming Man.' Last, and above all, 'Do you possess any sort of crotchet—for example, do you believe that a time will come when people will very much prefer paying tenpence instead of sixpence for a quartern loaf?'—'I candidly admit entertaining that opinion, or, as you call it, crotchet, and am prepared to prove that we should all be actually richer and more comfortable were we to buy loaves at tenpence instead of sixpence!' Enough said, my dear fellow, I see how it is; pray abandon every idea of rising above the general level of a blessed obscurity. If you have any real wish to shine, I recommend you to confine your ambition to the grand-mastership of a Mason Lodge, or the secretaryship of a Sunday-evening school. I am sorry to say you are not the 'Coming Man!'

A DAY'S DREDGING IN SALCOMBE BAY.

On the south coast of Devonshire, some twenty miles from Plymouth, lies the small town of Salcombe. This busy little sea-port is situated near the mouth of the Kingsbridge Water, a considerable arm of the sea, which runs inland for about five miles, winding amidst a rich and smiling country, and terminating near the market-town of Kingsbridge. Salcombe, placed within sight of the opening to the sea, is sheltered from the colder winds, and nestles snugly in a bend of the shore that bounds the bay bearing its name. It commands a lovely prospect. On the opposite side of the estuary, here of no great width, the ground rises somewhat abruptly, and the eye wanders over meadows and cornfields, which cover the slope almost to the water's edge, until it rests on the clustering cottages and simple church of a village crowning the height.

Looking up the estuary, one might fancy one's self in the presence of a fine lake-scene. The water in this direction expands into an ample sheet, bounded by prettily-indented shores, while here and there an arm passes off from the main body, and penetrates the land, soon lost to view, but stimulating the imagination, and suggesting pleasant fancies as to its further course. Turning now towards the opposite point, we have before us the mouth of the estuary, distant a mile or two from the town, and the open sea beyond it. The Salcombe shore is for some way prettily wooded and studded with mansions, until at last it runs out bare and rugged to the ocean, and terminates in the Bolt—a majestic pile of schistose and micaceous rock, which, like a giant-keeper, fronts the fury of wind and wave, and guards the entrance to the bay. The opposite shore is for the most part low, and destitute of wood. The mouth of the estuary is of no great width. During the prevalence of certain winds, a tremendous sea lashes the base of the Bolt-Head, and breaks over the bar; and the bay within is strangely agitated.

The town presents no features of interest. Its population is dependent on fishing and ship-building. The noise of the shipwright's hammer is seldom wanting, and a pretty thriving trade belongs to the place. The climate is mild, and recommended for consumptive patients. The aloe blossoms in the open air; the finer kinds of wall-fruit attain great perfection in the neighbourhood; and well-grown citrons, laden with their yellow fruit, may be seen covering the walls in favourable aspects.

The town is secluded, and somewhat difficult of access, and has but little accommodation to offer; but to the lover of scenery and to the naturalist it is a spot full of attractions, and would reward them for much more inconvenience than they are even likely to experience in visiting it. To the latter, indeed, it is classic ground, for its bay was the favourite dredging-place of Montague, one of the fathers of British natural history.

Having often explored its depths, and revelled amidst its treasures, we propose to share with our readers the delight which these have yielded us, and to lay before them the results of a day's dredging in its waters. And at the outset we must warn them, that if they will bear us company, we shall never carry them out of calm water or the sight of land. Our expeditions in Salcombe Bay were marked by none of the stirring incidents which often fall to the dredger's lot when he forsakes the littoral region, and casts forth into the deep sea. We commonly enjoyed our sport in perfect ease and security, floating on tranquil water, and beneath a summer sky, with the familiar sounds of the shore, the lowing of cattle, or the song of birds, or the cheerful cries of the labourer in the fields, borne to us by each passing breath of air.

But not in the sky, which bent so lovingly over us, nor on the land, which presented so many forms of beauty, and sent us so many pleasant sounds, was there anything more wondrous, more exquisite, than that which our dredge displayed to us as it rose, splashing and dripping, from its submarine search. At each fresh haul some new object of interest presented itself, some new form of animal or vegetable life, which excited our curiosity, and rewarded our examination. We cannot expect those who have had no practical experience of the dredger's sport to enter at once into our enthusiasm, but we hope to convince even them that it is not unreasonable.

It is a fine July morning, and we are afloat on the bay. The deep quietude of summer is around us. So motionless is the air, that on the neighbouring shore 'the shadow of the trees lies engraven on the grass.' The dredge has been cast out, and drags heavily along the bottom. Our boatman puts forth all his strength, but the craft seems scarcely to move. We arrange our bottles and vessels of various form and size, destined to contain the 'treasures of the deep,' and plant a small tub filled with salt water in the centre of the boat, for the reception of the larger specimens. These preparations completed, we abandon ourselves to the enjoyment of the scene: follow the windings of the shore; speculate on the fortunes of the inmates of yonder quiet cottage, which looks as if it could not shelter sin or sorrow; watch the light clouds, which chequer the summer sky, and their shadows creeping over the cornfields; allow the eye to wander over the broad expanse of water beyond the mouth of the estuary, or to rest for a while on the foam breaking at the base of the Bolt; or the white sail, near the horizon, gleaming in the sunlight.

And now it is time to haul in the dredge. The oars are shipped, and the boat swings round. As the rope is slowly drawn in, all eyes are fixed on the water, to catch the first sight of the dredge as it rises laden with its spoil. We almost feel inclined to bestow a malediction on the old sailor, who performs his work with extreme deliberation, and coils his rope with the most provoking neatness and precision, as though this were by far the most important part of the proceeding! At length it comes in view, tangled with weed, the long streamers of which trail after it through the water; and soon its contents are safely deposited within the boat. What a scene they present to us! what strange forms! what colours! what a profusion of life!

Here a large star-fish (*Uraster glacialis*) shews its beautiful bluish disk, and writhes its spine-covered arms; here, amidst some exquisite tufts of weed, lies an unsightly sea-slug (*Aplysia*), pouring forth the purple fluid with which it clouds the water and eludes pursuit; here a broad frond exhibits a miniature forest

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of zoophytes investing its surface, each stem laden with tiny, pellucid cups, within which the blossom-like polypes shelter; here are shapeless leathery masses (*Tunicata*), than which nothing could well look less like an animal; while amongst all, and over all, a multitude of nimble crabs, presenting the most grotesque shapes, keep up a constant bustle. Here and there a graceful shell adorns the heap: the little cowry displays its orange mantle, and the vividly-coloured *Pectens*—the 'butterflies of the ocean'—jerk themselves to and fro. We could easily fill a volume in describing the objects before us, but must select a few for special notice.

The dredge has been amongst the submarine forests. The bunches of weed which it has brought up are gay with the brilliant hues of the lovely feather-star (*Comatula.*) It is present in immense numbers, literally covering the masses of algæ and the dredge itself. We much question if there be in nature a more exquisite object than this creature. The colouring defies description. There are many varieties—deep-rose; a rich orange; a light-straw colour, barred and variegated with rose; and white and rose. The depth and delicacy of colour are only to be paralleled by the tints of flowers.

The popular name of this star-fish (*feather-star*) is expressive. To form some idea of its aspect, imagine five plumose arms, forked very near the base, so as to appear like ten, set in radiate fashion around a small pentangular cup-shaped disk, which contains the body of the animal. These arms are most delicately pinnated, and are composed of an immense number of small plates or pieces, held together by an investing membrane. This structure secures the greatest possible flexibility—an important point in organs which are to subserve the purposes of prehension and locomotion. The mouth of the comatula is placed almost in the centre of the cup which contains the soft portions of the body; a convenient position with reference to the arms which are to supply it with food. The upper or convex side of the cup is furnished with a number of hooked filaments, by means of which the creature can lay firm hold of the stems of the coraline or sea-weed; and thus moored in a favourable situation, lie in wait for prey. Beautiful must these rose-coloured stars appear, studding the dark foliage of the sea, or clustered into brilliant galaxies!

But beauty is not the only distinction of the comatula. Its history, to use the words of Professor E. Forbes, 'is one of the little romances in which natural history abounds—one of those narrations which, while believing, we almost doubt, and yet, while doubting, must believe.' Let us follow it through the several stages of its existence. If we examine carefully these bunches of weed amongst which the comatulæ are clustering, we shall find every here and there groups of a minute being, which may perhaps strike us as bearing some resemblance to a Lilliputian star-fish mounted on a flexible stalk or pedicle. Those who have any acquaintance with geology will at once recognise in it an encrinite in miniature—an undoubted representative of the lily-star of primæval times, which once played so important a part in the economy of nature. Let us observe one of these creatures. It is about half an inch in height, and is rooted by the base of its stalk to the weed. This stalk is composed of a pile of small joints held together by a membranous covering. It is surmounted by a minute star-fish, which, if seen *without its stem*, you would unhesitatingly pronounce to be the young of the comatula. It has the characteristic structure of the disk and body, the hooked filaments, and the five arms, forked near the base; not, indeed, regularly plumous, nor tinted with the brilliant dyes of the full-grown feather-star, but shewing here and there a pinna and a patch of colour which prophesy of a beauty not yet unfolded. The little creature is activity itself—swaying its delicate stem to and fro like the graceful vorticella, and twisting its tiny arms in all directions, as if in quest of food. As we have watched such a one, we have vividly realised the life of the encrinite, with whose beautiful remains, as they repose in their stony bed, it is so difficult to connect the idea of vitality. With this key before us, we have been able to restore the stone-lily to life—to replace it in its native seas, and admire the working of its exquisite mechanism. The being now before us, however, is but one stage in a process of development. It leads us on.

Amongst the group of *quasi* encrinites which we are examining, there is a *headless stalk;* and not far from it, anchored to a branchlet of the weed, the tiny star-fish which lately surmounted it, enacting now the life of the comatula! It has passed through its encrinitic stage, and is henceforth a free crinoid star-fish. By a little examination, you may find individuals of all sizes exhibiting all degrees of development, and connecting the just-dismounted head of the encrinite by an unbroken line with the full-grown feather-star. We have often kept these creatures until the extraordinary transformation was completed. In the evening we have placed some of the pigmy encrinites in a saucer of sea-water, and in the morning we have found comatulæ in their stead—the deserted stalks remaining, as the monuments of a departed race.

The encrinites and pentacrinites of geological epochs which once crowded the ocean with shapes of beauty have almost passed away. One or two recent species only are known; but their form is preserved to us in the young and fugitive state of a more highly-organized being. This is left, as it were, to link the organisms of to-day to those of the past. The result of long geological eras has been the almost total extinction of the encrinite, and the predominance of higher forms. The star-fish has taken its place in creation. In the ephemeral life of the comatula, the development of whole cycles is represented in miniature; the results of the past are summed up.

The young of the feather-star typifies the encrinitic races. It enacts for us their life, and helps us to realise their living forms; and when it forsakes its column, and enters on its perfect state, it indicates their destiny.

The difficulty of preserving the comatula is great. When killed, it must be spread on paper in the water, like sea-weeds; but the colour is evanescent, and much of the beauty of the animal is lost in drying. Their tenacity of life is marvellous. On one occasion we removed the whole of the fleshy parts from the disk, expecting thus to destroy life at once; but to our confusion and dismay, the creature survived this tremendous operation, writhed its arms with increased vigour, and on being restored to the water, swam off as nimbly as if its whole digestive system had not been taken from it! There was something confounding in the sight of an animal so apparently unconcerned, after having been plundered of what might seem to be its essential organs.

Amongst the multifarious objects which the dredge has brought to light, is a singular being which claims a special notice. This is the sea-urchin (*Echinus*), a creature belonging to the same family as the feather-star, though only distantly related to it. There is, indeed, little family resemblance between them. The urchin is a rough, prickly fellow, and has none of the grace and the brilliant tinting of the star. But they are connected, nevertheless, by easily traceable natural affinities. Most persons must be acquainted with so common an object as the *shell* of the sea-urchin or sea-egg; but few perhaps know much of the exquisite mechanism and the wonderful vital processes associated with this humble dwelling. We transport our captive to the tub of salt-water, that we may watch his movements and study his structure, and will endeavour to supply our readers with a pen-and-ink sketch of him. The echinus con-

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sists of a rounded calcareous box, in which is enclosed the soft body of the animal. On the under side is a circular opening—the mouth. From the mouth project five (the mystic number of this family) plates or teeth, which are connected with a complicated grinding-machine within, in which the food is prepared for its passage into the stomach, and subsequent digestion. The external surface of the shell is covered with movable spines, commonly of most graceful form and elaborate workmanship. Amongst the spines may be seen, when the creature is living, numbers of delicate, flexible tubes, which can be protruded and retracted at pleasure. So much by way of general description. Let us now examine the various parts of this curious organism more closely; and first, the *shell*. As the animal grows and increases in size, how is the stony mansion to be enlarged to meet its wants? The crab, when its shell has become too small for it, abandons it incontinently, and grows another. The mollusc, when it has outgrown its dwelling-place, adds to it a new compartment by the deposition of fresh matter round the margin. But the structure of the echinus renders either of these methods unavailing. How, then, shall its covering be enlarged as occasion requires, preserving at the same time its spherical proportions? If the shell were a single, solid piece, growth were impossible. The Divine Architect has therefore built up the urchin's home of a multitude of pieces, all of them pentagons (still the mystic *five*), and all of them fitted together with marvellous accuracy. Investing the entire surface of the shell, and passing between the margins of the multitudinous pieces, is a living film or membrane. This membrane has the power of secreting and depositing calcareous matter, *in an equal ratio*, along the edges of every one of the pentagonal plates. In this way each plate is gradually and equally enlarged, and so the whole structure is gradually and equally enlarged—enlarged by the simultaneous increase of all its component pieces, and therefore without any material alteration in its shape. The shell thus slowly swells out, and as it expands, the creature within increases in like proportion. The urchin's home, then, is a composite and expansive sphere, whose tesselated surface is made up of hundreds of exact pentagons, fitted each to each, as no human skill could fit them, and enclosed in the mystic film which provides for their symmetric growth. How marvellous the mathematics employed in the construction of an abode for this humble being! The mechanism with which it is provided is no less curious and beautiful. Let us examine its locomotive apparatus. Thickly distributed over the shell we find small circular protuberances, each surmounted by a little ball. There are some thousands of these upon every urchin. To each one of the little knobs a spine, often richly fluted and sculptured, is articulated. At the base of the spine is a hollow which fits upon the ball, and we have thus a true ball-and-socket joint, by means of which, and the attached ligament and muscles, it can be moved freely in all directions. By aid of its thousands of spinous legs, the urchin is enabled to roll itself along a plane surface; and should danger threaten, it can employ them as spades, and soon bury itself in the sand. It is curious to remark the various uses that are made of the same provision in the economy of nature. Amongst the urchins we meet with the first introduction of the ball-and-socket joint. By means of it these creatures roll themselves along the sand in obedience to their inferior instincts. By means of the same contrivance the arm of man is endowed with its wondrous capabilities of motion, and enabled to execute the mandates of his will, and give expression to the conceptions of his intellect.

But we have not yet done with the marvels of this organism. The urchin has to climb rocks as well as to traverse sands. At first sight, we might deem it wellnigh impossible for this spine-clad ball to perform such a feat. But let us see. Our prisoner in the tub has actually scaled the side of the vessel, and is hanging securely from the perpendicular surface. How has this been accomplished? If we examine the shell, we find passing from pole to pole rows or avenues of small orifices, which open into the interior cavity. These run in pairs, and there are *five* pairs to each individual. Through these orifices the creature can protrude a number of extensile tubes, terminating in powerful suckers. These it can push forth beyond its longest spines, and bend in all directions, and by means of them it anchors itself firmly to the rock, or climbs its most precipitous sides. They form the second locomotive apparatus with which this singular being is endowed. They are also admirably adapted for the capture of food. There may be about 2000 of these tubular arms, with their suctorial disks, on a single urchin!

One more provision must be noticed. Scattered over the skin which covers the shell, we meet with great numbers of a curious pincer-shaped organ. It consists of a small calcareous *forceps* mounted on a stem. When the animal is living, these *pedicellariæ*, as they are called, are in a state of great activity, continually opening and shutting their blades with considerable force, and bending their heads in all directions. These strange bodies have long been a puzzle to the naturalist, and some have regarded them as mere parasites. There can be little doubt, however, that they belong to the urchins; and from observations we have made on analogous organs, which are found upon some of the zoophytes, we have no difficulty in assigning them a function. We regard them as an admirable *defensive* apparatus, designed to keep the delicate investing membrane free from substances and creatures which might otherwise irritate and injure it. These minute prehensile organs, plentifully distributed over the surface, constantly on the alert, constantly twisting about, and snapping their little beaks, are well fitted to arrest intruders, or to eject such as may have effected a lodgment. They constitute the police force with which nature has supplied the echinus.

We have now noted the chief points in the history of the *shell* and its organs. Were we to pass within, and study its internal arrangements, we should meet with equally striking evidences of the wisest design and the most loving forethought. Such is the sea-urchin—a being most singularly endowed—a being in whose construction the most consummate skill has been employed—a being in which exquisite beauty has been superadded to exquisite contrivance. For what can be more beautiful than the tesselated shell, its ornamented bosses, its radiate avenues, and its plated spines? Resolve this marvellous structure into the *thought* from which it rose. What shall we say of the Mind of which such thoughts are the daily effluence?

The feather-star and the echinus are both members of the great class *Echinodermata*, and others of the same kindred have come up in our dredge. But we will make our next selection from a different tribe. Before doing so, however, a word as to the immense profusion of life in the ocean. The dredger is continually impressed by it. Not a deserted shell or a stone is brought up but is thronged with living beings. Every bunch of weed gives shelter to multitudes of creatures—some temporary lodgers, some permanent residents. Life is parasitic upon life. The *serpula* builds its stony case on the abode of the shell-fish, and the delicate lacework of the moss-coral overspreads the serpula. Over the stem of the sea-weed creeps the fibre from which the graceful plumes of the zoophyte spring. These, again, are thickly invested by the pretty cells of many smaller species; and they, in turn, minute as they are, often bear in profusion the curious forms of microscopic animalcules. Let us take a stone from the heap that is

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lying in our boat. It is a perfect museum in itself. It is richly coloured in parts by the *nullipore*—one of the lowest forms of vegetable life, which does for the scenery of the ocean what the moss and lichen do for the scenery of the upper world. Here is a circular cluster of cells, 'looking like beautiful lacework carved in ivory;' here a little saucer of the purest whiteness, containing within it a number of stony tubes, the habitations of a whole company of tiny polypes. A sponge overgrows one portion of the stone, itself the home of many a living thing; a sea-anemone has possession of another. The little encrinite is present, and near it a small star-fish, representatives of the ancient and the modern era. There are worms too, in plenty, and more of life and beauty beside than we have space to describe. It is pleasant to think of the amount of happy existence which a single stone may support. The forms to which we have chiefly referred are visible to the unassisted eye; but, as Humboldt remarks, 'the application of the microscope increases in the most striking manner our impression of the rich luxuriance of animal life in the ocean, and reveals to the astonished senses a consciousness of the universality of life.' We may perhaps have something to say of these minute beings hereafter.

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAËL.

[This curious piece has recently appeared in the 'Gazette de France,' and has excited much remark. It is given out to be the production of Charles X. when Monsieur, and was communicated to M. Neychens by the Marquis de la Roche Jaquelinc.]

Before the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Mme de Genlis, her conduct during that disastrous period having not a little contributed to sink her in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, 'The Knights of the Swan' (the *first* edition), completed my dislike to a person who had so cruelly aspersed the character of the queen, my sister-in-law.

On my return to France, I received a letter full of the most passionate expressions of loyalty from beginning to end; the missive being signed Comtesse de Genlis: but imagining this could be but a *plaisanterie* of some intimate friend of my own, I paid no attention whatever to it. However, in two or three days it was followed by a second epistle, complaining of my silence, and appealing to the great sacrifices the writer had made in the interest of my cause, as giving her a *right* to my favourable attention. Talleyrand being present, I asked him if he could explain this enigma.

'Nothing is easier,' replied he; 'Mme de Genlis is unique. She has lost her own memory, and fancies others have experienced a similar bereavement.'

'She speaks,' pursued I, 'of her virtues, her misfortunes, and Napoleon's persecutions.'

'Hem! In 1789 her husband was quite ruined, so the events of that period took nothing from *him;* and as to the tyranny of Bonaparte, it consisted, in the first place, of giving her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Arsenal; and in the second place, granting her a pension of six thousand francs a year, upon the sole condition of her keeping him every month *au courant* of the literature of the day.'

'What shocking ferocity!' replied I, laughing; 'a case of infamous despotism indeed. And this martyr to our cause asks to see me!'

'Yes; and pray let your royal highness grant her an audience, were it only for once: I assure you she is most amusing.'

I followed the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and accorded to the lady the permission she so pathetically demanded. The evening before she was to present herself, however, came a third missive, recommending a certain Casimir, the *phénix* of the *époque*, and several other persons besides; all, according to Mme de Genlis, particularly celebrated people; and the postscript to this effusion prepared me also beforehand for the request she intended to make, of being appointed governess to the children of my son the Duc de Berry, who was at that time not even married.

Just at this period it so happened that I was besieged by more than a dozen persons of every rank in regard to Mme de Staël, formerly exiled by Bonaparte, and who had rushed to Paris without taking breath, fully persuaded every one there, and throughout all France, was impatient to see her again. Mme de Staël had a double view in thus introducing herself to me; namely, to direct my proceedings entirely, and to obtain payment of the two million francs deposited in the treasury by her father during his ministry. I confess I was not prepossessed in favour of Mme de Staël, for she also, in 1789, had manifested so much hatred towards the Bourbons, that I thought all she could possibly look to from us, was the liberty of living in Paris unmolested: but I little knew her. She, on her side, imagined that we ought to be grateful to her for having quarrelled with Bonaparte—her own pride being, in fact, the sole cause of the rupture.

M. de Fontanes and M. de Châteaubriand were the first who mentioned her to me; and to the importance with which they treated the matter, I answered, laughing, 'So Mme la Baronne de Staël is then a supreme power?'

'Indeed she is, and it might have very unfavourable effects did your royal highness overlook her: for what she asserts, every one believes, and then — she has suffered *so* much!'

'Very likely; but what did she make my poor sister-in-law the queen suffer? Do you think I can forget the abominable things she said, the falsehoods she told? and was it not in consequence of them, and the public's belief of them, that she owed the possibility of the ambassadress of Sweden's being able to dare insult that unfortunate princess in her very palace?'

Mme de Staël's envoys, who manifested some confusion at the fidelity of my memory, implored me to forget the past, think only of the future, and remember that the genius of Mme de Staël, whose reputation was European, might be of the utmost advantage, or the reverse. Tired of disputing I yielded; consented to receive this *femme célèbre*, as they all called her, and fixed for her reception the same day I had notified to Mme de Genlis.

My brother has said, 'Punctuality is the politeness of kings'—words as true and just as they are happily expressed; and the princes of my family have never been found wanting in good manners; so I was in my study waiting when Mme de Genlis was announced. I was astonished at the sight of a long, dry woman, with a swarthy complexion, dressed in a printed cotton gown, anything but clean, and a shawl covered with dust, her habit-shirt, her hair even, bearing marks of great negligence. I had read her works, and remembering all she said about neatness, and cleanliness, and proper attention to one's dress, I thought she added another to the many who fail to add example to their precepts. While making these reflections, Mme de Genlis was firing off a volley of curtsies; and upon finishing what she deemed the requisite number, she pulled out of a great huge bag four manuscripts of enormous dimensions.

'I bring,' commenced the lady, 'to your royal highness what will amply repay any kindness you may shew to me—No. 1 is a plan of conduct, and the project of a constitution; No. 2 contains a collection of speeches in answer to those likely to be addressed to Monsieur; No. 3, addresses and letters proper to send to foreign powers, the provinces, &c.; and in No. 4 Monsieur will find a plan of education, the only one proper to be pursued by royalty, in reading which, your royal highness

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will feel as convinced of the extent of my acquirements as of the purity of my loyalty.'

Many in my place might have been angry; but, on the contrary, I thanked her with an air of polite sincerity for the treasures she was so obliging as to confide to me, and then condoled with her upon the misfortunes she had endured under the tyranny of Bonaparte.

'Alas! Monsieur, this abominable despot dared to make a mere plaything of *me!* and yet I strove, by wise advice, to guide him right, and teach him to regulate his conduct properly: but he would not be led. I even offered to mediate between him and the pope, but he did not so much as answer me upon this subject; although (being a most profound theologian) I could have smoothed almost all difficulties when the Concordat was in question.'

This last piece of pretension was almost too much for my gravity. However, I applauded the zeal of this new mother of the church, and was going to put an end to the interview, when it came into my head to ask her if she was well acquainted with Mme de Staël.

'God forbid!' cried she, making a sign of the cross: 'I have no acquaintance with *such people;* and I but do my duty in warning those who have not perused the works of that lady, to bear in mind that they are written in the worst possible taste, and are also extremely immoral. Let your royal highness turn your thoughts from such books; you will find in *mine* all that is necessary to know. I suppose Monsieur has not yet seen *Little Necker?*'

'Mme la Baronne de Staël Holstein has asked for an audience, and I even suspect she may be already arrived at the Tuileries.'

'Let your royal highness beware of this woman! See in her the implacable enemy of the Bourbons, and in me their most devoted slave!'

This new proof of the want of memory in Mme de Genlis amused me as much as the other absurdities she had favoured me with; and I was in the act of making her the ordinary salutations of adieu, when I observed her blush purple, and her proud rival entered.

The two ladies exchanged a haughty bow, and the comedy, which had just finished with the departure of Mme de Genlis, recommenced under a different form when Mme de Staël appeared on the stage. The baroness was dressed, not certainly dirtily, like the countess, but quite as absurdly. She wore a red satin gown,' embroidered with flowers of gold and silk; a profusion of diamonds; rings enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop; and, I must add, that I never before saw so low a cut corsage display less inviting charms. Upon her head was a huge turban, constructed on the pattern of that worn by the Cumean sybil, which put a finishing stroke to a costume so little in harmony with her style of face. I scarcely understand how a woman of genius *can* have such a false, vulgar taste. Mme de Staël began by apologising for occupying a few moments which she doubted not I should have preferred giving to Mme de Genlis. 'She is one of the illustrations of the day,' observed she with a sneering smile—'a colossus of religious faith, and represents in her person, she fancies, all the literature of the age! Ah, ah, Monsieur, in the hands of *such people* the world would soon retrograde; while it should, on the contrary, be impelled forward, and your royal highness be the first to put yourself at the head of this great movement. To you should belong the glory of giving the impulse, guided by *my experience.*'

'Come,' thought I, 'here is another going to plague me with plans of conduct, and constitutions, and reforms, which I am to persuade the king my brother to adopt. It seems to be an insanity in France this composing of new constitutions.' While I was making these reflections, madame had time to give utterance to a thousand fine phrases, every one more sublime than the preceding. However, to put an end to them, I asked her if there was anything she wished to demand.

'Ah, dear!—oh yes, prince!' replied the lady in an indifferent tone. 'A mere trifle—less than nothing—two millions, without counting the interest at five per cent.; but these are matters I leave entirely to my men of business, being for my own part much more absorbed in politics and the science of government.'

'Alas! madame, the king has arrived in France with his mind made up upon most subjects, the fruit of twenty-five years' meditation; and I fear he is not likely to profit by your good intentions!'

'Then so much the worse for him and for France! All the world knows what it cost Bonaparte his refusing to follow my advice, and pay me my two millions. I have studied the Revolution profoundly, followed it through all its phases, and I flatter myself I am the only pilot who can hold with one hand the rudder of the state, if at least I have Benjamin for steersman.'

'Benjamin! Benjamin—who?' asked I in surprise.

'It would give me the deepest distress,' replied she, to think that the name of M. le Baron de Rebecque Benjamin de Constant has never reached the ears of your royal highness. One of his ancestors saved the life of Henri Quatre. Devoted to the descendants of this good king, he is ready to serve them; and among several *constitutions* he has in his portfolio, you will probably find one with annotations and reflections by myself, which will suit you. Adopt it, and choose Benjamin Constant to carry the idea out.'

It seemed like a thing resolved—an event decided upon—this proposal of inventing a constitution for us. I kept as long as I could upon the defensive; but Mme de Staël, carried away by her zeal and her enthusiasm, instead of speaking of what personally concerned herself, knocked me about with arguments, and crushed me under threats and menaces; so, tired to death of entertaining, instead of a clever, humble woman, a roaring politician in petticoats, I finished the audience, leaving her as little satisfied as myself with the interview. Mme de Genlis was ten times less disagreeable, and twenty times more amusing.

That same evening I had M. le Prince de Talleyrand with me, and I was confounded by hearing him say, 'So your royal highness has made Mme de Staël completely quarrel with me now?'

'Me! I never so much as pronounced your name.'

'Notwithstanding that, she is convinced that I am the person who prevents your royal highness from employing her in your political relations, and that I am jealous of Benjamin Constant. She is resolved on revenge.'

'Ha, ha!—and what can she do?'

'A very great deal of mischief, Monseigneur. She has numerous partisans; and if she declares herself Bonapartiste, we must look to ourselves.'

'That *would* be curious.'

'Oh, I shall take upon myself to prevent her going so far; but she will be Royalist no longer, and we shall suffer from that.'

At this time I had not the remotest idea what a mere man, still less a mere woman, could do in France; but now I understand it perfectly, and if Mme de Staël was living—Heaven pardon me!—I would strike up a flirtation with her.

HOMEWARD CARGOES TO SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton has latterly become the port of landing for homeward cargoes of specie and other valuable articles, brought by large steamers from remote parts of the world; the situation of the town at the head of a broad navigable water, easily accessible to vessels coming up Channel, and its connexion by railway with London, eminently adapting it for this species of traffic. Three times every month there come up Southampton

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Water the most costly and coveted foreign products—gold from California; silver from Mexico and Chili; platina from Peru; pearls from the Bay of Panama and the Persian Gulf; diamonds from Golconda; dye-stuffs from Central America; shawls from Cashmere; turtle from the Bahamas; succades from the Caribbees; ivory from Egypt and Arabia, &c. The specialties of this remarkable commerce are detailed as follows in the *Hampshire Advertiser*:—

'It is through Southampton that the precious metals are flowing into Europe in such quantities as to alarm statesmen and the whole mercantile world—creating by their abundance commercial and political problems, which the wisest cannot solve, and threatening an influence on nations, more important than that produced by change of dynasties or governments. Gold and silver, to the amount of L.5,000,000 sterling, are annually imported into Southampton. The gold principally comes from California; and although called gold-dust, it resembles in everything but the colour, which is a dull yellow, the small water-worn gravel that may be picked up on the inclined beach near the Southampton platform. It used to be imported in skins, but it is now generally brought in wooden boxes, the size of which varies from a few inches to a couple of feet in length, breadth, and depth.

'A great portion of the silver is imported in what is called bars. They are of a plano-convex form, each about two feet long, six inches broad and thick, and weighing about three-quarters of a hundredweight. A short time since, the officers employed to superintend the landing of the specie, brought by a West India steamer, were surprised to find amongst it a number of battered and apparently old and worn-out tin saucepans, such as are to be found on dust-heaps. These saucepans turned out to be made of platina, a metal which is obtained from the Peruvian mines, and was unknown to the ancient world. It is harder than iron, resists the action of air, acids, and alkalies, and in beauty, scarcity, ductility, and indestructibility, is equal to gold and silver.

'The specie brought to Southampton by the mail-steamers is always landed before any other portion of the cargo. While it is being landed, the dock-quay, between the steamer and the specie-store, is enclosed, and no stranger is allowed within the enclosure. Trustworthy persons are alone employed in conveying the gold and silver from the ship to the shore, and the conveyance is superintended by policemen and the officers of the steamer. The boxes of gold and the bars of silver are arranged orderly along the pavement of the store, which is sometimes literally covered with precious stones and metals. The value of the contents of each box of gold-dust varies from 1000 to 30,000 dollars. The Mexican dividends—a matter of so much anxiety and interest on 'Change—are amongst the boxes of specie, and are known by the letters *MD*, joined like a diphthong, being on the lids of the boxes that contain them.

'When all the specie has been landed, the doors of the store are locked, while the officers of customs and of the mail-steamer, together with the clerks of the West India Company, are checking off the ship's manifest; and when this is done, the gold and silver are placed in railway carriages, drawn up close to the store, and are transmitted, carefully guarded, to the Bank of England.

'The cochineal is brought from Central America, and is contained in untanned hides. Each hide, with its contents, is called a seron, and weighs about 1½ cwt. When it is pierced with a steel instrument by the custom-house officer, to ascertain if it contains contraband goods or not, the cochineal is found in small purple-coloured shrivelled pieces, each of about half the size of a pea. It bears no resemblance to an animal substance, yet it is the body of an insect, with the head and legs rubbed off. The cochineal insect, when alive, must be about the size of the small red insect called a lady-bird, found in English gardens and meadows. When a piece of cochineal is rubbed on a damp white surface, a dirty-red colouring is produced. By some artificial preparation it forms the basis of carmine, and of the brilliant crimson and scarlet dye-stuff used in our textile manufactures. Some idea of the myriads of cochineal insects which must exist in Central America may be formed by considering their minuteness, together with the weight of each seron of cochineal, and the thousands of serons that are imported into Southampton alone.

'Succades are those delicious jellies and preserves known as Guava jelly, preserved ginger, limes, and tamarinds, manufactured in the West India Islands. Some of these delicious confections would not have been unworthy to rank with the fabled ambrosia of the pagan deities. The honey used in them must surpass in richness and flavour that which used to be extracted from the far-famed honeycombs of Hymettus; for it is distilled from sweets that cannot be found in the fields or gardens of Europe.

'Live turtle are brought in the West India steamers, principally from the Bahamas, to be converted into soup for epicures. They are immense creatures, and are kept alive during the voyage by the sailors swabbing their eyes and mouths every time they clean the deck. Occasionally a boat is filled with water on deck, into which the turtles are allowed to refresh themselves, and amuse the passengers with their unwieldy gambols. One of the most singular sights to be seen on board a West India steamer, when she arrives in the Southampton dock, is forty or fifty gigantic live turtles lying in a row on their backs on the lower deck. Their heads are rather elevated, and their fins appear like short and useless wings by their sides. Their helpless state and ridiculous position appear at first sight irresistibly ludicrous; but the muscular motions of their throats, which are perpetually craving for moisture, and their piteous look, as if imploring to be saved from the tureen, would even excite aldermanic sympathy.

'The silk brought to Southampton by the Alexandrian steamer is the raw material from China. It is brought in small bales, for the convenience of transport across the Egyptian desert, and each weighs about one cwt. The covering for the silk is a species of matting made of cane. Upwards of six hundred bales of silk have been brought in one cargo, the value of which has been nearly L.100,000.

'The shawls brought by the steamers are from Cashmere, a place celebrated in Indian romance, and from other parts of India. These fabrics are the finest and most costly in the world. Hundreds are brought in one cargo, many of which, embroidered with gold and silver, are worth between L.200 and L.300 each. They are imported in boxes made of the wood of the camphor tree, lined with tin, and the interior of which is profusely strewed with pepper and other spices, to scare away insects during the voyage. The crape shawls are from China, and are richly ornamented with needlework of such a kind as could only be executed in a country where labour is cheap, and by a people inexhaustibly patient and ingenious. These shawls are brought in small paper boxes, enclosed in cases made of a stronger material. Many of the cases containing the fabrics from the East are covered with cloth coated with bee's-wax.

'The ivory is imported here in extraordinary long barrels, which contain oftentimes some thousands of tusks, shed by wild elephants within the dominions of the pacha of Egypt, and in various parts of the East. Some of the ivory is dug up from deserts and wildernesses, where it has lain sometimes buried for ages.

'Amongst the sundries brought by the Alexandrian packets, are precious stones, jewellery, gold-work, and

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an infinite variety of ivory, tortoise-shell, and sandal-wood ornaments. The precious stones consist of diamonds, agates, torquoises, pearls, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c. and are from parts of India, Persia, and Asia Minor. Those from the latter part are collected by Jews and other merchants, and are the value of European goods sent into such distant regions perhaps as Astrachan and Tartary.

'The jewellery and gold-work are chiefly from Trichinopoly, the great seat in the East of the manufacture of the precious metals and stones. There must be something in the capacity of the Hindoo for manipulation, which the European does not possess; for the golden chains and bracelets made in Trichinopoly far surpass those manufactured in the western world. In fact any damage to those of the former place cannot even be repaired in Europe.

'The whole of these most costly treasures are examined for custom-house purposes, in strongly-guarded warehouses in the docks, where none but consignees, custom-house and dock officers, are allowed to be present; and such is the immense quantity that passes through their hands, that they are examined with as much indifference as a cargo of French eggs or Irish potatoes. At night policemen patrol round the warehouses, while other policemen are stationed at the dock gates to prevent egress or ingress after a certain hour.

'When the East and West India steamers arrive together, which is often the case in the middle of the month, there may then be seen treasure in the docks worth a million sterling, which could almost be stowed away in a moderate-sized dwelling-house. We have been allowed the unusual privilege of seeing almost at a glance the choicest productions of the orient and occident. We have looked upon a large store literally covered with heaps of gold, platina, and pearls; and after walking a few steps, have beheld huge benches blazing with gems and precious stones, and covered with the most beautiful fabrics in the world, and with the incomparable workmanship of the cunning artificers of Asia.

'Southampton has the remarkable distinction of being the only port in ancient or modern times that receives the marvellous productions of the two Indies. No place in the British dominions has ever been able to vie with it in this respect. Twelve steamers from the regions of the rising sun, and twenty-four from those of the setting luminary, arrive every year at this port laden with enormous wealth. In the far west—from the golden streams of the Appalachian mountains, from the bowels of the Cordilleras, across the Isthmus of Darien and the Caribbean sea. In the far east—from the Yellow Sea and the sacred Ganges, along the coast of "farthest Ind," the land of "barbaric pearl and gold," through the Red Sea, and down the ancient Nile, the riches of America, Asia, and Africa, are continually flowing to load those immense and magnificent argosies that almost every week float up Southampton Water.'

FLEXIBLE IVORY.

M. Charriere, a manufacturer of surgical instruments in Paris, has for some time been in the habit of rendering flexible the ivory which he uses in making tubes, probes, and other instruments. He avails himself of a fact which has long been known: that when bones are subjected to the action of hydrochloric acid, the phosphate of lime, which forms one of their component parts, is extracted, and thus bones retain their original form, and acquire great flexibility. M. Charriere, after giving to the pieces of ivory the required form and polish, steeps them in acid alone, or in acid partially diluted with water, and they thus become supple, flexible, elastic, and of a slightly-yellowish colour. In the course of drying the ivory becomes hard and inflexible again; but its flexibility can be at once restored by wetting it either by surrounding it with a piece of wet linen, or by placing sponge in the cavities of the pieces. Some pieces of ivory have been kept in a flexible state in the acidulated water for a week, when they were neither changed, nor injured, nor too much softened, nor had they acquired any taste or disagreeable smell.—*Jameson's Journal*, No. 97.

THE RIVER SACO.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

The Saco has its springs in New Hampshire, near the celebrated 'Notch' of the White, or Agiocochook Mountains, and reaches the Atlantic after a winding course through the state of Maine. It receives the waters of many lakes and streams, passes over numerous falls, and is throughout remarkable for its clearness and beauty.

From Agiocochook's granite steeps
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
Down the gray mountain's rugged side:
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines
Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,
While close above them frowns or shines
The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength, it swiftly takes
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
Retreating from the glare of day;
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
Among green Fryburg's woods and farms.

Here, with low voice, it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake,
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake:
Now sweeping on, it runs its race
By mound and mill in playful glee;
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar;
There on old Ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream! it were a fate divine,
Till this world's toils and tasks were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none;
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unsullied by one stain of Earth.

GREAT ATMOSPHERIC WAVE.

The spring of 1849 was remarkable for a continuous movement westward of the atmosphere for the space of seventeen days; namely, from the 1st to the 18th of February. The mean reading of the barometer during that period was fully half an inch above its average value; and when the crest of the wave was over Greenwich, the reading of the barometer at the level of the sea was as high as 30·90 in. The base of the wave must have been in extent just about equal to the distance from England to America; for it appears from the 'American Traveller,' published at Boston on 6th April 1850, that on the same day that it completed its passage at Greenwich, it was felt for the first time at Boston as it was with us. It must have travelled, therefore, at the rate of about 170 miles a day.

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MUSICAL VAGRANTS.

All the world cannot be supremely respectable. Civilised life, far from being a Chinese puzzle, where all the fractions are equal in size, shape, and importance, is rather a dramatic Noah's Ark, abounding with every variety of animal form.

Everybody cannot play the part of the elephant, with his snake-like trunk, or of the lion, with his regal mane. All cannot rise to the perpendicular elevation of the giraffe, nor extend to the horizontal dimensions of the crocodile. Some must come on as monkeys, and macaws, and mocking-birds, and kangaroos, with tails more useful than ornamental, and peacocks *vice versâ*, and ostriches, that cannot fly though birds, and ornithorhynci, which wear beaks though quadrupeds.

After all, it is a great question whether the laborious camel enjoys life half so much as the dancing-dog. No doubt there must be exquisite enjoyment in those long-deferred draughts, after crossing the hot desert, whose thirsty sands appear to attract and absorb the radical juices of the bodies that traverse them. But how rare are those moments of delicious contrast—of refreshing indulgence! On the other hand, how many causes conduce to render enviable the condition of the dog! In the first place, he is an artist. He is gaily attired in a spangled jacket; he is applauded by an admiring populace; his vanity is constantly gratified, for who can doubt that dogs are keenly sensitive to the approving looks and expressions of mankind? It is true he stands upon his hind-legs, contrary to the laws of nature. But then how great and joyous the relief of a return to all-fours! Does not all sensation exist by contrast? True, the camel's contrast is more powerful; but then how much more frequent the dog's! how much less painful his preliminary sufferings! True, his master thrashes him if he perform ill his tricks; but is he not, on the other hand, patted and rewarded when his efforts prove successful? In short, the camel's existence may be compared to a painting by Rembrandt, with a few brilliant points of light emerging from impenetrable shade; the dog's career to a landscape by Turner, where infinite gradations of light, shade, and colour, are mingled in harmonious confusion.

The camel is the indispensable labourer, the dancing-dog is the *quasi* supernumerary vagabond. And one remark we shall have the indiscretion to make. It is, that however unquestionable the intrinsic merits of respectability, your vagabonds are much more interesting subjects for the pen or the pencil; just as a lively comet is a far more exciting object to the astronomer than a regular business-like old planet, which rises and sets in the most unexceptionable manner. A roving life, too, generates a roving fancy. Therefore we sketch vagabonds. We know them so well! How often in the old days, when, knapsack on back, we strolled through the wild forests of Germany with other students still more thoughtless than ourselves, have we paused on the road to hold curious converse with some strange pedestrian, whose long-enduring garments the very Wandering Jew might have envied! How often—— But, in short, contrast is the spice of existence, the essence of humour, the very principle of all excitement of the feelings or the fancy; and if Hobbes's oft-quoted theory of laughter (or, as a German professor would say, *delight-in-being-better-off-than-other-people-ism*) be a true one, we, who hug ourselves especially in our well-lined mantles of respectability, shall rarely fail to regard the indestructible race of vagabonds with a certain pleasurable curiosity.

Above all, the *musical* vagabond! Whether fiddler or flutist, singer with or without guitar, one of a band or a lone child of mystery, there is about him, her, or them, as the case may be, a marvellous fascination to our fancy.

The wandering painter, however rude his art, must ever, to a certain degree, command our respect, from the intellect and judgment required to produce even the semblance of a portrait. The supple acrobat astonishes and confounds us by feats of strength and agility, which, if not performed before our eyes, would appear to us incredible. Well do we know in our own consciences that the least of those somersaults would baffle our utmost efforts of athletic vigour. As for the vagrant juggler, does he not delude us under our very eyes? Is it possible to help feeling a dim awe respecting an individual who can cheat us so easily? No; wherever there is incontestable superiority of any kind, a certain respect is inevitable. But it is far otherwise with the musical vagabond. We feel no respect for *him*—not an atom; and that is what gives him perhaps a peculiar advantage. He is so eminently disreputable! We neither ascribe to him the intelligence of the painter, nor the strength of the acrobat, nor the possible pugnacity of either. Everybody can sing, or at least everybody thinks so. Everybody could learn to play upon some instrument—at least so everybody believes: only everybody will not condescend to take the trouble. Many of us really are something of musicians, with better voices and ten times the science of the average vagrants who appeal to our charity. Consequently, we have a sincere want of respect for the tribe. We look down upon them with a good-humoured pity, and throw them our halfpence with twice the readiness with which we submit our profiles to the artist's pencil or scissors, or our hats to

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the juggler's indomitable passion for making saucepans of them for his plum-puddings.

We have often asked ourselves how anybody came to adopt the profession of wandering musician. And here, by the way, we take occasion peremptorily to exclude Italian organ-grinders from the fraternity of musicians proper. They are mere machinists. Hurdy-gurdy-players we also rigorously decline to treat of. Otherwise, our category embraces the widest possible acceptation—from the roaring Cockney ballad-singer to the graceful Spanish minstrel, whose serenades bring tears of silver from the hearts of enchanted damsels. Are they not amazed at seeing so genteel a person pursuing so precarious a vocation? Are they not justified in suspecting an adventurous prince incognito, or some charming poet in mufti seeking the ideal of his dreams with persevering eccentricity?

But to revert to the origin of the vagrant musician. Doubtless it is primarily that of all vagabondage—deficient pecuniary resources, and a natural distaste to so commonplace a substitute for fortune as labour. Writers who sacrifice delicacy to a fondness for being perspicuous would have simply said—*poverty* and *laziness*. Indeed your proud workman keeps the wolf from the door by facing him with resolute bravery. Your careless vagabond runs away from the wolf, who chases him through a whole lifetime. Otherwise, we must admit an irresistible passion for locomotion as one of the primitive faculties of the mind; or else suppose the hereditary descendants of Ahasuerus to have multiplied stupendously during the long centuries of his fabled pilgrimage.

Secondarily, the cause of musical vagrancy is a happy aspiration for the nearest possible approach to an annuity for doing nothing short of absolute mendicancy. Every one, without exception (not dumb by nature), can adopt the *métier* of wandering musician. No talent of any kind is indispensable: impudence is the only *sine quâ non*. If an individual possess an ear for music, or a voice, people will pay for listening to him. If the reverse, they will pay to get rid of the nuisance. In the one case, he will be admired for his ability; in the other, pitied for his incapacity. It is a great question which gets on the better of the two classes. The latter is as numerous as the former; sometimes with a naïve unconsciousness of the torture inflicted; often with a *malice prepense*, which calculates but too surely on the limited powers of auricular endurance on the part of its auditors.

We remember in London one obstinate old reprobate who was in the habit of pervading the more retired streets, just insufficiently drunk to escape arrest, and yet sufficiently sober to regulate his intonations with the most logical perfection of annoyance. His plan consisted in singing a particular air from a popular opera in the following style of ingenious cruelty. Having given utterance to the first note with a doleful and quavering exactness, he paused for at least a quarter of a minute before allowing note the second to pass his lips; and so on to the end of the air: producing upon our irritated nerves an effect which can be illustrated but feebly by the following description:—

'*When*'—— What's that? we exclaim, starting up, and listening in an attitude of dubious consternation, as the dismal sound vibrates upon our ears. '*Oth*'—— continues the tormentor, awakening us to a sense of the punishment in store for us: '*ther*'—— We rush to the window, and recognise our ancient enemy with a muttered anathema, which many an angel would excuse under the circumstances: '*lips*'—— proceeds the relentless vagrant, pausing to pick up the coppers which distracted humanity begins to throw from windows, accompanied by mild entreaties that the singer will move on: '*and*'—— During the following interval we have had time to enter the next room, and seize a jug of water from the wash-stand, armed with which, we hold ourselves in ambuscade behind the window-curtains: '*oth*'—— We gently raise the sash, and set one foot upon the balcony: '*ther*'—— We rush out incontinently, and discharge the contents of the jug upon the head of the enemy below, who is malignantly looking up in quest of the expected black-mail: and '*hearts!*' bursts out with unprecedented velocity the executioner of Balfe, beginning to sputter and swear in the most discordant manner. We hasten to put on our greatcoat and hat for a walk, well knowing that, hostilities once commenced, no mercy is to be expected out of water-jug range. As we go out, we sternly inform the musician of our intention to shoot him next time, at all hazards, with an American revolver; and taking advantage of his temporary dismay, turn the corner of the street in time to escape the volley of abuse with which he pursues our retreating footsteps.

This subtle vagabond, we regret to say, still pursues his hideous industry; and many of our literary and artistic friends who live in quiet neighbourhoods, have bitterly bewailed to us their sufferings. We never fail to recommend the water-jug.

Little less annoying are the psalm-singing families, who—pyramidically arranged, the supposed father in the centre, and two children of six years in the wings—march slowly along, chanting their lugubrious staves, and rolling their eyes towards the house-windows with such a forlorn and woeful air, that it is not in human nature to refuse them always the obolus of charity.

The roaring ballad-singers, already alluded to, generally go in pairs, and are mostly ill-looking unshaven fellows, whose hands and faces defy soap, as Ajax defied the lightning. They appeal, however, to a more legitimate class of sentiments. Often themselves the composers of their doggerel rhymes, they catch the follies or vices of the hour as it flies, and rarely fail to attract a crowd of grinning spectators. Not unfrequently there is a rough poetical justice in their verse, which pleases the mob. They do not beg: their musical performance is gratuitous: they only sell their ballads, printed on paper almost as flimsy as bank-notes—which, indeed, it is to be hoped they in a manner become to the men who have given the raw material its enhanced value. In dull times these men are apt to take office, as what are technically known by the term 'sandwiches,' and to figure between two boards as the walking advertisements of commercial speculators.

On the blind fiddler and his dog it is not necessary to enlarge. He is often a real musician, and plays with considerable feeling and accuracy. No one can object to his harmless vocation, though we fear sadly that the phrase, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' applies peculiarly to his case; and that he is one of the most ill-paid, as well as most excusable of the wandering fraternity. It is so easy, as they say in Ireland, to pass by a blind man without his seeing you.

The juvenile Highland piper in the south rarely fails to excite considerable interest, particularly on a frosty day. 'Poor little fellow, how cold he must be without pantaloons!' say the kind-hearted women, and pity him immensely. We remember once putting the question point-blank to a young piper in Bloomsbury Square—'Vy, yer see,' he made answer, 'it ain't nuffin, ven your a bin and done it since you vos a hinfunt.' Whence we concluded that the piper in question must have left the Highlands at a very early period of his existence.

A very different personage is the well-dressed gentleman of the brass-band, whose performance, often really excellent, few can pass without notice. His income during the season is considerable; and we should not be surprised if he eventually were to become a banker in his native country on the strength of his economies.

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We have known a brass-band refuse very liberal terms for an evening's exclusive engagement. But a stronger proof of the success of the speculation, and the superior chances of merit in any line, is to be found in the following fact, to the truth of which we pledge ourselves:—A number of artists of the pencil and graver, finding themselves, some time since, in a state of general impoverishment, resolved, as a dernier resort, to disguise themselves as wandering musicians, and sally forth in search of what the gods might send them. Several of them were excellent amateur performers on various wind-instruments. One was a capital violinist; and a supernumerary, whose instincts for harmony were not fully developed, volunteered for the less arduous but more repulsive duty of carrying round the hat for contributions. No sooner said than done. False whiskers, burnt cork eyebrows, hats over the eyes, and handkerchiefs over the chin, and the party of minstrels commenced their experimental sally. The painter of Libyan deserts and lurid sunsets, who was created grand-treasurer of the party, was, at his express entreaty, converted into a coal-black Ethiopian for the occasion, and displayed the most heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

All went on favourably. They reaped a harvest of applause and shillings, far beyond their most sanguine expectations, in several of the chief squares and streets; when they had the misfortune to perform so satisfactorily before the mansion of an ambassador in Portland Place, that he sent his butler to insist upon their entering and partaking of some refreshment, previously to further delighting his guests by their performance. The astonishment of the diplomatist may be conceived when, with one accord, they vehemently declined his offered hospitality, and walked off, full of alarm at the possibility of recognition by some patron or acquaintance sufficiently fortunate to receive an ambassador's invitation to dinner.

But it is not in England that the trade of musical vagabond arrives at perfection. In the central and southern countries of Europe, it finds a far more suitable field for its expansion. There is a *café* at Paris much frequented by the thoroughgoing republicans, where may be seen, evening after evening, a succession of musicians of the most heterogeneous description. There is one tall young man who sings to the guitar with a barytone voice like the blast of a great trumpet, who looks so like one of the *élégans* in the Boulevards, that it makes me quite blush to give him a sou when he comes round. There is a young German songstress who comes with her brother, a little dumpy hobbadehoy of a fiddler. She, too, touches the guitar, and sings sweetly enough, but seems afraid of opening her little mouth sufficiently wide to let the notes pass out. We, who are romantic *ex officio*, whisper two or three German phrases in the Berlin-Cockney dialect, in order to make her smile. This we succeed in so effectually, that she not only displays a row of pearly teeth, but cannot even go on with her song, so that her fubsy brother is compelled to fill up the interval by an indefinite flourish on the fiddle. There is another professor, of such an imposing aspect, that he might sit for a picture of Moses in the desert. His beard, of a raven blackness, descends to his waist, and he gesticulates forcibly as he sings. He is not a common vagrant, but an enthusiastic political propagandist. All his songs breathe the fiercest hatred and scorn of the reactionary party, represented by him as the clowns and harlequins of a masquerade, whose tawdry brilliance the light of a new day will speedily annihilate. In collecting money he is very rapid, never pausing for an instant, or looking hard at any person who does not put his hand into his pocket. Sometimes he comes accompanied by an ex-schoolmaster, whose performance on the violin is really remarkable for its spirit and fantastic rapidity of execution. He reminds us of one of Hoffman's weird and mysterious musici. He sings tenor to the bearded patriot's bass, and has a habit of distorting his old features in the most astonishing manner—often playing, singing, and gesticulating with such wild ecstasy, that he resembles a furious Pythoness on her tripod! Both these gentlemen pass about two-thirds of their lives in prison for singing seditious songs about the rights of labour to food, and the inviolability of the constitution ('as was.') This is but a small group of specimens of our continental friends in the musical line of vagabondage.

'What on earth do strolling singers do with themselves in the daytime?' we murmured reflectively.

'Lie in bed,' replied a matter-of-fact friend on our arm.

'Practise new songs,' responded a wag on the other.

'What becomes of them all in the end?' we propounded, still musing over their vagrant destinies.

'Angels,' suggested the wag.

'Dust,' growled the materialist.

It was impossible to speculate gravely with such companions, so we abandoned the notion. When we reached home, we opened by chance a volume of Bayard Taylor's El Dorado, and by a curious coincidence lighted on a passage in which he spoke of the numerous bands of vagabond musicians who have already found their way to California, and of the great fortune they meet with. Certes playing a trombone in front of a coffeehouse is easier work than digging gold up to one's knees in water on the Sacramento! Which is more meritorious? We fell asleep as we thus began to moralise, and an orchestra of vagabond incubi commenced such a mad dream-concert in our brain as we shall not readily forget. It went on *crescendo*, till it resembled the roaring of a thousand tempests; and a crash, which seemed the crack of doom, wound up the symphony of which no mortal hand could trace the score, or even, were that possible, survive the unearthly rehearsal!

SCORESBY THE WHALER.

A VOLUME of 'Memorials of the Sea,' the full title of which is given below,* has just been made public by the Rev. Dr Scoresby, who, we may presume, raises this literary monument to his parent's memory not less for example's sake, than out of filial affection and grateful remembrance. The author's aim has been to present a faithful portraiture of his progenitor, to shew us what manner of man he was; and we shall endeavour to transfer a sketch of the picture to our columns, for the edification of such readers as are interested in the study of human effort and perseverance. There ought to be something worth reading in the history of a man whose memoir comprises two hundred and thirty-two pages.

The name of Scoresby, it appears, is limited to one or two families in the north of England, most of whom have been of the yeoman class, with the reputation of good citizens and worthy members of society. There are, however, two or three exceptions to the uniform level: a Walter de Scourby was 'bayliffe of York' in 1312; another, Thomas, was lord mayor of the same city in 1463; and a second Thomas represented it in parliament in the reign of Edward III. So much for ancestral honours and dignities; and we pass to the individual who more immediately claims our attention. He was born in May 1760 at Nutholm, about twenty miles from Whitby; went to an endowed school in the adjoining village of Cropton during the fine season only, as the distance was considerable, and roads were uncom-

* Memorials of the Sea. My Father: being Records of the Adventurous Life of the late William Scoresby, Esq. of Whitby. By his Son, the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. London: Longmans. 1851.

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fortable in winter. Even these scanty ways and means of knowledge were cut off when William Scoresby grew to his ninth year: he was then placed with a farmer, and underwent the 'rudiments' of agriculture and cattle-feeding. In this situation he plodded on for more than ten years, until 'unpleasant treatment' caused him to resent the indignity by walking to Whitby, and binding himself apprentice to a Quaker shipowner for three years. He then went to his father's house, and informed his parents of what had occurred, and returned forthwith to the farm to fulfil his duties until a successor should be appointed to his place. His next care was to set to work on such studies as might be useful in his new vocation, and so employ the interval prior to the sailing of the ship in the spring of 1780.

Mr Scoresby here draws a parallel between his father and Captain Cook: natives of the same county, both began life with farming work, though the great circumnavigator was afterwards apprenticed to a general shopkeeper; in which service, having been unjustly suspected of stealing 'a new and fresh-looking shilling' from his master's till, 'he determined, if he could get permission to do so, to leave his employment as a shopkeeper, and, indulging a strongly-imbibed prepossession, turn to the sea.' The result is well known.

According to agreement, Scoresby went a second time to Whitby in February to ratify his engagement; and finding that his services would not be required before April, he set out to return home on foot the same day, being desirous of losing no time from his studies. More than half the road lay across a wild uninhabited moorland district. Night had set in when a furious snow-storm surprised him; all traces of the imperfect track were speedily obliterated, and the traveller 'could neither see his way to advance nor to return.' In this uncertainty his geometrical knowledge came into play. 'He had observed how the wind first assailed him, with reference to the direction of the line of road, which, fortunately for him, like the roads of ancient construction generally, followed a steeple-chase directness, regardless of hill or dale, for the point aimed at; and, by adjusting his progress on the same angle, in respect to the course of the wind, he hoped to be guided in his now perilous undertaking.' The experiment was fully successful, and the journey finally accomplished in safety.

Scoresby's sea-service commenced by voyages to Russia: while discharging a cargo of Memel timber at Portsmouth, a professional grievance made him resolve to enter on board the *Royal George*. Afterwards, when that vessel went down, with all her crew, he regarded his having changed his intention as one of the many providences of which he had been the subject. A seaman's duties were not permitted to divert him from the pursuit of knowledge; what he learned in books he reduced to practice, keeping the ship's reckoning for his own private instruction. He suffered much from the taunts and jeers of the crew for refusing to share in their debasing practices, but made no attempt to retaliate so long as the annoyance was confined to words. He proved, however, on fitting occasion, that he could defend himself from personal violence; and so great was his strength, that his two aggressors were effectually humbled. He was fully impressed with the feeling 'that, under the blessing of Providence, to which he distinctly looked, he must be the fabricator of his own fortune;' and his custom was, 'unless he could find a somewhat like-minded aspirant after a better position, to walk alone on the main-deck or forecastle, holding companionship only with his own thoughts.'

In moral and physical qualities such as these, we see the elements of success. Scoresby's habit of keeping the reckoning, and the greater exactitude which he brought into the method, once saved the ship from being wrecked in foggy weather between Riga and Elsinore. His assertion that the vessel was off the island of Bornholm caused a sharper look-out to be kept. Presently breakers were seen ahead; the anchor was dropped, but 'just in time to save the ship from destruction. When she swung to her anchor, it was in four and a half fathoms' water. The breakers were close by the stern, and the stern not above twenty fathoms from the shore.' This manifestation of ability on the part of an apprentice excited so much jealousy and ill-feeling towards him from the officers, that on the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, he left her, and engaged on board the *Speedwell* cutter, bound for Gibraltar with stores.

This proceeding led to a new course of adventure. While on the voyage in October 1781, the cutter was captured by the Spaniards, and the whole of her crew made prisoners of war, and kept in durance at St Lucar, in Andalusia. After a time, the rigour of imprisonment being somewhat relaxed, and the captives permitted to fetch water without a guard, Scoresby and one of his companions contrived to escape; and concealing themselves as much as possible during the day, and guiding their course by the stars at night, they made their way direct for the coast, where they eventually arrived in safety, after encountering much risk and difficulty. On all occasions when they had to ask for assistance, they found the women ready to help them and facilitate their escape, sometimes while their husbands had gone to denounce the strangers. By a fortunate coincidence the fugitives arrived on the coast just as an English vessel of war was about to sail with an exchange of prisoners. By the connivance of the crew, they concealed themselves on board until the ship was fairly at sea, when they made their appearance on deck, greatly to the astonishment and vexation of the captain, who made them sign a promise to pay a heavy sum for their passage, as a punishment for their intrusion. In the Bay of Biscay a formidable gale came on. The two intruders refused to work, on the plea of being passengers, unless the captain destroyed the document exacted from them. This was done; immediately the two sprang up the rigging, and before long, Scoresby, by his superior seamanship, had brought the reefing of sails and striking of masts to a successful accomplishment, and by his example cheered the before dispirited crew, who, during the remainder of the voyage, were observed to manifest a 'higher character' than before.

After this, Scoresby married the daughter of a small landed proprietor at Cropton, and resided with his father for two or three years, assisting in the management of the farm. But a desire for more stirring employment made him again turn his attention to the sea. In 1785 he entered as seaman on board the *Henrietta*, a vessel engaged in the whale-fishery, at that time an important branch of the trade of Whitby. Here the general good conduct and ability for which he was remarkable gained him the post of second officer and *specksioneer* of the ship; a technical title used to distinguish the chief harpooner and principal of the fishing operations. In 1790 he became captain of the vessel, greatly to the mortification and jealousy of his brother officers, who, being inconsiderately engaged by the owner to go out on the first voyage under their new commander, conducted themselves so vexatiously that a mutiny broke out. 'One of the men, excited by his companions' clamours and his own dastardly rage, seized a handspike, and aimed a desperate blow, which might have been fatal on the head of his captain. The latter, now roused to the exertion of his heretofore unimagined strength and tact, while warding the blow with his hand, disarmed the assailant, and seizing him in his athletic arms, actually flung him headlong among his associates, like a quoit from the hand of a player, filling the whole party with amazement at his strength and power, and for the moment arresting, under the influence of the feeling, the unmanly pursuance of their mutinous purpose.' In addition to these adverse pro-

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ceedings, the season was a bad one, and the *Henrietta* returned to Whitby without having captured a single whale.

The mortification to a man of Scoresby's ardent character was extreme: to guard against a recurrence of a similar misadventure, he insisted on engaging the whole of the next crew and officers himself, and carried his point, notwithstanding the opposition of the owner. The advantageous consequences of this measure appeared in the result of the voyage: 'no less than *eighteen* whales were captured, yielding 112 tons of oil.' The unusual importance of this achievement will be best understood from the fact, that six and a half whales per year had previously been regarded as a satisfactory average. Scoresby's fifth voyage gave a 'catch' of twenty-five whales, the proceeds being 152 tons of oil. Such, indeed, were his ability and enterprise, that his average success was 'four times as great as the usual average of the Whitby whalers; in like proportion above the average of the Hull whalers during the previous twenty years; and more than double the Hull average for the same actual period!' These successes, which excited no small amount of envy and hatred in some quarters, spread Scoresby's fame abroad in other ports, and produced many tempting offers and solicitations; but for a time, chiefly on his wife's account, he preferred retaining his connection with Whitby.

At length, in 1798, he accepted an engagement as captain of the *Dundee*, a vessel much larger and finer than the *Henrietta*, sailing from London. With this ship he brought back thirty-six whales from his first voyage; a number unprecedented in the annals of whale-fishery. This and subsequent voyages were performed, too, more rapidly than usual, whereby the greater freshness of the blubber, when brought to the coppers, produced a superior quality of oil. On one of the voyages in the *Dundee* he first took his son, then a lad ten years old (the author of the work before us), to sea with him. At that period armed vessels of the enemies of Britain cruised in the North Sea. A few days after leaving England a ship was suddenly observed bearing down so as to intercept the track of the whaler. Scoresby, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an occurrence; the *Dundee* carried twelve eighteen-pounders, besides small arms, and a well-selected crew of sixty men. Among the latter, one had been chosen for his expertness in beating the drum, and another for his proficiency 'in winding a boatswain's call;' and with all these means and appliances a surprise was planned. We shall leave Mr Scoresby to tell it in his own words: 'The men on deck,' he writes, 'were laid down flat on their faces. My father, coolly walking the quarter-deck, and the helmsman, engaged in his office of steering, were the only living beings who could be discerned from the deck of the assailant.

'Without shewing any colours, in answer to our English ensign waving at the mizen-peak, the stranger came down to within short musket-shot distance, when a loud and unintelligible roar of the captain through his speaking-trumpet indicated the usual demand of the nation or denomination of our ship. A significant wave of my father's hand served instead of a reply. The drum beats to quarters, and while the roll yet reverberates around, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe is heard above all. And whilst the hoarse voice of this officer is yet giving forth the consequent orders, the apparently plain sides of the ship become suddenly pierced; six ports on a side are simultaneously raised, and as many untompioned cannon, threatening a more serious bellowing than that of the now-astonished captain's trumpet-aided voice, are run out, pointing ominously toward the enemy's broadside!

'The stratagem was complete: its impression quite perfect. The adversary seemed electrified. Men on the enemy's deck, some with lighted matches in hand, and plainly visible to us, by reason of her heeling position while descending obliquely from the windward, were seen to fall flat, as if prostrated by our shot; the guns, pointed threateningly at us, remained silent; the helm flew to port, and the yards to the wind, on our opposite tack; and without waiting for the answer to his summons, or venturing to renew his attempt on such a formidable-looking opponent, he suddenly hauled off, under full sail, in a direction differing by some six points from that in which he had previously intercepted our track.'

According to long-continued custom, the flensing or cutting-up of a whale could only be performed with a prescribed number of incisions and apparatus, causing much loss of time when the fish was a small one. Scoresby had often remonstrated with his subordinates on this hindering process, but in vain. At last, to convince them, he offered, as a challenge, 'that, with the assistance of only one-third part of the available crew, he would go on a fish, and send it in single-handed, in *half the time* occupied by the four or six harpooners, with the help of all hands.' This he actually performed. The work, which had occupied the harpooners and the whole of the crew for two hours, was successfully accomplished 'in almost forty minutes;' and by the exercise of forethought on the part of the chief operator, the assistants were not kept standing idle a single instant.

Here we see a man prompt in emergencies, and ready with new inventions when the old failed to satisfy him. No one was more active than Scoresby in pushing his way into the ice when on the whaling-grounds. If a full cargo was not obtained, it was that certain natural obstacles were insurmountable by ordinary means, not that energy or perseverance were lacking for the attempt. Scoresby's spirit of enterprise once led him into a higher northern latitude than any other on record. This was in the year 1806, he being then in command of the *Resolution*. The ship had been worked through the ice on the western side of Spitzbergen as far as 77 degrees north latitude. All the other whaling vessels were left behind out of sight, when the adventurous captain determined to push for an open sea more to the northwards, the existence of which he considered certain, from several sagacious observations. In this task he is said to have been the first to introduce the operation of 'sallying the ship;' that is, swaying her from side to side, so as to facilitate her onward motion when beset by ice. At last, after extraordinary labour, the open sea was entered—an ocean lake, as it were, of vast extent, surrounded by ice. Here, in thirty-two days, a full cargo was captured, and the sea explored for a distance, in a direct line, of 300 miles—the highest latitude reached being 81 degrees 30 minutes north, not more than 510 miles from the pole, and the farthest northerly point ever attained by sailing. Parry went beyond it in 1827, but in boats drawn over the ice; and subsequent navigators have been baffled in their endeavours to penetrate so far in the same direction.

After several voyages in the *Resolution*, Scoresby became a member of the Greenock Whale-fishing Company, and made four voyages in the *John* without any diminution of success—the proceeds of only one out of the four having been L.11,000. He then went out again for a Whitby firm; and in 1817 bought the *Fame* on his own account, and made with her five voyages to the north, and was preparing for a sixth, when the vessel was accidentally burnt while lying at the Orkneys. This event caused him to retire, though with an ample competence, from active life. He had been thirty-six years a mariner, and had sailed thirty times to the arctic seas, and captured 533 whales—'a greater number than has fallen to the share of any other individual in Europe—with many thousands of seals, some hundreds of walruses, very many narwals, and probably not less than sixty bears. The quantity

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of oil yielded by this produce was 4664 tons; of whalebone, about 240 tons' weight; besides the skins of the seals, bears, and walruses taken:' the money value of the whole being estimated, in round numbers, at L.200,000.

Scoresby lived but a few years after his retirement. Subsequently to his decease, a manuscript was found among his private papers, which proves him to have been possessed of mechanical genius as well as nautical ability. In stature he was tall and athletic; and in the power of his eye he exercised a remarkable control over the lower animals, and individuals on whom he wished to make an impression. A life like his shews that there is no path in existence wherein superior intelligence, energy, and moral feeling may not distinguish themselves through the benefits which they will diffuse around them. Our brief sketch of him may be considered as complete, when we add that he held 'Temperance to be the best physician, Seriousness the greatest wisdom, and a Good Conscience the best estate.'

URSULA'S NURSERY GOVERNESS.

My first impressions in infancy were of large low rooms, with narrow windows, and huge carved fireplaces. The windows looked forth on to a garden, whose shaven turf and primly-cut rose-trees were enlivened by numerous antique white statues as large as life, and fountains whose sparkling waters fell into basins, where gold and silver fish disported themselves. Even in warm bright summer weather, the rambling apartments of the Grange looked cold and desolate—the furniture was so clean and bright, and the sunbeams streamed in through such crevices; but when the winter logs were piled high, things assumed a different aspect; for the ruddy blaze of a cheerful fire enlivens the most obstinate gloom.

I lived here with my grandmamma and five unmarried aunts: the former was a widow, and the Grange was her dowry-house—my uncle Everard, the son and heir, residing a few miles distant at the ancestral hall. Uncle Everard was married, but to the chagrin of the family his lady had presented him with no olive-branches; consequently I was the only little one among all these mature folks. My aunts were middle-aged ladies, tall, dark, and stately; and my poor old grandmamma seemed to me the whitest and most withered of living beings: she was huddled up in shawls and flannels, mumbled much to herself, and seldom noticed anything around her.

I comprehended early that I was an orphan—the only child of my grandmamma's second son; my aunts shewed me my papa's portrait, and said he had died young, and that Uncle Everard was their only brother now. This picture hung in my Aunt Theodosia's apartment: she was a confirmed invalid, and always lying on the sofa, placed by a window, where she could look out on the pasture-fields and running streams, and on the gray church peeping from amid the trees. Sweet, gentle, kind Aunt Dosy—how well I loved her! And yet she was the only one who ever rebuked or checked my evil temper; for I must here let you into the secret, that I was a violent, unruly little mortal, giving way to tempests of passion, which had won for me the nickname of 'the Fury,' whispered among the servants indeed; but a terrible whisper too! I was very fond of looking at this picture of my dear departed papa: it represented a young man of singular personal attractions, but of a kind which struck me with awe—the eyes were so large, dark, and piercing, and the countenance expressed both fire and hauteur. But the mouth was very beautiful and classic: there was a half smile on the curved lip, and in time I learned to think how that young father must have looked when he smiled on his first-born! I felt sure *his* were smiles never to be forgotten—rare, rarer than his frowns! I once overheard my aunts saying to each other—'Our little Ursula grows more like her father every day;' and then Aunt Dosy sighed. They were sitting round her in the twilight. She had a low thrilling voice, and I never forgot her reply—'She does indeed, my sisters; both mentally and personally: ye have need to watch and pray; for the angels of darkness surely surround this dear child oftener than other and happier-dispositioned children.' Aunt Dosy of course spoke metaphorically, but I did not know that; and many a time, when I felt my passionate impulses urging me to wrong, I have looked round to see if a dark-winged spirit was nigh!

I know not what the lingering ailment was which made my Aunt Theodosia pass her life apart from kindred and friends; but the most tranquil and contented hours of my childhood were those which I enjoyed in her still chamber, when I sat beside the pale sufferer, reading or working in my infantile way. My father's picture hung opposite to her couch, and she often gazed on it with tearful eyes, and then turned those large expressive eyes on me with an anxiety portrayed in them which even then I keenly felt.

'Did you love my papa very dearly, Aunt Dosy?' said I to her one day when we were alone together. 'Do tell me all about him, and about my mamma; for I must have had a mamma—all children have—though I never hear any of you speak of her.'

There was a change in Aunt Dosy's expressive countenance—an expression as of intense pain, which alarmed me; but quickly recovering herself, she calmly replied: 'I never saw your mamma, my little Ursula—she lived a long way off; but your dear papa, my brother Julian, was so very beloved a brother of mine, that it grieves me to speak of him, now he is no more.' And she wept sore; and I clung to my gentle aunt, and tried to comfort her. Other essays I made to learn something concerning my mother, but all my four aunts invariably turned away, with significant looks at each other, and compressed lips, as if obstinately bent on silence, though there *was* a tale to unfold. They were great walkers, botanists, geologists, ornithologists, and what not!—very stately with their equals, very condescending to their inferiors, and regarding their brother Everard (as the representative of their ancient name) as an extremely great personage. Their sister-in-law, Lady Blanche, though an earl's daughter, was patronised by my four aunts, whose besetting weakness concerning their undoubtedly pure hereditary descent was carried to a most ridiculous and overweening extent. To be a Montalban, was to be everything; to be anybody else, was to be nothing! *I* was a Montalban, consequently in a great measure exempt from correction; as—'all the Montalbans,' observed my aunts, 'from time immemorial, had high spirits, which sometimes vented themselves in fits of passion, just as a fiery, mettled courser, of pure Arabian breed, sometimes breaks away from curb and rein.' My aunts had all been beauties—noted for dash and daring, both in word and deed; nevertheless, suitors had dropped away one by one; and now they

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beheld their more humble or gentler compeers in the enviable positions which they once had thought to occupy. Dukes, lords, baronets, and a train of noble swains, had looked and listened, listened and looked, and flown away! There was a story afloat that my eldest aunt was all *but* the Duchess of ——; when that, in an unlucky moment, actuated, I suppose, by the 'pure hereditary spirit' of her race, she had applied the butt-end of a whip to the shoulders of a domestic who committed some mistake to exasperate her. The duke never again was seen in the precincts of the Hall; and the once beautiful toast of the county was now a withered spinster, stuffing birds, and collecting weeds. I was a plaything among them, and amusing and engaging enough I doubt not, as precocious children often are when not crossed or vexed in any of their whims or caprices: *then* indeed a storm arose; I screamed and kicked, and struck right and left; and finding that by this means I usually succeeded in obtaining my wish, such storms were not of unfrequent occurrence. 'Dear little thing,' I heard my eldest aunt say when I was thus exhibiting, 'she reminds me of what I was at her age! How her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flush! Poor Julian! she is his image!' However, I was told it was wrong—I must say that; punished even for my misdoings—for breaking valuable china in fits of frenzy—scattering and shattering whatever I could lay hands on; but when I struck my attendant, and the poor girl wept and complained, she was dismissed for speaking disrespectfully of a Montalban.

I was always silent and subdued in the presence of my sweet Aunt Dosy; she did not guess half how bad I was, but enough reached her to cause her to regard me with tender seriousness and anxiety, and to speak those solemn words which even on my childish ears fell not altogether in vain.

Not altogether in vain; for I pondered over these sayings, and began to look inwardly, and often to be heartily ashamed of my violent conduct. But Aunt Dosy was not always to be approached; for days together she was too ill to be seen; and when my young attendant was summarily dismissed, my aunts consulted together, and it was settled amongst them, with the approbation of my grandmamma (whose advice was asked as a matter of form), that a nursery governess was to be found for me, as I was now of an age to require instruction of a higher kind than that which I had hitherto obtained.

Through the medium of some friends of Lady Blanche, an individual was recommended as a competent instructress: she was a young person of humble origin, capable of undertaking her trust, though pretending to be nothing more than a nursery governess. She required a very small stipend, moreover, and that was a paramount consideration with those engaging her; so matters were soon concluded, and the young woman was informed by Lady Blanche's friends that her application had met with success; for she came from a great distance in the country, and there had been no personal interview. I was on a visit at the Hall with my Uncle Everard and Lady Blanche when my new attendant arrived at the Grange. Dear Aunt Dosy was reported worse than usual, and that was one reason for my stay being prolonged, in order to insure quietness for the invalid at home. Fêted, caressed, spoiled on all hands, a stronger and wiser head than mine—poor silly little body!—might have been turned. I looked round for applause and admiration, venting my temper as a means of attracting regard. 'She is a true Montalban, the saucy minx!' Uncle Everard would say laughingly. 'She is a darling beauty!' said Lady Blanche, fondling and twining my silken ringlets round her own lily fingers. 'Would she were ours!' And so I came really to think that, being a beauty and a Montalban, I had no need of any further recommendations: no need certainly to be hampered with a detestable governess—a 'nursery' governess too!—when here I sat at table, and behaved and was treated as a queen! I almost hated my poor governess before I saw her. She was a widow, they said, and her name was Mrs Rose; and I determined in my own wicked mind to lead Mrs Rose a nice life for coming to tease me! Aunt Theodosia's influence was weakened: I had not seen her for a long time, otherwise perhaps I might have been less unruly than I was; but certainly a harder task cannot well be imagined than that confided to Mrs Rose, of governing me and pleasing my four aunts at the same time.

I remember the evening of my return to the Grange, and how I ran straight to the nursery, bent on entering it with an imperious air, for the purpose of daunting or bullying the new governess. There was a bright fire, and beside it, on the hearth-rug, stood a slight form, with head bent down over some needlework she was trying to finish by the unsteady flare. On hearing a footstep she looked up, and beheld me. The work fell from her hands, an exclamation escaped her lips which I could not clearly distinguish, and Mrs Rose—for it was she—saved herself from falling only by catching hold of a heavy sofa at hand! I was greatly astonished at this agitation on the part of my governess; for though I had intended to impress her with a powerful sense of my importance and dignity, such an effect as this I had not looked for. However, when Mrs Rose burst into tears, and apologised on the plea of nervousness 'just at first'—gazing on my face, nevertheless, as if she never could gaze long or deeply enough—I felt inclined to patronise her, for my vanity was soothed by the evident trepidation my presence caused.

In my turn I gazed on the new-comer; and strange sensations were at my heart as I scanned her lineaments and figure; for I never before had seen or fancied any one like her. Aunt Dosy often talked to me of good angels guarding and compassing us round; and surely, thought I, they must be like Mrs Rose, for so fair, so angelic a face scarcely belonged to earth. She was very slight, very thin; her flaxen hair was braided beneath a widow's cap; and sombre folds fell round her tall and graceful form—meekness and patience being the leading characteristics of her expression and bearing.

'Mrs Rose!' I cried instinctively, with childlike frankness, 'I never saw blue eyes before!—nobody here has blue eyes! How beautiful they are! I wish I had blue eyes like yours, Mrs Rose! I will not vex you—I will be a good girl indeed;' for the two large round tears which gathered and fell down her white cheeks as I spoke completely touched and sobered my heart—for the time at least. Ere I slept that night (all the occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory with tenacious minuteness), Aunt Dosy sent for me to her chamber. We were left alone together, and I saw that she had suffered much since I last beheld her. She spoke earnestly and impressively, beseeching me to enter on a new career under the superintendence of Mrs Rose, whom she adjured me to respect and obey, as one placed in authority, and who had only my eternal and temporal interest at heart. Many things Aunt Dosy said of Mrs Rose, which I thought very little perhaps of at the time, except that my dear aunt extolled and seemed very fond of my governess—saying there was no other person would teach me as she would, and again and again tearfully entreating and praying me to be obedient and gentle. I promised that all should be as Aunt Dosy desired; and though I had been accustomed to pampering and much solicitude and attendance, none before had ever handled or addressed me with the softness and affectionate devotion which my nursery governess evinced. My

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aunts were satisfied, for I learned and improved beneath her auspices wonderfully. She did not restrain, she did not coax me; but there was a winning, pleading persuasiveness, which *as yet* I had not withstood. 'As yet'—alas!—the volcano had only been slumbering for an unusual length of days: it was to burst forth by and by.

When Aunt Dosy asked me if I loved Mrs Rose, and I replied with warmth, 'Oh yes, dearly—she is so good and kind,' I saw that dear aunt cast a grateful look upward, as if communing in inward prayer, placing her hand on my head as I knelt beside her, and bidding me be grateful and loving towards my teacher. Some outbursts of temper on my part occurred now and then, but nothing so outrageous as formerly. Mrs Rose never addressed me when I gave way to passion, but her sorrowful eyes haunted me afterwards. There was an awe as well as deep grief expressed in their fixed contemplation of my distorted countenance.

Things had all gone smoothly of late; I liked learning French and music. She taught me the rudiments, and I became interested in the Bible stories, which none ever told like Mrs Rose. There was slight temptation to trespass when all went well; but evil days were coming, and the dark angels were pluming their wings with mischievous joy, and gathering round the wicked little Ursula! I had grown to be quite a tall girl, and already considered myself nearly a woman, when the smallpox, in its most virulent form, attacked me. I was deserted by every one save my nursery governess; she never wearied, never flagged, in her unceasing and devoted watch. No words may describe her anxious and tender nursing, though I became capricious, and hard to please, in proportion to my sufferings. My aunts feared the infection; and had it not been for their decrepit mother and Aunt Dosy, would doubtless have betaken themselves to flight, their terror being ludicrous in the extreme. I was shut up with Mrs Rose away from the rest of the household; and well was it for me that *she* had no selfish terrors, otherwise the petted orphan child might have perished.

My recovery was tedious and doubtful, for excessive debility and prostration of the whole system rendered it a terrible struggle. When I again began to crawl about, it was the latter end of spring, and accustomed as I had ever been to freedom, it was bitter and irritating to be confined in-doors whenever cold winds prevailed or dews 'fell slow.' The doctors had left me with warning words to Mrs Rose, of great care being requisite. Poor thing! she needed not the admonition, for her overcare and watchfulness almost worried me into betrayals of wrathful impetuosity, which would ill have requited her tender love; but at this fatal juncture, when my spirit rebelled at being debarred from racing in and out as I liked—through the gardens, over the meadows, and down the lanes, when I was naturally irritable and easily roused, from the lurking remains of disease in my blood—at this juncture Uncle Everard sent me a present of the tiniest and most lovely pony that the king or queen of Pigmyland ever bestrode. It was brought to the garden for me to see it from the windows, for those prevailing easterly winds, which so often usher in our island summer, forbade my quitting the house. Felix—so the lovely creature was named—was paraded on the shaven turf, up and down, up and down, for Miss Ursula's gratification. This was very trying—very trying indeed; and I pleaded hard with Mrs Rose to be allowed to take just one little ride for one little half hour—no more. But my aunts had placed me under her sole control, wisely opining that she who had braved such dangers for her pupil's sake deserved the confidence, and knew best how to manage her health now. They had cast all responsibility on my governess—they told her so; and no wonder she was even more than usually careful! In vain I pleaded for permission to ride on Felix that day—no. 'When it was warm and genial I should go,' said Mrs Rose. 'I will go!' I screamed furiously, stamping with my feet, and tearing a book to pieces in impotent fury. Weak and exhausted, the fit was soon over; but her sorrowful gaze haunted me, and I was angry that it did haunt me—angry with her, with myself, with the whole world. Next morning, to make matters worse, ere Mrs Rose could interpose to prevent it, a fine new ridinghabit and plumed cap was exhibited to my admiring eyes by the domestic whose duty it was to attend on the nursery. They were sent to me by Lady Blanche; and oh! to mount Felix, the beauty, thus gloriously equipped, silver-mounted riding-whip and all! 'Now to-day I'm off,' quoth I determinedly to Mrs Rose—'go I will! This habit is warm, and you have no right to keep me in any longer: my aunts wouldn't—and I wont bear it. Sally,' to the domestic, who stood grinning, 'tell them to bring Felix round; old John will attend me, and I shall soon be ready.' I looked at Mrs Rose with an imperious toss of my head, as much as to say, 'What can you answer to that?'

She desired Sally to quit the apartment, and then with decision, but kindly and gently, laid her commands on me not to go out. 'If you will only have patience for a few days,' she urged, 'in all human probability the weather will change; for the cold is unusual at this season—trying even to the strong—dangerous to one recovering, as you are, from such an almost fatal illness.'

But the sun shone brilliantly; the birds carolled cheerily; Felix was being paraded on the grass; my new dress was temptingly spread out; and how could I think of blighting winds? We had blazing fires; and people were all coughing, and looking miserable when they came in from the air; but what child thinks about the weather? 'You want to tease me, Mrs Rose,' I exclaimed passionately. 'I will go!'

Again the look of sorrow and reproach. I flew out of the room to my own chamber, rang the bell, and desired the maid to bring my new habit and hat, which I had left in the schoolroom (*ci-devant* nursery.) The maid returned, saying that Mrs Rose had put them away in the wardrobe of the green-room, and had the key in her pocket. Mrs Rose sent a loving message to win me to her side.

To her side I bounded, but not in love, alas! 'How dare you lock up my property, Mrs Rose?' I cried, almost frenzied with rage. 'Who are you, that you dare to treat a Montalban thus?'

I heard a low sigh, as she shudderingly repeated my words—'Who am I?—who am I?' She then added with more composure—'Your aunts will approve of my conduct, I am sure, Miss Ursula. Let me entreat you to be patient; for I must be firm, or your life may pay the forfeit.'

'Give me the key!' I shouted, not heeding her mild expostulations. 'Give me the key!'

'I may not,' was the trembling answer.

How may I go on? I struck her with all my strength—nerved with fury and revenge—struck her with my clenched hand on the face! I heard a moan; I saw her kneel: she had buried her flushed face in those hands which had ministered to me night and day. I saw her kneeling, and I fled, looking round to see if the dark angels were following to bear me off—whither? Conscience never fails; and it whispered things of horrible import to me. But they feared for my health; and menials ministered to my wants, as in silence and agony the hours dragged on. No Mrs Rose to tend me now; and I dared not breathe her name, or ask a question. In the evening Aunt Dosy sent for me: I dared not look up to meet her eye: I would have given worlds to have sunk through the earth from her sight. The strange hush that had prevailed all day I attributed to a knowledge of my crime; for I well knew that I was a most guilty crea-

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ture; but, unknown to me, death was in the house: my grandmamma, within an hour after my hand was lifted against the gentle being who had saved my life, breathed her last, almost without a sigh, as she sat in her old arm-chair, with her daughters around her as usual. This event they had been taught to expect: they were all prepared for it; and theirs was the tempered and natural grief for a venerable departed parent. Aunt Dosy told me 'death was in the house.'

'Ursula Montalban, come hither,' she said with grave composure. 'Your father's mother, my mother, lies dead not far from us, and the solemn message has arrived at a peculiar period of time, when His hand is especially visible. Unfortunate, sinful girl! ere you quit this room, may you be impressed with the awful truth! Hearken to me, Ursula, on your knees, lowly kneeling, in deep abasement and contrition of heart.'

I entered that apartment a thoughtless, spoilt child, but I left it with the knowledge and contrition which makes the girl a woman in feeling. I am now verging on fourscore years, but from that time to this never once has the curb been loosened which, by the help and blessing of God, I have been enabled to place on my temper, words, and acts. On my knees I listened to Aunt Theodosia's words: no marvel that her revelations produced a change even in my proud rebellious heart, or that I trembled lest the wrath of an offended God should leave me no time for repentance!

'Ursula,' said Aunt Theodosia, 'you have often questioned me concerning your mother; but my lips were sealed so long as *my* mother survived; for we had all pledged our words never to reveal her existence to you, her child, while that child was fostered and protected by Mrs Montalban, the venerable parent whose loss we deplore.'

'And is my own mother still alive?' I cried with impetuosity; 'and where is she, Aunt Theodosia?'

'Be patient and attentive, Ursula,' was the low reply, 'and you shall hear. But mine is a hard task; for it is painful to speak of errors in those we loved, and lost, and mourned for as numbered with the dead. Nevertheless the time has arrived when I sincerely believe it is right you should know all. Your father, Ursula, was the child of our mother's age—indulged and beloved by us all. He was absent for a protracted period on a visit to our maternal uncle, whose property lay in a far-away country. During that fatal absence he had wooed and secretly married your mother, then little more than a child in years. She was far beneath him in worldly rank—in fact, of very humble origin indeed.

'On my brother's return home, he confided to me the secret of his marriage—for I was his favourite sister, Ursula—and the knowledge of what he had done almost broke my heart; for I knew, even better than he did, that our mother's displeasure would be lasting. He shewed me your young mother's picture with fond pride, exulting in her loveliness and virtues. We took counsel together as to what he had best do, for Julian was entirely dependent on our mother—there was not even the provision of a younger son for him while the Dowager Mrs Montalban lived, nor for any of us females. We thought it wise to defer revealing the matter—to put off the evil day; and your father made excuses to return to his uncle, where he wrote to me that you, Ursula, had entered this weary world. Poor fellow! inscrutable are the ways of Providence! He caught an infectious fever, which in a few days terminated his earthly career—with his dying breath entreating his relative to intercede for his widow and orphan. Intercession was vain for the wife; and *she* would not hear of parting with Julian's child; for your grandmamma offered to receive, and wholly bring up as a Montalban, the fatherless infant, provided your mother and your mother's family gave up all claims or recognition.

'Never more to see her child!—'twas a bitter alternative, and your poor young mother refused. But, alas! dire trouble came upon her; unforeseen calamities, sickness, and misfortune, reduced her parents to absolute penury; and though she laboured perseveringly to win bread for them and herself, the struggle was ineffectual. Want and wretchedness effected that which nothing else could have done; and Julian's widow gave you up to us, my dear, dear niece, my Ursula!'

'Oh my poor, dear mamma!—where is she, Aunt Dosy?' I cried in an agony of weeping. 'And did not grandmamma save her from starving?'

'Yes, Ursula; your departed grandmamma did all that benevolence required when her wishes were acceded to respecting you. She extended aid when aid was needed, while your mother's parents lived; but they are now no more.'

'But where is my own mamma, Aunt Dosy?' I exclaimed. 'Oh keep me not in suspense! Let me go to her: is she alive? What is there to prevent me going to her if she is alive, now Grandmamma Montalban is dead? It was bad of Grandmamma Montalban to separate me from my own mamma. Why did she use her so?'

'Hush, Ursula!'

I trembled at something I read in Aunt Theodosia's mild eyes, and at the solemn tone of her voice.

'Hush, Ursula! is it for *you* to condemn and judge?—*you*? Poor girl, you may well tremble and turn pale! Who but a mother would have nursed and tended you, as your nursery governess did? Who—*but a mother?*'

There was a ringing in my ears, the room swam round, and I awoke to life and consciousness again, to find myself in the arms of Mrs Rose—Mrs Rose no more to me or mine, but Rose Montalban, my father's honoured widow!

I knelt at her feet in prayer and supplication: nature pleaded powerfully in my bosom, and at length floods of genial tears welled forth. Forgiveness—sweet word! what precious forgiveness she heaped on her penitent daughter!

It is not quite a score of years since she was removed to a better world. Aunt Theodosia took up her residence with us, and notwithstanding bodily infirmity, her latter end was peace. Never more were the dark angels feared by me. Never more was my beloved mother separated from my side, for our reunion was one of perfect felicity. She died in my arms, blessing me with her latest breath, as a dutiful and devoted daughter. And oh! what memory of earth equals the memory of a dying parent's benediction!

Lady Blanche's housekeeper at the Hall had a knowledge of my mother's position, and aided her in applying for and obtaining the vacant post of nursery governess, or attendant on Miss Ursula; for oh! the mother's heart yearned irrepressibly towards her offspring; and who was to find out her secret at the Grange, where she was a stranger? But Aunt Dosy remembered that picture which my father had shewn her with so much pride and love: once seen, it was never to be forgotten; and the beautiful lineaments were stamped indelibly on her memory. She knew my mother instantaneously, and deeply the discovery agitated and affected her. The conflict was severe between her sense of duty and the tender pity she felt. But it was not in her nature to turn a deaf ear to the mother's prayers and entreaties; and Aunt Dosy promised not to betray the secret to the Dowager Mrs Montalban, or her brother Everard, or her sisters, if Mrs Rose, on her part, promised never to betray the relationship in which she stood to me. It is worthy of remark, that on the very day when my violent and ungovernable temper led me into the commission of a heinous offence, the sudden passage of my aged grandmother into eternity unsealed Aunt Theodosia's lips, and permitted the revealment which, by God's blessing, changed my evil

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disposition so materially, and in some measure obliterated my offence in a human point of view, by affording time for repentance and amendment.

Not to all of us are such momentous warnings vouchsafed. Pride and passion lead to crime; and sometimes, alas! penitence comes too late.

YOUTHFUL CULTURE.

'—— Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young! Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flowerlike;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh! the joys that came down showerlike,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!'

So sings Coleridge; and the same delight in the recollection of this morning-glory of our life, is the natural experience of all persons that have survived the fine illusions and enjoyments which distinguished it. Yet the fascination of youth consists mainly in its expectancies; in the hopes, unrealised ambitions, and aspirations, which have reference to a more advanced and perfected state of being. Of positive contentment, satisfaction, or even sensible relish of the moment, there is commonly very little. And perhaps the reason of this lies in the fact, that youth is properly, and by natural ordainment, a season of preparation—a sort of vestibule to the nobler temple of completed manhood. Taking this to be the case, it is manifestly desirable that the young should undergo a training or cultivation commensurate with the requirements of that maturer stage of life towards which they are advancing, and wherein they will be called upon to display their powers in active connection with the affairs and duties of society. True; and yet there is no received philosophy of culture, taking account of the native capabilities, and aiming to develop them in conformity with the laws which govern the formation, and promote the growth of mind and character.

Sensible of there being a great deficiency here, we are pleased to light upon any tolerable attempt to remedy it; and such, we think, is the character of a small volume which has lately been published. It bears the title of 'A Dialogue on Youth;'* and is designed to express the writer's views in regard to the fit and proper training of a modern English gentleman. It is an extremely pleasant and sensibly-written book, and can be conscientiously recommended to general attention. To many it will be valuable for its opinions and suggestions, and we can promise to all who may be disposed to read it an intellectual gratification.

The author represents himself as a physician some time practising at Cambridge; and informs us, that on a certain delightful morning in some bygone month of May, he was prevailed upon to accompany an intelligent young student, whom he names Euphranor, in a boating excursion on the Cam, which was followed up by a stroll across the fields to Chesterton; where, in the bowling-green of the Three Tuns' Inn, the conversation here recorded was for the most part carried on. The plan of the piece is very simple, but at the same time very natural and attractive; reminding one of some fine old classical composition, and having the tone of a conversation of ancient times. The turn of their discourse appears to have been determined by the mention of *chivalry*, in connection with the 'Godefridus' of Kenelm Digby; a book which Euphranor had brought with him, and with which the doctor expressed himself to be in some degree familiar. It will not answer our purpose, nor would it be quite becoming, to follow all the twistings and digressions of the dialogue; so, by way of breaking ground, we shall introduce a passage quoted from Digby's work, in explanation of the term chivalry; as, upon a right understanding of this, nearly the whole of what will follow is dependent:—

'"Chivalry," says Digby, "is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind which disposes men to generous and heroic actions, and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this spirit more generally prevails in youth than in the later periods of men's life..... In the history of nations, so youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the heroic or chivalrous age: there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. . . . Every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law; therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, young men to grow up to maturity, and until all youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever, so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble chivalry."'

After this there follows (intermingled with pleasant desultory talk) a brilliant description of the qualities of youth, drawn from Aristotle; and then a brisk dispute on the signification of Bacon's saying, that 'for the moral part, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic;' from which again the colloquists diverge into a discussion on the nature and peculiarities of reason. Our main object, however, is practical education; and here begins the discussion.

'"Come, doctor," said Euphranor suddenly, "you who find such fault with others' education, shall tell me how *you* would bring up a young knight, till you turned him out of your hands a man."

'"My dear fellow," I answered, "like other faultfinders, I have nothing better to propose. People know well enough how to manage these matters, if they will but use their common-sense, and not be run away with by new fashions and mistaken interests..... Besides, you know, I am only a body doctor, which, as we said, is only half the battle. And then, is your knight to be brought up to shoot partridges, and be a *gentleman*, or to carry his prowess out, as we were talking of, into some calling?" "Nay," said he, "he must be fitted to lead in any calling of life. And as we have agreed that the spirit of chivalry is only the spirit of youth, all men and all trades inherit it equally, and cannot, I suppose, afford to do without it..... At all events, if we decide the knight is now to become captain of tailors, for instance, we should also lift up the tailor half way to meet him. It would require, however, a complete recasting of society to give all classes the advantages necessary for a complete development of our common nature. The tailor must have a turn at the bat and ball, while his young captain takes the shears for an hour or two. We must be content to pick up our

* 'Euphranor, a Dialogue on Youth.' Pickering. 1851.

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hero in a rank of life where these advantages are at hand—an English country squire's, say."' And here Euphranor urges the doctor to describe the course of training which some imaginary Sir Lancelot, descended from such a parentage, should undergo, and desires him to begin with him *ab ovo*.

'"Well," said I, "if I have any hand in the matter, it must certainly be *ab ovo*; for it is part of my profession to herald Sir Lancelot into the world. But really, my dear Euphranor, after that process (which perhaps you would not care to hear about), I must repeat I have nothing new to tell you, except perhaps some medical recipes."

'"Never mind," said he, "tell me the common sense of the matter: that will be new to me anyhow. Come, let us suppose Sir Lancelot fairly launched into the world by your art."

'"Here he is then," said I; "a very queer-looking, squeaking lump of flesh as ever you saw, neither fitted for sword nor toga. I protest, Euphranor, he must be given up to me and to the nurses only..... For some time Sir Lancelot is little else but a *body*, so far as *our* treatment of him goes—to be suckled, washed, and *done for*."

'"Very well," said Euphranor.

'"By degrees he begins, as you hinted, to use his senses—to discriminate sounds with his ears, objects and distances with eyes and hands; and so forth, much like other animals."

'"Well, go on."

'"Well, then, will you say that, those objects impressing themselves on the brain, memory wakes? 'The burned child dreads the fire;' remembers faces, voices, and persons; likes some, dislikes others, *physically* at first, and then from *custom*, and from some glimmer of good affection perhaps; but still much as the beasts that perish."

'"Oh, but *speech*," said Euphranor.

'"Well," I answered, "even speech at first is but an organic imitation, like a parrot's. But I have no desire to keep Sir Lancelot down among the beasts: he soon lifts his head above them; his words become to himself the sign of things, of thoughts; he begins to *reflect*, to reflect on the past, and to guess at the future from it. A short future, indeed, as a short past, scarce extending beyond yesterday's and to-morrow's dinner. By and by, too, he begins to collect the scattered images of memory, and to recast them in new shapes, which you call fancy, I believe. And by and by, too, he is drawn up from the visible love and authority of parents and nurses, to the idea of a Father unseen—the Father of his father, Father of all, Maker of all—who, though we do not see him, sees us, and all we do, and even all we think; who has bid us obey, love, and honour our parents, tell the truth, keep our hands from picking and stealing, and who will one day reward or punish us according as we have done all this."

'"Hilloa, doctor," said Euphranor, smiling, "you have brought on your child at a fine rate, far faster than I should have dared; instilling religion when you were pretending to give him a dose."

'"Not I," I answered. "Mamma and nurse have done it imperceptibly. It is through the mother's eyes, Fellenberg finely said, that heaven first beams upon a child. But, as you say, *ne sutor ultra*. I return to my soothing syrups."

'But Euphranor declared that, having once begun, I must go on, carrying Sir Lancelot's mind along with his body; especially since I had given out that any mismanagement of the mind would injure the body I was employed to protect. So I agreed to look after our young knight so long as he was in the women's apartments, "which was, according to Xenophon (was it not?) for the first seven years of life."

'Euphranor thought Xenophon reported that as the ancient Persian usage. "But," said I, "I cannot be bound to your Aristotelian and Baconian terms of *affection*, *reason*, and so on, which I perhaps do not understand in the sense they do, after all."

'He told me to use what terms I liked. "Well, then," I went on, "I will give the women one general rule: that for those first seven years, Sir Lancelot shall only be put to do what he can do *easily*, without effort either of mind or body, whatever his faculties may be, or may be called. He shall only meddle with what Plato calls the *music of education*." And I went on to say that luckily, for the first years of life, the bodily and mental music went together. Nurse finding nonsense-songs the best accompaniment to dandling Sir Lancelot in her arms, or rocking him to sleep in the cradle; and that from the lyrical fragment of "Little Bo-Peep," the progress was easy to the more dramatic and intellectual "Death of Cock-Robin;" and after that, to stories in numerous verse and prose about certain good dogs and cats, and little boys and girls; and even little hymns by sweet Jane Taylor and Watts, about the Star, and the Daisy, and Him who made them; all which, besides exercising speech and memory, sometimes under cover of fable, sometimes in pure, plain-spoken affection, dispose the mind toward the Good, the Beautiful, and the Holy. "Then you know,' said I, "there are pictures—'That is the Horse,' 'That is the Cat,' which easily lead to 'It was an Apple'—the alphabet itself—Newton's true Principia, after all, as Vincent Bourne said."

'"Well, then, there he is instituted in letters," said Euphranor. "But what have you been doing for his bodily exercises all the while?"

'"Ah, there I am more in my element," I returned; "and mamma and nurse want quite as much looking after in this as in the other matter. They are too apt, in the pride of their hearts, to make Sir Lancelot walk before he can stand; and when he *can* use his legs, will not give him verge enough to ply them in."

'"What is to be done for him?"

'"Oh, after the due dandling and rocking of first infancy, give him a clear stage to roll in: he will find his own legs when they are strong enough to bear him. Then let him romp as much as he likes; and roar too—a great part of children's fun, and of great service to the lungs. And that (beside the fresh air) is so great an advantage in sending children to play out-of-doors, they don't disturb the serious and nervous elders of the house, who ruin the health and spirits of thousands by 'Be quiet, child'—'Don't make such a noise, child,' &c."'

Our doctor thinks that young Sir Lancelot would be much better out-of-doors 'in the mud,' than shut up in a schoolroom or parlour; inasmuch as he would be making 'acquaintance with external nature—sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers, stones—so wholesome in themselves, and the rudiments of so many *ologies* for hereafter.' He recommends, moreover, an early intimacy with dogs and horses, 'whose virtues,' says he, 'he would do well to share.' But at the same time he is not insensible to the value of in-door training, or of the efficacies of personal restraint. A few of his sentences on this point may be worth pondering:—

'"He must also learn to submit himself to order—to *some* daily in-door restraint, silence, and task-work—all when he would be out of doors romping; only let there be but *a little* of such compulsion day by day."

'"And if he be refractory even against this gentle discipline?"

'"Then, if the withdrawal of confidence and love, and appealing to his faculty of shame and remorse, are not enough, a taste of the rod, the compendious symbol of might and right. Only, I am quite sure, as a general rule, it is better to lean to the extreme of indulgence than of severity: you at least get at *truth*, if ugly truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and faults that determine outwardly are

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far more likely to evaporate than when repressed to rankle within. Anyhow, the ugliest truth is better than the handsomest falsehood."

'To this Euphranor willingly assented; and after a time said, "Well, we have now got Sir Lancelot pretty fairly through his first septenniad."

'"And what sort of chap do you find him?" said I.

'"Nay, he is your child," answered Euphranor.

'"The very reason," said I, "why I should be glad of a neighbour's candid opinion about him. However, I will not say what he *is*, but only that I shall be content if he be a jolly little fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a clear eye, with just a little mischief in it at times: passionate perhaps, and (even with his sisters) apt to try right by might; but generous, easily pacified, easily repentant, and ready to confess his faults: rather rebellious against women's domination, and against all the wraps and gruels they force upon him; but fond of mother, and of good old nurse; glad to begin and end each day with a prayer and a little hymn at their knees: decidedly fonder of play than of books; rather too fond, it is supposed, of the stable, and of Will and Tom there; but submitting, after a little contest, to learn a little day by day from books, which lead his mind towards hope, affection, generosity, and piety."

'"So much for Sir Lancelot's first septenniad," said Euphranor. "And now for his second."'

From the course prescribed for the second septenniad, we can find space only for a few suggestions, which we think admirably well deserving of attention from all the parents and teachers in the universe.

'"There is magnetism in these things. Boys cannot learn of one who has nothing of the boy in him."

'"Ah, I remember," said Euphranor, "how good Dr Arnold insists on that;" and he quoted Arnold's beautiful image of the difference between drinking from a living spring and a stagnant pond. "And no doubt," he continued, "Skythrop's division of play and work pleases you as little as he himself does?—his twelve hours' work to two of recreation."

'I answered, "It only wants reversing."

'Euphranor looked incredulous, and I told him of a table I had lately seen made by a German physiologist, who, proposing to begin education at seven years old (and not a whit earlier), with but *one* hour's in-door study, keeps adding on an hour every year, so as, by fourteen years old, the boy studies eight hours out of the twenty-four.

'"Distinctions of age," Euphranor remarked, "which, ever so good, could not be made in schools."

'"They *were* made, however, in one school," I replied—"Fellenberg's—the best school, on the whole, that I have read of."

'"Ah, he agreed with you, I think," said Euphranor; "how much may be taught out of doors, and by wholesome experiment, in fresh air and exercise. Certainly a child may learn to love and obey parents, pastors, and masters, as well in-doors as out; nay, better, while owing to them the freedom and happiness he enjoys."

'"And God, too," said I, "while enjoying his fields, streams, and breezes, quite as much as when listening to Skythrops concerning the origin of evil in a stived-up room. For Skythrops hate fresh air and open windows, I am sure."

'Euphranor laughed. "And then," said I, "does not your Plato tell us that drills, marches, and other rhythmical out-of-door exercises, beside the good they do the body, unconsciously instil a sense of order and harmonious obedience into the soul?"

'"And now, too," Euphranor went on, "we may suppose Sir Lancelot's acquaintance with nature, having begun in love, will go on to knowledge, in the way of some of those *ologies* you talked about."

'"Not forgetting that most necessary geology, agriculture," said I, "eldest, healthiest, and most necessary of sciences, so loved and practised by the Roman gentlemen in the most heroic days of Rome."

'"And which Aristotle says rears up the best peasantry," said Euphranor; "whom, by the way, I suppose you would certainly have your English gentleman well acquainted with, especially if he be a landowner."

'"Ah, to be sure," said I; "we might have remembered before to bring him well acquainted with the poor—a lesson which children cannot learn too soon, which they will always learn gladly when taught, not by dry discourse, but by living experiment; especially in the sweet fields and clean country cottages."

'Here, however, Euphranor broke in, declaring how often he had heard me declaim against Skythropical tutors, who would not leave their victims alone even during their scanty play-hours, but must pursue them with exhortations still, and soil even the fair page of nature with their running commentaries.

'To which I answered, there was discretion in this as in other things; that no doubt children ought to have much time given up to the most unreasonable sport—to the most total rest of mind; that the real fault of the Skythropical sect was not so much combining instruction with recreation, but *unfit* instruction, which negatived all recreation—dry theory, whether of science or morals. Anyhow, I would much rather carry the experiments of the fields into the school-room, than the theories of the school-room into the fields.

'"We are agreed, however, to have *some* books and *some* in-door study," said Euphranor, smiling: "what shall they be?"

"Oh," said I, "the records of good and great men, following properly on those of great dogs and good horses we spoke of before; not theories of heroic virtue, but living examples of it—as found in our own histories, in translations from others, then in Cornelius Nepos, Livy, Cæsar, and so on to old Homer himself. For where is the schoolboy who does not side with Hector or Achilles, Greek or Trojan? Then there is Virgil, with his seedy Æneas, but lovely, vernal Georgics, welcome whether in school-room or field; and Ovid's stories of wonder."

'"Which Plato says is the father of philosophy," said Euphranor; "to which, I suppose, you will lead up Sir Lancelot in good time, though scarcely perhaps in his second septenniad. But, doctor, we have unawares got him into Latin and Greek, a thing only to be done by very hard work in grammar, in itself about as difficult a theory as may be. I am sure I now wonder at the jargon I had to learn and repeat when I was a boy, and only now, in happy hour, light upon the *reason* of the rules I repeated mechanically."

'"True," said I, "but you were only expected, I hope, to *use* them mechanically; ascertaining the different parts of speech, and then how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which relations you are guided by certain terminations of *us*, *a*, *um*, and *do*, *das*, *dat;* and so on, till you are able to put the scattered words together, and so ford through a sentence. And the repetition by heart of those rules fixed them in your mind, and was a proper exercise for your memory."

'"We must not forget arithmetic also," said Euphranor, "where, by the by, the rules are also used mechanically at the time, to be understood perhaps afterwards, just as those of grammar. Well, so much for Sir Lancelot's studies in his second septenniad; and now for his bodily exercises; I suppose they advance proportionably in labour and energy?"'

The bodily exercises recommended are principally those manly English sports and activities which are commonly cultivated in the ranks of life to which the imaginary Sir Lancelot is represented to belong. Our author holds that youth can 'only grow strong in body and soul by such exercises as carry *danger* along with them;' and he is quite unsparing in his contempt for

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all sorts of nervous caution and effeminacy. He hates a *milksop* as strongly as the British farmer hates a 'foreigner,' and has the true English admiration for pluck and manliness.

'All strong exercise,' says he, 'is more or less dangerous: in digging, rowing, running, we may sprain, strain, and rupture, if we do not break limbs. There is no end to finding out dangers if you look for them. . . . . And as for courage, which is the strength of soul I speak of, some men are born with it under a lucky star, and, the phrenologists say, under a good constellation of bumps. But even then it will require *exercise* to keep it in repair. But if men have it not naturally, how is it to be acquired except in the demand for it?—that is to say, in danger; and to be laid in in youth, while the mind is growing, and capable of nerving, so as to become a *habit* of the soul, and to act with the force and readiness of instinct? . . . . . For here comes the ancient difference between *resolving* and *doing*; which latter is what we want. Nay, you know, the habit of resolving without acting (as we do necessarily in facing dangers and trials, in books and in the closet), is worse for us than never resolving at all; inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connection between thought and deed. And then if this closet courage could certainly brace us up to any long-foreseen emergency, would it help us at any sudden pinch of accident, of which life is full, and for which our knight must assuredly be prepared? I mean, when there is no time to *make up our minds*, but the mind must act at once ready made.'

The habit which is called *presence of mind*, the author conceives, is best cultivated under circumstances of difficulty and danger; and he holds all the risks and consequences quite lightly. 'What, after all,' says he, 'is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, &c. that a boy goes through? Half-a-dozen boys are drowned, half-a-dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half-a-dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this little toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully, fitted for peace or war! If I have to do with Sir Lancelot, he shall take his chance, either to grow up a man fit to live, or to die honourably in striving towards it. And so I leave him at the end of his second septenniad.'

Here, too, we must leave him. We do not profess to have selected the best passages from the work, but only such as could be most easily detached; nor indeed do we think it possible to convey an adequate impression of its excellences by mere extracts at all. It ought to be read as a whole; for it is really (on a small scale) an artistic composition, and the beauty of its parts is naturally dependent upon the connection in which they stand respectively with each other—like the limbs and proportions of a statue, whose general attitude and expression are not recognisable from the mere workmanship of the disjointed members. The book, besides, will well repay perusal, and we believe that any one who may turn to it upon our recommendation will even thank us for bringing it under notice.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE relief and elevation which an infusion of literary society is calculated to give to a community mainly engaged in the pursuits of material industry, was strikingly shewn in Glasgow in the last century. The university then contained a remarkable cluster of eminent men, who seem to have mingled in an easy manner with the mercantile citizens. Most of them were what is called *characters*; that is, they had each something peculiar in dress, manner, or habits, which attracted general attention. Mixing freely with their fellow-citizens at the social board, in the club-room, or at the whist-table, their eccentricities became matter of familiar observation and daily talk with the rest of the community; and many, accordingly, were the anecdotes I heard of them in my early days.

By nothing, I think, had these *savans* been more generally characterised than by absence of mind. There was a certain clergyman named M'Laurin, who seems to have carried off the palm in this respect from his contemporaries. He was a brother of the celebrated mathematician of this name, and really, in his time and place, a man of eminence. So noted was he for the peculiarity in question, that I suspect some of the stories told of him must have been the invention of contemporary wags well acquainted with his failing. Of this kind I am inclined to think was the *story*—very current, however—of his having gone up on the street one day to a parishioner in humble life, who knew his minister well, and whom he addressed with the startling question, 'Thomas, is your name John?'

One evening, at the house of his son-in-law and biographer, Dr Gillies, when in profound meditation, he happened to see the word TEA inscribed in large characters on a canister placed on the sideboard. After looking at this mystical word for some time, without having the slightest idea of what it meant, he began to spell it audibly TEA—T-E-A; he then made a dissyllable of it—TE-A; but all to no purpose. At last, totally baffled, he turned to Dr Gillies—'John,' he said, 'what Greek word is that?'

Dr Gillies, himself a worthy divine, and well known in the Church of Scotland by his writings, seems to have been a person of much humour; at least we may infer as much from his literary contest with a singularly-gifted man, John Taylor, the poet and writing-master, well known in Glasgow at this period. The subject of contention was a poem to be addressed to 'Nonsense' (styled a goddess for the nonce), in which the indispensable condition was, that no one line should contain an intelligible idea. The prize proposed for the successful candidate was a *leaden crown*, which was to be adjudged by Dr Hamilton, then professor of anatomy at the university. The circumstances which led to this singular war of wits I have never heard, nor whether there were more candidates for the prize than the two I have mentioned. If there were, it is probable that they soon left the field. In adjudging the prize, Dr Hamilton said: 'That it would have been difficult for him to determine the case were it a mere question of ability; but on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something *like an idea* in one of Dr Gillies's lines; but that Mr Taylor's verses were totally free from any such imputation.' Mr Taylor was accordingly crowned with due solemnity.

As I believe the poem was never printed, although it made much noise at the time, the following ample extracts will, it is hoped, be interesting. In reading these verses it must be recollected that their chief merit consists in their being *downright nonsense*—a species of writing which, however he may fall into it unconsciously, any one who sets himself seriously to make the attempt will find it difficult to imitate. The 'Invocation,' which is the only *sensible* part of the poem, is, I think, exceedingly happy:—

INVOCATION.

Nonsense! I at thine altar bend,
Imploring thou wouldst condescend
To be my faithful teacher;
Whilst I, in Pindar's lofty strain,
Attempt a precious crown to gain,
And foil a learned preacher.

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If I'm victorious by thine aid,
With grateful heart, umbrageous maid!
The gift I'll long acknowledge:
No future favours I'll desire,
And ere the dawn, thou may'st retire
To thine own seat—THE COLLEGE.

Gillies! pear of apple pine,
Rock of gruel, all divine!
Hear thy praise by Pluto's ghost,
Beaming in the eye of Frost.
Lo! as starting from his bier,
Aaron's beard inclines to hear;
See! like hairs of forky wine,
The frisky Nine,
All barking like the river Thames;
The flinty smoke to water brays,
And straight obeys
Whate'er the hand of Gillies dreams.

Great man grammatic! at his nod
The very frogs admire,
When stylic, with a water-rod,
He squeezes Clyde to fire.

Gillies, up! when he is down,
Trip it till ye fire the moon;
And with a bold range like the mire of Apollo,
Strip Absence from Candour, and spin us a solo.
Then down in clouds of solid gold
The rays of Silence come,
And gently with their strains enfold
The fat of Charters' drum.
And Gillies with lilies,
And lilies with fillies,
Again
and
Then.

Mount on the fervid wheels of rapid Lore,
And emulous surprise the flying Tree,
To melt the days, and tire the breathing store,
Of what ne'er was, and what shall ever be!

When lilies, walking in the vale,
Consolidate to melted hail,
Then Gillies, at the lightning's sound,
Sets mountains in a pile,
And bids the solid sea rebound
Like smoke of icy guile.
And all the while before,
They candidly implore
Old men and maidens new
To sin the black, and shame the blue.

Bulls of Bashan! with your horns
Pare the nails of Moses' corns;
Bats with wings of goose's quill,
Gild the stones of Cooper's Hill.
While preaching the wounding of old Simon Magus,
To sulphur he blows up the dry river Tagus,
And Clyde on the back of a carpet of Latin,
Is borne up the hill that for Greek is awaiting.

Up starts Methuselah in prose—
Lo! through the hills behold his nose,
Which knows no size at all!
But on it sits the song of praise,
And all its sweetly-swelling rays,
In tears before it fall.

While Bacon stars on hills of care,
Immensity in flaggons bear.

Mr Taylor, whose good-humour was proverbial, was sometimes applied to by the youth of the city for amatory verses, to be sent to their sweethearts, which he gave with great readiness. A love-sick swain, the son of a grocer in the High Street, had received several effusions of this sort, and was desirous for more. Mr Taylor, to get rid of him, sent in a regular *Dr.* and *Cr.* account to the father, made out in his own beautiful handwriting, charging the son for 'Acrostics on Miss ——, so much;' 'for Panegyrics on Miss ——, so much,' &c. The account was delivered to the father, who, glancing at it through his spectacles, read, 'Crossticks and Fenugreeks. We dinna deal in dyestuffs here, lad,' he said; 'try the neist shop!'

Taylor was an eccentric genius through life, and it appeared that he was not even destined to be buried like ordinary mortals. As he was universally known and esteemed, his funeral was attended by the most respectable inhabitants; but on coming to the North-West Churchyard, where he was to be interred, it was found that his nephew had forgot to secure a burying-place. The late Mr Kirkman Finlay, a distant relative of Mr Taylor, was fortunately present, and, with that promptitude which always distinguished him, immediately ordered room to be made for the coffin in his own burying-ground in this churchyard. Next day the following verses were circulated, and were afterwards attributed to the pen of James Grahame, the amiable author of 'The Sabbath:'—

'When the corpse of John Taylor approached the churchyard,
Mother Earth would not open her portal;
For why? She had heard so much said of the bard,
She verily thought him immortal!'

Amongst the literary *absentees* or day-dreamers in Glasgow at this time, was the illustrious Adam Smith, professor of moral philosophy in the college. Dr Smith, it is well known, had a habit of speaking aloud to himself. In the latter years of his abode in Glasgow he took a daily ride on horseback for the benefit of his health; and in one of his monologues, he was overheard to say, checking his horse at the same time, 'Stop, let us see what this will lead to.' He then remained immovable for some time, apparently pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and totally unconscious of all that was passing around him.

A late professor at the university told me, that when sitting in his place among the professors on Sunday, opposite the preacher in the fore-hall, Dr Smith was occasionally seen to smile during the discourse. This behaviour was never imputed to any irreverence on the doctor's part. His habits were well known, and his thoughts, it was supposed, were 'far, far at sea.'*

One of the most distinguished of the brilliant circle of literati in Glasgow at this time was Dr Robert Simson, the professor of mathematics in the university. This excellent person was also subject to occasional fits of absence in company, which, as his biographer, Dr Trail, informs us, 'contributed to the entertainment of his friends, without diminishing their affection and respect.'

'The doctor,' continues the same writer, 'in his disposition was both cheerful and social; and his conversation, when at ease among his friends, was animated and various, enriched with much anecdote, especially of the literary kind, but always unaffected. One evening in the week he devoted to a club, chiefly of his own selection, which met in a tavern near the college. The first part of the evening was employed in playing the game of whist, of which he was particularly fond; but though he took no small trouble in estimating chances, it was remarked that he was often unsuccessful. The rest of the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, and as he had some taste for

* In a copy of Bacon's Essays, which we once encountered in an auction-room, and which bore the name of Adam Smith as owner of the book, the following note, apparently in his handwriting, appeared at the close of the dedication:—'In the preface, what may by some be thought vanity, is only that laudable and innate confidence that every good man and good writer possesses.' —ED.

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music, he did not scruple to amuse his party with a song; and it is said that he was rather fond of singing some Greek odes, to which modern music had been adapted. On Saturdays he usually dined in the village of Anderston, then about a mile distant from Glasgow, with some of the members of his regular club, and with a variety of other respectable visitors, who wished to cultivate the acquaintance and enjoy the society of so eminent a person. In the progress of time, from his age and character, it became the wish of his company that everything in these meetings should be directed by him; and though his authority, growing with his years, was somewhat absolute, yet the good-humour with which it was administered rendered it pleasing to everybody. He had his own chair and place at table; he gave instructions about the entertainment, regulated the time of breaking up, and adjusted the expense. These parties, in the years of his severe study, were a desirable and useful relaxation to his mind; and they continued to amuse him till within a few months of his death. Strict integrity and private worth, with corresponding purity of morals, gave the highest value to a character which, from other qualities and attainments, was much respected and esteemed.'*

Any anecdotes which I have heard of Dr Simson authenticate the above interesting picture of this eminent person's hours of relaxation. A late professor of astronomy in the university told me that a friend of Dr Simson's, meeting him one Saturday when he was literally *pacing* his way to his accustomed inn in the village of Anderston, stopped to ask after his health. 'Stay,' said the mathematician; 'put your foot here, sir' (pointing to the spot where his progress had been arrested)—'1260! Now, sir, what have you to say?'

The portrait of Dr Simson in the Faculty Hall represents him as a goodly person, of a fair complexion, and very pleasing expression of features. From the dress and general appearance, it might readily be mistaken for the picture of a country gentleman of the period, instead of one of the most profound mathematicians in Europe.

[We may here interpolate an anecdote of Dr Simson, which we have heard in academical society in Glasgow. The amiable mathematician had had a protracted session in the club one evening, but at length he and an associate proceeded on their way home through the college courts. 'Simson,' said his companion impressively, 'here is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Can you in any way account for it? I declare the moon is rising in the west instead of the east!' 'Poh, poh, never mind her,' said Simson, 'she has always been a queer jade' (the actual expression was somewhat stronger than this)—'let her take her own way.']

Turn we now to another member of this literary society—a man of true genius, and in his mathematical attainments second only to Dr Simson himself, but in his habits of life how widely different!

Dr James Moor, the professor of Greek in the university, was the son of a teacher in Glasgow. It is related of the father that, being deeply enamoured of Newton's 'Principia,' and not having wherewithal to purchase a copy, he transcribed the whole of the book with his own hand—like Fielding's Parson Adams with his Æschylus. Young Moor, under his father's tuition, became an excellent mathematician, and carried off the first honours of the university, where he seems at an early period to have attracted the favourable notice of Dr Simson. After he had finished the usual college curriculum, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Boyd, son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This young nobleman, it will be recollected, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the earldom of Errol, and was the same who was so much admired as the 'handsome Earl of Errol' at the coronation of George III. Moor was afterwards tutor to Lord Selkirk, who, as Lord Rector of the university, became his warm patron in afterlife. With both these young noblemen he travelled a good deal on the continent. His titled pupils procured him access to the first society in Europe, which must have improved his knowledge of men and manners. Yet it is to be feared that in this situation he imbibed tastes which were incompatible with his future independence.

On his return home, Mr Moor was appointed librarian to the college; and in a few years afterwards, was enabled, by the liberality of Lord Selkirk, who advanced L.600 for the purpose, to secure the successorship to the Greek chair on the resignation of the then incumbent. As Greek professor, Moor might have lived happy and independent; but his habits were irregular, his expenses exceeded his income, and he soon experienced the discomforts of debt. The following anecdote, which was told me by a literary friend well acquainted with the private history of Dr Moor, marks at once the character of the man, and shews the difficulties to which he was sometimes reduced. Two satellites of the law, who had been making a vain search for the doctor in his chambers in the college court, were leaving the place in despair of finding him, when Moor, emerging from his concealment in the garret, bawled out, 'Where should you look for a *Greek* professor but in the *Attic* storey?'

Dr Moor took a warm interest in the publication of the Greek and Latin classics at the Glasgow press by his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Foulis—the beauty and accuracy of which extended the fame of the printer throughout Europe. In particular, Dr Moor and his colleague, Professor Moorhead, superintended the printing of the famous Glasgow Homer, in four volumes folio; a work of which Gibbon speaks in terms of the highest admiration. Never was book edited with more care. In the preface to the 'Iliad,' which was probably written by Dr Moor, although subscribed by both editors, we are informed that every proof-sheet was read over *six* times: twice by the ordinary corrector of the press, once by Andrew Foulis, once by each of the editors separately, and finally by both conjointly. But this was not all. I was informed by Mr Reekie, the favourite pupil of Dr Moor, and who afterwards became possessed of some of his most valuable books and manuscripts, that the types of this edition, as they were cast by Mr Wilson, were regularly submitted to Dr Moor, and if he were anyway displeased with the matrices, they were immediately thrown into the fire. It is greatly to be lamented that the magnificent edition of Plato projected by Foulis, to which Dr Moor had consented to become editor, and for which he had collected many valuable materials, was not carried into execution, in consequence of the firm of Messrs Foulis having fallen into difficulties.

* Account of the Life and Writings of Robert Simson, M.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. William Trail, LL.D. &c. Pp. 75-77.

CHEAP COTTAGES.

In the 'Cottage Gardener,' a useful little periodical published in London, a statement occurs respecting a plan for building a cheap class of cottages in rural districts, provided there is a supply of tenacious clay. The following description is given of a cottage at Enville, near Ongar, in Essex, which was built by its proprietor, Mr Clay, assisted by a skilful farm-labourer, and cost only L.10:—'It is a building, three rooms in length, erected at the corner of a meadow, on a spare nook which could not well be turned to any other profitable purpose; and it is a leading feature in it, that, with the exception of the deal-boards for the doors and the glass for the windows, the whole of the materials have been produced on

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the farm. The walls are built of "clay lumps"—that is, clay worked in the same manner as for bricks, moulded into lumps twenty inches long, seven deep, and ten wide, and well dried in the sun in the heat of summer. These are laid with the same material, just as if building with bricks and mortar, and when plastered over on both sides, and thoroughly dried, form a wall exceedingly hard and firm, which no cold or damp can penetrate. The roof is shaped with poles cut from a wood on the farm, the place of thatch laths being supplied with straight sticks; over this an excellent coating of thatch is neatly laid, and the inside is plastered and whitewashed. The windows, which are of ample size for a cottage, are formed of large panes, a bar passing down the centre; and the transverse supports of the glass are of lead, so that the expense of a regular window-frame is saved; and, as a further proof of the extent to which economy is carried, the door is made folding, and the half being thus light, swings on gudgeons, by which the outlay for hinges is spared. The floor is composed of a sort of concrete, made of the brick earth and fine sand; and the chimney, which contains a cosy enclosed corner for the labourer at night, is built of clay lumps. An extra window in the shape of a cross, studded with fragments of coloured glass, has been introduced by the taste of the architect into the end of the bedroom, and answers the double purpose of furnishing light and ornament. The whole length of the building is 32 ft.; width, 12 ft.; height of walls inside, about 8 ft.; and to the canopy of the roof, 11 ft. The size of the keeping-room is 10 ft. by 12 ft.; bedroom, 11 ft. by 10 ft.; kitchen, 9 ft. by 10 ft. We come now to the actual cost. The following were the figures furnished to us, and which we tested by the statements of the man by whom the work was done. Making 300 clay lumps, at 3s. 6d. per 100, L.1, 8s.; laying do., at 2s. 6d. per 100, L.1; thatching, L.1, 16s.; glass for windows, 6s. 6d.; glazing and putty, 5s.; wood for doors, and making doors and window-frames, L.1, 1s.; rough wood for rafters and thatching laths, 10s.; nails, and forming roof, 12s.; claying inside, and whitewashing, L.1; chimney-pots, &c. 12s.; making a total of L.8, 10s. 6d. Thus it will be seen that Mr Clay, unlike most architects, has completed his building for less than the estimate; and we think if the L.1, 9s. 6d. were laid out in providing some other material for the floor—for the idea of a clay bottom does not strike us very pleasantly—it would remedy the only thing about the cottage we are disposed to find fault with. The house was furnished and occupied when we visited it, being let, we believe, to a person on the farm at fourpence a week, which yields good interest for the outlay; and Mr Clay assured us he could readily let it, if disposed, at 45s. per annum. Of course the idea may be amplified, and a cottage with the same materials built for a labourer having a family at a proportionate increase of cost.'

'BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.'

The destruction caused by the Fire of London, A. D. 1666, during which some 13,200 houses, &c. were burned down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very sites occupied by buildings, previously to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed, and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city, until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for from legal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land-surveyors of that day—men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which mere delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr Hook and Mr Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying above quoted, usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty. The above anecdote was told the other evening by an old citizen upwards of eighty, by no means of an imaginative temperament.—*Notes and Queries.*

PARADISE MUSIC.

On the dreary winter nights, 'tis said that whisperings wild and sweet
Are borne aloft on the wailing winds, some watcher's ear to greet:
When the opening gates of paradise receive a soul to rest,
This strain of angel-song escapes from the mansions of the blest;
And the dulcet music floateth down, transient as young love's day,
And onward dim re-echoing, dies through boundless space away.

There's a haunting music, too, which comes from memory's golden land,
When loved and lost in shadowy train revisit the radiant strand;
And fond affection's thrilling tones, with remembered pathos seem
To shed o'er a void reality the peace of some happy dream.
When ocean billows are surging round, the mariner's thought doth cling
To a home where flowers of summer bloom, and birds for ever sing.

Oh! welcome as dew to the tender herb when day is set in night,
These beautiful, fleeting, mystic strains from regions of bliss and light!
We, too, must rapidly pass away; and is not the longest life,
Compared with dread eternity, a moment of pain and strife?
So let us live, that in youth or age the paradise gates may be,
On the wintry night or the sunny day, opened for thee and me!

C. A. M. W.

MOULTING OF THE CANARY.

When a canary 'moults'—which is generally in July or August, according to the heat of the weather—all you need do is, to keep him quiet and free from draughts. Being a cheerful, lively bird, there is no need to have him covered up, but do not let him be unduly excited. Give him a very small quantity of raw beef, scraped, and moistened with cold water, once a week; occasionally, a little yolk of hard-boiled egg; and now and then a piece of sponge-cake, and ripe chickweed in full flower. Nature will do the rest, and present your pet with a handsome new coat, that will keep him 'spruce,' and last him a full year. Mind and trim his claws when they are too long. Use sharp scissors always; a knife never. In handling him, let him lie as passive as possible; so that your hand may not press unduly on any part of his little body. After the first operation, he will understand all about it, and cheerfully submit to be so 'trimmed.'—*William Kidd in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

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OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

I DO not know how it might have been with the men of old; but certainly now-a-days the celebrated *otium cum dignitate*, or state of dignified ease, is not in its full sense attainable; that is to say, there may be such a reward to human merits as dignity, but assuredly there is now no such thing as ease. I was once amongst those who look up to the rich as people living in luxurious exemption from all work and all sacrifice; but a nearer observation of their condition has shewn me under what a delusion I laboured. The history of a day in the life of a well-off gentleman will be perhaps the best means of expounding the case of those who are supposed to be enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. It only must be supposed, beforehand, that the individual in question is one endued with the average amount of the natural feelings—humanity, love of approbation, and sense of duty in particular—for of course it is possible to be a miser, or a scrub, or a snob, and live entirely for one's self; but then this would be no fair instance.

Our gentleman of wealth and influence lives for the most part of the year in a good house in a firstrate quarter in one of the principal cities of the empire. One of the first of his troubles is the management of a large establishment, amounting almost to a business in itself. As this, however, is a voluntarily-incurred trouble, I lay it out of view. The gentleman has breakfasted, read his newspaper, and retired to his library with the letters of the morning. He finds in the first place that, besides epistles on his own affairs, easily despatched, he has received three or four from various strangers, making polite demands on his good-nature for information, or for help towards some public object, or requiring him to enter into association with some person or party, in order to help out some view or interest in which he is supposed to have a sentimental participation. Very likely, he is called upon to take a concern in a testimonial to some meritorious individual who has contrived to get so far successfully and harmlessly through life, or who has been efficient in some department of honorary public service. Or it may be that some such person, recently deceased, is thought worthy of a monument, for which, in like manner, interest and aid are demanded. All these matters require thought and decision, and even to write the answers to the letters requires a couple of hours. Whilst he is so engaged, his servant enters with a subscription-book, which has been handed in at the door. An hospital, a dispensary, a deaf and dumb institution, or a house of refuge for the destitute, expects his annual contribution. He might give nothing, some one will say. True; but we have supposed him to be a person under a sense of his duty to society. He knows there is misery, and that he ought, under the compulsion of certain sacred principles, to aid in relieving it. Some sacrifice of self must therefore be made. The subscription-book has scarcely been gone a quarter of an hour, when a bustling gentleman is shewn in, who salutes himself with a most suspicious profusion of politeness, and quickly reveals to him that a portrait of some philanthropic person, with whom he has been in some way associated, is about to be published; and for this his name is most earnestly desired, not so much as a mere unit in the subscription, as in the light of a recommendation of the thing to others, or to the public at large. What can our unfortunate gentleman of wealth and influence do but give his three guineas for an India-paper proof of this said counterfeit presentment of genuine philanthropy? It is more than he can well afford: he has no wish to possess such a portrait; but then he is, as you already know, a man of obliging disposition, who does not like to give pain or offence; and so the subscription is inevitable.

Thus ground is broken for the day. It is by no means certain that the attacks of this forenoon are to be in behalf of charitable institutions or philanthropic portraits. The sympathies of a gentleman of wealth and influence are expected to soar far above and beyond the limits of locality, of party, of sect, and of personal concerns. The English residents at Boulogne are anxious to establish a school for English children: an emissary wanders over England to gather subscriptions. A mechanics' institution in Cornwall wishes to get up a library: the secretary writes to every person who is supposed to feel an interest in the illumination of the popular mind, requesting aid. A group of well-meaning gentlemen are devoting themselves to the conversion of the peasantry of the county of Mayo to Protestantism, and all that is wanted is—funds. Capital things all of them; but, alas for the gentleman of wealth and influence, that money from him should be so essential a prerequisite! It seems to him strange that that beautiful thing called learning should be so often treated as an article to be supplied by charity, while its recipients never hesitate to pay their own money for tea, sugar, clothes, the staff of life, the baculum of destruction, or any other tangible article of necessity or indulgence. It surprises him, perhaps, that persons living so far away should have contrived to find their way to him. No matter; there they are. He has here, as in other cases, good feelings operating upon him. He would fain make some concession to demands resting on such worthy grounds. The probability there-

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fore is, that out of several such attacks, occurring in the course of a few days, he yields to one, if not more, inferring a certain by no means inconsiderable addition to that outlay for things in which he has no personal concern, which, as we are endeavouring to shew, so greatly distinguishes the life of a gentleman of rank and influence.

Our victim has also visitors who beg on their own account. A neat, clean-looking, but plainly-dressed person is shewn in. It is a case of personal distress—no mistake or deception whatever about it. Irresistible certificates are produced to substantiate great misfortunes and great needs. A subscription-paper shews the names of scores of respectable persons who have given their mites of relief. The gentleman of rank and influence—being also, it will be remembered, a gentleman of bowels—feels for this as for every case of human wo. He has been sorely taxed to-day already, and his means, after all, are definite. But, on the other hand, he bethinks him of his own comfortable appliances of all kinds in contrast with the desolation of the applicant. He feels that he cannot enjoy the good gifts of Providence if he does not make some sacrifice to such a claim; and he gives accordingly, though sensible that he can ill spare it. It will be well for him if this case be the only one of the kind which comes before him ere his morning hours are closed; and it will be well if all the cases which so appear are of equally assured good character. But the probability is, that he is assailed by one or more persons of doubtful, or worse than doubtful pretensions, who nevertheless by fair appearances, by volubility, and by observing the rules of good-manners, make it almost impossible for him to refuse some degree of aid, unless he could bring himself to that which is perhaps the most impossible of all things with him—downright rudeness. In such cases, it becomes a matter of simple calculation, whether to give a moderate sum, and so save his own equanimity; or come to a refusal, which cannot be executed without such a breach of civility as will leave him in a ruffled, distressed, and degraded state of mind for the day. To this system of convention the polite mendicants are in no small degree indebted, and well do they know it.

Now let it not be supposed that we are here aggregating in the view of one forenoon's sacrifices the transactions of a week or a month. Let it not be supposed that such applicants are single spies coming now and then. In the case of a gentleman at all conspicuous in society, and who is reputed to have anything beyond what is required for his own pressing needs, no day will pass without one or more such applications. The most incredulous may satisfy himself of the fact by a walk any forenoon through the best streets of any of our large cities. He will never fail to see such applicants as I have described walking or sauntering about, looking at door-plates, and making inquiries of porters. Greasy square books for charitable subscriptions, portfolios containing subscription prints, and the unmistakable ensigns of petitionary poverty, are sure to meet the eye every two hundred yards. The genteelly and legitimately Mendicant are an army, and every good quarter of every town may be regarded as a place standing a continual siege. It is no unfair estimate, that one-half of the soundings of knockers and bells at the better class of houses are from persons wishing to make some demand upon the charity or good-nature of the inmates.

Usually, after spending a few hours of the morning at home, the gentleman of wealth and influence has to go to his club, or to make a few calls, or take a little exercise for the benefit of health. Not unlikely, he has to pay his respects to some stranger who has brought him a letter of introduction, and to whom he is expected to pay attentions. Or, it may be, that he has to attend in an official capacity at a public institution, or to call at another, in order to make favour for some poor dependant who has claims upon it. Or he may have been induced to undertake the chairmanship of a public meeting for a benevolent purpose, where a group of well-meaning people meet to express their opinion on some abuse or misery of the day, which, from the hour of their parting, they never more think of. Perhaps his countenance and word are required at the meeting of some printing club, or other literary or scientific association, with which one of his various tastes has connected him. If he has allowed himself to be at all accessible to such demands upon his time and patience, scarcely a day will pass without one of some kind, although his inclinations would lead him far away from all such demonstrations and all such labours. Even as he walks the streets, it will be ten to one against his passing over half a mile without meeting some person who was just wishing to see him, in order to ascertain what he could do for such a person, or such an object, or to learn his views regarding such a matter, previous to the intended meeting, where of course he would give his assistance. In a single hour of the open air, while innocently seeing after some little business of his own, or merely walking for the sake of recreation, he will find himself involved in affairs quite external and indifferent to himself, inferring the writing of half-a-dozen letters, and a burdening of his mind for several days to come. He cannot even look over an exhibition of pictures, or attend the exhibition of some prodigy that has come to town without encountering diversions of this kind. The worst of it is, that he feels how ineffective are all his exertions for the ends proposed to him. The notion entertained of both his wealth and his influence is an exaggeration. The one lags miles behind the requirements made upon it, and the other meets so many contrary tides from other Christians of his own kidney, as to be nearly neutralised. His very good-will towards the objects put before him is a source of vexation to him, in the continual sense which he has of the incompetency of his means and powers, and the disappointment which he is thus obliged to inflict on others.

The latter part of the day is no improvement upon the earlier, for it is not any more at his own disposal. We shall suppose that he has strangers to entertain at dinner. They may prove agreeable companions, but it is quite as likely they may not. Probably their sympathies and interests lie far apart from his; yet he has to enter into these, as if they were matters which feelingly concerned him. Almost all introduced people, excepting those who travel merely for pleasure, have some engrossing purpose or object to be advanced by all possible means, and which gives a turn of egotism to their conversation. Our gentleman of rank and influence has to bear the brunt of this for hours, with little intermission of miscellaneous discourse, and little opportunity of expressing his own feelings or opinions; so that at the departure of his visitor, he is apt to feel as if his ears and understanding had been enduring some strange battering process, from which nothing but time and repose can recover him.

Perhaps the afternoon of our victim is to be devoted to miscellaneous company, of that kind which is not selected by choice or through community of feeling, but which merely comes in one's way through the various indescribable relations of society. The host has little free volition in these matters. He has only to choose between being an eccentric recluse, and taking his part in scenes which do not much interest him. He has not even a choice in the style of entertainment, for that is marked out and determined for him by the conventionalities of the world judging under a sense of what he can or ought to be able to afford. And how often do all his best-meant efforts to promote social pleasure amongst friends as well as strangers, fail through the merest accidents giving them an insuperable air of stiffness or

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dulness! Seged, emperor of Ethiopia, who decreed a week of happiness to his court, with what results the student of old Sam Johnson will not need to be informed of, was but a type of the disappointments encountered in this way by the unfortunate person immediately under our attention.

It appears, in short, that for a gentleman of tolerably good feeling towards his fellow-creatures who has attained the envied *otium cum dignitate*, there is no such thing as ease. An independency has no independency. A competency for one's self is only the mark of a state of panting incompetency towards others. A man is no sooner satisfied, than he falls into a state of deeper dissatisfaction. Oh, human life, where are thy joys? Oh man, ever *to be* blest! There is an alternative—selfish exclusiveness; but is that an improvement of the case? No; there does seem to be no refuge for the fortunate holders of prizes in this strange, turbulent lottery, from the fresh duties and burdens which that very prize-holding imposes. The wants of others become the measure of our work whenever our own wants are satisfied. Fortune's minions have to become Providence's missionaries. It is very curious thus to observe that those efforts which a man makes for the securing of something comfortable to himself, tend, if he be a person of ordinary natural feelings, to bring him only into a position where he will find that he lives scarcely at all for himself, but almost entirely for others. It is to be hoped that there are few who, however they may be sensible of the ludicrous aspect of the thing, submit to it with a grudge or a sense of hardship. Most, we believe, see in it an indispensable compensation to the large class who, whether from inferior natural endowment or the accidents of fortune, have not come so well off in the *mêlée* of the world. On the other hand, it would be well for the less fortunate to be aware of the penalty which rests on those whom they are accustomed to regard as luxuriating in calm repose and incessant enjoyment. Did they see matters a little more closely, they would wonder at the sacrifices of means, time, trouble, and feelings, which the more fortunate men of the earth have to be constantly making for their fellow-creatures, and the very small balance of truly independent, easy, happy existence which remains over for themselves. As correlative to this observation, they would resist many of the invidious and jealous feelings which are apt to beset them, and remain much more contented than they usually are with their own lot.

PREHISTORIC ANNALS.

The last forty years have seen a wonderful addition made by geology to the history of the earth. We have thus been told how, during a long succession of ages, the face of the globe came to be gradually peopled by tribes of the inferior animals, and that in a kind of order generally conforming to their place in the scale of being, while as yet man and his many devices had not any existence. The evidence lies in the fossil organic remains deposited liberally in the various sedimentarily-formed strata, and in the ascertained order of those strata in point of antiquity. While geology has been thus accomplishing its wonderful triumphs, society in general has been little aware that a set of men have been seeking, by investigations of a similar nature, and conducted in a similar spirit, to ascertain the particulars of that part of the history of the earth which lies between the origin of the human race and the commencement of written history. These men are the Scientific Antiquaries—a group of men very different from the collectors of *nick-nackets*, who used to possess the name in former times. The school took its rise in Denmark, and has only of late spread to England and other countries.

The scientific antiquary may be defined as a geologist whose subject of investigation is confined to the latest alluvial formations, and other parts near or upon the surface. He seeks for the crania and other bodily remains of the earliest inhabitants of the earth; he gathers and classifies the works of their hands, and other monuments which they have left behind them. From the whole he constructs a detail, perfectly clear as far as it goes, of the succession of races, and their advance in the arts of life, in the countries to which his investigations refer. In this manner a considerable part of Europe has been examined, and the result is certainly of deep interest. History, we may remind the reader, tells us of no age when men had not the use of iron. Even the Britons were thus far advanced when, about the commencement of our era, the Romans broke in upon them. But we now learn from the scientific antiquary that, in the British islands, as well as in most of the countries of the north and west of Europe, there were before that time two distinct and long-extending epochs, during which men were advancing from a ruder and simpler state of things. In the first, metals were not in use: men made weapons, tools, and ornaments, of stone, flint, horn, and bone, as the Polynesian islanders and other savage people of the earth are now doing. The crania found in tombs where such relics are disposed are of a mean type. This is called by antiquaries the *Stone Period*. Rude as are the materials used, much labour and ingenuity appears to have been expended. The chipping of a small flint arrow-head must have required the greatest nicety of manipulation, and no small amount of time. The polishing of stone axes and hatchets, and the drilling of holes in them for the insertion of handles, must have also been laborious undertakings. We might wonder at the trouble taken for such purposes, did we not remember that in primitive society time and labour are of little value. After this stage of society had endured a long time, and undergone some minor mutations, a higher one supervenes, apparently by the incoming of a new race of people. These people knew the use of metals; they had weapons and tools of cast bronze, and ornaments of gold. From the predominance of the former metal, antiquaries call this the *Bronze Period*. This also lasted a long time, and underwent many mutations. It is reasonably argued that the people who brought in and used bronze instruments were a small-bodied people, because their swords are little larger than good-sized daggers, and the handle is only fitted for the hand of a woman or child of our age. Now both of these periods had come and gone before the commencement of our written history. The general effect is to give us the idea of a much longer existence for nations than we previously had—a result, it may be remarked, conformable to that long extension of the pre-Adamite history of the earth which we owe to geology.

The first effort that we are aware of to give, from the appropriate materials, a generalised view of the history of our island during the ages antecedent to written annals, is now before us in a beautiful volume, of which the title is quoted below.* We are happy to say that it is a book of extraordinary merit in many respects; particularly in the lucidity of its scientific combinations and inductions, the charm of its style, and the perfect fidelity of its many pictorial illustrations. The subject specially referred to is Scotland; but the book may be said to apply nearly as well to both England and Ireland. To the bulk of the community, who are not aware of the proceedings of the Society of Northern Antiquaries, or of the magnificent museum of antiquities at Copenhagen, the whole matter

* The Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland. By Daniel Wilson, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1851. (Royal 8vo, pp. 714, with 201 wood engravings.)

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will be a revelation of the most impressive and interesting kind. The objects presented to view certainly are not so stupendous as the antiquities of Egypt and Nineveh; but many of them cannot be considered as less ancient, and they have the superior attraction of a reference to the early history of our own ancestors.

Where so large a subject has to be reviewed within such limited space, it is best perhaps to concentrate attention upon a few points of particular interest. The most ancient class of tombs in our country are those commonly called in Scotland and Ireland *cromlechs*, hitherto supposed to be Druidical altars. Two or more stones of huge size are brought together, and over these is laid one perhaps still larger, so as to leave a space below or within, and here the body was deposited. We lately visited a cromlech, called the *Auld Wives' Lift*, which exists on the brow of a low moorish hill near Craigmadden in Stirlingshire. A block of basalt, measuring 18 feet by 11, and 7 in thickness, reposes on two of inferior size, leaving only a narrow triangular space. One views with amazement a mechanical arrangement demanding so much power, and wonders how such a piece of work could be effected in a barbarous age! In many instances, these clusters of blocks are surrounded by others standing on end in a circle—those circles which are so often described as Druidical temples. We know that they are sepulchres of the Stone Period, from the articles usually found beside the body, in those rare instances where they have been left undisturbed. The antiquity is so vast, that all recollection of the original purpose of the cromlech had died out; and we may surmise from a curious reason, that this had taken place at a period which to us may well appear remote. The name is from the Gaelic *cromach*, a roof or vault, and *clach* or *lech*, a stone. Thus we see it bears no reference to sepulture, which the original term applied by the constructors must undoubtedly have done. It is simply the descriptive term, which a new people ignorant of the original purpose would apply. Yet that new people must have been the Celts, the earliest occupants of our country of whom we have any knowledge from written history.

Mr Wilson gives a curious and lively account of the remains of the dwellings of the early inhabitants of Scotland, without, however, shewing direct evidence for their being of the Stone Period, though he places them under that section of his work. The climate had forced the British barbarian to dig into the earth for comfort. Wiltshire yet shews remains of pit-dwellings; in Scotland they are of frequent occurrence. 'Within a few miles of Aberdeen are still seen the remains of what seem to be the remains of a large group or township of such dwellings. They consist of some hundreds of circular walls of two or three feet high, and from twelve to twenty feet in diameter. On digging within the area, masses of charred wood or ashes, mingled with fragments of decayed bones and vegetable matter, are generally found; and their site is frequently discernible on the brown heath, or the gray slope of the hill-side, from the richer growth and brighter green of the grass.' The *body* of the house seems, in these cases, to be in the earth, while only the covering was exposed to the outer air. Strange to say, in St Kilda, the remotest of the Hebrides, the peasantry still live in such semi-subterranean houses, as if to represent in this respect the very earliest stage of society in these islands.

Another and advanced class of ancient dwellings are distinguished in Scotland by the name of *weems*, signifying caves; and these are wholly subterranean. They abound in the upper parts of Aberdeenshire, near the spot chosen by modern royalty for its autumnal retreat. 'In general,' says Mr Wilson, 'no external indication affords the slightest clue to their discovery. To the common observer, the dry level heath or moor under which they lie presents no appearance of having ever been disturbed by the hand of man; and he may traverse the waste until every natural feature has become familiar to his eye, without suspecting that underneath his very feet lie the dwellings and domestic utensils of remote antiquity.

'The Aberdeenshire weems are constructed of huge masses of granite, frequently above six feet in length; and though by no means uniform either in internal shape or dimensions, a general style of construction prevails throughout the whole. Some of them have been found upwards of thirty feet long, and from eight to nine feet wide. The walls are made to converge towards the top, and the whole is roofed in by means of the primitive substitute for the arch which characterises the cyclopean structures of infant Greece, and the vast temples and palaces of Mexico and Yucatan. The huge stones overlap each other in succession, until the intervening space is sufficiently reduced to admit of the vault being completed by a single block extending from side to side. They have not infrequently smaller chambers attached to them, generally approached by passages not above three feet in height; and it affords a curious evidence of the want of efficient tools in the builders of these subterranean structures, that where these side apartments are only separated from the main chamber by the thickness of the wall, the stones, though placed flush with the walls of the latter, project irregularly into the small cells, giving them a singularly unshapely and ragged appearance.' 'The entrance to such of these subterranean dwellings as have been found sufficiently perfect to afford indications of their original character, appears to have generally been by a slanting doorway between two long upright stones, through which the occupant must have slid into his dark abode. Occasionally a small aperture has been found at the further end, apparently to give vent to the fire, the charcoal ashes of which lie extinguished on the long-deserted floor. In some a passage of considerable length has formed the vestibule; but so far as now appears, a solitary aperture served most frequently alike for doorway, chimney, ventilator, and even window, in so far as any gleam of daylight could penetrate into the darkened vault. One is forcibly reminded, while groping in these aboriginal retreats, of Elia's realisations of the strange social state to which they pertain, in his quaint rhapsody on Candle-light, "*our peculiar and household planet!* Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it! This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast, derived from the tradition of these unlanterned nights!" The grave humorist goes on to picture a supper scene in these unlighted halls, rich with truthful imaginings, mingled with his curious but thoughtful jests:—

"Things that were born, when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes."

In truth, these dwellings, constructed with such laborious ingenuity in every district of Scotland, seem to throw a strange light upon that dim and remote era to which they belong, giving us some insight into the domestic habits and social comforts of a period heretofore dark as their own unillumined vaults.

'Adjoining many of the weems, small earthen enclosures are discernible; some of which are square, measuring about fifteen paces each way, with the area somewhat below the surrounding soil, and have probably been constructed for folding sheep or cattle. Others are circular, and so small as to leave little doubt that there must have stood the slight huts, constructed of

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turf and branches of trees, in which the architect of the cyclopean structure dwelt during the brief warmth of summer, while he sought refuge from the frosts and snows of our northern winter in the neighbouring subterranean retreat. The number of weems frequently found together appears altogether inconsistent with the idea of their construction as mere places of concealment. They are manifestly the congregated dwellings of a social community, though strangely differing from any that have dwelt in the land within the era of authentic history. When we compare these dwellings with the clay huts still common in many a Highland district, or with such humble Lowland biggings as those which have won a new sacredness as the birthplaces of Hogg or Burns, it is impossible to overlook the remarkable differences presented by the two states of society, separated not more widely by time than by variance of habits and ideas. How striking is the contrast between the artlessness of the Ayrshire cottage, that sufficed, with its straw roof, to satisfy the wants of one among the great master-spirits of all times, and the labour and ingenuity expended in producing these retreats of the Scottish aborigines! In rudeness of result perhaps both are on a par. The ingenious and methodic skill, however, entirely belongs to the old builders. Their mode of constructing with huge unhewn stones, frequently brought from a considerable distance, seems to point them out as the architects of that same remote era in which the rude monumental standing-stones and circular groups of monoliths were reared, which still abound in so many districts of the Scottish mainland and surrounding isles.'

There is something to us singularly impressive in the unrecorded existence of the Bronze Period, for, different from the Stone Age, it was a time of art and taste; and yet, letters being wanting, it failed to commemorate itself, and lay hid from the ken of posterity till its tangible relics began to be gathered and classed. Its antiquity, as we have hinted, is great. A Danish antiquary thinks it lasted about eleven centuries in his own country, one-half of which time was antecedent to the birth of Christ. In our own country, as already mentioned, it had passed away before the Romans appeared amongst us. The strange legend of Wayland Smith (introduced in a corrupted form, and as a modern affair, in 'Kenilworth') is thought by Mr Wilson to be the only history which we have of the introduction of metallurgy among the European communities. It clearly appears from the investigation, that bronze was used for weapons before iron, the latter being generally found in a condition less fitted to suggest its usefulness as a metal, and that gold was a common material for ornaments before silver was in use. The quantity of gold ornaments, as torques or twisted bands for the neck and arms, found in Britain and Ireland in tombs of this era, is astonishing. The most prevalent weapon was the short leaf-shaped sword, without a guard, apparently designed not for fencing or cutting, but solely for stabbing. Another was the spear-head, the moulds for casting which have been found in this country. It is common to find the sword lying broken in the tomb of its owner. 'From such discoveries,' says Mr Wilson, 'we are led to infer that one of the last honours paid to the buried warrior was to break his well-proved weapon, and lay it at his side, ere the cist was closed, or the inurned ashes deposited in the grave, and his old companions in arms piled over it the tumulus or memorial cairn. No more touching or eloquent tribute of honour breaks upon us amid the curious records of ages long past. The elf-bolt and the stone-axe of the older barrow speak only of the barbarian anticipation of eternal warfare beyond the grave: of skull-beakers and draughts of bloody wine, such as the untutored savage looks forward to in his dreams of heaven. But the broken sword of the buried chief seems to tell of a warfare accomplished, and of expected rest. Doubtless the future which he anticipated bore faint enough resemblance to the "life and immortality" since revealed to men; but the broken sword speaks in unmistakable language of elevation and progress, and of nobler ideas acquired by the old Briton, when he no longer deemed it indispensable to bear his arms with him to the elysium of his wild creed.'

With regard to the smallness of the sword-handles, Mr Wilson says: 'One of the most marked ethnological characteristics of the pure Celtic race, in contrast to the Teutonic, is the small hands and feet—a feature so very partially affected by the mingling of Teutonic with the old Celtic blood of Scotland, that many of the older basket-hilted Highland swords will scarcely admit the hand of a modern Scotchman of ordinary size. This has been observed in various primitive races, and is noted by Mr Stephens as characteristic of the ancient temple-builders of Yucatan. In describing the well-known symbol of the *red hand*, first observed at Uxmal, Mr Stephen remarks: "Over a cavity in the mortar were two conspicuous marks, which afterwards stared us in the face in all the ruined buildings of the country. They were the prints of a red hand, with the thumb and fingers extended, not drawn or painted, but stamped by the living hand, the pressure of the palm upon the stone. There was one striking feature about these hands—they were exceedingly small. Either of our own spread over and completely hid them." This is another of the physical characteristics of the earlier races well worthy of further note. While the delicate small hand and foot are ordinarily looked upon as marks of high-breeding, and are justly regarded as pertaining to the perfect beauty of the female form, the opposite are found among the masculine distinctions of the pure Teutonic races—characteristic of their essentially practical and aggressive spirit, and are frequently seen most markedly developed in the skilful manipulator and ingenious mechanician.

'The spear-heads of this period are also marked by national distinctive features; the exceedingly common British form, for example, with loops to secure it to the shaft, being unknown in Denmark, and a variety of pierced heads common in Scotland and Ireland being rarely or never found in England. So it is with other varieties of weapons, implements, and personal ornaments: some which, common in Denmark, are unknown here, or assume different forms; others with which we are familiar are unknown to the Danish archæologist; while both are in like manner distinguished from those of Germany, France, and the south of Europe. The distinctive peculiarities may indeed be most aptly compared to those which mark the various national developments of mediæval art, and give to each an individuality of character without impairing the essential characteristics of the style. The extent of international communication was only so much greater and more direct in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, than in those older centuries before the Christian era, as to produce a more rapid interchange of thought and experience.

'This national individuality, accompanying such remarkable correspondence to a common type, may therefore be assumed as justifying the conclusion, that some considerable intercourse must have prevailed among the different races of Europe during that remote period to which we refer; and hence we are led to assume an additional evidence of early civilisation, while at the same time no sufficient proof appears to point to such a sudden transition as necessarily to lead to the conclusion that the bronze relics belong entirely to a new people. On the contrary, the evidence of slow transition is abundantly manifest. The metallurgic arts, and the models by which their earliest application was guided, were in all probability introduced by a new race, who followed in the wake of the older wan-

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derers from the same Eastern cradle-land of the human race. But the rude stone moulds, the sand-cast celts and palstaves, and the relics of the primitive forges in which they were wrought, all point to aboriginal learners slowly acquiring the new art; while perhaps its originators were introducing those works of beautiful form and great finish and delicacy of workmanship, which the antiquary of the eighteenth century could ascribe to none but the Roman masters of the world.

'Mr Worsaae remarks, after pointing out the correspondence, in many respects, between the bronze relics of Denmark and those of other countries of Europe, these "prove nothing more than that certain implements and weapons had the same form among different nations." And again, "from these evidences it follows that the antiquities belonging to the Bronze Period, which are found in the different countries of Europe, can neither be attributed exclusively to the Celts, nor to the Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians, Sclavonians, nor to the Teutonic tribes. They do not belong to any one people, but have been used by the most different nations at the same stage of civilisation; and there is no historical evidence strong enough to prove that the Teutonic people were in that respect an exception. The forms and patterns of the various weapons, implements, and ornaments, are so much alike, because such forms and patterns are the most natural and the most simple. As we saw in the Stone Period how people at the lowest stage of civilisation, by a sort of instinct, made their stone implements in the same shape, so we see now, in the first traces of a higher civilisation, that they exhibit in the mode of working objects of bronze a similar general resemblance." But are the forms and patterns thus natural and simple? This argument, which abundantly satisfies us as to the universal correspondence of the majority of tools and weapons of the Stone Period, entirely fails when thus applied to the works of the Bronze Period. The former are in most cases of the simplest and most rudimentary character: the perforated oblong stone for a hammer, the pointed flint for an arrow-head, and the longer edged and pointed flint for a knife or spear. Human intelligence, in its most barbarous state, suggests such simple devices with a universality akin to the narrower instincts of the lower animals. They are, in truth, mathematically demonstrable as the simplest shapes. But the beauty and variety of form and decoration in the productions of the Bronze Period bring them under a totally different classification. They are works of art; and though undoubtedly exhibiting an indefiniteness peculiarly characteristic of its partial development, are scarcely less marked by novel and totally distinct forms than the products of the many different classic, mediæval, or modern schools of design. The form of the leaf-shaped sword, indeed, is unsurpassed in beauty by any later offensive weapon. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that the general correspondence traceable throughout the productions of the European Bronze Period, affords evidence of considerable international intercourse having prevailed; while the peculiarities discoverable on comparing the relics found in different countries of Europe, compel us to conclude that they are the products of native art, and not manufactures diffused from some common source. We have already traced them as pertaining to the infantile era of Greece, and may yet hope to find them among the indications of primitive Asiatic population, thereby supplying a new line of evidence in illustration of the north-western migration of the human race, and probably also a means of approximation towards the date of the successive steps by which the later nomades advanced towards the coasts of the German Ocean.'

These remarks and extracts will serve to convey some idea of the general characteristics of the Stone and Bronze Ages—the former rude, and ill provided with the conveniences of life; the latter considerably advanced in the arts, yet still antecedent to the classic times. We shall probably return to the subject. Meanwhile, we trust that enough has been said to prove our sense of the value of Mr Wilson's labours, and to recommend his elegant volume to the notice of our readers.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

It was a calm and glorious night in the month of July 1826, and the ruins of St Anne's Church lay sleeping in the moonlight, whilst the shadows of many tall trees fell thickly around it, and, mingling their gloom with the dark gravestones which lay crumbling on all sides, imparted an awful solemnity to the spot. The scene and hour were so well adapted to silence and meditation, that a stranger might have marvelled wherefore so many human beings moved along in its immediate vicinity at this time of night.

A second glance at the spot would have unravelled to him this apparent mystery, for within a few yards of the ruined church might be seen a well, called after the patron saint of the spot, and celebrated throughout the country for its healing virtues.

This was an evening more especially devoted to St Anne; and many votaries were hasting towards the well, with the hope of gaining some desired good, or of averting some anticipated evil. Many a weary knee was bent, and many a sorrowful heart bowed down, before that rustic shrine; and however unfounded their hopes might be deemed by the enlightened looker-on, yet it would have required an obtuse heart not to sympathise with the varied forms of suffering which were there beheld at St Anne's Well.

One there was among the crowd whose aspect seemed but little in accordance with the spirit of the place. Her light, yet rounded form seemed so full of life and vigour; her firm step was so elastic in its tread; her face, although not decidedly handsome, was so attractive from its expression of cheerfulness and peace, that one marvelled to find its possessor amongst the suffering and the sorrowful. What could *she* desire to obtain at St Anne's Well?

Yet it was evident she was no uninterested observer of the ceremonies of the place. As she approached the well, she drew from beneath her scarlet cloak a candle, which, after having lighted, she affixed to the stem of an aged oak-tree, and hung upon a bush already laden with votive offerings her humble gift. After having knelt a while in prayer, she rose up, and was leaving the spot in silence, when she heard her name whispered by a voice whose tones were so familiar to her, that she needed no light to inform her who was the speaker.

'Is it yourself, Denny?' inquired she smiling. 'I thought the ould woman was too bad for ye to lave her to-night!'

'She has, sure enough, been very bad this blessed night; but she has just got to sleep, and is lying mighty aisy just now; so I slipped out to say a word to ye, *mavourneen;* and it's yourself that wont be angry with me for that same.'

'And so,' continued the new-comer—'and so you've been at the well, Anne? Och! then, it's I that would be thankful for iver and iver to the saint, if she'd help us a little in our throuble; and sure it would be no such great matter for her to do, seeing ye're her own namesake.'

'Hush! hush!' said Anne, in a low and reverent tone: 'remember, Denny dear, she is a saint in heaven, and can't demane herself to think of all our consarns.'

'Then why do ye come here at all?'

'Sure, isn't it my duty?' replied she, with a look of surprise at her lover.

Denny, like a wise man, attempted no reply to a question which appeared to him unanswerable; and

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responding rather to his own thoughts than to the maiden's query, said: 'I'd be as happy as any duke in the land, if I could only scrape together two pounds for the *marriage money;* but I can't do it by any manner of manes, if I slave ever so hard; for the poor ould-woman is so bad, that I can't for the life of me neglect her; and she wants me to save money first for a dacent funeral for her; and sure it's she that's desarving of all I can do for her, for isn't she my own mother?'

'Ah, thin, ye're in the right, my own Denny! and it's yourself that's always been the best son in the parish, and God in heaven will reward ye for it!'

'And maybe ye will some day be after telling me that I'm the best *husband* in the parish,' said Denny in a jocose tone to his betrothed.

Whether Anne heard this last observation we cannot presume to determine; for the lovers having by this time reached her father's cabin, she hastily bade him good-night, saying that her mother would be wondering what had become of her, as she ought to have been home a quarter of an hour earlier.

Denny, on his return home to his mother's cabin, which was situated close to the ruined church of St Anne, found the old woman sitting up in her bed, with her hands clasped tightly together, whilst her body was swaying from side to side in an attitude of distress, and she gave utterance in a sort of measured tone to a low melancholy wail.

'What is ailing ye now, mother dear?' inquired Denny, seating himself on a three-legged stool close to her side. 'If anything on earth can be done to comfort ye, isn't it yer son Denny that would gladly do it for ye?'

'Thrue for ye, my darlint: ye've always been a jewel of a child to your ould mother, and it's not long I'll be here now to throuble yez; but afore I go, Denny, there's one small matter lies heavy on my heart'—— And here she paused a moment to take breath.

'Perhaps it's the priest ye're wanting?' inquired Denny.

'Sorra a bit, for he's been here to-day, ye know, and I've made my sowl, and that's all done; but, Denny, I should like to see my grave dug in yon blessed churchyard afore I die, so that I might be sure of the spot where my bones shall rest in pace among the saints.'

This appeared to Denny a somewhat strange fancy; but he was too good a son to thwart the whims of a dying mother; so he promised her that the grave should be dug early on the ensuing morning, within sight of the very spot where she was now lying, so that she might look out through the door upon her future restingplace. Pacified by this assurance, the old woman consented to lie down quietly, and try to get some rest.

Denny rose early on the following morning, and, leaving her asleep, hastened to fulfil his promise. The grave was dug close to an ancient yew-tree, which, from its great age, was deemed almost sacred in the neighbourhood; and Denny returned home with the satisfactory conviction of having faithfully fulfilled his parent's latest wishes.

A gleam of joy lighted up the withered features of Honor O'Donoghoe, when Denny informed her that the grave had been dug, according to her desire, in St Anne's Churchyard; 'and in the holiest spot in the whole churchyard,' added he, with an air of exultation: 'jist alongside of the auncient yew-tree.'

'Ah, then! it's you that have ever been a kind and dutiful child to yer ould mother, and may ten thousand blessings be powered on yer head for the same when I am dead and gone! But Denny, jewel,' added she in a low and wheedling tone, 'there's wan thing more ye must do for me, and that's the very last throuble I shall give ye upon airth.'

'Sure, mother, ye know I wont deny ye anything in life I can do to comfort ye. What is it, then, ye are after wanting now?'

'Och!—a thrifle—only a thrifle. I've a consate that my bones would lie more pacefully in that grave if I could only say my prayers in it afore I die.'

'Say yer prayers in it!' re-echoed Denny with a look of astonishment. 'Are ye in yer right sinses, mother? I'm afeard ye're wandering.'

'Troth, I'm as right in my sinses as I was this day thirty years whin I brought yerself into the world; and for the memory of that day, ye'll not refuse me now my petition.'

'And what is it ye want me to do?'

'Jist to carry my old body wrapt up in the blanket to the grave ye've dug yonder, and let me pray in the narrow bed ye have prepared for me. It will not then seem so strange-like when I am laid within it after my death; and it will be a blessed thought for ye that yer ould mother is lying there in satisfaction and pace.'

This desire of the old dame seemed to Denny a most unaccountable whim; but he resolved not to balk her fancy; and wrapping her up tenderly in a blanket, carried her across the road which lay between their cabin and the churchyard. Entering the sacred precincts, he approached the new-made grave, and gently deposited his burden within its narrow bounds.

'My blessings on yer head for bringing me here!' said the old woman, while an unnatural expression of joy and triumph once more gleamed across her countenance. 'And now, go home my darlint, and lave me alone for half an hour or so, that I may say my prayers in pace; and afther that, sure, I can lie down upon my bed, and die without wan thing in the wide world to throuble me.'

Denny, in obedience to his mother's wishes, retired from the grave, and returned to the cabin, where he began his morning meal of potatoes, seasoned with salt and hunger. As he was peeling one carefully with his thumb and forefinger, so as not to break the polished surface, it suddenly occurred to him that his mother might possibly grow faint while lying thus alone in her grave; so he resolved to cross over the road, and take a glance at her without disturbing her devotions. Accordingly he climbed noiselessly up the hedge by which the churchyard was bounded, and looked anxiously towards the spot where he had left his mother. Great was his astonishment on perceiving that the old woman, instead of being engaged in prayer, was busy rooting up a corner of her destined grave. At first, it occurred to him that she must be in some kind of fit; and he was on the point of leaping over the hedge to offer her his aid, when he observed that she glanced anxiously around the churchyard, as if fearful of being detected in her occupation. Denny's reverence for his parent prevented his attempting to intrude upon her privacy; so he returned to his cabin, bewildered and perplexed by what he had seen.

At the time appointed by Mrs O'Donoghoe, her son retraced his steps to the grave, and found her lying wrapped up in her blanket, apparently tranquil and composed. As he raised her up in his arms, and was bearing her away from her restingplace, he observed her casting an anxious glance towards the empty grave, as though it possessed some strange sort of interest in her eyes. This uneasy glance often occurred to his remembrance during the few following hours, which he passed near his dying mother's bed. She could not bear to lose sight of him for a moment, and if ever he approached the open door, her voice would faintly summon him back to her side: 'Denny, hinny, ye wont lave me, will ye?' and quickly was the kind-hearted creature once more found bending over her lowly couch, and administering to her wants.

But the succeeding night proved her last upon earth; and as the early dawn broke forth, Denny found himself alone with his mother's lifeless body. He felt weary

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and oppressed. Even amid his present sorrow, and his perplexity as to how he could manage to provide a '*dacent* funeral' for his mother, the thought of her strange occupation, and of her yet stranger glance on the preceding day, reverted continually to his thoughts. He stood at the cabin door, gazing upon the spot where his parent's remains were shortly to be laid; and without any very definite intention, he slowly bent his steps towards the still vacant grave. He fixed his eyes upon that corner where the old woman had seemed to busy herself upon the preceding day. The soil had evidently been disturbed, and carefully pressed down again. He struck his shillelagh down upon the spot; some resistance offered itself to the stick. He knelt down to investigate the matter more closely; and after stirring the earth a little, what was his astonishment on discovering a black leathern bag, carefully sewed up; and, on taking it out, it weighed so heavily, that the thought at once occurred to him that it must be filled with money. 'Some pence,' thought he to himself, 'that the poor old soul had saved, and was so foolish as to bury here. It couldn't be much, for she knew that I wanted money very badly to get married; and she never would have kept it from me—she loved me too well for that.'

While cogitating thus, he returned home, and taking up his mother's well-used scissors, cut open the bag. On putting in his hand, he drew out a bright new guinea. He stared at it, as if it had been a ghost, so unexpected and bewildering was the vision. Again he put in his hand, and took out several coins, each one of which proved as valuable as the first. He then poured out the contents of the bag upon the wretched worm-eaten table, where he and his mother had eaten many a poor and scanty meal. He reckoned the pieces, and numbered thirty of them. Thirty guineas!—one-tenth of which would have made him happy during her lifetime had she given it to him, instead of hoarding it with such a jealous and miserly passion! Painful thoughts rushed into Denny's mind. He had so long toiled and slaved to support her! and it was *thus* she had rewarded him, saving out of his earnings as well as her own, with the senseless and wretched purpose of carrying her treasure to the grave! Angry words rose to Denny's lips as he bethought himself of this; and he was about to mutter them aloud, when his eye rested on the cold, pale corpse lying before him. Death is a sacred thing, shedding a sort of halo even upon those who in life bore a mean and unworthy aspect. Thus it was in the present instance. Denny, while gazing upon the departed, remembered only that she was his mother, who had nurtured him in infancy, and cherished him in youth—who had watched over him in sickness, and prided herself in the joyous vigour of his manhood. Casting aside all unkindly thoughts, he counted over his treasure once more, replaced it in the bag, and carefully locked it up in a large wooden chest, one of the very few articles of furniture to be found in the cabin. Having done this, Denny turned his thoughts to the work before him, and resolved that his mother should have a 'fine wake and a handsome funeral.' And so she had; for there was, as the neighbours said, '*great fun and plenty of dhrink*' at Mrs O'Donoghoe's wake; and long was the procession, and loud the lamentations, at her funeral.

All these ceremonies having been duly performed, Denny felt the need of consolation and companionship in his lonely cabin; and to whom should he look for both but to the kind-hearted damsel whom we may remember as a humble votary at St Anne's Well? He did not conceal from her the discovery of his mother's hoard; and although the story of the old woman's avarice startled and surprised her, she was too good and gentle a being to harbour a bad thought concerning the deceased, whom they ever mentioned with respect; and when one little comfort after another was provided for her in her new home, she would sometimes say to her husband: 'Sure, Denny, it is to yer mother we're beholden for all this dacent furniture;' whereon they would both intuitively utter a prayer that her soul might rest in peace. Nor did they rest satisfied with thus reaping for themselves alone the fruits of her avarice; the remembrance of their mother's fault, instead of imparting bitterness to their thoughts, and closing up their hearts towards their fellow-creatures, served only to teach them the true value of money, and its rightful purpose in life; and although Denny and his wife were probably but indifferent theologians, they practically knew that it was 'more blessed to give than to receive.' Never was a sorrowful being sent away from their door without a word of kindness and sympathy—never was a needy sufferer dismissed without sharing their simple hospitality.

About five-and-twenty years have passed away since the period of which we have been speaking. Denny and Anne are no fictitious personages. They are now the parents of a large and thriving family, and despite the miseries of their unhappy country, they still cling to their native soil; so that if any of our readers should ever chance to visit St Anne's Well, they may recognise in the buxom matron and kind-hearted master of a neighbouring cottage their old and familiar friends, Dennis and Anne O'Donoghoe.

PANAMA TO CHAGRES.

THAT till the present moment so little should have been done to form a regular communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the Isthmus of Panama, is a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact, that the mission of the Spanish race seems to be to retard everything that is useful. Balboa, with his conquering band, crossed the Isthmus to the Pacific in 1513; and after more than three hundred years the route across the narrow track of land lies in a condition of nature. In 1698 the Scotch, as is well known, attempted to colonise the Isthmus at Darien on the Atlantic side; but though taking valid possession, the jealousy of the English interfered so as to ruin the rising settlement—a circumstance now greatly to be lamented, for a more liberal policy would long since have made the route to Panama the highway of British commerce.

Relieved from the competition of the Scotch, the Spaniards carried on an intercourse from Panama to Portobello, partly by land, and partly by taking advantage of rivers on both sides; and by this line the treasures of Peru were shipped for Europe. But the discovery of the more easy route by Cape Horn soon caused Portobello and Panama to be comparatively deserted. In short, the difficulties of no more than forty-three miles of land and river travel were so great, that a sea-voyage of several thousand miles was found to be preferable.

A few years ago it was the fate of the writer of this to cross from Panama to the east coast; and as the route pursued was pretty much that which is now pointed out as preferable by Colonel Lloyd, a few words respecting the aspect of the country may not be unacceptable.

On glancing at a map of America, it will be seen that the neck of land here alluded to is narrowest where it joins the southern continent; and it is at this point that Panama on the one side, and Portobello on the other, are situated. A river, the Chagres, falls into the sea at port of Chagres, which is at no great distance from Portobello. On the opposite side, at Panama, a river falls into the Pacific. From the head-waters of

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the two rivers, the distance is only six miles; and here the ground rises to a height of 260 feet above the level of the ocean. This patch of hilly ground is the main engineering difficulty. Cruces and Gorgona may be called two village-stations on the route.

Let us now cross the Isthmus, and see its forests, streams, and people; let us take a glance at the wild route by which thousands of emigrants are at present weekly hurrying to the land of gold. Arriving in the Bay of Panama, an offshoot of the Pacific, you may be supposed to have started from your crowded uncomfortable berth with the blessed news in your ears that you are now entering Panama Bay; and on reaching the deck the mists of morning are lifting off the waters, and an island rises before you, with hills rising in terraces of luxuriant vegetation to the height of a thousand feet. Palms, cocoa, and banana-trees stretch in unbroken masses from its summit to the sea. A village, with an unfailing spring of sweet water, from which all the vessels touching at Panama are supplied, appears in a sheltered nook beside a cocoa-grove. It is the island of Taboga, which is to Panama what Capri is to Naples, only far more beautiful. So deep is the water around it, that you pass within a stone's throw of the gardens of orange and tamarind fringing the beach. All round you now spreads the bay, surrounded by green undulating hills, and its sparkling swells ridden by flocks of snow-white pelicans. To your right, in the distance, are seen the decaying walls of a fort, stretching for a full mile along the shore; in front are some volcanic islets, steep and matted with foliage, which, seen through a golden mist, present a dreamy and pleasing feature in the vista, while beyond the rays of the morning sun fall in burnished tints on the solid stone-walls of the town. Enormous canoes, paddled by half-clad negroes, approach the ship, and convey you over the shallows to the beach.

Passing through the once massive but now crumbling boundary-walls of Panama, you enter its narrow shady streets, and emerge in the Plaza, or great square. Here grass is growing over the pavement, and, lounging at the door of a guardhouse, you see some wretched-looking soldiers, without shoes or stockings. Men and things alike speak of degeneracy and decay. The cathedral is a wreck; not a third of the handsome stone churches are now in use; and even the private houses are not exempt from decay. Some of the decaying buildings are exceedingly picturesque, being partially covered with ivy and vines; whilst, rising far above the walls, are to be seen countless tropical plants and flowers. Most exquisite of these are the ruins of the Jesuit church of San Felipe, which reminds one of the Baths of Caracalla. The majestic arches spanning the nave are laden with a wilderness of shrubbery and wild vines, which fall like a fringe to the very floor. The building is roofless; but daylight can scarcely steal in through the embowering leaves. Several bells, of a sweet silvery ring, are propped up by beams in a dark corner; but from the look of the place, ages seem to have passed since they called the crafty brotherhood to the *oracion*. A splendid college, left incomplete many years ago, fronts on one of the plazas. Its Corinthian pillars and pilasters of red sandstone are broken and crumbling; and from the crevices at their base spring luxuriant bananas, shooting their large leaves through the windows, and folding them around the columns of the gateway. So rapid, yet so beautiful is decay in the tropics! The private dwellings are lofty, with projecting eaves, sometimes with verandas in front, and always whitewashed. Many of them have *patios*, or inner courts, as in Old Spain; the rooms are of great height and spaciousness, the walls very solid; and though the woodwork is almost all rotten or torn away, a comparatively small outlay of money would put the town in complete repair. Some Yankees have recently established a few hotels and eating-houses; and when a proper road shall have been made across the Isthmus, this neglected place will assume a charming appearance.

Few persons of pure Spanish descent are here to be seen—and the fewer the better, considering their notions and habits. The oppressed are now masters. Four-fifths of the population are of the negro race; smaller in their proportions, but infinitely less repulsive in appearance than those of the United States. They are the carriers of the place, and are by far the hardiest and most muscular race on the Isthmus. With their legs and feet bare, and nothing but a cloth around their loins, they carry enormous burthens, stepping along the toilsome and uneven roads with wonderful strength and dexterity. They all bear on their hard and wrinkled faces the stamp of overtaxed strength; but they seem content with their lot, and will doubtless regret the formation of a better route, as tending to lessen the value of their services. You hire one of them to carry your luggage, and a skeleton mule for yourself, and set out on your overland journey.

For a short time after leaving Panama it is pleasant enough travelling, the narrow road being paved with large regularly-cut stone, the remains of the old Spanish highway across the Isthmus; then comes abundance of sand; then the road again, but this time a Via Mala indeed. Numbers of the stone-flags have sunk from their places, every cavity is filled with mud and water; and it needs incessant and fatiguing exertion to prevent your mule floundering into these pitfalls and quagmires. So execrable is the road, that all female passengers have to don male attire, and stick to their mules as they best can; and the spectacle is by no means uncommon of lady-emigrants perambulating Panama for a day or two thus strangely attired, having outstripped their luggage. At the neck of the Isthmus, where you are crossing, the Cordillera is interrupted by some remarkable breaks or nearly level spaces. The road passes over the projecting spurs of the main chain, and through dense forests your spent mule reaches the highest ridge. Do not expect the view of a sea on either hand. Above you spreads a roof of transparent green, through which few rays of the sunlight fall—the only sounds, the chattering of monkeys as they crack the palm-nuts, and the scream of parrots flying from tree to tree. In the deepest ravines spent mules lie dying or dead; and perched on the boughs overhead, the bald vultures wait silently for you to pass. Clefts and gulleys, swamps and thickets, seem to render the way impassable; but your mule is steady and sure-footed. He slides down almost precipitous banks, bringing up all straight at the bottom—though more than once you go over his head. No fear of him running away: he stands like a brick till you remount, and then resumes his deliberate pace.

A twenty-miles' ride brings you, thoroughly tired, to the mud-plastered cane-houses of Cruces—a miserable place. The houses are so irregularly scattered, that but a small portion of the town bears any resemblance to a street; and the whole population is under 900. You are glad next morning when you prepare to leave it; for the place is dirty, the climate unhealthy, and prices quite on the Californian scale—two dollars for a plate of meat, and two more for cooking it! The worst of the journey is now over, for you here exchange your mule for a canoe, and the execrable road for the gliding bosom of the Rio Chagres. At first the current is rapid, and as your negro boatmen leisurely ply their broad paddles, they keep time to the Ethiopian melodies they have picked up from the emigrants. To keep up the excitement, the brandy bottle is handed

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round; and so, after much pulling, laughing, and singing, we arrive at Gorgona, at which the river Chagres assumes a respectable breadth.

The arrival at Gorgona is about dusk; yet there is sufficient light to see a number of empty canoes moored to the bank, by which you understand that a body of upstream emigrants have already landed, and that the ship which brought them awaits you at the mouth of the river. The sound of wooden drums proclaims a fandango. You are not tired, and proceed to the rendezvous. The aristocracy of the little place have met in the alcalde's house; the *plebs* on a level green before one of the huts. The dances within doors and without are the same, but there is some attempt at style by the former class. The ladies are dressed in white and pink, with flowers in their hair, and waltz with a slow grace to the music of violins and guitars. The alcalde's daughters are rather pretty, and great favourites with the Americans—some of whom join in the fandango, and go through its voluptuous mazes at the first trial, to the great delight of the natives. There is less sentiment but more jollity at the dances on the grass, though the music there is certainly deficient. The only accompaniment to the wooden drums is the 'na, na, na,' of the women—a nasal monotone, which few ears have nerve to endure. Those who dance longest, and with the most voluptuous spirit, have the hats of all the others piled upon them in token of applause. These half-barbarous orgies are seen in the pure and splendid light poured down upon the landscape from a vertical moon; and for long the dazzling beams and the laughing shouts of the dancers scare away sleep from your comfortless roosting-place.

Next morning you again embark, and after about an hour's sail your canoe rounds the foot of Monte Carabali, a bold peak, clothed with forests and surmounted with a single splendid palm, and whose summit is the only one in the province from which both seas may be seen at once. The sun shines highly and hotly, and lying back under the palm-leaf thatch that shades the canoe's stern, you watch the shifting scenery through which you are swiftly gliding. Here and there a solitary crocodile is seen basking in the sun, while on either bank the foliage seems alive with parrots, macaws, and monkeys. Nothing in the world is comparable to the forests of the Rio Chagres. The river, broad and with a swift current of the sweetest water you ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered. Blossoms of crimson, purple, and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the north, are mingled with the leaves; and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air, like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves; and often the gorgeous creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half way across the river. Every turn of the stream only discloses another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp clear outlines of our home scenery are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation; and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed for ever.

Caoutchouc grows in the forests, and your boatmen wear dresses of waterproof without fold or seam, but allowing free play to the limbs and muscles. It is a bountiful provision of nature to grow that substance in the region where it is most needed. As you sit gazing over the stern, a sudden cold wind comes over the forests, and the air is at once darkened. You hear the rush and roar of the rain as it comes towards you like the trampling of a myriad feet on the leaves. Shooting under a broad sycamore, your boatmen make fast to the boughs, and the next instant the rain breaks over you as if the sky had caved in. A dozen lines of white electric heat run down from the zenith, followed by crashes of thunder, which you feel throbbing in the very water beneath you. Wrapped in waterproof, you wait in your cool green shelter till the storm blows past.

After six or seven hours' sailing, you reach Chagres at the mouth of the river. The population here, about a thousand in all, consists almost wholly of negroes, the dirtiest and most indolent of their race. Of all filthy towns this is the filthiest. The houses, or rather huts, are built of cane; pigs and naked children run at large in the streets; and you cannot walk through any part of it without sinking up to the ankles in mud. Such is the impression the place gives one, that two persons who had sold off their whole property in the States, with the intention of settling in California, had no sooner set eyes on Chagres than they determined on returning home—one of them declaring that nothing on earth would induce him to cross the Isthmus. The climate, moreover, is very deleterious; the sun is blazing down on the swampy shores; and you joyfully embark on board the vessel that awaits you in the shallow bay, round the high bluff on which the old castle stands, and then, Hurrah for home! wherever that may be.

Pathless and featureless as this forest route may seem, the United States' engineers have already surveyed it, and marked a line for a 'plank' railway. But the great line of transit, the 'pathway of the oceans,' will be some two hundred and fifty miles further north, where the San Juan river falls into the Caribbean sea. The proposed route lies up that river into the Lake of Nicaragua, then up a small stream into Lake Leon, from whence to the Pacific is a distance of only ten miles, which will be passed by railway. Or else, diverge from this route at half way up Lake Nicaragua, and strike across the level country (only sixteen miles) to the deep Gulf of Papagayo, where ships of the largest tonnage can anchor close to the shore. This line is being carefully considered by American and British engineers, and when finally approved of by them, the company for working it will be open to English and States' shareholders indiscriminately. Another of the six or seven proposed routes, that across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is worthy of notice, as the British have there secured to themselves, from the Mexican government, the sole right of passage; but at present this line is not meeting with much support. In fact, to be quite successful, the route adopted must be one in which both England and America take an interest; for besides the detriment certain to result from any rivalry betwixt these powers, the mere capital required for so extensive an undertaking will probably be more than either nation separately can afford to advance. Both for the sake of the undertaking, and for the sake of the world, we hope that Britain and the States will here go hand in hand. There can be no reason, however, for confining the transit to only one route; and I would humbly submit a consideration of the advantages derivable from so short a passage as that I have referred to between Panama and Chagres. The engineering difficulties of this latter line are not of serious importance, and I apprehend the chief obstacle will be of a political nature. At all events, the world is tired of waiting, and it would be good news to hear

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that ground was broken in any one of the lines of route that have been pointed out. One thing, at least, should spur on the enterprise. Between St Francisco and Panama several steam-vessels regularly ply, in connection with the imperfectly-formed route from Chagres.

THE BIRD OF EVIL OMEN.

Though the goddess of wisdom chose the Owl for her own peculiar emblem—though the queen of heaven assumed the shape of the eagle-owl, because, as Aldrovandus tells us, she might not 'take on herself the likeness of any small or vulgar bird, but rather be embodied in one whose reign by night was coequal with that of the eagle by day'—yet neither the one nor the other has been able to rescue the bird from the odium caused by its dreary and suspicious habits.

The eagle-owl (*Strix bubo*) was supposed by the ancients to bear the same death-announcing messages as others of the tribe. Pliny terms it 'funereal owl,' and 'monster of the night;' and Virgil, introducing it among the prodigies forerunning the suicide of Dido, makes it

——— 'complain
In lengthened shriek and dire funereal strain.'

But it is the screech-owl (*S. flammea*) which is the head and chief of all terrors: it was, according to Ovid, supposed to destroy young children if they were left unwatched; and indeed Hasselquist, writing in the middle of the thirteenth century, affirms the same thing, though he confines his accusation to the owls of Syria. Imperial Rome twice underwent lustration to save her from the direful consequences of the visits of this bird, which on one occasion penetrated even to the Capitol. With the same view one of them was caught and burnt, and its ashes strewn on the waters of the Tiber. And it was usual to nail their dead bodies on the doors of houses, in order to protect its inhabitants from the ominous terrors of the living bird.

If this owl was seen perched on a house-top, or flew screaming over it, it portended the death of some one of the family. Thus when Charles Frederick, Duke of Juliers and Treves, lay dying, the bird remained on his roof through all the light of day, and could not be driven away. The same idea prevails amongst the Siamese. In Barbary, it is added, that if the owl appear from the northward, the evil will not be confined to one person, but a plague ensue, which will not decrease until the bird of evil omen disappears. And in our own land, so great is the alarm excited by the scream of this poor bird, that it is much to be feared its influence on the weakened nerves of an invalid has sometimes caused the death it seemed to prognosticate. It is to the owl—which is naturally attracted by the light in a sick-room—that we may trace the Cyœrath, or night-hag of the Welsh, which is said to come flapping her leathery wings against the window-frames, and slowly shrieking out the name of the dying person.

Many are the poetical allusions to this dire property. Thus Shakspeare says—

——— 'Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked—the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night.'

'Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of death!'

'While the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in wo
In remembrance of a shroud.'

And it gives a peculiar beauty to the lines of poor Chatterton—

'Harke! The ravenne flappes hys winge
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loud dothe singe,
To the night-maires as theie goe.'

So also is the owl employed in the prophetic and historical portions of the Scriptures. The thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah alone contains four distinct allusions to it.

The Ethiopians and Egyptians used the image of the owl as a messenger of death, in the same manner that the bull's head was afterwards used by the Scotch and other nations. When this token was sent by the king, it was considered a point of loyalty and honour for the receiver to kill himself immediately; while any attempt to escape from the doom so announced was believed to cast an indelible stain both on the condemned and on his country. Diodorus Siculus tells of an Egyptian mother who actually strangled with her girdle the son who endeavoured to evade such an invitation to death.

And all these dismal things are said of the poor screech or barn-owl, because his habits are not exactly the habits of the world at large—because, like an antiquary, no building has attractions for him until it becomes a ruin—because he prefers groping in the night to moving in the fair light of day. And yet he is a most interesting bird, and may truly serve as an emblem of wisdom, on account of his being, as Mr Broderip remarks, 'the only bird that looks straight forward.' 'To the farmer and gardener his services are so invaluable, that every one of them should sing, with Master Goldthred—

'My blessing on the jolly owl.'

When the sun sinks at night, the owl may be seen noiselessly sailing over the fields, and beating round the hedges 'like a setting-dog,' occasionally darting down with unerring aim upon a hapless mouse, young rat, or other small animal, and securing it with his foot. The number of these little destroyers which it slays may be appreciated by the fact observed by White, that one pair of owls brought a mouse to their young ones every five minutes during the hour he watched them; while the young birds remain so long in the nest, that there are frequently three broods, of different ages, to be fed at the same time.

Owls are the fondest and most loving of parents. The late Bishop of Norwich mentions that a young eagle-owl having been taken captive in Sweden, and placed in a hencoop, was regularly fed by the two old owls, which each night deposited a partridge, a moorfowl, or even a young lamb, at the prison door of their child. And Couch tells of a pair of wood-owls which annually built in a certain hollow tree, but which had their young ones stolen from them every season: that for many years they persevered in that confidence in man, so often seen in their species; till at length owl-nature could bear it no longer; and when the plunderer ascended to the nest, the mother-owl, with loud cries, bore off her sole young one in her claws, and never more built in that inhospitable place.

The barn-owl may be almost regarded as a domestic bird: it is very easily tamed, becoming a most grotesque and amusing companion; so that no one who has seen it in its social moments can retain the idea that its wisdom lies in gravity. It may be added that this owl does not forget in its captivity its friends out-of-doors; as was proved by Jesse's owl, *Keevie*, which used to drag a portion of its food along the passage, and out of the house, to feed a wild companion, who came every evening to receive the donation.

The wood or brown owl (*S. stridula*) above mentioned, is the species that makes the woods resound at night with its wild but not unmusical hootings—hootings that sound in answering chorus, such as that which opens 'Christabel'—

''Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock:
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
And hark again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew!'

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This is distinctively the 'owl in the ivy bush,' for there, by day, it is most usually to be found; and it is even more decidedly a night-bird than the barn-owl.

It seems impossible to trace the origin of the saying, that this owl was once a baker's daughter, who was changed into her present form as a punishment for refusing bread to our Saviour when he was upon earth; but the fable is alluded to by several authors. Shakspeare, for instance, makes Ophelia exclaim: 'They say the owl was a baker's daughter;' and Fletcher, in the 'Nice Valour,' writes:

'Happy, I say, is he, whose window opens
To a brown-baker's chimney: he shall be sure there
To hear the bird sometimes after twilight.'

Broderip observes that the nurses of his youth altered the tradition, making the bird an earl's daughter, who was transformed for disobedience, and ever condemned to cry—

'Oh! hoo—hoo—my feet are cold.'

While in the north she is advanced to the dignity of Pharaoh's daughter—

'Oh! ŏŏŏ—oŏ—
I once was a king's daughter, and sat on my father's knee,
But now I am a poor howlet, and hide in a hollow tree.'

In the long cold nights it is most entertaining to listen to a conversation of owls: first comes a sad and inquiring hoot, as if to ascertain that all are within hearing; then succeeds a circumstantial cry, which seems to suggest the subject to be discussed; and this is followed by several distant and somewhat querulous notes. And so, in every variety of accent and intonation, does the debate continue; until perhaps some human listener boldly takes up the strain, and ventures to speak owl language in his own voice—

'Why should not one owl whoop to another?'

Even he is received with politeness, and his counterfeit hoot answered as calmly and dispassionately as if he were a veritable owl. This, however, is a pastime upon which he might not venture if he were wandering among the American Indians; for so great is their dread of the bird, that they dare not insult it by mimicking its cry; and they visit with their severest displeasure those who presume to do so. This more especially refers to the horned Virginian owl and the hawk-owl—the *Cheepai-peethees* and *Cheepomesees* (death-bird) of the Cree Indians. These names are given in consequence of the superstition which induces them to whistle when they hear it: if the bird becomes silent when thus challenged, the speedy death of the inquirer is foretold. This hawk-owl is such an audacious bird, that it will pounce upon game directly it has been shot; and its habits, as is shewn by the formation of its eye, are not so strictly nocturnal as those of the true typical owls. The famous German banditti thought it vulgar to whistle as a signal: their owlish 'Tu-whoo' resounded through the forests—a more portentous cry than that of the bird it imitated.

The older naturalists assert that the owl never drinks; but this appears very doubtful, though they must certainly require very little liquid, since White kept a wood-owl alive for a year without any. This bird, though it commonly nestles in the hollow of a decayed tree, will now and then take possession, like the long-horned owl (*S. otus*), of the deserted nest of a magpie, a crow, or a squirrel, adding a portion of straw or grass for lining. Here the gray and queer-looking young ones, which resemble nothing so much as a downy puff-ball with great staring eyes, stay contentedly for several months, snoring loudly when happy, or hissing like a nest of serpents if an intruding hand appear in their home and fortress.

The eggs of an owl are white and globular. The nest is likewise strewed with round pellets of rejected bones, feathers, and fur: a fact very necessary to be known by all who wish to keep an owl in captivity, for many have perished from not having these substances given to it with its food.

The conformation of the owl is well adapted to its habits. Its eyes are of an enormous size; and the pupil is so constructed, that it is capable of considerable expansion and contraction, which enables it to pierce through the obscurity of the night. Its ear is of extraordinary dimensions, and great capacity for hearing; while it is covered with an operculum movable at pleasure. Its feet are armed with one serrated claw, which enables it to secure not only its ordinary prey, but even fishes. And its whole plumage is of so soft, light, and yielding a nature, that its gliding movements are nearly inaudible—a quality which is further increased by the formation of the outer quill of its wing, which is notched, so as to cut the air as noiselessly as possible. In addition to all this, some species, such as the eagle-owl and the great snowy owl (*S. nyctra*), are endowed with a remarkable degree of power and strength; so that they can with ease carry off a hare, a lamb, or even a fawn.

The owl is a universally distributed bird. In the icy North, and in the burning East; in the forests of the new world, and in the citied plains of the old; in Rome, in Greece, and in the unexplored Australian wilds—let man turn where he will, still the old familiar face meets his, and the well-known yet startling cry sounds in his ears like a voice from home. Hitherto we have spoken of the owl in a living state; we must now turn to the manner in which its dead body has been employed; for it has been largely used in charms and incantations. Horace makes it an ingredient in the infernal mixture of Canidia; Propertius stirs it into his love-charm; Ovid makes Medea complete her dreadful caldron of 'wonder-working juices' with

'A screech-owl's carcass, and ill-omened wings;'

Ben Jonson brings

'The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,'

into his; and the 'owlet's wing' forms a seasoning to the broth of the witches in Macbeth.

Such being its properties and uses, it is not wonderful that some parts of it should be employed in the ancient pharmacopœia. Thus the feet, if burnt with the herb plumbago, possessed a power against serpents; the ashes of its penetrating eyes were fancifully deemed good for clearing the sight; while the egg of the owl, and the blood of its nestlings, were valuable for preserving the hair, and rendering it curly: though Pliny, considering the bird itself an unnatural prodigy, doubts whether any one ever saw its egg, and more especially whether any one would venture to employ it if found. The ashes of the head were also a remedy for that constant, though, according to old belief, universally-cured disease—disorder of the spleen.

Among the moderns, the Italians greatly value the little Civetta, or Chiù, as it is called in imitation of its cry, and perhaps a few other owls, as food; and they also keep it in their gardens for the purpose of destroying vermin. In America, both whites and Indians, notwithstanding their superstitions, consume great numbers of the snowy owl, the flesh of which is delicately white.

Mr Broderip, to whose researches we are greatly indebted in this paper, thinks that much of the ill name of the owl may be attributed to its known partiality for the shrew; for as the shrew is not in the best possible odour among the superstitious, 'what a concatenation of *diablerie* must our ancestors have believed an owl to be after a protracted shrew diet!'

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Britain boasts ten species of the owl, either as residents or visitors; and these species range from the stately and magnificent eagle, and snowy owls, to the quaint and pretty litter owl (*S. Passerina*), which occasionally, though seldom, leaves its restingplace in the chimneys of Carniola, to spend a season with us. Howe mentions a curious custom which formerly prevailed in the west of England on St Valentine's Day; three single men would go out before sunrise with a clap-net, to catch an owl and two sparrows. If they succeeded in doing so, and could bring them uninjured to the door of an inn before the females of the house were up, they claimed three pots of purl in honour of St Valentine, and they might afterwards demand a similar reward at any other house in the neighbourhood.

The owl is a very long-lived bird—a fact which did not escape the notice of our fathers; for one of the oldest of the Welsh fables tells how an eagle-king, being desirous of ascertaining the age of a certain owl, and not having the convenience of a legal register, started on a tour of inquiry from such animals as were supposed to be the oldest inhabitants. These severally referred him to others who had lived still longer; and at length he ascertained that none had ever known the owl younger, or in anyway different in appearance or voice from what she then was. Then there is another in the same collection, which, accounting for the nocturnal habits of the owl and bat, and more especially for the scorn with which other birds treat them, teaches us how the dove and the bat, being on a journey together, and coming late in the evening to the dwelling of the chief of the owls, sought and received a shelter. Then, supper being ended, the bat broke forth into a loud and laudatory strain on the wisdom and virtues of their entertainer, attributing to him qualities which it was well known he never possessed. This over, the dove, with modest dignity, simply thanked the owl for his attentions and hospitality, on which both the Amphitrion and the parasite flew violently at her, accusing her of insulting ingratitude, and so drove her out into the dark and stormy night. When the morning dawned, the dove flew to the court of her king, who, in great wrath, passed an edict, enacting that from thenceforth the owl and the bat should never presume to fly abroad until the sun was down, under pain of being attacked and beaten by all other birds. For a corroboration of this tradition, we need only observe the conduct of the small birds when a hapless owl—which has so numerous a family, that the short summer nights will scarcely enable her to supply them with food—ventures to steal forth when the sun is a little clouded over at noon, to satisfy the cravings of her hunger. Jesse gives an interesting account of an owl which had resided for many years in a hole in the wall of a house in Glamorganshire, but which was at length ejected by the hole being built up. The owl, however, commenced so sad and so pertinacious a lamentation, that the owners of the house were glad to re-open the hole, as the only means of procuring peace.

BROTHER CHARLES.

Although Brother Charles enjoys a continental reputation, he is but little known in England, except to those who chance to have read a French work recently published by Mme de Gasparin, giving her impressions of Egypt, Nubia, and Syria. This lady, during her temporary abode in the convent on Mount Carmel, was treated with the most cordial kindness by Brother Charles—a personage who is ever mentioned with respect and admiration by those who have been received within the hospitable walls of Mount Carmel. Brother Charles, although by profession a recluse, dwells habitually in the society of his fellow-creatures; for to him has been assigned the duty of entertaining strangers—an office which he fulfils with the graceful simplicity of an anchorite, and the easy vivacity of a man of the world.

During Napoleon's brief expedition into Syria, a large body of wounded French soldiers were received within the walls of the convent, and carefully tended by the brethren—an act of charity which was severely visited by the Turks, who, coming up to Carmel, murdered the Frenchmen, and after pillaging the convent, laid it nearly in ruins. Grievous as was this catastrophe in its effect on the poor monks, they far less lamented their own misery than the departed glory of their beloved convent, and its restoration formed

'Their hope by day, their dream by night.'

But how was this to be accomplished? A sum of L.30,000 was required for the purpose. Brother Charles undertook to travel throughout Europe in order to raise the necessary fund. Everywhere he met with kindness and good-will; and the gentle courtesy of his manners, united with a spiritual *bonhomie* of character, and the most refined *naïveté* of expression, won for him golden opinions among all classes and conditions of men. The poor man gave out of his poverty, and the more wealthy contributed largely out of their abundance; so that the barefooted Carmelite rejoiced to find his pious store increasing during each step of his progress. Visions of golden treasure filled his mind as he at length drew nigh to Paris—that great centre of sociality, where any remarkable man, whether monk or philosopher, conjuror or hero, is alike welcomed with acclamation by a people who, like the Athenians of old, are ever longing 'to tell or to hear some new thing.'

Brother Charles described with humour his adventures in this gay and brilliant capital, where he appeared under the special protection of M. Thiers, who professed an ardent zeal for the success of his charitable mission. Brother Charles wanted money—a large sum of money. 'He addresses himself to all sorts of notabilities—artists, politicians, Legitimists, Constitutionalists, women of fashion, literary ladies: everywhere he is received with cordiality—everywhere he is beset with compliments—with invitations. Brother Charles is in fact *a lion—the* lion of the day; but he has as yet no suspicion on the subject. A lottery and a concert are organised for the benefit of Mount Carmel. Wonderful promises are made by the artists—of *original* paintings, *original* verses, *original* music—only they are not very careful in keeping their promises. 'Without the ladies,' said Brother Charles emphatically, 'we never should have got on!' A committee is formed to refresh the memory of his promise-making friends; the tickets are all sold—the prizes arrive. 'Take my advice,' said a celebrated author, who was on the committee; 'sell all the pictures which are of any value, ... and let them draw for the rest.'

Brother Charles drew back, bewildered and surprised.

'But *figlio mio!* you forget that the people who have purchased tickets have done so with the hope of winning a picture of Horace Vernet's, or an autograph of Hugo's!'

'Bah! bah! is it not easy enough to copy them? Such things are done every day.' Brother Charles, however, was too honest a man to accede to the proposal. He remained firm, and for the first time perhaps in a Parisian lottery of this sort, the ticket-holders had a fair chance of gaining the highest prizes which had been held out to them as an incentive to charity.

After the lottery came the concert. Once more there was a lavish profusion of promises, and a hundred good reasons for drawing back from them. Brother Charles, who was inflexible in great matters, was most accommodating in the minor arrangements. He placed upon the committee, as he says himself, 'everybody, *good and bad*—Catholics and Protestants.' At length, by dint of

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letters, and visits, and committees, the great day arrives. The concert is to take place at the Odéon. Brother Charles is passing the evening quietly at the Luxembourg with the Duchess Decazes, when one of the managers enters the saloon.

'You must accompany me immediately, if you please.'

'Whither?'

'To the Odéon.'

'What! to the Odéon—to the theatre?—I, a Carmelite brother—a monk?'

'Precisely so!'

'But I shall most assuredly not go there. My part of the business is over, and I shall remain quietly where I am.'

'It is the committee who have sent me. They desire to speak with you.'

'The committee! Ah, that is another matter. There is no difficulty, I hope, in the business. Come, let us set out at once.'

They arrive at the Odéon, and are ushered up a small and gloomy staircase, as silent and private-looking as if it was in a convent.

'Here is the committee-room,' observes his companion, placing his hand on the lock of a narrow door. Brother Charles enters fearlessly, expecting to find himself in the midst of the friendly committee with whom he had been associated almost daily during the preceding five weeks. He enters, and on looking up, finds himself on the scenic boards! .... 'On the *boards of a theatre*, madam—in the midst of the orchestra, in front of the pit, and facing five rows of boxes, crowded with fashionable men and women!' ..... A skilful stroke this on the part of his charity-managing friends! Brother Charles retained his honest simplicity of heart, but I suspect (says Mme de Gasparin) that from that day forward he began to understand somewhat more of the mysteries of Parisian charity.

But the best of all was to hear him describe his visit to M. Thiers, who, as has been already hinted, was lavish in his promises of friendly aid to Mount Carmel and its brotherhood. M. Thiers was at this time at the head of the Opposition; M. Guizot in the ministry for foreign affairs.

'Monsieur Thiers, I have need of your assistance.'

'What can I do for you, father? Is it money you require?'

'No, not money: not from you at least. There is something else I require at your hands.'

'What then?'

'You must kindly assist me in procuring a grant from the *minister of foreign affairs*.'

'Indeed!'

'Just consider, I am quite a stranger here—a poor monk, who would be left to grow musty in the antechamber if I presented myself there alone. Pray accompany me, therefore, to M. Guizot's.'

M. Thiers almost started off his chair.

'Are you aware of the nature of your request? Do you really know what you are asking me to do?'

'I am not aware of any difficulty in the matter. I know not whether you are the friend of M. Guizot or not. All I know is, that you, M. Thiers, are the *protector* of Carmel; I come to you as to the protector of Carmel, and I feel assured that you will accompany me in that character.'

M. Thiers reflects a moment, then rises from his seat, puts on his paletôt, accompanies Brother Charles to the house of the minister, is received with the distinguished attention with which a political enemy is always received when he comes to ask a favour, ... and the convent of Mount Carmel gains 20,000 piastres by this rencontre of the two parliamentary antagonists!

Alien as were the charity-mongering devices of his Parisian friends to Brother Charles's simple, honest disposition, he nevertheless felt deeply grateful for the kindness and liberality bestowed upon him in that capital; and now that he is dwelling peacefully within the walls of his beloved convent, he entertains his guests with anecdotes of his life in Paris, the minutest portions of which dwell with pleasure upon his memory. Does any one praise at dinner the haricots or the peas of Carmel!—Brother Charles tells his guests that he 'received the seed from the Princesse or the Marquise So-and-so.' Although a Neapolitan by birth, he seems to be a Frenchman in heart. All other affections, however, seem but cold in comparison to his zeal for the glory of Mount Carmel.

To us who are daily familiar with stirring thoughts and busy projects, and who dwell in the midst of a 'busy battling world,' rife with excitement of every sort and name, the worthy 'Brother's' life may seem a dull and soulless thing. And truly we should be loth to exchange the joys or even the cares of domestic life for his more still existence upon Mount Carmel; yet he may haply be of a far other mind, and may think, with one of our own poets, that

'Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss.
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the uncumbered mind,
By some weak aim at services assigned
To gentle natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.'

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

The chapter of accidents is a chequered page—sometimes comic passages—more often scenes of sadness, inviting the most serious considerations. A newspaper without an account of one or more accidents of the latter kind is scarcely ever taken up, and lamentable as is such an occurrence to the sufferer himself, it rarely happens to a working-man, whether he be employed in a profession or a trade, as a mechanic or a labourer, without causing privation and loss to several others besides himself, who are dependent on him for their livelihood and support.

If indeed he be so fortunate as to have other resources besides the profits of his ordinary occupation, a disabling accident will only partially affect him with distress. But it is a much more serious affair when a man's whole income is derived only from the labour of his head or hands. Let him be but temporarily disabled, and he is thrown into immediate embarrassment; and a fatal accident is at once a deathblow to himself and a sentence of destitution to his family. Has he a wife and children, what then is their condition? For a time they rely perhaps on the kindness of their friends, and the casual benevolence of strangers; failing such assistance, how often does their future lot become a continued struggle, by honest or dishonest means, to maintain a wretched, perhaps a shameful existence, independent of the workhouse?

We were led to these reflections by the very unpleasant circumstance of witnessing an accident in the streets of London. A man fell from a scaffolding at our feet, a powerful, fine young fellow of six or seven-and-twenty. The dull muffled crash, as the full, muscular body struck the pavement, was inexpressibly shocking; and an unnatural sideways bending of the leg, as we raised him from the ground (indicating a fracture), was not calculated to relieve our feelings. Shortly after, and a bitter day it was, we visited him at the hospital: his injuries were severe, and there was no probability that he would be fit for work for the next three months. The lucky fellow, however, was attended by a fine young woman, who proved to be his wife, and to whom he was indebted for four blooming pledges of an affection which had all the appearance of sincerity on both sides. 'They may thank her,' said

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he, 'for the comforts they still enjoy while I am thus laid up.

We thought he was referring to his wife's industry; but it was not that. She laboured hard indeed, but her gains were small, and her abode being distant, much time was lost in walking to and from the hospital.

'You see, sir,' he continued, 'her brother works in a printing establishment, which is employed by the "Accidental Insurance Company," and from him she learnt all about it; and at last, after much talk, thank God, she persuaded me to insure against the chance of accidents.'

'Railway accidents you mean?—but your case has nothing to do with travelling by rail.'

'No, no, sir; you mistake. My insurance applies to *every kind of accident*, and to this among the rest. It was only last month that I took out a policy; it cost me fifteen shillings, and I never laid out my money to better profit.'

Insurance against accidents of all kinds, as distinguished from that confined to railway accidents, is a subject which was adverted to in a previous number of this journal,* and we were glad to have an opportunity of observing it in operation.

Pursuing our inquiries, therefore, with much interest we learned that, for his 15s., there was insured to the man's family, in the event of his death by an accident within twelve months, the sum of L.100; and also L.1 a week payable to him as long as he was disabled by a similar cause from work; and no bad bargain had he made of it. The poor fellow was not free from pain in his wounded limb; but the kindly cheerfulness with which he turned to a fellow-sufferer, and said (after whispering to his wife)—'Your missus should not have come out this cold morning without her shawl; my Jane has got something for her'—contrasted strikingly with the haggard anxiety of the half-clad object of his sympathy, whose main resource in this hour of trouble too plainly was the pawnbroker. Had our friend's insurance been against accidental death alone, instead of against all accidents fatal or non-fatal, for the same amount of 15s., the sum insured to his family would have been L.300, he being a mason, and therefore, according to the rules of the company, in their second class. To a first-class man the amount is L.600.

This company is young, and is as yet but little known;† but there is no doubt that such an institution is calculated to be of the greatest general utility and importance. We have not now to learn that no caution nor other means will avail to save a man from the liability to accidents; that such events are as certain to fall on some (on many indeed), as death is to come to all; and that as any one at any moment may be appointed to receive the blow, and there is no possibility of foreseeing who shall be the victim, it concerns all men to be prepared for the event. Nor need we be told that no provisional expedient is so proper for the purpose as insurance. The event contemplated is indeed contingent only, but insurance against particular risks is no new thing: houses and ships are constantly insured against the danger of fire and the perils of the sea. In these cases the plan has, after long trial, proved eminently successful. More recently the person has been insured against the single case of accident by railway; and an argument is thus readily supplied that, if in such cases insurance be a wise and proper measure, much more is it reasonable to insure our lives and limbs against accidents of all kinds.

As an illustration, take the case of fire. Insurance of houses against destruction by that particular event is as common as it is deemed prudent and advisable. Now a man's power to work, and so to produce for himself wages, salary, or other income, cannot be considered less valuable, probably it will be held much more so, than his house; and be it also observed that instead of being exposed to the risk of one destructive element only, this power is liable to be lost or impaired by a hundred different kinds of accident. Well, then, every reason that exists for insurance against a *single* cause of accident applies to insurance against the whole *catalogue* of personal casualties, of course with manifold more force.

One word now as to the amount of premium required. This has been the subject of most careful calculation, prolonged for many months by an accurate and experienced actuary; and the result is, we are assured, that he is quite satisfied of the remunerative sufficiency of the amount charged, small as it may appear in comparison with the amount insured. The principle appears to be, that where a heavy loss impends, and is sure to fall on some one or more amongst many individuals, the cheapest and most effective means of meeting it is for each to submit to a small periodical sacrifice for the purpose of forming an insurance fund applicable to the event. The extent of such sacrifice of course depends on the nature of the risk.

We have shewn how small, how reasonably small, is the sum annually required for this purpose. And considering the common liability to accidents, their inevitable nature, their frequency,* and calamitous results, the probability is, that this mode of insurance will meet with favour from the public, and become a general, as we are sure it will be found a prudential, and most useful practice.

* No. 358—article, 'Progress of the People.'

† In a case of this kind, where a commercial object has a recommendation in obvious public benefit, we do not see why we should not favour its promotion. The company in question has its head office in No. 7 Bank Buildings, London.

ALIMENTARY REGIMEN.

In a recent number of the Journal (344) we published a communication made to the French Academy on the subject of diet by M. Gasparin. The conclusions come to by this gentleman have been disputed by M. Charpentier of Valenciennes, in a letter which has also appeared in the proceedings of the Academy. He declares himself well acquainted with 'the habits and manner of living of Belgian workmen, particularly the miners,' and states, as the result of his inquiries and observations, that the 'miners earn wages which vary according to the importance of their labour; here, as elsewhere, they are liable to stand still for want of work, for longer or shorter periods, and, in common with other workmen, have different family charges to sustain. From this results very various pecuniary positions, which do not afford them all the same manner of living, or the same alimentary regimen. In general, our workmen expend each day from ten to fifteen centimes in gin, drink a litre of beer (a little more than a quart), and two or three times a week they eat pork dressed with a vegetable, and named salad. On the Sunday they commonly make three repasts of butcher-meat, and drink during that day a great quantity of beer, less at their own houses than at the taverns, where they pass nearly the whole of the Sabbath.

'M. Gasparin's statement concerning the use of coffee-chicory is correct; it is the only aliment, with bread and butter, which they take when in the mine, because any other more substantial would be digested with difficulty, owing to the painful position of body which they are obliged to maintain during their labour in the workings.

'Thus the miners of Charleroi are far from confining themselves to 500 grammes of meat and 2 litres of beer per week. All those acquainted with the labouring-

* Somewhat of the number of accidents may be formed from the fact, that in the single month of December last, in London alone, and in one hospital only—the London Hospital—772 cases of accident were admitted. These of course are exclusive of the greater catastrophes by wrecks and explosions; such as the loss of the *Orion*, or the explosion at Wallsend, where 101 (or at South Shields, where 95) persons were destroyed at one blast! Even while we write, fifty or sixty people have miserably perished in the Victoria Pit, and again thirteen or fourteen just now at Stockport.

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classes of Belgium are aware that they do not content themselves with so little—and they are right. As to the health of the Charleroi colliers, the report made to government on the condition of the working-classes of the kingdom states:—"The painful labours to which the workmen in mines apply themselves, occasion a very unequal development of the different parts of their body. The organs most exercised acquire an enormous development; the others remain weak and puny. The breast and shoulders are fortified at the expense of the legs; malformations take place in the vertebral column; and the stature is lower than what prevails out of the mines. Nevertheless, the last-mentioned inconvenience exhibits itself only in mines where very low galleries oblige the workmen to hold themselves constantly bent. Still, labour in mines alters and deteriorates the physical constitution of the workmen, of whom a great number become infirm. Commonly, at an age when they could yet work, had they exercised some other calling, their muscular force diminishes, and they are incapable of continuing their own. Underground work is for them a source of suffering and often of mortal disease, the germs of which they contract from their earliest youth. These are diseases that become aggravated slowly, assuming a formidable character between the ages of thirty and forty, and commonly inducing death soon after fifty."'

M. Charpentier observes further, that the difference of health noticed in different localities depends less on the alimentary regimen of the miners than on their mode of ascent and descent. In mines where they have to go up and down by means of ladders, there is more disease and infirmity, chiefly affections of the heart, than where the passage is effected by means of the machine.

M. Gasparin's facts are stated to be contrary to the experiences of Magendie, Liebig, and Shémann on the nutritive principles of alimentary substances; 'and further, to the observation which demonstrates the immense superiority of strength of carnivorous animals over those which live only on vegetables. If propagated, an error might be spread fatal to the working-classes, especially in the north and west of France, where they are already too much subjected, principally in rural districts, to a milky-vegetable nutriment, which favours tuberculisation, and brings on that cruel pulmonary phthisis which in those parts kills one-third of the labouring population. Already, as M. Villenné judiciously observes, people in France are too ignorant of how much meat is necessary to workmen. If the English artisans work more than others, it must be attributed to the meat which they consume so largely.

A PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATION.

The *British American Medical Journal* for January contains an article by Dr Marsden of Quebec, giving an account of a severe operation recently performed painlessly at that town. The patient was a middle-aged farmer named Corrigan, who for several weeks had been suffering under a tumour affecting the lower jaw-bone. He was a very timid man, apprehensive that he could not live under the operation required for extracting the affected part. He had not previously heard of any such influence as that now attracting so much attention under the various names of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and electro-biology. Dr Marsden impressed him one day in this way, so as 'to control sight, muscular motion, and feeling;' next day he repeated the experiment, with the additional result of 'controlling taste as well as the senses, and completely destroying sensation in any isolated part of the body.' Two hours after, Dr Douglas came to perform the operation. Dr Marsden then brought Corrigan under the influence, with the effect of abolishing sensation in the part affected, but not extinguishing consciousness of what was going on. A tooth was drawn, the incisions were made, the jaw sawn through in two places, and the flap of skin replaced and secured with fine pins and twisted sutures, *without any pain being experienced*, although Corrigan continued conscious all the time of the proceedings of the operator. When *de-biologised* a few minutes afterwards, he said he felt a smarting. The operation caused much less loss of blood than usual; but when the influence was gone, it was found necessary to apply three fresh ligatures to stop the hemorrhage which then began to take place. Five days afterwards, Corrigan was considered sufficiently well to leave the hospital. As the circumstances here related belong to a class of phenomena as yet held under suspicion, it may be of importance for us to mention, that a medical man of high character in this country attests to us the respectability of the Quebec practitioners—one of whom, however, was a disbeliever in the alleged influence in question.

DEFIANCE TO TIME.

THOU shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy!
I have some jewels in my heart,
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou mayst denude my arm of strength,
And leave my temples seamed and bare,
Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,
And scatter silver o'er my hair;

But never, while a book remains,
And breathes a woman or a child,
Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live,
Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never, while the earth is fair,
And reason keeps its dial bright,
Whate'er thy robberies, oh Time!
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories o'er my frame,
Thou canst not cheat me of this truth—
That though the limbs may faint and fail,
The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time! I fear thee not;
Thou 'rt powerless on this heart of mine:
My jewels shall belong to me—
'Tis but the settings that are thine!

ANDREW PEARSON.*

* It may be interesting to the public to know, that the author of these meritorious verses is (after a long service in the army) a labourer in the county of Northumberland.

AMATEUR WORKSHOP.

Mr Stone, lecturer on chemistry in Manchester, announces an arrangement which strikes us as worthy of imitation in other places. He has added to his laboratory a workshop for the use of amateurs, who, for the payment of a moderate fee, have here access to, and the use of all requisite apparatus and tools for carpentry, smith-work, founding, experiments in metallurgy in general, modelling, electrotype work, carving, photography, microscopic observation and the work therewith connected, glass-blowing, and experiments in crystalography. Diagrams, drawings, models, and scientific works are placed in the rooms for the use of the amateurs; and materials of all kinds can be had from the porter, who likewise is ready to render occasional assistance, and to take charge of work in progress.

GLASS AS A NON-CONDUCTOR.

Mahanama, who wrote his history before A.D. 477, mentions that Sanghatissa, king of Ceylon (who was poisoned A.D. 246), placed a pinnacle of glass on the spire of Ruanwelli Dagoba, 'to serve as a protection against lightning.' This shews that the Cingalese were then aware that glass was a non-conductor of the electric fluid.—*Sir W. C. Trevelyan.*

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JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie was born in the year 1762, at the Manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Her father had just been translated from the parish of Shotts to that of Bothwell; and on the very first day of the family's removal into the new manse, while the furniture still lay tied up in bundles on the floors, Mrs Baillie was taken ill, probably from overfatigue, and was prematurely brought to bed of twin-daughters, one of whom died in the birth, and the other, named Joanna—after her maternal uncle, the celebrated John Hunter—lived for eighty-nine years, and became the most celebrated of her race, and one of the most celebrated women of her time.

Those who like to trace the descent of fine qualities, will be interested to know that Joanna's mother—herself a beautiful and agreeable woman—was the only sister of those remarkable men, William and John Hunter; and that her father, a clergyman of respectable abilities, was of the same descent with that Baillie of Jarviswood who nobly suffered for the religion and independence of his country.

Although Mrs Baillie was forty years of age when she married, she gave birth to five children. Of these, three grew up: the eldest, Agnes, who still survives; the celebrated Matthew, physician to George III.; and Joanna.

When Joanna was seven years old, her father removed to Hamilton. There he was colleague to the Rev. Mr Miller, father to the well-known professor of law at Glasgow of that name, whose daughters were throughout life among Joanna's most intimate and cherished friends. All that is known of her before she quitted Bothwell seems to be, that she was an active, sprightly child, fond of play, and very unfond of lessons—the difficulty of fixing her attention long enough to enable her to learn the alphabet having been in her case rather greater than it is with ordinary children. At twelve years of age, though still no scholar, she was a clever, lively, shrewd girl, and even then shewed something of the creative power for which she was afterwards so remarkable. Miss Miller well recollects being closeted with her and other young companions for the purpose of hearing her narrate little stories of her own invention, which she did in a graphic and amusing manner.

After being seven years at Hamilton, Mr Baillie was promoted to the chair of divinity in the university of Glasgow. There Joanna attended Miss M'Intosh's boarding-school, and made some proficiency in the accomplishments of music and drawing; for both of which she had a fine taste, though it was never fully cultivated. A constant residence in the crowded and smoky town of Glasgow would have proved very irksome to those accustomed, like the Baillies, to the sweet, healthful seclusion of a country manse; but they were never condemned to it. William Hunter, then accoucheur to Queen Charlotte, and in good general practice as a physician, was in possession of the little family property of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire; and being himself confined to London by his professional duties, he invited his sister and her family to reside at his house there during the summer months. Nothing could have been more agreeable or beneficial to Joanna than this manner of life had it continued. Her father had now a sufficiently large income to enable him to give his children the full advantage of the best teaching, and he was most anxious that they should enjoy it. Unfortunately, he only survived his removal to Glasgow two years; and by his premature death, his widow and family were left not only entirely unprovided for, but in very involved circumstances. The living at Hamilton had been too small to admit of anything being saved from it: and the expense of removing, the purchase of furniture suitable to their new position, the repairing and furnishing of the house at Long Calderwood, besides the increased cost of living in a town, had in combination brought their family into an expenditure which two years of an enlarged income were by no means sufficient to meet. Dr William Hunter came immediately to their assistance. He was at that time fast acquiring the large fortune which enabled him to leave behind him so noble a monument as the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow. He generously settled an adequate income on his sister and her family, and offered to relieve her mind by entirely discharging her husband's liabilities. Here the widow and her high-spirited young people had the opportunity of manifesting the true delicacy and respectable pride which have ever distinguished the family. They carefully avoided disclosing to their generous relative anything more than was unavoidable of these obligations, preferring, with noble self-denial, and at the expense of being looked down upon as niggardly and poor-spirited by neighbours who knew nothing of their motives, to pay the remainder out of their moderate income. Such a trait as this is surely well worth being recorded.

Even after they were clear with the world, Mrs Baillie and her daughters continued to live in the strictest seclusion at Long Calderwood. Soon after his father's death, young Matthew obtained a Glasgow exhibition to Oxford; and having studied successfully there for some years, joined his uncle William in London, for the purpose of assisting him in his lectures. John Hunter, who had been originally intended for a humbler occu-

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pation, had long before this time been called to London by the successful William—had been brought forward by him in the medical profession—and had, in a few months, acquired such a knowledge of anatomy, as to be capable of demonstrating to the pupils in the dissecting-room. His health having been impaired by intense study, he had gone abroad for a year or two as staff-surgeon, and served in Portugal. On his return to London, he had devoted his powerful energies to the study of comparative anatomy, and before Matthew Baillie came to London, had erected a menagerie at Brompton for carrying on that useful branch of science. By his extraordinary genius, he subsequently rose to be inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general, and became one of the most famous men of his age.

Agnes, the elder sister—Joanna's faithful and beloved companion through a long life; and to whom, on entering her seventieth year, she addressed the exquisite poem of the 'Birthday'—which no one will ever read unmoved—was very early an accomplished girl. Unlike Joanna, she had always been a diligent, attentive scholar; and unlike her also, was possessed of a remarkably retentive memory. In her companionship, and in the entire leisure of her six years' seclusion among the picturesque scenery of Long Calderwood, it may be supposed that Joanna's powerful intellect would have been awakened, and her wonderfully fertile imagination begun to assume some of those varied forms of truth and beauty which have since impressed themselves so vividly on the hearts and minds of her contemporaries. But like the graceful forms which the eye of the young sculptor has only yet seen in vision, those divine creations of her genius, before which the world was afterwards to bow, still slumbered in the marble. Her genius partook of the slow growth, as well as the hardy vigour, of the pine-tree of her native rocks; but it had inherent power to shoot its roots deep down in the human heart, and to spread its branches towards the heavens in green and enduring beauty. In these years (from her sixteenth to her twenty-second), the only tendency she shewed towards what afterwards became the master-current of her mind, was in being a fervent worshipper of Shakspeare. She carefully studied select passages; delighted in getting her two favourite young friends—Miss Miller, and the lively Miss Graham of Gairbraid—to take different parts with her, and would so spout through a whole play with infinite satisfaction. Still she was no general student; and we are doubtful if at any time of her life she can be considered to have been a *great* reader.

About a dozen years previous to his death, which took place in 1783, Dr William Hunter had completed his house in Great Windmill Street. He had attached to it an anatomical theatre, apartments for lectures and dissections, and a magnificent room as a museum. At his death, the use of this valuable museum, which was destined ultimately to enrich the city of Glasgow, was bequeathed for the term of twenty years to his nephew Matthew, who had for some time past assisted him ably in his anatomical lectures. Besides this valuable bequest, the small family property of Long Calderwood was also left to Matthew Baillie, instead of his uncle, John Hunter, who was the heir-at-law. William had taken offence at his brother's marriage—not finding fault with his bride, who was an estimable woman, the sister of Dr, afterwards Sir, Everard Home—but, as it was whimsically said—disapproving of a philosopher marrying at all! But, however this may have been, young Matthew, with characteristic generosity, disliking to be enriched at the expense of those among his kindred who seemed to him to have a nearer claim, absolutely refused to take advantage of the bequest. The rejected little property thus, after all, fell legally to John; and only on the death of his son and daughter, a few years ago (without children), descended to William, the only son of Dr Matthew Baillie, as their heir.

Soon after his uncle's death, Matthew, who had succeeded him as lecturer on anatomy, and was rising fast in the esteem of his professional brethren, prevailed on his mother and sisters to join him in London. Their uncle had left them all a small independence, and there they lived most happily with their brother in the house adjoining the museum, from about the year 1784 to 1791, when he married Miss Denman, daughter of Dr Denman, and sister of Lord Denman, the late admirable lord chief-justice. This marriage was productive of great happiness to Joanna, as well as to her brother and the rest of the family.

Throughout their lives the most tender affection subsisted among them all. Mrs Baillie and her daughters now retired to the country—at first a little way up the Thames, then to Hythe near Dover; but they did not settle anywhere permanently till they located themselves in a pretty cottage at Hampstead—that flowery, airy, charming retreat with which Joanna's name has now been so long and so intimately associated. How long she there courted the muses in secret is not known. Her reserved nature and Scottish prudence at all events secured her from making any display of their crude favours. Towards the end of the century she first appears to have been quietly feeling her way towards the light. In sending some books to Scotland, to her ever-dear friend Miss Graham, she slipped into the parcel a small volume of poems, but without a hint as to the authorship. The poems were chiefly of a light, unassuming, and merry cast. They were read by Miss Graham, and others of her early associates—freely discussed and criticised among them, and certainly not much admired. Though light mirth and humour seem to have been more the characteristics of her mind then than they were afterwards, and though Miss Graham remarked that there was a something in the little poems that brought Joanna to her remembrance, still so improbable did it seem, that no suspicion of their true origin suggested itself to any of their thoughts. The authorship of this little volume was never claimed by her; but some of the best poems and songs it contained, which were afterwards published in one of her works, at last disclosed the secret.

In 1799, her thirty-eighth year, she gave to the world her first volume of plays on the Passions. It contained her two great tragedies on love and on hatred—'Basil' and 'De Montfort;' and one comedy, also on love—the 'Tryal.' They were prefaced by a long plausible introductory discourse, in which she explained that these formed but a small portion of an extensive plan she had in view, hitherto unattempted in any language, and for the accomplishment of which a lifetime would be limited enough. Her project we must very shortly describe as a design to write a series of plays, the chief object of which should be the delineation of all the higher passions of the human breast—each play exhibiting in the principal character some one great passion in all the stages of its development, from its origin to its final catastrophe; and in which, in order to produce the strongest moral effect, the aim should be the expression and delineation of just sentiments and characteristic truth, rather than of marvellous incident, novel situation, or beautiful and sublime thought.

Although published anonymously, this volume excited an immediate sensation. In spite of theoretical limitations, it was found to be as full of original power, and delicate poetical beauty, as of truth and moral sentiment. Of course the authorship was keenly inquired into. As the publication had been negotiated by the accomplished Mrs John Hunter—herself a follower of the muses, and the author of several lyrical poems of great sweetness and beauty, which were set to music by Haydn—the credit was at first naturally

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given to her. But Joanna's incognito could not be long preserved; and the impression already made was deepened by the discovery, that this skilful anatomist of the heart of man, who had bodied forth creations bearing the stamp of lofty intellect and most original power, was a woman still young, unlearned, and so inexperienced in the world that it must have been chiefly to her own imagination and feeling she owed the materials which, by the force of her genius, she had thus so wonderfully combined into striking and lifelike portraits.

The band of distinguished persons—poets, wits, and philosophers—with which the beginning of the century was enriched, now crowded eagerly to welcome to their ranks this new and highly-gifted sister, and were received by her with simple but dignified frankness. The gay and fashionable also would fain have wooed her to lionise in their fevering circles; but her well-balanced mind, and intuitive sense of what is really best and most favourable to human happiness and progress, seem from the first to have secured her youthful female heart from being inflated by the incense offered to her on all sides. Though touched, and deeply gratified by the warmly-expressed approbation of those among her great contemporaries whose applause was fame, she could not be won from the quiet healthful privacy of her life to join frequently even in the brilliant society which now so gladly claimed her as one of its brightest ornaments. Equally unspoiled and undistracted, she kept the even tenor of her way. The tragedies contained in her first volume — among the greatest efforts of her genius—were undoubtedly written by her in the fond hope of their being acted. 'To receive the approbation of an audience of her countrymen,' she confesses in the preface, 'would be more grateful to her than any other praise.' Believing that it is in the nature of man to delight in representations of passion and character, she regarded the stage, when properly managed, as an admirable organ for the instruction of the multitude; and that the poetical teacher of morality and virtue could not better employ his high powers than in supplying it with pieces the tendency of which would be, while pleasing and amusing, to refine and elevate the mind. Mrs Siddons was then in the very zenith of her power; and it was a glimpse of that splendid presence—

'So queenly, so commanding, and so noble'—

as it accidentally flashed upon her in turning the corner of a street, to which Miss Baillie has always fondly ascribed her first conception of the character of the pure, elevated, and noble Jane de Montfort. In 1800, the tragedy of 'De Montfort' was adapted to the stage by John Kemble, and brought out at Drury-Lane theatre; and the gratification may well be imagined with which the high-hearted poetess must have listened to

'Thoughts by the soul brought forth in silent joy—
Words often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear delicate of choice;'

as with their loftiest meanings heightened and spiritualised, she now heard them poured forth in the deep eloquent tones of that incomparable brother and sister!

Her second volume of plays on the Passions appeared in 1802, and with her name. It contained four plays: 'The Election,' a comedy upon hatred; and two tragedies and a comedy on ambition—'Ethwald,' in two parts, and the 'Second Marriage.' Hitherto the fair authoress had received almost unqualified praise. She was now to undergo the other ordeal of almost unqualified censure. Since the publication of her first volume, the 'Edinburgh Review' had been established, and its brilliant young editor had been suddenly, and almost by universal consent, promoted to the chair, as the first of critics. Jeffrey's real gentleness of heart, and lively sensibility to every form of literary beauty and excellence, are now too generally admitted to require vindication here; but the lamblike heart and kindly-indulgent feelings which in his middle and declining years seemed to warm and brighten the very atmosphere in which he lived, were at the beginning of his literary censorship carefully, and only too successfully, concealed under the formidable beak and claws, as well as the keen eye of the eagle.

Starting with the idea that, above all things, it was his duty to guard against false principles, the hymn of a seraph would probably have jarred upon his ear if composed upon what he supposed to be mistaken rules of art. He regarded Miss Baillie's project of confining the interest of every piece to the development of a single passion as a vicious system, by which her young and promising genius was likely to be cabined and confined; and that if such fallacy in one so well calculated to adorn the field of literature were met with indulgence, the result might be to narrow and degrade it. It seemed to him little better than a return to that barbarism which could unscrupulously extinguish the eyesight, that the hearing might be more acute. His faith was too catholic to brook the sectarian limitations which were involved in the theory she had so boldly propounded. He therefore waged war against the formidable heresy, cruelly, unsparingly; and if with something of the heat and petulance of a boy, yet with an unerring dexterity of aim, and a subtle poignancy of weapon, that could not fail to inflict both pain and injury. Gentler practice would probably have been followed by a better result. It is certain that Miss Baillie was hurt and offended by the uncourteous castigation inflicted on her by her countryman, rather than convinced by it that her notions were wrong. But the time happily came when—with that clairvoyance which, though it may be denied for a season, time and experience of life seldom fail to bestow in full measure upon true genius—these two fine spirits were able to read each other more clearly.

A single volume of miscellaneous plays, containing two tragedies and a comedy by Miss Baillie's pen, appeared in 1804. These dramas—'Rayner,' 'The Country Inn,' and 'Constantine Paleologus'—had been offered singly to the theatres for representation, and been rejected. Though full of eloquence, knowledge of human nature, and tragic power, they were found, like all her plays, deficient in the lifelike movement and activity indispensable to that perfectly successful theatrical effect which, without an experimental acquaintance with the whole nature and artifices of the stage, has never been attained to even by the most gifted of pens.

The first time Miss Baillie revisited her native country after her name had become known to fame was in 1808. After exploring with a full heart the often-recalled scenery of the Clyde, and the still dearer haunts of the sweet Calder Water, she passed a couple of months in Edinburgh, dividing her time between her old friends Miss Maxwell and Mrs John Thomson. She was somewhat changed since these friends had seen her last. Her manner had become more silent and reserved. Mere acquaintances, or strangers who had not the art of drawing forth the rich stream—ever ready to flow if the rock were rightly struck—found her cold and formidable. In external appearance the change was for the better. Her early youth had neither bloomed with physical nor intellectual beauty; but now, in her fine, healthy middle life, to the exquisite neatness of form and limb, the powerful grey eye, and well-defined, noticeable features she had always possessed, were added a graceful propriety of movement, and a fine, elevated, spiritual expression, which are far beyond mere beauty.

She had now the happiness of being personally made known to Sir Walter Scott, who had always been an

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enthusiastic admirer of her genius, as she of his. They had been too long congenial spirits not to become immediately dear, personal friends. His noble poem of 'Marmion,' which appeared during her stay, was read aloud by her for the first time to her two friends Miss Miller and Miss Maxwell. In the introduction to the third canto occurs that splendid tribute to her genius, which, wellknown as it is, we cannot resist quoting once more. The bard describes himself as advised by a friend, since he will lend his hours to thriftless rhyme, to

> 'Restore the ancient tragic line,
> And emulate the notes that rung
> From the wild harp, which silent hung
> By silver Avon's holy shore,
> Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
> When she, the bold enchantress, came,
> With fearless hand and heart on flame!
> From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
> And swept it with a kindred measure,
> Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
> With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
> Awakening at the inspirèd strain,
> Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again.'

Deeply gratified and touched as she must have been, the strong-minded poetess was able to read these exquisite lines unfalteringly to the end, and only lost her self-possession when one of her affectionate friends rising, and throwing her arms round her, burst into tears of delight.

As she did not refuse to go into company, she could not be long in Edinburgh without encountering Francis Jeffrey, the foremost man in the bright train of *beaux-esprits* which then adorned the society of the Scottish capital. He would gladly have been presented to her; and if she had permitted it, there is little doubt that in the eloquent flow of his delightful and genial conversation, enough of the admiration he really felt for her poetry must have been expressed, to have softened her into listening at least with patience to his suggestions for her improvement. But in vain did the friendly Mrs Betty Hamilton (authoress of 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie') beg for leave to present him to her when they met in her hospitable drawing-room; and equally in vain were the efforts made by the good-natured Duchess of Gordon to bring about an introduction which she knew was desired at least by one of the parties. It was civilly but coldly declined by the poetess; and though the dignified reason assigned was the propriety of leaving the critic more entirely at liberty in his future strictures than an *acquaintance* might perhaps feel himself, there seems little reason to doubt that soreness and natural resentment had something to do with the refusal.

In 1809 her Highland play, the 'Family Legend'—a tragedy founded on a story of one of the M'Leans of Appin—was successfully produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Sir Walter Scott, who took a lively interest in its success, contributed the prologue, and Henry Mackenzie (the 'Man of Feeling') the epilogue. It was acted with great applause for fourteen successive nights, and gave occasion for the passage of many pleasant letters between Sir Walter and the authoress, afterwards published by Mr Lockhart. In 1812 followed the third and last volume of her plays illustrative of the higher passions of the mind. It contained four plays—one in verse and one in prose on fear ('Orra' and 'The Dream'); the 'Siege,' a comedy on the same passion; and 'The Beacon,' a serious musical drama—perhaps the most faultless of Miss Baillie's productions, and generally allowed to be one of the most exquisite dramatic poems in the English language. This fresh attempt, at the end of nine years, to follow out, against all warning and advice, her narrow and objectionable system of dramatic art, was certainly ill-judged. Of course it brought upon the pertinacious theorist another tremendous broadside from the provoked reviewer. But though we can sympathise in a considerable degree with him in denouncing her whole scheme—and more bitterly then ever—as perverse, fantastic, and utterly impracticable—it is not easy to forgive the accusation so liberally added as to the execution—of poverty of incident and diction, want of individual reality of character, and the total absence of wit, humour, or any species of brilliancy. That Miss Baillie's plays are better suited to the sober perusal of the closet than the bustle and animation of the theatre must at once be admitted; but we think nobody can read even a single volume of these remarkable works, without finding in it, besides the good sense, good feeling, and intelligent morality to which her formidable critic is fretted into limiting her claims, abundant proof of that deep and intuitive knowledge of the mystery of man's nature, which can alone fit its possessor for the successful delineation of either wayward passion or noble sacrifice—of skilful and original creative power—of delicate discrimination of character—and of a command of simple, forcible, and eloquent language, that has not often been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

But our limits forbid us to linger, and a mere enumeration of her remaining productions is all they will permit. This is the less to be regretted, that our object is rather to give a sketch, however slight and imperfect, of her long and honoured life, than to attempt a studied analysis of works to which the world has long ago done justice. In 1821 were published her 'Metrical Legends of Exalted Character,' the subjects of which were—'Wallace, the Scottish Chief,' 'Columbus,' and 'Lady Griseld Baillie.' They are written in irregular verse, avowedly after the manner of Scott, and are among the noblest of her productions. Some fine ballads complete the volume. In 1823 appeared a volume of 'Poetical Miscellanies,' which had been much talked of beforehand. It included, besides some slight pieces by Mrs Hemans and Miss Catherine Fanshaw, Scott's fine dramatic sketch of 'Macduff's Cross.' 'The Martyr,' a tragedy on religion, appeared in 1826. It was immediately translated into the Cingalese language; and, flattered by the appropriation, Miss Baillie in 1828 published another tragedy—'The Bride,' a story of Ceylon, and dedicated in particular to the Cingalese. Of the three volumes of dramas written many years before, but not published till 1836—though they were eagerly welcomed by the public, and greatly admired as dramatic poems—only two, the tragedies of 'Henriquez' and 'The Separation,' have ever been acted. These, besides many charming songs, sung by our greatest minstrels, and always listened to with delight by the public, and a small volume of 'Fugitive Verses,' complete the long catalogue of her successful labours. They were collected by herself, and published, with many additions and corrections, in the popular form of one monster volume, only a few weeks before her death.

To return, for a brief space, to the course of her life. It was in the autumn of 1820 that Miss Baillie paid her last visit to Scotland, and passed those delightful days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, the second of which is so pleasantly given in Mr Lockhart's life of the bard. Her friends again perceived a change in her manners. They had become blander, and much more cordial. She had probably been now too long admired and reverently looked up to not to understand her own position, and the encouragement which, essentially unassuming as she was, would be necessary from her to reassure the timid and satisfy the proud. She had magnanimously forgiven and lived down the unjust severity of her Edinburgh critic, and now no longer refused to be made personally known to him. He was presented to her by their mutual friend, the amiable Dr Morehead. They had much earnest and interesting

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talk together, and from that hour to the end of their lives entertained for each other a mutual and cordial esteem. After this Jeffrey seldom visited London without indulging himself in a friendly pilgrimage to the shrine of the secluded poetess; and it is pleasing to find him writing of her in the following cordial way in later years:—'*London, April* 28, 1840.—I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever—and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman.' And again, in January 7, 1842—'We went to Hampstead, and paid a very pleasant visit to Joanna Baillie, who is marvellous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid.'

About two years after her last visit to Scotland, Miss Baillie had the grief of losing her brother and beloved friend, Dr Matthew Baillie, who, after a life of remarkable activity and usefulness, died full of honours in 1823. He left, besides a widow, who long survived him, a son and daughter, who with their families have been the source of much delightful and affectionate interest to the declining years of the retired sisters. In the composition and careful revisal of her numerous and varied works—in receiving at her modest home the friends she most loved and respected, a list of whom would include many of the best-known names of her time for talent and genius—in the active exercise of friendship, benevolence, and charity—ever contented with the lot assigned to her, and as grateful for the enjoyment of God's blessings as she was submissive to his painful trials—her unusually complete life glided calmly on, and was peacefully closed on the 23d of February last.

It will be easily believed, that in spite of all the natural modesty and reserve of Miss Baillie's character, the impression made by the appearance of one so highly gifted on those who had the happiness of being admitted to her intimacy, was neither slight nor evanescent. 'Dear, venerable Joanna!' writes one of those, 'I wish I could, for my own or others' benefit, recall, and in any way fix, the features of your countenance and mind! The ever-thoughtful brow—the eye that in old age still dilated with expression, or was suffused with a tear. I never felt afraid of her. How could I, having experienced nothing but the most constant kindness and indulgence? I had heard of the "awful stillness of the Hampstead drawing-room;" and when I first saw her in her own quiet home (she must have been then bordering on seventy, and I on twenty), I remember likening myself to the devil in Milton. I felt "how awful goodness is—and virtue in her shape, how lovely!" One could not help feeling a constant reverence for her worth, even more than an admiration of her intellectual gifts. There was something, indeed, in her appearance that quite contrasted with one's ideas of authorship, which made one forget her works in her presence—nay, almost wonder if the neat, precise old maid before one could really be the same person who had painted the warm passion of a Basil, or soared to and sympathised with the ambition of a Mohammed or a Paleologus.'

In a little tract, published about twenty years before her death, she indicates her religious creed. After studying the Scriptures carefully—examining the gospels and epistles, and comparing them with one another, which she thinks is all the unlearned can do—she faithfully sets down every passage relating to the divinity and mission of Christ; and, looking to the bearing of the whole, is able to rest her mind upon the Arian doctrine, which supposes Him to be 'a most highly-gifted Being, who was with God before the creation of the world, and by whose agency it probably was created, by power derived from Almighty God.' That she was no bigoted sectarian in religion, whatever she may once have been in poetry, is pleasingly shewn by the following sentences. They occur in a letter to her ever-esteemed and admired friend Mrs Siddons, to whom she had sent a copy of this tract. They do honour to both the ladies:—'You have treated my little book very handsomely, and done all that I wish people to do in regard to it; for you have read the passages from Scripture, I am sure, with attention, and have considered them with candour. That after doing so, your opinions, on the main point, should be different from mine, is no presumption that either of us is in the wrong, or that our humble sincere faith, though different, will not be equally accepted by the great Father and Master of us all. Indeed, this tract was less intended for Christians, whose faith is already fixed, than for those who, supposing certain doctrines to be taught in Scripture (which do not, when taken in one general view, appear to be taught there), and which they cannot bring their minds to agree to, throw off revealed religion altogether. No part of your note, my dear madam, has pleased me more than that short parenthesis ("for I still hold fast my own faith without wavering"), and long may this be the case! The fruits of that faith, in the course of your much-tried and honourable life, are too good to allow any one to find fault with it.'

THE JEWELLED WATCH.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and 'love in a cottage,' the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nursemaids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the 'slave of the lamp,' or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention agoing; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled

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title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odour it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so everyway abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realise a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent.-per-cent. profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honourably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbours from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—'What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighbourhood, eh?'

'Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service.'

'And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us.'

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labours, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like the war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—'You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands.'

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly-jewelled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests: then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed, until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

'Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?'

'I think not; but we will try.'

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

'What I fear,' said the general, 'is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it.'

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

'We will none of us leave this room until it is

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found!' exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

'That decision,' said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, 'might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched.'

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

'Now for it, Johnson!' cried one to the valet.

'Johnson, we're watching you!' said another; 'produce the culprit.'

The servant advanced; but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: 'Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself.'

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

'What has happened?' cried she.

'Nothing,' replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. 'You have cost me very dear,' he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. 'Not now, Jane,' he said; 'to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all.'

Early next morning he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. '*This* man, at all events,' he thought, 'knows nothing of what has passed.' Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low hurried voice.

'General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it'——

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. 'My misery is at its height: that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!'

'My friend!' cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

'I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!'

'A life of unblemished honour,' replied his friend, 'has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!' And he shewed the missing watch. 'It is I,' continued he, 'who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing.'

'If I had only known!' murmured poor Dutton.

'Don't regret what has occurred,' said the general, pressing his hand kindly. 'It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you.'

In a few days Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologise for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honourable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

A VISIT TO THE NORTH CAPE.

HAVING hired an open boat and a crew of three hands, I left Hammerfest at nine P.M., July 2, 1850, to visit the celebrated Nordkap. The boat was one of the peculiar Nordland build—very long, narrow, sharp, but strongly built, with both ends shaped alike, and excellently adapted either for rowing or sailing. We had a strong head-wind from north-east at starting, and rowed across the harbour to the spot where the house of the British consul, Mr Robertson, a Scotchman, is situated, near to the little battery (*festning*) which was erected to defend the approach to Hammerfest, subsequently to the atrocious seizure of the place by two English ships during the last war. Mr Robertson kindly lent me a number of reindeer skins to lie on at the bottom of the boat; and spreading them on the rough stones we carried for ballast, I was thus provided with an excellent bed. I have slept for a fortnight at a time on reindeer skins, and prefer them to any feather-bed. Mr Robertson warned me that I should find it bitterly cold at sea, and expressed surprise at my light clothing; but I smiled, and assured him that my hardy wandering life had habituated me to bear exposure of every kind with perfect impunity. By an ingenious contrivance of a very long tiller, the pilot steered with one hand and rowed with the other, and we speedily cleared the harbour, and crept round the coast of Qual Öe (Whale-Island), on which Hammerfest is situated. About midnight, when the sun was shining a considerable way above the horizon, the view of a solitary little rock, in the ocean ahead, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, was most impressive. We proceeded with a tolerable wind until six in the morning, when heavy squalls of wind and torrents of rain began to beat upon us, forcing us to run, about two hours afterwards, into Havösund; a very narrow strait between the island of Havöe and the mainland of Finmark. As it was impossible to proceed in such a tempest, we ran the boat to a landing-place in front of the summer residence

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of Herr Ulich, a great magnate in Finmark. This is undoubtedly the most northern gentleman's house in the world. It is a large, handsome, wooden building, painted white, and quite equal in appearance to the better class of villas in the North. The family only reside there during the three summer months; and extensive warehouses for the trade in dried cod or stockfish, &c. are attached. My crew obtained shelter in an outbuilding, and I unhesitatingly sought the hospitality of the mansion. Herr Ulich himself was absent, being at his house at Hammerfest; but his amiable lady, and her son and two daughters, received me with a frank cordiality as great as though I were an old friend; and in a few minutes I was thoroughly at home. Here I found a highly-accomplished family, surrounded with the luxuries and refinements of civilisation, dwelling amid the wildest solitudes, and so near the North Cape that it can be distinctly seen from their house in clear weather. Madame Ulich and her daughters spoke nothing but Norwegian; but the son, a very intelligent young man of about nineteen, spoke English very well. He had recently returned from a two years' residence at Archangel, where the merchants of Finmark send their sons to learn the Russian language, as it is of vital importance for their trading interests—the greater portion of the trade of Finmark being with the White-Sea districts, which supply them with meal and other necessaries in exchange for stockfish, &c. Near as they were to the North Cape, it was a singular fact that Herr Ulich and his son had only once visited it; and the former had resided ten years at Havösund—not more than twenty-five miles distant—ere that visit took place! They said that very few travellers visited the Cape; and, strange to say, the majority are French and Italians.

I declined to avail myself of the pressing offer of a bed, and spent the morning in conversation with this very interesting family. They had a handsome drawing-room, containing a grand colossal bust in bronze of Louis-Philippe, King of the French. The ex-king, about fifty-five years ago, when a wandering exile (under the assumed name of Müller) visited the North Cape. He experienced hospitality from many residents in Finmark, and he had slept in this very room; but the house itself then stood on Maas Island, a few miles further north. Many years ago, the present proprietor removed the entire structure to Havöe; and his son assured me the room itself was preserved almost exactly as it was when Louis-Philippe used it, though considerable additions and improvements have been made to other parts of the house. About sixteen years ago, Paul Garnard, the president of the commission shortly afterwards sent by the French government to explore Greenland and Iceland, called on Herr Ulich, and said he was instructed by the king to ask what present he would prefer from his majesty as a memorial of his visit to the North. A year afterwards, the corvette of war, *La Recherche*, on its way to Iceland, &c. put into Havösund, and left the bust in question, as the express gift of the king. It is a grand work of art, executed in the finest style, and is intrinsically very valuable, although of course the circumstances under which it became Herr Ulich's property add inestimably to its worth in his eyes. The latter gentleman is himself a remarkable specimen of the highly-educated Norwegian. He has travelled over all Europe, and speaks, more or less, most civilised languages. On my return to Hammerfest I enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and his eager hospitality; and he favoured me with an introduction for the Norwegian states minister at Stockholm. I merely mention these things to shew the warm-hearted kindness which even an unintroduced, unknown traveller may experience in the far North. Herr Ulich has resided twenty-five years at Havösund; and he says he thinks that not more than six English travellers have visited the North Cape within twenty years—that is to say, by way of Hammerfest; but parties of English gentlemen occasionally proceed direct in their yachts.

Fain would my new friends have delayed my departure; but, wind and tide serving, I resumed my voyage at noon, promising to call on my return. In sailing through the sound, I noticed a neat, little wooden church, the most northern in Finmark. A minister preaches in it to the Fins and Laps at intervals, which depend much on the state of the weather; but I believe once a month in summer. The congregation come from a circle of immense extent. If I do not err, Mr Robert Chambers mentions in his tour having met with the clergyman of this wild parish.*

Passing Maas Öe, we sailed across an open arm of the sea, and reached the coast of Mager Öe, the island on which the North Cape is situated. Mager Öe is perhaps twenty miles long by a dozen broad, and is separated from the extreme northern mainland of Finmark by Magerösund. Although a favourable wind blew, my crew persisted in running into a harbour here, where there is a very extensive fish-curing establishment, called Gjesvohr, belonging to Messrs Agaard of Hammerfest. There are several houses, sheds, &c. and immense tiers of the split stockfish drying across horizontal poles. At this time about two hundred people were employed, and one or two of the singular three-masted White-Sea ships were in the harbour, with many Finmark fishing-boats. The water was literally black with droves of young cod, which might have been killed by dozens as they basked near the surface. My men loitered hour after hour; but as I was most anxious to visit the North Cape when the midnight sun illumined it, I induced them to proceed.

On resuming our voyage, we coasted along the shore, which was one mass of savage, precipitous rock, until the black massive Cape loomed very distinctly in the horizon. I landed at a bluff headland called Tunœs, and collected a few flowers growing in crevices in the rock. A little beyond that, in Sandbugt, a fragment of wreck was discernible, and I ordered the boat to be pulled towards it. It proved to be a portion of the keel of a large ship, about fifty feet long, and much worn. It had evidently been hauled on the reefs by some fishermen, and the fortunate salvors had placed their rude marks upon it. I mused over this fragment of wreck, which was mutely eloquent with melancholy suggestiveness. How many prayers had gone forth with the unknown ship! how many fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, and unconscious widows and orphans, might at that moment be hoping against hope for her return! To what port did she belong? In what remote ocean had she met her doom? Perchance this keel had been borne by wind and tide from some region of thick-ribbed ice, and was the only relic to tell of the dark fate of a gallant bark and brave crew! Alas, what a thrilling history might that weed-tangled piece of wood be linked with, and what food did it supply for the wanderer's imagination!

Resuming the voyage, we came to a long promontory of solid rock, stretching far into the sea, where it tapers down to the level of the water. It is called Kniuskjœrodden; and I particularly draw attention to it for the following reason:—At Hammerfest the consul favoured me with an inspection of the charts recently published by the Norwegian government, from express surveys by scientific officers of their navy. The instant I cast my eye over the one containing Mager Öe, I perceived that Kniuskjœrodden was set down *farther north than the North Cape itself!* The consul said that such was the actual fact, though he will not consent to its disputing the legitimacy of the ancient fame which the Cape worthily enjoys; since it is merely a

* See 'Tracings of the North of Europe,' in 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal' for December 1849.

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low, narrow projection, of altogether insignificant character. I walked to its extremity, and narrowly escaped being washed by the roaring breakers into the deep transparent sea.

Rounding Kniuskjærodden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my delighted view. It was now a dead calm, and my vikings pulled very slowly across the grand bay of Kniusvœrig, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the object, which is one enormous mass of solid rock upwards of a thousand feet in elevation. I can compare it to nothing more fitly than the keep of a castle of tremendous size; for it very gently tapers upwards from the base, and presents a surface marvellously resembling timeworn masonry. The front approaches the perpendicular, and so does much of the western side also. The colour of this mighty rock is a dark, shining, speckled gray, relieved by dazzling masses of snow lying in the gigantic fissures, which seem to have been riven by some dread convulsion. The impression I felt as the boat glided beneath its shadow was one of thrilling awe; for its magnificently stern proportions—its colossal magnitude—its position as the lonely, unchanging sentinel of nature, which for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the maddening fury of the mystic Arctic Ocean—all combine to invest it with associations and attributes of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realised; and as I landed on its base, in the blaze of the Midnight Sun, I felt an emotion of proud joy, that my long-feasted hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was literally fulfilled.

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape; and it is usual for those who ascend it to go many miles round from this starting-place to gain the summit, because a direct upward ascent is considered impracticable. But having much confidence in my climbing capabilities, I resolved to adventure the latter feat; and although burthened with my sea-cloak and other things, I instantly commenced the task, leaving my crew to slumber in the boat until my return. I found the whole of the western side, opposite the landing-place, clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation to the height of about a hundred yards. There were myriads of flowers, including exquisite white violets with hairy stems; purple, red, and white star-flowers; the beautiful large yellow cup-flower, growing on stems two feet high, and called by the Norwegians *knap-sullen-öie-blomster* (literally, button-sun-eye-flower); and many other varieties of species unknown to me. There were also several kinds of dwarf shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. Butterflies and insects flitted gaily from flower to flower. After resting on a ledge of rock to take breath, and look down on the glassy waters and the boat at my feet—now dwindled to a speck—I resumed my clambering; but to my extreme mortification, when I had ascended two-thirds of the way, at no small risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all trickling with slimy moisture from the congealed snow above. Here I had a narrow escape from being killed by a fragment of loose rock giving way beneath me, and drawing down other pieces after it; but I clung tenaciously to a firm part, and the heavy stones bounded harmlessly over my head. I descended with difficulty; and after carefully surveying the face of the rocks, tried at a more favourable place, and even then I was above an hour in gaining the summit. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place; and I certainly was thankful when I could throw my weary frame down, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid patch by my side. Though I had been more than forty-eight hours without rest, bodily fatigue was little felt. I could behold from my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island. The higher peaks and the sheltered hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the midnight sun, and several dark lakes nestled amid the frowning rocks.

Resuming my progress, I passed over the surface of the Cape. It is covered with slaty *débris*, and, what struck me as very remarkable, quantities of a substance resembling coarse white marble, totally different from the Cape itself. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss, which bears most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, blooming in clusters of hundreds and thousands together. These dumb witnesses of nature's benevolent handiwork filled my soul with pleasing, grateful thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being who maketh flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate regions of the earth. In the bed of a ravine, crossed in my way towards the end of the Cape, I found a rapid stream of the purest water, which proved deliciously refreshing. I wandered along; and after skirting much of the western precipice, drew nigh the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern part swells out in a clear appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the latter I came upon a circle of stones, piled nearly breast high, enclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. This had evidently been erected by a party of visitors as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant, a block of black rock rises above the level, which is otherwise smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with minute fragments of rock. Within two or three yards of the extreme point is a small pole, sustained in the centre of a pile of stones. I found several initials and dates cut on this very perishable register, and added my own. I believe it was set up by the government expedition three or four years ago, as a signal-post for their trigonometrical survey.

I cannot adequately describe the tide of emotion which filled my soul as I walked up to the dizzy verge. I only know that, after standing a moment with folded arms, beating heart, and tear-dimmed eye, I knelt, and with lowly-bowed head, returned thanks to God for permitting me to thus realise one darling dream of my boyhood!

Despite the wind, which here blew violently, I sat down by the side of the pole, and wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the grand spectacle of nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living being was in sight: far beneath was the boundless expanse of ocean, with a sail or two on its bosom at an immense distance; above was the canopy of heaven, flecked with snowy cloudlets; the sun was gleaming through a broad belt of blood-red horizon; the only sounds were the whistling of the wind, and the occasional plaintive scream of hovering sea-fowl. My pervading feeling was a calm though deep sense of intellectual enjoyment and triumph—very natural to an enthusiastic young wanderer upon achieving one of the long-cherished enterprises of his life.

With reluctant and wildly-devious steps, I bade what is probably an eternal adieu to the wondrous Cape, and effected a comparatively easy descent to the place whence I had started. My men had dropped grapnel a considerable distance from the rock; and being unwilling to disturb their slumber, I spent some further time in exploring the western base. There is a very curious cavernous range of rock washed out by the terrific beating of wintry storms, so as to form a species of arcade. The sides are of immense thickness, but the sea has worn them open at the top. The water here, as along the whole coast of Norway and Finmark, is marvellously transparent. Weeds and fish may be seen at a prodigious depth clearly as in a mirror.

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On the return voyage, we ran into a creek near Sandbugt, and the crew went ashore to a Lap *gamme* (hut) to sleep; but as I had no desire to furnish a dainty fresh meal to the vermin with which every gamme swarms, I slept soundly on my reindeer skins in the boat, although it was now rainy and intensely cold. After the lapse of a few hours I joined them at the gamme, and bought a fine *pæsk* or tunic of reindeer skin from an old Lap; and learning that his herd of reins was in the vicinity, I had a long ramble in search of them, but without avail; for they had wandered far away, influenced by that remarkable instinct which impels reindeer to invariably run *against* the wind. I gathered some fine specimens of sponge in marshy hollows. In the course of our subsequent voyage, I made another pause of a few hours at Giesvohr, where I examined the works for curing the fish and extracting the oil, but declined taking any repose. Next morning, being favoured with a powerful wind, our little craft fairly leaped over the waves; and I noted her dexterous management with the eye of an amateur receiving a valuable lesson. The old pilot kept the sheet of the lug-sail constantly ready to slip, and another hand stood by the greased halyard to let all go by the run; for there are frequent eddies and squalls of wind along this very dangerous coast, which would upset a boat in an instant, were not great tact and unremitting vigilance exercised. The sea ran exceedingly high, and we shipped water from stem to stern every time we settled in its trough, in such a way that the baling never ceased. Safely, however, did we run into Havösund once more at about eight o'clock.

Young Ulich welcomed my unexpectedly early return at the landing-place, and I was delighted to again become the eagerly-welcomed guest of his house. Happily, and only too quickly, did the time speed. I chatted in my sadly-broken Norwegian—the first to laugh at my own comical blunders; and the eldest young lady sweetly sang to me several of the most ancient and popular of her native ballads, accompanying them on her guitar—the fashionable instrument of music in the North, where many things which have fallen into desuetude with us universally flourish. As she could understand no other language, I in return did my best to chant the celebrated national Danish song, *Den tappre Landsoldat*, the fame of which has penetrated to the far North. So popular is this song in Denmark, that its author and composer have both recently received an order of knighthood for it. In the library were translations of Marryat, and other English novelists; and they shewed me a copy of—Cruikshank's *Bottle!* I thought that if that gifted artist could have thus beheld how his fame and a genuine copy of his greatest work has penetrated, and is highly appreciated in the vicinity of the North Cape, he would have experienced a glow of enviable, and not undeserved satisfaction. The only teetotaller, by the way, whom I ever met with in Scandinavia, was one of the crew of the boat with me. He invariably declined the *brændiviin*, as I passed it round from time to time, and assured me he drank only water and milk.

The young ladies had about a score of pretty tame pigeons; and to my extreme regret a couple were killed, to give me an additional treat at a dinner served in a style which I should rather have expected to meet with in an English hotel than at a solitary house on an arctic island. They afterwards conducted me to their —garden! Yes, a veritable garden, the fame of which has extended far and wide in Finmark; for there is nothing to compare to it for at least four hundred miles southward. It is of considerable size, enclosed by high wooden walls, painted black to attract the sun's rays, which are very fervid in the latter end of summer. Potatoes, peas, and other table vegetables, were in a thriving state, but only come to maturity in favourable seasons. I had some radishes at dinner, and excellent they were. Glazed frames protected cucumber and other plants, and many very beautiful and delicate flowers bloomed in the open air. The young ladies gathered some of the finest specimens of these, including large blue forget-me-nots, and placed them within the leaves of my Bible. Highly do I treasure them, for they will ever vividly recall a host of pleasant and romantic associations.

Most pressing were they all to induce me to stay some days with them, and gladly indeed would I have complied had circumstances permitted; but I felt compelled to hasten back to Hammerfest. In the afternoon, therefore, I bade adieu to a family which had shewn me a degree of engaging kindness greater than any I had experienced since I left my warmly-attached Danish friends.

The remainder of our return voyage was wet and tempestuous. We sailed and rowed all night, and reached Hammerfest at eight A.M. on July 5, much to the astonishment of the good folks there, who had not anticipated seeing us again in less than a week or ten days. The consul and many others assured me that my voyage had been performed with unprecedented speed, the whole time occupied being not quite three and a half days.

W. H.

THE NEW THEORY OF BEAUTY.

It is commonly said, with reference to female beauty, that each nation has its own standard, and each individual his own taste; and yet no one expresses surprise when it is found that all nations and all individuals concur in declaring a particular figure, executed in marble, to be perfection itself. That there is an error here is obvious, for there cannot be a universal type and national types of the same thing at the same time; and in our opinion it arises simply from our confounding passion with taste, and giving the sacred name of beauty to that which is merely lovesomeness, or the quality which excites affection.* The mistake has been productive of much waste of thought and time; for it has led various inquirers of the most elegant and ingenious minds to confine their researches within such limits as sex, age, and association of ideas; and the practical result is, that we have no such thing as an intelligible definition of beauty, writers even of the highest rank being fain to content themselves with telling the world not *what* it is, but *where*, in their opinion, it resides.

If we emancipate ourselves from these restrictions, and look upon beauty as identical with a principle pervading all nature, as obvious in her minutest works—in a leaf, or flower, or in the crystals of an evaporated tear or of a flake of snow—as in the human face divine, we shall find our explorations much easier. In music we have national melodies in many cases as unintelligible to the hearts of other nations as the language of the people. These are to classical melody what lovesomeness is to beauty, depending for their charm upon local constitution and associations: and we do not in their case attempt to construct a science out of partial and peculiar facts, but admit that the ear of taste may linger delightedly over such untaught combinations, even after being elevated into a devout appreciation of the works of the acknowledged masters of song. Precisely in the same way a woman of our own country may be charming in our eyes, with all her national peculiarities of face and form; while at that very moment our educated taste may be thrilled with admiration of the ideal beauty of the old sculptors. To comprehend and acknowledge this distinction between taste and passion—between the partial and mutable and the unchanging and universal—we consider to be indis-

* Journal, No. 330; article 'Ideal Beauty.'

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pensable in any philosophical inquiry into the nature of beauty.

But is it not extraordinary, even with reference to human beauty, that in spite of national peculiarities, and in spite of the whims and fantasies of passion, there should exist a type which all civilised men unite in acknowledging? Is it not extraordinary that this type, not belonging, in absolute integrity, to any one nation, or any living being, should have been discovered by a single people, the ethereal idea resolved by them into solid marble, and the idolum of beauty thus set up for the worship and despair of succeeding ages? The genius of the Greek sculptors might have taught them to personify sentiment and passion, but it could not have taught them to deify form. The sentiment and passion are modified, as might be expected, by numerous circumstances, and by none more than individual skill; but the form is identical throughout an entire people, and through hundreds of years. That form does not belong to life, but it belongs to nature; and it may be presumed to foreshew the attainment of her aim, the completion of her development, the fulfilment of a law of progress which is at work in her whole domain.

But how did the Greeks of the age of Pericles attain to a knowledge of that which is not yet born, yet which we of the present age consent, as implicitly as they, to accept as the true beauty? This question has not, till recently, received so much attention as it deserves; the Greek sculptures, and the other productions of that people in the formative art, being merely used as examples of surpassing beauty, and their peculiar skill set down vaguely as the result of peculiar genius. This might be said with sufficient probability, as we observed on a former occasion, of the genius of an individual; but when we see the same result arrived at by several generations of a whole people divided into separate states, and united by little more than a common language, and when we find the skill inferred vanish completely and for ever during the convulsions of the country incidental to its being absorbed into the Roman dominion, we are forced to look for some other cause. The same system of proportion, as Winckelmann observes, is found even in ordinary figures by the ancient artists; and notwithstanding differences in execution, all the old works appear to have been executed by followers of one and the same school. It would seem, in fact, that during the palmy period referred to, certain *principles of art* must have been known, which, like many other secrets of antiquity, were subsequently lost.

It has always been suspected that the ancient sculptors were acquainted with some definite laws of proportion, which gave a vantage-ground to their genius far more important than can be acquired in our day by the most laborious study. The evidences of the fact may be found in Müller's 'Ancient Art and its Remains;' but for our part we are more inclined to trust to logical deductions than to the little we know or comprehend of the doctrines of Pythagoras or Plato. The former is admitted by Dr Burney to have been the inventor of the monochord, or harmonic canon, which reduced music to a geometrical science; but neither he nor his great follower is in anywise precise in bringing under a similar law the other departments of æsthetics —by which word it seems to be now agreed that we should describe all matters pertaining to the fine arts. It may very well be argued that there was nothing to hinder the theory of the formative art, any more than that of the art of music, from being laid down by the ancients with precision; but we do not see how it is possible to get over the simple facts already mentioned, that the type of ideal or preternatural beauty left by the Greeks is accepted at this day as the true beauty wherever civilisation exists; and that the art of sculpture, as practised for several centuries by an entire people, and which was lost with their national independence, is still the despair of the modern world.

The popular objection to a theory which proposes to place the formative art upon a geometrical basis like music, if well founded, must be so by mere chance; for in itself it is curiously illogical. This objection is, that if such a theory were correct, it would make every geometrician a Phidias. In other words, any man who executed a symmetrical figure would necessarily acquire the power of Dædalus to make it move its marble limbs; or the influence of Pygmalion, to have it warmed by the goddess of beauty into life and love! This is something like supposing, as a writer we shall come to presently remarks, that a 'scientific knowledge of the grammatical construction of language would enable men to write true poetry.' Geometry, however, although certainly a very admirable thing, can work no such miracles. The most accurate imitator, whose unwearied industry has been to him a substitute for science, and whose copies can hardly be distinguished from the originals, derives no power from that proficiency to give artistical expression to a single thought of his own. If the theory referred to be correct, it will simply put it into our power to obtain, by scientific rules, a result we at present strive after by a laborious education of the eye. And this is the more important from the fact, that many a true artist is deficient in the mechanical basis of his art. Some men acquire in months what others toil after in vain for years; and examples might be given—and these not remote either in place or time—of high and undoubted genius failing of its reward from a mere defect in that minor faculty on which proportion depends.

The same analogy between the eye and the ear (using both these words to denote the faculty that appreciates fitness and beauty) which we have traced in other circumstances, is obvious in the present case. One man has a finer eye just as he has a finer ear than another; and both organs are susceptible of education: the difference being solely this, that in music science comes to the aid of the dull ear, and elevates its possessor to the perception and execution even of classical melody; while in art the dull eye has hitherto continued to plod on without assistance, and to cloud with its 'dim suffusion' the light of genius. It is curious that, with these analogies before him, the author of the article 'Beauty,' in the Encyclopædia Britannica (who is likewise the author of the criticism in the Edinburgh Review on Alison's work on the same subject), should have forcibly disunited music and art, by asserting that the faculty of appreciating melody and harmony is 'quite unique, and unlike anything else in our constitution.'

Independently, however, of the notions caught from the dreamy hints of Plato, the analogous nature of the beauty of sight and that of sound appears to have struck inquirers of different ages; although special respect is of course due to the opinion of those who made the exact sciences their study. Newton declared his inclination to believe in some general law regulating the agreeable or unpleasing affections of *all* our senses; and, in particular, in the relation between objects of sight and the harmonic ratios in their capacity to inspire the feeling of beauty. A later essay, by F. Webb, printed in the 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' comes still nearer to the nature of a theory, and declares that where the principles of harmony can be applied to works of art, they excite the pleasing and satisfying ideas of proportion and beauty. The grand difficulty, however, was the mode of applying those principles of harmony in such a way as to test the question fully; and this discovery was reserved for our own day, and for a studious thinker not previously known in the world of science or of letters.

In a former article we introduced to our readers this

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modest yet zealous inquirer, who presumes to fling over his trade of decoration the light of philosophy;* but he has now published a new, and, as he states, a last volume, on his favourite subject, which demands the careful examination of every student of æsthetics.† Mr Hay, as our readers know, had the good sense, or the happy inspiration, to go back to the principle which *must* have governed the theory attributed to the ancient geometricians. The monochord of Pythagoras was the foundation not merely of earthly music, but of that harmonic science in which his soaring imagination sought the law of the evolutions of the heavenly bodies; and from this simple instrument, as the measurer of beauty in sound, Mr Hay deduced his harmonic canon of the beauty of objects of sight.

The monochord is merely a string of a certain length, stretched between two bridges standing upon a graduated scale. Supposing its tension, when drawn, to be such that, if suddenly let go, its vibrations produce C, that note becomes the fundamental note or tonic; and as the vibrations go on, by their spontaneous division and subdivision the leading notes of the diatonic scale, called the harmonics, follow. Each of these notes is formed of a certain fixed number of vibrations, producing in the surrounding atmosphere a corresponding series of pulsations; and these acting upon the auditory nerve, affect the sensorium with acuteness or gravity. Suppose the fundamental note C to be produced, the string spontaneously divides itself in the middle, and the vibrations of the two parts occur with a double frequency, producing a note double in pitch. It then divides itself into three parts, vibrating with triple frequency; and so on in the arithmetical progression of 2, 3, 4, &c.; the sound, while increasing proportionably in pitch, becoming fainter and fainter as the vibrations multiply.

This may be sufficient to give a general notion of the monochord, though to the book itself we must refer for a full and intelligible explanation; and having fixed this idea in his reader's mind, Mr Hay proceeds to shew that 'the eye is capable of appreciating the exact subdivision of spaces, just as the ear is capable of appreciating the exact subdivisions of intervals of time, so that the division of space into an exact number of equal parts will æsthetically affect the mind through the medium of the eye, in the same way that the division of the time of vibration in music into an exact number of equal parts, æsthetically affects the mind through the medium of the ear.'

Proceeding from this theorem, Mr Hay constructs a figure answering to the monochord of music, and intended to comprise the harmonic ratio of forms. The figure is composed of a long vertical line, with a horizontal one at the bottom, from the farther end of which is described the quadrant of a circle, meeting the verticle line at its base. Through this quadrant the other angles are drawn, 'simply by subjecting it to the same mode of division which nature has pointed out in the production of the harmonics of sound, through the spontaneous division of the string of the monochord.' These harmonic angles correspond exactly with the diatonic scale of musical notes, and are constructed thus: the quadrant of the circle, described, as we have mentioned, from the right-angle, contains 90 degrees, and these are divided, like the diatonic scale in music, into eight parts. The fundamental angle, answering to the note produced by the whole of the monochord, is therefore a right angle of 90 degrees; the next is one-half, or an angle of 45 degrees; the next one-third, or an angle of 30 degrees; and so on, proceeding exactly according to the natural divisions of the monochord.

The following is at least substantially a portion of the explanation of the theory read to the last meeting of the British Association by the Rev. P. Kelland, professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh. It would be impossible to find better or simpler words to convey the meaning:—'The involuntary education received by the eye usually enables it to form a tolerable judgment as to positions and relative magnitudes. Its estimate of the symmetry of an object is equally accurate with that formed, by a person unused to music, of the correctness or incorrectness of a note in the scale. Greater accuracy is the result of cultivation. An artist can detect errors in the proportions of a figure which will escape an uneducated eye. From these considerations, it appears that whilst the ear is learning to judge of successive sounds with the same facility with which the eye judges of successive spaces, the eye again is acquiring the power of the estimation of spaces in combination, with that extreme accuracy with which the ear estimates a combination of sounds. And it is reasonable to conclude with our author, that simplicity of proportion, which is so necessary an element to the satisfaction of the one sense, should be an essential element to the complete gratification of the other. Another position laid down by Mr Hay is, that the eye is guided in its estimate by direction rather than by distance, just as the ear is guided by number of vibrations rather than by magnitude. The architect well knows that one elevation of a simple building is more agreeable than another; but on the application of numerical ratios to its measurement, he finds them to fail altogether. Artists, from the time of Albert Durer downwards, have measured the relative proportions of the human figure; but neither architects nor artists have as yet arrived at anything beyond the most vague and unsatisfactory inferences. This has arisen from their having taken length, and not direction, as their standard of comparison—from their having endeavoured to apply simplicity of linear, not of angular proportion. A picture-frame, in which one side is half the other, is not of nearly so pleasing a shape as another in which one side is half the diagonal, or the angle which the diagonal makes with one side is half that which it makes with the other.

'The basis, then, of Mr Hay's theory is this, that a figure is pleasing to the eye in the same degree as its fundamental angles bear to each other the same proportions that the vibrations bear to one another in the common chord of music. Now in music, the simplest divisions are by 2, 4, &c. which produce tonics; the next are divisions by 3, 6, &c. which produce dominants; and so on; and the chord is pleasing in proportion to the simplicity of the numbers which represent the vibrations of its constituent notes; and the same thing is true of the fundamental angles of a figure.'

The manner in which the author applies his scale to the formation of a perfect human figure would be unintelligible without diagrams; but we may mention generally, that it is adapted to the osseous structure, and of course only when that structure is completely developed. With this exception, the system is susceptible of infinite variety. We would likewise remark—having already heard of some cavilling on the subject—that Mr Hay's diagrams of the human figure have no reference to the conditions of life: the figure may be supposed to be horizontal or oblique—or like a skeleton when measured, to be hung up by the head—as well as standing like a living man on its feet.

One curious fact is deduced from the application of this new harmonic scale—that the skeleton of the female is more harmoniously symmetrical than that of the male, inasmuch as the right angle is the fundamental angle (the tonic note, as it were) for the trunk and

* Mr Hay is a house-decorator in Edinburgh. The article alluded to is entitled the 'Science of Art,' in No. 332.

† The Geometric Beauty of the Human Figure Defined; to which is prefixed a System of Æsthetic Proportion applicable to Architecture and the other Formative Arts. By D. R. Hay, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1851.

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the limbs, as well as for the head and countenance; while in the male it is the fundamental angle for the head only. But the most remarkable thing to be observed of the new theory, is its consonance with the science of proportion which produced the ideal beauty of the Greek sculptors. The inference we drew in our former article from the extraordinary facial angle of these artists was, that they must have taken their features not from life, but from geometrical rule; and here in this harmonic scale we have the rule itself. To this consonance we would in a special manner draw the reader's attention; since, if fully established, it must open out a new and most interesting field for philosophical inquiry. If the beauty of form depends upon geometrical principles, like the beauty of sound, we have not only an explanation of the universal homage paid to the masterpieces of ancient art constructed on these principles, but we may conclude that such masterpieces themselves form the point to which nature is tending in her development of the physical beauty of the human race.

Another thing to be observed in connection with the law of proportion, is the sublime repose of the finest antique statues, and the general abhorrence manifested by Grecian art of those constrained attitudes which distort the limbs and destroy the soft contour of the muscles. The same thing has been remarked by Winckelmann and others, but without reference to a geometric rule which such contortions would have outraged. They probably consider it as nothing more than the spiritualised indolence of the Orientals, by whom action is represented as a momentary interruption of repose; just as

> 'The god who floats upon a lotus leaf
> Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
> Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
> Relapses into bliss.'

It is only further necessary, in hasty remarks like these, to observe that Mr Hay has not confined his measurements to the human figure, but has extended them to architecture. The portico of the Parthenon, for instance, he finds constructed on the same geometrical rule; and he believes this rule to be the discovery of a law of nature, since he detects its operation even in leaves and flowers. For our own part, we would merely caution those who may enter upon an examination of his theory, to avoid the error of supposing that its tendency is to set aside the other causes of pleasurable emotion which every man feels to be at work in his own bosom, and which it is customary to confound with the idea of beauty. We have already mentioned the rude songs which fascinate the ear even of refined taste, and the irregular features that are nothing less than divine in the eyes of love. Here there are at work associations and sympathies which govern the passion, whether as regards music or loveliness, without in anywise interfering with the taste in beauty. If the Venus de Medici, a model of the beautiful, were a hundred feet high, and placed upon a stupendous rock for a pedestal, the figure would be sublime. Such would be the effect of mere magnitude. And if clouds and mists floated round the goddess, distorting her limbs, and giving a wild mobility to her features, the sublime would remain after proportion was lost. Such would be the effect of the emotion of poetical terror, which has nothing to do with the idea of beauty.

The tendency to materialism which, notwithstanding the example of melody, will be ascribed by some to a theory which turns so ethereal a thing as beauty into a geometrical problem, has been practically refuted by the ancient sculptors. Rising from the vantage-ground of science, these masters of all time superadded to their material creations a spiritual life; while Plato, by the aid of the sister science of numbers, arrived at the divine itself. In Mind, he finds that fountain and principle of beauty which in external charms sees only the shadow of its own affections; and this idea of a heathen philosopher throws a spiritual light upon the intimation of the inspired Hebrew, and makes us thrill and tremble with a proud fear while we read — that GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE. L. R.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

April 1851.

You must be prepared, when you come up to the gathering of the nations, to see some changes in the shop-fronts of the metropolis. Small panes and low-browed windows are fast disappearing from our leading thoroughfares, to make way for a brilliant and lofty expanse of plate-glass. Here and there premises are enlarged by taking in adjoining houses—a development of enterprise which most prevails among tavern, coffee, and eating-house-keepers, particularly in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, where the superadded rooms afford a busy scene of carpentry, painting, and papering. It is a rare time for decorators; and purveyors of refreshments intend that it shall not be less so for them. All this is a carrying out of the 'fixed idea,' that speculations in the commissariat department are sure to pay. Monsieur Soyer, at all events, inclines to that belief; for he has taken Gore House, the residence of the late Lady Blessington, where he will play the part of a *restaurateur en grand*. There is some talk of establishing 'penny news-rooms,' where foreigners and others may find newspapers and periodicals in their own vernacular, and read, write, or rest at pleasure. Such establishments are a very great convenience, not less to residents than to strangers; and I for one should rejoice to see several started in London on as liberal a scale as that in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh: so far as my experience goes, there is nothing in Cockneydom equal to it. The Society of Arts have it in contemplation to do the hospitable in this respect, and to supply edible as well as readable matter. Further, we are promised a troop of shoeblacks—urchins from our Ragged Schools, trained and taught for the occasion—who are to be stationed in streets and squares during the six months of the Exhibition. Some people say that it would be desirable to go a step beyond this, and establish *salles de toilette*, as in Paris; indeed if projectors could have their way, London would become a sort of mongrel metropolis, in which the citizens of all the capitals in the world should fancy themselves at home, and wax rotund withal. When all preparations shall be complete, and the wealth and taste of our shops and warehouses are lit up by the rays of a summer sun, there will doubtless be some among the myriads of visitors thronging our streets who will be tempted to exclaim with old Marshal Blucher—'What a city for to sack!'

I walked up to Hyde Park about a fortnight ago on a Sunday afternoon, to see the folk who had come to view the Hall of Glass. There was no disappointment in the result; for the mighty moving throngs were well-dressed and well-conducted, while the coarse material out of which mobs are composed was extremely rare. In consequence, too, of the police regulations against Sunday trading within the limits of the Park, there was none of that confusion and outcry of huxsters so prevalent on other days. It was not difficult to see that the crowd was composed chiefly of mechanics, clerks, and retail tradesmen, with their wives and sweethearts, and domestic servants, male and female, all in their 'go-to-meeting clothes,' besides a sprinkling of soldiers.

It would interest you somewhat, while walking in the Strand or Piccadilly, to see how heavily-laden wagons, from time to time, go rumbling westward with

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goods for the Exhibition. Habituated as the street population of London are to the sight of huge vehicles, they cannot help gazing at the piles of cases as they are drawn slowly by, with their foreign marks, from Paris, Austria, Bavaria, or some other place in the Zoll Verein. The number of cases arrived is, up to the time of my writing, 12,596; being 6233 foreign, 767 colonial, 26 Channel Islands, and 5570 native. The *St Lawrence* brought, it is said, nearly 1000 tons of goods, and 500 exhibitors. Some of the latter are not very well satisfied with the arrangements; but it is to be presumed that they will do as other foreigners have seen the propriety of doing — that is, conform to the regulations of the Exhibition Commissioners, who would not be human if they could please everybody. While 3000 have been excluded out of the 9000 native Britons who came forward as exhibitors, some of the foreigners may, without unfairness, be expected to give place to such of their compatriots as bring the most novel or suitable articles for show. The objects exhibited are to be divided into thirty classes; and there will be as many juries—one to each class—to determine on the objects for which prizes shall be awarded; and according to their decision exhibitors will receive first, second, or third class medals. The number of jurors will be 270, one-half of them being foreigners; and the chairmen to be a sort of upper council, to weigh the merits of the respective adjudications. They are to enter on their duties on the 12th May. These juries have a delicate and difficult task before them, from which it will be no more than charitable to wish them a happy deliverance.

The movement hitherwards has already begun to some extent: in walking our streets, it is impossible not to observe the presence of many more foreigners than usual. Silliman has arrived from the United States, and brings news of other American *savans* who are to follow. And still more remarkable, two Chinese merchants, Ahung and Ry, have come overland through Tartary, Russia, and Germany, to see the Exhibition, preferring that long journey to the voyage by sea, which several of their acquaintances have undertaken in a junk. Should this junk really arrive, the Celestials will deserve no small credit for their enterprise. With so many visitors from abroad, may we not expect a more than usually interesting meeting of the British Association at Ipswich next July?

Now and then a little information creeps out as to the nature and quality of the articles sent in for exhibition. There is a bedstead from India profusely ornamented with silver filagree, the metal alone being worth L.800; there is a saddle also valued at 1700 guineas, far more costly than handsome; and a tea-service, of which each cup and saucer is worth 100 guineas. They are made of agate set with emeralds and rubies, but will not, any more than the saddle, be admired for beauty, and for taste and elegance, will bear no comparison with our Wedgewood china. Singapore, in addition to a number of Malay manufactures and curiosities, sends a valuable collection of the natural products of the Eastern Archipelago, including edible birds-nests, and the sea-weed and sea-slugs so much relished by the gourmands of China. Among the articles from Munich is a 'beer watch,' which, by the movement of its hands, indicates the quantity of the fluid swallowed by the wearer; and among those from Switzerland is a gold pen-holder, with a miniature watch fitted at one extremity, which, small as it is, tells the day of the month as well as the hour. Vienna, as I have before told you, has sent us some very choice cabinet furniture, and with it a number of moustachioed workmen, who, by the assiduity with which they fit up the articles within their boarding, and the use they make of their peculiar benches and tools, have attracted considerable notice. The 'pass' system is still rigorously enforced at the building; so much so, that a batch of the Executive Committee, who arrived one morning at the door after a change had been made in the ticket, were kept waiting for an hour or two before they could gain admittance.

Many projects are afoot for public accommodation; and one, not the least acceptable, is an improved omnibus. It has long been a complaint that the omnibuses of Paris and Brussels should be superior to those of London, and the new vehicle is to obviate the objections to the old ones. Each passenger is to have a compartment to himself; and the seats on the roof are reached by a convenient stair, instead of the present awkward and imperfect method of mounting, which, by the way, is essentially *townish*; for it is notorious that Londoners submit to flagrant inconveniences in their crowded streets and public vehicles, at steamboat landings and doors of theatres, with a power of endurance quite extraordinary. Nevertheless, it is but fair to record that the city authorities have deliberated on the improvement of the river landing-places, and on projects for underground crossings in streets where the vehicular crush renders the traverse difficult and dangerous. It is hard to imagine what is to become of foreigners, who in their own towns are so much accustomed to walk in the roadway; if they pursue the same practice here, they will soon learn to attach a meaning to the 'Now, then!' of irate conductors and drivers.

Another peculiarity that will attract the attention of transmarine visitors, will be the want of cleanliness and convenience in the carriages of some of our railway lines. In my travelling experiences abroad, and no farther off than the north of the Tweed, the comfort of travellers is much more considered than on certain of the lines which radiate from the metropolis. There are, it is true, honourable exceptions; and now that competition has become active, we may expect to find preference given to those lines which provide the best-appointed carriages.

There are certain miscellaneous matters which have been duly talked about by those therein interested. One is, that Adams—Neptune Adams, as he is now called—was elected president of the Astronomical Society at their last anniversary. Theologians have found wherewith to interest themselves in the reports that have been received of the conference of the Bishop of Victoria at Hong-Kong with an intelligent native of China, respecting the term by which the name *God* is to be rendered into the Chinese language. This, as you are aware, has for some time been a vexed question, owing to the number of terms used to signify the various classes of gods among the natives of the 'central flowery land.' This conference may be looked on as a step towards its solution. I may mention, too, while on the subject of language, that several standard English works are to be translated into the vernacular dialects of India, in aid of the educational movement among the native population. Think of Gibbon, Hume, and Smollett, and Defoe, and several of your own 'Educational Course,' done into Hindoo characters! There is philological matter, also, of considerable importance from Africa. The first example of a native written language has recently been discovered among the inhabitants of the *Vei* or *Vahis* district, about five days' sail to the south-east of Sierra Leone, and twenty miles in the interior. They were visited by a missionary, who found, as had been reported, several manuscript books, the work of Doalu Bukara, the Ethiopian Cadmus, a devout and intelligent native. The alphabet which he produced, with the assistance of some of his friends, is entirely phonetic; and, as he related, was the result of a dream which he dreamt some sixteen years ago. He is now about forty; and it appears that, when a boy, he received some alphabetical instruction from an American missionary, which may perhaps account for the peculiar nature and consequences of his dream. When once the

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alphabet was invented, the king's permission to establish schools and teach the people was obtained; and notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned by war, progress has been made in the way of education. Three of the manuscripts have been brought to England. They describe the ordinary incidents and circumstances of negro life, in a style adapted to engage the attention of those for whom they are designed. A number of copies have been lithographed on coloured papers, to render them more attractive; and are to be sent out for circulation among the natives, in the hope, as is said, 'of leading them on in the pursuit of literature, and thus encouraging the peaceful arts, and checking the slave trade.' The Vei district comprehends some 200,000 square miles; an ample field on which to commence the spread of enlightenment.

The centre of Leicester Square no longer presents any appearance of that 'décadence' which afforded so voluminous a topic to a certain literary politician. Mr Wyld's circular building now rears its domed roof aloft in that spacious area; and judging from present indications, the 'Great Globe Exhibition' will not prove the least interesting of metropolitan sights for some time to come. There is to be a 'Gas Exhibition' too at the Polytechnic; the proprietors of that institution having afforded the necessary space, as fire and flame are to be excluded from the Crystal Palace. And, talking of gas, a firm at Carlisle have contrived an illuminated turret clock, which, being regulated every six months, will light itself up at sunset, and 'go out' at sunrise, during the half year, adapting itself all the time to the increase and decrease of daylight. Rather a clever clock this! Then there is an enterprising farmer—I believe not in Essex—who is going to roof his barn with glass, so that after his wheat shall be cut, it may be hardened and dried in full sunlight under shelter. And architects are talking about the model labourers' cottages, to be built of hollow glazed bricks, near Knightsbridge Barracks, at Prince Albert's expense; and of a design for somewhat similar edifices by one of the sons of the Lord Chief Baron.

One or two more, and then I shall have come to the end of what Lord Duberly would call 'promiscuous' items. A lively debate is going on among engineers as to the best form of steamers' paddle-floats, heightened perhaps by the rivalry in ocean steam navigation. If increased speed, without diminution of safety, is to come out of it, we shall wish success to the gentlemen's talk. Another subject is telegraph extension, with a view to establish a line between London and Liverpool, which shall be independent of the present monopoly. The Americans have lately begun to employ their telegraphs for a purpose of great importance to maritime communities, and indeed to all who are dependent on weather. They give notice of storms: 'For example, the telegraph at Chicago and Toledo notifies shipmasters at Cleveland and Buffalo, and also on Lake Ontario, of the approach of a north-west storm. The result is practically of great importance. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at the rate of a carrier-pigeon—namely, sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed, twenty hours in advance, that a south-west storm is advancing along the coast from the Gulf of Mexico.' We here in the southern counties might thus have been forewarned against the extraordinary rain-storm of March 15, when there fell in London nearly *two inches* of rain in fifteen hours—a quantity unexampled (that is, in the same space of time) in the annals of meteorology. It is worthy of notice that no rain fell on the same day at Nottingham or York, and scarcely any at Liverpool.

There, I think, you ought to be satisfied. It is not every editor who has a correspondent capable of producing any amount of what geologists call 'conglomerate.' So, farewell till the Exhibition opens.

THE SMUGGLER MALGRÉ LUI.

THERE is perhaps no more singular anomaly in the history of the human mind than the very different light in which a fraud is viewed according to the circumstances in which it is practised. The singular revelations made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a late deputation will probably be fresh in the remembrance of most of our readers. Even the learned gentleman himself could hardly maintain his professional gravity when informed of the ingenious contrivances adopted for defrauding the revenue. Advertisements floating through the air attached to balloons, French gloves making their way into the kingdom in separate detachments of right and left hands, mutilated clocks travelling without their wheels—such were some of the divers modes by which the law was declared to be evaded, and the custom-house officers baffled. We are by no means disposed either to think or speak with levity of this system of things. However much a man may succeed in reconciling any fraud to his own conscience, or however leniently it may be viewed by his fellow-men, it will yet assuredly help to degrade his moral nature, and its repetition will slowly, but surely, deaden the silent monitor within his breast. All we affirm is the well-known fact, that laws are in most cases ineffective, except in so far as they harmonise with the innate moral convictions of mankind; and that many a man who would not for worlds cheat his next-door neighbour of a penny, will own without a blush, and perhaps even with a smile of triumph, that he has cheated the government of thousands! It is not often, however, that so daring and successful a stroke of this nature is effected as that which we find related of a celebrated Swiss jeweller, who actually succeeded in making the French director-general of the customs act the part of a smuggler!

Geneva, as must be well known to all our readers, supplies half Europe with her watches and her jewellery. Three thousand workmen are kept in continual employment by her master goldsmiths; while seventy-five thousand ounces of gold, and fifty thousand marks of silver, annually change their form, and multiply their value beneath their skilful hands! The most fashionable jeweller's shop in Geneva is unquestionably that of Beautte: his trinkets are those which beyond all others excite the longing of the Parisian ladies. A high duty is charged upon these in crossing the French frontier; but, in consideration of a brokerage of 5 per cent., M. Beautte undertakes to forward them safely to their destination through contraband channels; and the bargain between the buyer and seller is concluded with this condition as openly appended and avowed as if there were no such personages as custom-house officers in the world.

All this went on smoothly for some years with M. Beautte; but at length it so happened that M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, a gentleman of much ability and vigilance, was appointed director-general of the customs. He heard so much of the skill evinced by M. Beautte in eluding the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved personally to investigate the matter, and prove for himself the truth of the reports. He consequently repaired to Geneva, presented himself at M. Beautte's shop, and purchased 30,000 francs' worth of jewellery, on the express condition that they should be transmitted to him free of duty on his return to Paris. M. Beautte accepted the proposed condition with the air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to arrangements of this description. He, however, presented for signature to M. de Saint-Cricq a private deed, by which the purchaser pledged himself to pay the customary 5 per cent. *smuggling dues*, in addition to the 30,000 francs' purchase-money.

M. de Saint-Cricq smiled, and taking the pen from the jeweller's hand, affixed to the deed the following

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signature—'L. de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of the Customs in France.' He then handed the document back to M. Beautte, who merely glanced at the signature, and replied, with a courteous bow—

'*Monsieur le Directeur des Douanes*, I shall take care that the articles which you have done me the honour of purchasing shall be handed to you in Paris directly after your arrival.' M. de Saint-Cricq, piqued by the man's cool daring and apparent defiance of his authority and professional skill, immediately ordered post-horses, and without the delay of a single hour set out with all speed on the road to Paris.

On reaching the frontier, the Director-General made himself known to the *employés* who came forward to examine his carriage—informed the chief officer of the incident which had just occurred, and begged of him to keep up the strictest surveillance along the whole of the frontier line, as he felt it to be a matter of the utmost importance to place some check upon the wholesale system of fraud which had for some years past been practised upon the revenue by the Geneva jewellers. He also promised a gratuity of fifty louis-d'ors to whichever of the *employés* should be so fortunate as to seize the prohibited jewels—a promise which had the effect of keeping every officer on the line wide awake, and in a state of full activity, during the three succeeding days.

In the meanwhile M. de Saint-Cricq reached Paris, alighted at his own residence, and after having embraced his wife and children, and passed a few moments in their society, retired to his dressing-room, for the purpose of laying aside his travelling costume. The first thing which arrested his attention when he entered the apartment was a very elegant-looking casket, which stood upon the mantelpiece, and which he did not remember to have ever before seen. He approached to examine it; his name was on the lid; it was addressed in full to 'M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of Customs.' He accordingly opened it without hesitation, and his surprise and dismay may be conceived when, on examining the contents, he recognised at once the beautiful trinkets he had so recently purchased in Geneva!

The count rung for his valet, and inquired from him whether he could throw any light upon this mysterious occurrence. The valet looked surprised, and replied, that on opening his master's portmanteau, the casket in question was one of the first articles which presented itself to his sight, and its elegant form and elaborate workmanship having led him to suppose it contained articles of value, he had carefully laid it aside upon the mantelpiece. The count, who had full confidence in his valet, and felt assured that he was in noway concerned in the matter, derived but little satisfaction from this account, which only served to throw a fresh veil of mystery over the transaction; and it was only some time afterwards, and after long investigation, that he succeeded in discovering the real facts of the case.

Beautte the jeweller had a secret understanding with one of the servants of the hotel at which the Comte de Saint-Cricq lodged in Geneva. This man, taking advantage of the hurried preparations for the count's departure, contrived to slip the casket unperceived into one of his portmanteaus, and the ingenious jeweller had thus succeeded in making the Director-General of Customs one of the most successful *smugglers* in the kingdom!

HAIL-STORMS IN INDIA.

Colonel Sykes has described to the British Association several storms of hail which have occurred in India, the details collected from various sources by Dr Buist. The weight of some masses of ice was over 14 lbs. Many of them, under a rough external coat, contained clear ice within, and with that peculiar radiated structure which he had elsewhere described. Immense aggregated masses of these great hail-stones were in some places brought down from the mountain ravines by the succeeding torrents, and in one of these conglomerations a snake was found frozen up, and apparently dead; but it soon thawed, and revived.

ON A WEDDING.

February 25, 1851.

You are to be married, Mary:
This hour, as I silent lie
In the dreamy light of the morning,
Your wedding-hour draws nigh.
Miles off, you are rising, dressing,
To stand amid bridal throng,
In the same old rooms we played in,
You and I—when we were young.

Your bridemaids—they were our playmates;
Those old rooms, every wall,
Could speak of our childish frolics,
Loves, jealousies, great and small.
Do you mind how pansies changed we,
And smiled at the word 'forget?'
'Twas a girl's romance—yet somewhere
I have kept my pansy yet.

Do you mind our verses written
Together? our dreams of fame?—
Of love—how we'd share all secrets
When that sweet mystery came?
It is no mystery now, Mary;
It was unveiled year by year:
Till—this is your marriage-morning,
And I—I am lying here.

I cannot picture your face, Mary,
The face of the bride to-day:
You have outgrown my knowledge
In years that have slipped away:
I see but the girlish likeness,
Brown eyes, and brown falling hair:
God knows, I did love you dearly,
And was proud that you were fair!

Many speak *my* name, Mary,
While yours in home's silence lies:
The future I read in toil's guerdon,
You will read in your children's eyes.
The past—the same past with either—
Is to you a soft, pleasant scene:
But I cannot see it clearly,
For the graves that rise between.

I am glad you are happy, Mary!
These tears, did you see them fall,
Would shew, though you have forgotten,
I have remembered all.
And though my cup is left empty,
And yours with its joy runs o'er,
God keep you its sweetness, Mary,
Brimming for evermore!

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MORBID IMPULSES.

'PLEASE, sir, it's seven o'clock, and here's your hot wa'ar.' I half awoke, reflected moodily on the unhappy destiny of early risers; and finally, after many turns and grunts, having decided upon defying all engagements and duties, I fell asleep once more. In an instant I was seated in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, gazing upon the curtain, and, in common with a large and brilliant audience, anxiously awaiting its arising, and the appearance of Duprez. The curtain does rise; the orchestra are active; Duprez has bowed her thanks to an applauding concourse; and the opera is half concluded: when, just as the theatre is hushed into deathless silence for the great aria which is to test Duprez's capacity and power, a mad impulse seizes hold of me. I have an intense desire to yell. I feel as if my life and my eternal happiness depend upon my emulating a wild Indian, or a London 'coster' boy. I look round on the audience; I see their solemn faces; I note the swelling bosom of the cantatrice, the rapt anxiety of the leader, and the dread silence of the whole assembly, and I speculate on the surprise and confusion a loud war-whoop yell would create; and though I foresee an ignominious expulsion, perhaps broken limbs and disgraceful exposure in the public prints, I cannot resist the strange impulse; and throwing myself back in my stall, I raise a wild cry, such as a circus clown gives when he vaults into the arena, and ties himself up into a knot by way of introduction. I had not under-calculated the confusion, but I had under-calculated the indignation. In an instant all eyes are upon me—from the little piccolo player in the corner of the orchestra to the diamonded duchess in the private box; cries of 'Shame! turn him out!' salute me on all sides; my neighbours seize me by the collar, and call for the police; and in five minutes, ashamed, bruised, and wretched, I am ejected into the Haymarket, and on my way to Bow Street.

'Please, sir, it 's nine o'clock now; and Mr Biggs has been, sir; and he couldn't wait, sir; and he'll come again at two.'

I sit up in bed, rub my eyes, and awake to consciousness of two facts—namely, that I have not kept a very particular engagement, and that I have had a strange dream. I soon forget the former, but the latter remains with me for a long time very vividly. It *was* a dream, I know; but still it *was* so true to what might have occurred, that I half fancy I shall recognise myself among the police intelligence in my daily paper; and when I have read the 'Times' throughout, and find it was indeed a dream, the subject still haunts me, and I sit for a long time musing upon those singular morbid desires and impulses which all men more or less experience.

What are they? Do they belong strictly to the domain of physics or of metaphysics? How nearly are they allied to insanity? May there not be a species of spiritual intoxication created by immaterial alcohol, producing, through the medium of the mind, the same bodily absurdities as your fluid alcohol produces through the directer agency of the body itself? How far can they be urged as extenuating or even defending misdemeanours and crimes? To guide me in my speculations, I run over a few cases that I can call to mind at once.

There is the general fact, that no sooner have you mounted to a great eminence, than a mysterious impulse urges you to cast yourself over into space, and perish. Nearly all people feel this; nearly all conquer it in this particular; but some do not: and there may be a great doubt as to whether all who have perished from the tops of the monuments have been truly suicides. Then, again, with water: when you see the clear river sleeping beneath—when you see the green waves dancing round the prow—when you hear and see the roaring fury of a cataract—do you not as surely feel a desire to leap into it, and be absorbed in oblivion? What is that impulse but a perpetual calenture?—or may not the theory of calentures be all false, and the results they are reported to cause be in reality the results of morbid impulses? I have sat on the deck of a steamer, and looked upon the waters as they chafed under the perpetual scourging of the paddles; and I have been compelled to bind myself to the vessel by a rope, to prevent a victory to the morbid impulses that has come upon me. Are not Ulysses and the Syrens merely a poetic statement of this common feeling?

But one of the most singular instances of morbid impulses in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who not very long ago visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a huge hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt a power within, above sense and reason—a

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morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand. This incident suggests many things, besides proving the peculiar nature and power of morbid impulses: such things, for instance, as a law of sympathy on a scale hitherto undreamt of, as well as a musical tune pervading all things.

But the action of morbid impulses and desires is far from being confined to things material. Witness the occurrence of my dream, which, though a dream, was true in spirit. More speeches, writings, and actions of humanity have their result in morbid impulse than we have an idea of. Their territory stretches from the broadest farce to the deepest tragedy. I remember spending an evening at Mrs Cantaloupe's, and being seized with an impulse to say a very insolent thing. Mrs Cantaloupe is the daughter of a small pork butcher, who, having married the scapegrace younger son of a rich man, by a sudden sweeping away of elder brethren, found herself at the head of a mansion in Belgravia, and of an ancient family. This lady's pride of place, and contempt for all beneath her, exceeds any thing I have ever yet seen or heard of; and, one evening when she was canvassing the claims of a few *parvenu* families in her usual *tranchant* and haughty manner, an impulse urged me to cry, at the top of my voice: 'Madam, your father was a little pork-butcher—you know he was!'

In vain I tried to forget the fact; in vain I held my hands over my mouth to prevent my shouting out these words. The more I struggled against it, the more powerful was the impulse; and I only escaped it by rushing headlong from the room and from the house. When I gained my own chambers, I was so thankful that I had avoided this gross impertinence that I could not sleep.

This strange thraldom to a morbid prompting not unfrequently has its outlet in crimes of the deepest dye. When Lord Byron was sailing from Greece to Constantinople, he was observed to stand over the sleeping body of an Albanian, with a poniard in his hand; and, after a little time, to turn away muttering, 'I should like to know how a man feels who has committed a murder!' There can be no doubt that Lord Byron, urged by a morbid impulse, was on the very eve of knowing what he desired; and not a few crimes have their origin in a similar manner. The facts exist; the evidence is here in superabundance; but what to do with it? Can a *theory* be made out? I sit and reflect.

There are two contending parties in our constitution —mind and matter, spirit and body—which in their conflicts produce nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The body is the chief assailant, and generally gains the victory. Look how our writers are influenced by bile, by spleen, by indigestion; how families are ruined by a bodily ailment sapping the mental energy of their heads. But the spirit takes its revenge in a guerilla war, which is incessantly kept up by these morbid impulses—an ambuscade of them is ever lurking to betray the too-confident body. Let the body be unguarded for an instant, and the spirit shoots forth its morbid impulse; and if the body be not very alert, over it goes into the sea, into the house-tops, or into the streets and jails. In most wars the country where the fighting takes place suffers most: in this case man is the battle-ground; and he must and will suffer so long as mind and matter, spirit and body, do not co-operate amicably —so long as they fight together, and are foes. Fortunately, the remedy can be seen. If the body do not aggress, the spirit will not seek revenge. If you keep the body from irritating, and perturbing, and stultifying the mind through its bile, its spleen, its indigestion, its brain, the mind will most certainly never injure, stultify, or kill the body by its mischievous guerilla tactics, by its little, active, implike agents — morbid impulses. We thus find that there is a deep truth in utilitarianism after all—the rose-colour romancings of chameleon writers. To make a man a clear-judging member of society, doing wise actions in the present moment, and saying wise and beautiful things for all time, a great indispensable is—to see that the house that his spirit has received to dwell in be worthy the wants and capabilities of its noble occupant. Hence—— Rat-tat-ta-tat!

'Please, sir, Mr Biggs!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

MARY KINGSFORD.

Towards the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly despatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were travelling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We travelled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had travelled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of 'swells,' they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a 'parliamentary;' but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waistcoats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of

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which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fireplace at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

'Mr Waters!' she impulsively ejaculated. 'Oh I am so glad!'

'Yes,' I answered, 'that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—— Stand back, fellow!' I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face towards her, still tendering the brandy and water. 'Stand back!' He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

'Are Mrs Waters and Emily quite well?' said the young woman colouring, and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

'Quite—entirely so,' I almost stammered. 'You know us then?'

'Surely I do,' she replied, reassured by my manner. 'But you, it seems,' she presently added with a winning smile, 'have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford.'

'Mary Kingsford!' I exclaimed almost with a shout. 'Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!'

'Do you think so? Not *pretty* Mary Kingsford now then, I suppose?' she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

'You know what I mean, you vain puss you!' I rejoined quite gleefully; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favourite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighbourhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much-respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognised the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in colour, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had became matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of colour vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

'Yes,' she murmured in a sad quivering voice—'yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well,' she continued more cheerfully after a pause, 'in health, but poorly off; and I—and I,' she added with a faint effort at a smile, 'am going to London to seek my fortune!'

'To seek your fortune!'

'Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you.'

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly-respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

'I am to be Sophy's fellow shop-assistant,' continued Mary Kingsford; 'not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!'

'Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged?—Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one.'

'Richard's father,' she replied with some spirit, 'has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now,' she added; 'and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so.'

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no farther opportunity for private converse.

'Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?' I inquired.

'About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them.'

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognised, called out: 'Quick, coachee, or you'll lose sight of them!' As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver 'to mind and make no mistake.' The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be appre-

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hended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr and Mrs Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. 'Her cousin,' she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, 'was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world.' The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behaviour, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the goodwill of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the cark and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

'Hartley and Simpson you say?' he remarked after we had walked away to some distance: 'those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them.'

'They appear to be in high feather just now,' I remarked.

'Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jermyn Street. I'd lay a trifle,' added my friend, as I turned to leave him, 'that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-by.'

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half-crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognising me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly calling to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavoured, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulphing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavour to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was

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drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigour to my chilled and partially-benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police-officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

'What *is* the meaning of this?' I exclaimed, addressing one of the police-officers.

'Merely,' said he, 'that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery'——

'No—no—no!' broke in the terrified girl.

'Oh! of course you'll say so,' continued the officer. 'All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once.'

'Save me!—save me!' sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

'Be comforted,' I whispered; 'you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford,' I added in a louder tone: 'I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have.'

'Bless you!—bless you!' she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

'There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure,' I continued; 'but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least.'

'Bail her! That is hardly regular.'

'No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow.'

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at headquarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavour to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr and Mrs Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr and Mrs Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of playgoing, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr and Mrs Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at *my* house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly-tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly 'if she did not mean that he should go *shares* in the prize she had lately found?' Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: 'Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you.' So violent did he become, that Mr Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approaching quite close, said, 'You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?' Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr and Mrs Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

'Oh no, no! you mistake,' she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

'Nay, but you were though,' rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, 'And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening.'

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in

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his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black-silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police-officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

'It is a wretched business,' I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. 'Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow Street the day after to-morrow.'

'Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?'

'His uncle,' he says, 'gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question.'

'I did not mean that. Can you shew it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels.'

'Yes, you can see it.' I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—'I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically.'

'Do you say so?' I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave colour and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. 'Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with—— But give me my hat: I will ascertain this point at once.'

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct: apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the 'Times' an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman .of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

'This brooch is yours?' said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

'It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?'

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

'The rascals!' he broke in almost before I had finished: 'I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave, robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged.'

'Not entirely, Mr Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would.'

'True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I *must* out with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge.'

'This will, sir,' I replied, 'prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?'

'Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it.'

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

'I did not expect to see you to-day,' he said at last.

'No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did *not* sail for India, and'——

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

'Come, sir!' I cried, 'let us have no snivelling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us.'

'Oh yes; to be sure I will!' eagerly rejoined the rascal. 'I will go for them at once,' he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

'Nonsense! *Send* for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival.'

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momently expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, whilst Mr Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. 'Do not try that on, Mr Augustus Saville,' I quietly remarked: 'we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below.'

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

'And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely,' said Hartley, 'you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?'

'No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me.'

'Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right: we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-

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handed game. I prigged it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and *you* claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, aint it, eh? Ha! ha! ha! ——Ha!'

'Quite so, Mr Hartley,' said I, suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; 'as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive,' I added, as the officers crowded into the room, 'are more gentlemen to join in it.'

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bridemaid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least *one* person from being present at the World's Great Fair.

JOHNSTON'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

Professor Johnston, well known for his acquirements as a lecturer on agricultural chemistry and geology, has just given to the world the result of his observations during a recent excursion in North America, which he visited under authoritative auspices.* The work so composed, bearing reference chiefly to the agricultural qualities of the districts visited, will not be expected to resemble ordinary works of travel, nor to consist of what is called amusing reading; nevertheless, the writer, by the originality of his views, has produced a work of no small interest, certainly one which presents much useful information not only to the general reader, but to the intending agricultural emigrant.

Among the Americans themselves, whether settlers in the British possessions or in the United States, Mr Johnston's account of their country ought to awaken deep and anxious attention. Travelling from place to place in the constant investigation of the geological structure of the country—the nature of soils depending more or less on that structure—and also bringing his experience to bear on circumstances of a political and social nature, he is enabled to present a true picture of American husbandry as it presently exists, and to augur from appearances its prospective condition. The explorations of the author were confined principally to New Brunswick, the western part of the state of New York, and certain districts of Canada, where settlers are still busied in the excavation of farms from the primeval forest. In making his examinations, Mr Johnston appears to have borne in mind the controversy still raging in England respecting the free import of foreign corn; and it was a special object with him to learn, from personal observation, how far the British farmer had reason to be alarmed with the progress of a rival agriculture beyond the Atlantic. On this subject, therefore, the book before us may possibly do some useful service. Referring our readers to the work itself as a mine of valuable truths on this prevailing topic, we can hope only to glance at a few of the author's more pointed remarks. According to him, there is no likelihood of the price of British produce being permanently depressed by the free importation of American wheat and flour. For a time there will be a certain though not great import, but by and by it will fall down to a point scarcely worth speaking of. Vast as are the wheat-producing regions of America, they are not inexhaustible; nor are they greater than the native demands will continue to warrant. What the broad American continent will be, when its surface is subjected to skill, capital, and labour, like the highly-tilled lands of Norfolk, is not matter of immediate concern. At present, but one principle of farming, with trifling exceptions, prevails. This consists in exhausting the natural soil with a scourging succession of grain crops; then deserting the land, and going on to fresh territories, which are exhausted and deserted in turn. Nothing like proper restorative culture is known, and never will be till the enterprise of the settler is stopped in its western progress by the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific. In short, it is cheaper to buy new land than to manure the old; and only when there is no more fresh land to purchase, will the art of farming in America be properly known and practised.

Speaking of a fertile part of New Brunswick which he visited, Mr Johnston observes, that 'in clearing land in this district, it is calculated that the first three crops, which are merely harrowed in, will pay all the expense of cutting the timber, burning, and cultivating. If the settler then abandon it, he is no loser: everything he cuts off it afterwards is gain, or any sum for which he can sell his cleared land. This is a great inducement to the exhausting system, which clears annually new land for grain, cuts for hay all which the old cropped land will yield, till it is again overrun with a young growth of wood, and neither saves, collects, nor values manure.' Of this system he goes on to say, 'it is barbarous, reprehensible, and wasteful to the country—and yet it is probably the method which yields a ready sustenance to the settler's family at the smallest expense of mental and bodily labour. Our condemnation of the pioneers of civilisation in a new country ought not, therefore, to be severe or indiscriminate. With all our skill, we English farmers and teachers of agricultural science should, in the same circumstances, probably do just the same, so long as land was plenty, labour scarce and dear, markets few and distant, and prices of produce low. As population increases, a higher class will come in; will purchase the exhausted farms; and by their skill and manure will obtain from the soil new returns as large, and perhaps as profitable, as those which rewarded the men who first penetrated the bush.'

In New Brunswick it is not an unusual practice for settlers to rent instead of buying lands. They pay of annual rent from 6s. to 9s. per acre for farms, without being under any obligation as to routine of cropping. The plan is ruinous to the land, but works admirably for the farmer. 'He takes the cream off the land, and leaves it; and as tenants are in request, he can easily shift to another farm, or can take any good opportunity which may present itself of buying land for himself.'

Earnest industry will, in New Brunswick as elsewhere, meet with its reward; farming is profitable to a man with a grown-up family to assist him; but in the midst of prosperity there are serious discomforts

* Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical, and Social. By James F. W. Johnston. 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

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and drawbacks; at least we should think them so. Insects are a terrible affliction. One day Mr Johnston saw a farmer toiling in the fields with what seemed a smoking quiver at his back. On a nearer inspection, the supposed quiver was seen to be a roll of cedar bark suspended from the shoulders, and lighted at one end, so that the smoke might float about the head of the wearer, and keep off the flies. In another place, he observed 'fires kindled in the open air for the benefit of the cattle, which are happy to come in the evening and hold their heads in the smoke, with a view of escaping to some extent their tormentors. As the country becomes cleared, the flies may be expected to diminish.'

Latterly, with the view of opening up lines of thoroughfare through the forests, the legislature of New Brunswick has made an offer which will suit the convenience of those who have not money to buy, or even to rent land. A certain section for settlement is divided into lots of eighty acres each. Any person may get a grant of one of these lots on payment of no more than 1s. per acre, to defray the expense of the grant and survey; at the same time engaging to give labour on the roads, at a fixed price per rood, to the amount of L.12—thus making the entire price of his land L.16. This sum, however, is in currency: in money sterling, the amount is about one-fourth less. In speaking of this advantageous opening for settlers with limited means, Mr Johnston mentions—'That a body of emigrants arriving in June would be able to open the road, cut down four acres on each of these lots for crops on the following spring, and build a log-house before the winter sets in. Of course they must have means to maintain themselves and families during the winter, and until the crops on their new lands are ripe. Bodies of emigrants from the same county or neighbourhood, going out as a single party, would work pleasantly together, and be good company and agreeable neighbours to each other.' Before starting, it must be recollected that the winter of New Brunswick is very severe; and that, during this season, little or no outdoor labour can be performed. Old settlers, however, seem to relish these hard winters, which are by no means unpleasant or unhealthy—they are only economically troublesome.

Nowhere do men with large capital engage in agricultural operations, because 7 per cent. can be obtained for money on mortgage; and it is more profitable, besides being more pleasant, to lend capital than to employ it in husbandry. This circumstance alone must long operate detrimentally on American farming. We are told that 'tillage farms are cultivated by persons who do not usually possess more than L.1 per acre of capital.' American farming, indeed, seems to be little better than the labour of a peasant, undirected by science, and almost unaided by machinery. 'The land itself, and the labour of their families, is nearly all the capital which most of the farmers possess. And if any of them save a hundred dollars, they generally prefer to lend it on mortgage at high interest, or to embark it in some other pursuit which they think will pay better than farming, than to lay it out in bettering their farms, or in establishing a more generous husbandry.'

Proceeding from Nova Scotia through New Brunswick to New York, and thence to the Genesee country near Lake Ontario, one of the finest wheat-producing districts in the States, the author there has similar observations to make. This fertile western region is pretty well cultivated, and yields large crops; yet such is the growth of population in New York, that there is no surplus of wheat for exportation. Production, in fact, does not keep pace here with the native demand for food, and there is a regular import from Canada, although under a restrictive duty of 20 per cent. No doubt the demand will urge forward improved methods of culture; but 'even when such better agricultural times arrive in this region, the English farmer will still, in my opinion, have little to fear from this quarter of the American continent.'

Through this western part of the State of New York pours a ceaseless stream of emigration. Every day railway cars and canal boats are seen travelling along westward, with vast numbers of men, women, and children, of all ages, and of various European countries—Irish, English, Scotch, and Germans; the Irish usually outnumbering all the others. Comparatively few stop in Canada, where the colonial office has contrived to make the terms of purchasing land almost unintelligible. On they go, like a stream of people bound for a fair; and they know no rest till they find a home in Michigan, or some other State in the Far West. The breaking up of these western lands beyond the lakes has, within a recent period, turned the tide of import and export of bread-stuffs. In 1838, flour was shipped from 'Buffalo on Lake Erie *for* the west; and the wheat-region of New York, with that of Upper Canada, were the main sources of its supply. Now, after only twelve years, an enormous supply of wheat and flour is brought *from* the West, along Lake Erie.' In 1849, the wheat and flour thus arriving at Buffalo amounted to 250,000 tons, valued at ten millions of dollars—a large sum to be produced by the scraping industry of emigrant settlers, with little or no money capital.

After examining the western districts geologically, Mr Johnston comes to the conclusion, that much of the soil is not of first-rate quality naturally; and that its productiveness is to be ascribed principally to its freshness. The reckless draughting of corn crops will inevitably bring out its true character. Meanwhile, nearly the whole population being employed in agricultural pursuits, the produce is considerable. But, observes our author, 'a question of great importance to the British and New England wheat-growers here suggests itself—Will the large export of wheat from these new states continue to increase, or are there any reasons why it should by and by begin to decrease? So far as I have been able to collect information bearing upon this question, I am decidedly of opinion that, though the quantity of wheat and flour exported from these north-western states may continue to increase for a certain limited number of years, it will by and by begin to diminish, and will finally, in a great measure, cease.'

Considerable tracts of land appear to be best adapted, in point of soil and climate, for Indian corn—an article, however, for which there is comparatively little foreign demand. On this account it is employed in feeding hogs; and the *hog crop*, therefore, is an important element in the calculations of the settler. Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, are the principal hog-producing states. There the swine 'are allowed to run in the woods, and feed on the acorns, till five or six weeks before killing-time; and are then turned into the Indian corn-fields to fatten them, and harden their flesh.' In 1846 there were killed in the above states, with some other places, as many as 1,087,862 hogs. A great trade has correspondingly sprung up at Cincinnati in the salting and packing of pork, the manufacture of lard, lard-oil, stearine, and other articles. In other port towns on the great rivers, the same kind of trade is attaining importance. The number of hogs in the whole United States is estimated at upwards of forty millions. Lard-oil, rivalling that from the olive, is beginning to be exported in large quantities to England, where it answers the purpose of the best lamp oils, at a considerably lower price. Few things are more surprising than the large export of grain, pork, and other articles, from places which, twenty years ago or less, had no name on the map. For example, there is in the state of Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan, a place called Milwaukie, which,

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though starting into existence only fifteen years ago, now numbers 16,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a thriving neighbourhood. It is calculated that the arrival of emigrants adds every year to the state in which they settle, capital to the extent of L.1,000,000, which is reckoning the produce of the labour of each at only L.5. Referring to this fact, Mr Johnston justly remarks, that 'it is Europe, not America, that is the cause of the rapid growth of the United States—European capital, European hands, and European energy. If all the native-born Americans —not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans—were to sit down and fold their hands and go to sleep, the progress of the country would scarcely be a whit less rapid so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained.' It might be added, that the loss in population and wealth to Great Britain by the stream of emigration going past the colonies is only a natural consequence of a settlement on lands being rendered more available in the States. It is remarked, as a circumstance not a little curious, that whether the emigrant settlers in the new western states be English, Irish, Scotch, or German, the aggregate character shortly assumes the American type. This strange result is, it seems, owing to the busy interference of New Englanders, who, intruding themselves on the new settlements, do the *thinking*, while the foreign immigrants confine themselves to the more humble *working* departments of the social economy. 'The emigrants,' observes Mr Johnston, 'who go out from Europe—the raw bricks for the new state buildings—are generally poor, and for the most part indifferently educated. Being strangers to the institutions of the country, and to their mode of working, and, above all, being occupied in establishing themselves, the rural settlers have little leisure or inclination to meddle with the direct regulation of public affairs for some years after they have first begun to hew their farms out of the solitary wilderness. The New Englanders come in to do this. The west is an outlet for their superfluous lawyers, their doctors, their ministers of various persuasions, their newspaper editors, their bankers, their merchants, and their pedlars. All the professions and influential positions are filled up by them. They are the movers in all the public measures that are taken in the organisation of state governments, and the establishment of county institutions; and they occupy most of the legislative, executive, and other official situations, by means of which the state affairs are at first carried on. Thus the west presents an inviting field to the ambitious spirits of the east; and through their means the genius and institutions of the New England states are transplanted and diffused, and determine in a great measure those of the more westerly portions of the Union.' No kind of handy occupation at which a penny can be turned comes amiss to these New Englanders. An acquaintance of the author, who had business which took him frequently into Georgia, related the following anecdote in illustration of this versatility of talent:—'When on his way to Boston, on one occasion, with a friend, who had also been with him in Georgia, they dined at a hotel, where they saw opposite to them at table two New Englanders, whom they had last seen peddling in Georgia. "Well," says his friend to one of them, "when did you quit your peddling in Georgia?" The questioned made no reply, but swallowing his dinner expeditiously, as a New Englander can, he went out of the room, and waiting for my friend and his companion, accosted them with, "For any sake say nothing about the peddling. We have been up to Maine, and as our wares were out, we took to the lecturing. It's not a bad trade; we have made sixteen dollars a day since we began. I take astronomy, and he does the phrenology. We have been lecturing in Bangor, and we have promised to go back. We had an invitation to go down to Bucksport, but we heard of some people there who knew quite as much as ourselves, so we declined. Now, you wont say anything about the peddling!"'

To proceed with the observations of the writer on the subject of his inquiries: he looks more hopefully on the progress of Canada in material prosperity than other tourists have been inclined to do. Arriving at Kingston, he attended a show of stock and agricultural implements, got up under the auspices of a local society: it was not so extensive or so crowded as one which he previously attended at Syracuse, state of New York; but this was 'more numerously attended by well-dressed and well-behaved people, and rendered attractive by a greater quantity of excellent stock and implements than he had at all anticipated.' A repetition of the remark here occurs respecting the method of cropping lands, which is rapidly deteriorating the soil. In one place mentioned, 'wheat has been taken from the land for fifty years in succession.' Diminishing and precarious crops are the consequence. Latterly, the crop of wheat on these exhausted and ill-used lands has suffered from diseases incidental to plants of weakly growth. Occasionally the crop entirely fails, and the farmer finds to his cost that nature is not to be outraged with impunity. Still, few think of restoratives. A usual plan is to change the crop; and potatoes, peas, and oats are therefore coming more into use. Already Lower Canada, and some other old settled parts, are under the necessity of importing wheat; and, says Mr Johnston very emphatically, 'the same consummation is preparing for the more newly-settled parts, unless a change of system take place. The new wheat-exporting—so called—granary districts and states will by and by gradually lessen in number and extent, and probably lose altogether the ability to export, unless when unusual harvests occur. And if the population of North America continue to advance at its present rapid rate—especially in the older states of the Union—if large mining and manufacturing populations spring up, the ability to export wheat to Europe will lessen still more rapidly. This diminution may be delayed for a time by the rapid settling of new western states, which from their virgin soils will draw easy returns of grain; but every step westward adds to the cost of transporting produce to the Atlantic border, while it brings it nearer to that far western California, which, as some predict, will in a few years afford an ample market for all the corn and cattle which the western states can send it.' He adds, 'in their relation to English markets, therefore, and the prospects and profits of the British farmer, my persuasion is, that, year by year, our transatlantic cousins will become less and less able—except in extraordinary seasons—to send large supplies of wheat to our island ports; and that, when the virgin freshness shall have been rubbed off their new lands, they will be unable, *with their present knowledge and methods*, to send wheat to the British market so cheap as the more skilful farmers of Great Britain and Ireland can do. If any one less familiar with practical agriculture doubts that such must be the final effect of the exhausting system now followed on all the lands of North America, I need only inform him that the celebrated Lothian farmers, in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh, who carry all their crops off the land—as the North American farmers now do—return, on an average, ten tons of well-rotted manure every year to every acre, while the American farmer returns nothing. If the Edinburgh farmer finds this quantity necessary to keep his land in condition, that of the American farmer must go out of condition, and produce inferior crops in a time which will bear a relation to the original richness of the soil, and to the weight of crop it has been in the habit of producing. And when this exhaustion has come, a more costly system of generous husbandry must be introduced, if the crops are to be kept up; and in this more generous system my belief is that the British

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farmers will have the victory.' Surely the agricultural interest will thank this acute and intelligent author for the comforting reflections which in these few words are gratefully inspired.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

[BEFORE allowing our veteran contributor to proceed with his reminiscences, we may include a little anecdote of the celebrated Francis Hutcheson, who, it will be recollected, laid the foundations of what has been called the Scotch school of metaphysics, while professor of moral philosophy in the Glasgow University. Hutcheson, who, by the way, came from Ireland, was a man of commanding figure and energetic movements, and altogether of a different cast from the usual quiet and somewhat hum-drum materials of a Scotch professor of those days. It also appears that some of his doctrines were not less discrepant with those which had been accustomed to nestle in such sheltered nooks of thought. There was an examination of the divinity class one day, conducted by the little, tame, old-fashioned professor of that faculty; Hutcheson swept backwards and forwards in his long gown through the hall; and some other professors were in attendance. A youth, having stated something that did not sound quite accordant with old use and wont in the ears of his theological instructor, was stopped and interrogated. 'Sic docet Franciscus Hutchesonus' ('So does Professor Hutcheson teach'), said the student. The Irish metaphysician immediately stopped, and exclaimed in a powerful voice—'Sic doceo, et id defendebo' ('Yes, that I teach, and that I will defend.') The poor little professor shrunk under his eagle glance, saying, 'Weel, weel,' and went on in the examination without farther comment.]

Dr Macleod, professor of church history—an original in his way—had given up teaching his class when I went to college, his increasing infirmities having made it necessary for him to get an assistant. He was a little, old, crabbed-looking man, wearing a round wig and small cocked-hat—the very picture of ill-nature and peevishness, probably the result of bad health. His assistant meeting him one day in the college court, said—'I am glad to see you looking so well, sir.' 'No, sir; you are *not* glad to see me looking well!' was the cynical reply. The doctor, an old Highlander, had the peculiar intonation of the far north in reading or speaking. He was a great admirer of Sterne, and particularly of Yorick's celebrated sermon on the text—'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting,' beginning with, 'That I deny,' &c. Dr Macleod, in imitation of his model, preaching once from the text—'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God!' commenced—'And a very great fool he was!' but from the peculiar tone of voice and appearance of the speaker, the effect on the audience was anything but sublime.

Dr Macleod, before he received his appointment as professor in Glasgow College, had been an usher at Eton, where King George III. got acquainted with him in his walks, and was much amused with his singularities. When any one from Glasgow was presented to the king, it is said that he always asked after 'old Macleod.'

Dr Findlay, long professor of divinity in the university, who died at the age of ninety-seven or ninety-eight, and taught his class till within two years of his death, was still on the field when I was at college, and had all the appearance of a vigorous old age. He wore a bushy wig and cocked-hat, like Dr Macleod; and, like him, was a little man in point of stature, but would have made two of him in bulk. Well do I recollect the cheerful smile which played on his features as he came stumping through the court, and returned the salutations which were readily given him by the younger students. Like many men who have attained to great longevity, he was a very early riser in the morning; and at a very advanced period of life has been heard to complain that old age was getting the better of him, as, instead of getting up at six o'clock in the winter mornings, he had fallen into the bad habit of lying till seven. Dr Findlay was considered a very learned man; but his printed works were calculated for the few, not the million. Hence they sometimes experienced the fate of being sent '*in vicum vendentem thus et odores.*' A worthy tobacconist in the High Street was complaining one day of a certain work of the doctor's being a very bad book. 'How?' said his friend; 'I always thought Dr Findlay had been a worthy, good man.' 'It's the warst book I ken,' said the shopkeeper: 'it's oure big for a pennyworth o' snuff—and it's no big eneugh for three bawbees' worth!'

Dr Reid was a little before my time, but, as might have been expected of so celebrated a character, several anecdotes respecting him still lingered in Alma. The readers of Professor Dugald Stewart's very interesting memoir of Reid will recollect that the latter had married a cousin of his own—'Aberdeenawa' as well as himself. This good lady had got up on a chair or table one day in order to dust an engraving; but as the attitude did not appear to the moralist to be very becoming, he was expressing his opinion to his spouse in terms more plain than pleasant. The lady heard him for an instant; but as the doctor seemed to be encroaching on a province which did not belong to him, she interrupted him with, 'Fu's the meen the day, doctor? fu's the meen?' ('How is the moon?') Stewart says that Dr Reid, at the age of fifty-five, attended the lectures of Black with a juvenile curiosity and enthusiasm. The following anecdote will shew that the principle of curiosity was not quenched in this good man at a much later period of life. When the famous Dr Graham was in Glasgow, his lectures—which, as is well known, were far from decorous—were once or twice honoured by the attendance of Dr Reid. A friend expressing his surprise on meeting the professor of *moral* philosophy at such a place, the doctor, now a very old man, good-humouredly replied: 'Why it is only *such* as I that should be seen in *such* a place!'

When Dr Parr visited Glasgow many years since, one of the first places that he requested he might be taken to was Dr Reid's grave in the cathedral burying-ground. A young student of divinity, who accompanied Dr Parr, stated, that when the grave was shewn to him, he seemed to be lost in thought for a few minutes. At last he said, 'A great man, sir!—a very great man!' High praise from an English divine. Scotch metaphysics were never very popular at the English universities.

When I commenced my academical curriculum, the most eminent man of the circle which I have been describing was John Millar, the professor of law. His lectures were attended by students from all quarters, and I never heard any of them speak of him but in terms of unqualified admiration.

Mr Millar, like the other professors, was accustomed to have a certain number of boarders in his house, several of them men of high rank, who were afterwards to make a figure in life. Among other pupils at this time were the late Lord Melbourne, and his brother the Honourable Mr Lamb. With these young men Mr Millar's deportment was exceedingly engaging. He was accustomed, in conversation with them, to start a variety of topics, literary or otherwise, for the purpose of eliciting their sentiments; and he then, in a simple and familiar manner, stated his own opinions, which, proceeding from a mind like his, richly stored with the treasures of antiquity, as well as thoroughly versant with contemporary history, must have been deeply interesting. Mr Millar, it is well known, was a steady

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Whig; and at a time when party spirit ran very high in Glasgow, this was sufficient to exclude him from the general society of the city, the bias of which was decidedly Tory. When he did mix in convivial parties, his affable, pleasant manners, and flow of anecdote, made him a favourite for the moment with many who were ready to do battle with him for his politics.

Mr Millar had a strong, athletic frame of body; and it was said that he did not disdain to take lessons in *sparring* from Mendoza, then the great master of the 'noble science of self-defence.' Mendoza was a *protégé* of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton; and it must be recollected that the *science* was then infinitely more cultivated by the higher ranks of society than in these degenerate days. Mr Millar had a natural flow of wit, and sometimes condescended to make use of a pun. A late professor told me, that at the Literary Society one evening a learned Hebrew scholar delivered some observations on the book of Job, which, contrary to the approved method, he pronounced as if the letter *o* were short. When the reader commenced, Millar, turning to his neighbour, said, loud enough to be heard, 'I knew he would make a *job* of it.'

Mr Richardson, professor of humanity, was as different from Mr Millar in his exterior appearance as he was in his politics. He was originally intended for the church, but the situation of tutor to Lord Cathcart's two sons having been offered to him, he accepted this employment; and when his lordship was appointed ambassador to Russia, Mr Richardson accompanied him to St Petersburg, where he remained four years. At this period he acted as Lord Cathcart's secretary, and here, most likely, he acquired that finished polish of manner for which he was remarkable.

As a teacher of youth, Mr Richardson has been seldom excelled. Although of course many of his pupils were farther advanced, the greater proportion of his first year's students were boys from the grammar school, of twelve or thirteen years of age; and Mr Richardson endeavoured to instil a love of literature at this critical period of life, by making the lessons as easy and attractive as possible. He generally commenced with a book of Cæsar's Commentaries; and he contrived to pre-engage the affections of his young hearers for the simple but beautiful narration of the renowned writer, by a brief but lucid account of the contents of the different books into which the work is divided. He then by degrees introduced his class to an acquaintance with the more difficult classics; constantly testing the progress it was making by frequent examinations. He delighted to bring forward modest talent by suitable encouragement; and as his praise was given judiciously, it was duly appreciated by his scholars. The 'old side,' or boys of the second year, had tasks of greater magnitude prescribed to them; and it was for their use chiefly that the professor held his private class, in which he lectured on Roman antiquities, and on the laws of fine writing, exemplified from classical authors.

Mr Richardson, at this period, was very methodical in the arrangement of his dress, as well as in his other habits. In the morning hours all was in dishabille—even the white neckcloth being exchanged for the *cosy* handkerchief. At eleven o'clock, a change appeared for the better; and it was evident that the learned professor had been under the hands of the tonsor, who had improved his outward man considerably. The wig, however, if exchanged, was still unpowdered. But at two o'clock—the *private* hour—the professor appeared in full gala, with powdered wig, lace ruffles, often silk stockings; in short, all the appearance of a fine gentleman of about the middle of the eighteenth century, probably the dress that he had been accustomed to in his youth. I must not omit that at this hour a diamond ring was always carefully displayed, dazzling the eyes of the admiring students. You must recollect that all this was fifty years since. Mr Richardson's company was always exceedingly acceptable to the merchants of Glasgow; and, being a bachelor, he was a frequent diner-out. He was a little of a *bon vivant*, and suffered the usual penalty of good-living by a periodical access of gout. Dining one day at a party, when the turtle-soup was *superbe*, the professor got his plate replenished more than once, always exclaiming: 'There is gout in every spoonful, but I can't resist it—I can't resist it!' In the performance of his collegiate duties, Mr Richardson was most assiduous; and when many of his colleagues gave up their classes on the 1st of May, he was always at his post till the 10th of June. This devotedness on his part was the more meritorious, as he had a pleasant country seat, near the Water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire, to which he was much attached, and where he always spent the summer recess. Gout, his old enemy, proved too powerful at last for this highly-amiable and gentleman-like person; and I lament to say that he died in great agony from an attack of that complaint in the stomach. Foxglove had been recommended to him, and this powerful medicine was, after his decease, found in his desk; which added to the regret of his friends that it had not been administered.

Mr Young, the professor of Greek, succeeded Dr Moor, and by his abilities maintained the high position which this class had acquired. By his contemporaries, Mr Young was considered to be a man of original genius, an excellent classical scholar, an acute critic, a connoisseur in music, and perhaps in the fine arts generally. The ingenuity and eloquence with which he expounded a favourite author captivated the attention of those of his hearers who were designed for the learned professions; and even by many of his scholars who never opened the page of a Greek classic in after-life, the admirably quaint humour with which the professor translated an ode of Anacreon, or a dialogue of Lucian, or a scene of Aristophanes, was long remembered. With such qualifications, his friends sometimes regretted that he did not give to the world some fruits of his favourite studies. The high renown of Porson, Parr, and Burney, at that period probably prevented him from entering the lists against them in the fields of Greek literature; and as his annual income arising from the number of students attached to his class, as well as from private boarders, was constantly increasing, he may judiciously have preferred 'solid pudding' to 'empty praise.' In 1783, Mr Young published anonymously his 'Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard;' meant as a burlesque of Dr Johnson's harsh, and, as they were generally considered, unjust strictures, on that excellent poet. This little work is too lengthy for a mere *jeu d'esprit;* and although the reader is reminded of the occasionally inflated peculiarities of Dr Johnson's style, the mind soon becomes fatigued with the endeavour, real or pretended, of the writer, to discover flaws in one of the finest poems in the English language.

Mr Young was a great admirer of histrionic talent. When Edmund Kean first made his appearance on the Glasgow boards, no one seemed more delighted than our professor with what it was then the fashion to call the 'new readings of Shakspeare,' by that clever but eccentric actor. On these occasions Mr Young's little *punchy* figure, perched in the stage-box, would have formed a subject worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. I think I see him applying an opera-glass to his eye with one hand, while with the other he kept vehemently thumping the wooden partition of the box, as any brilliant trait in the performance elicited his admiration—joining lustily at the same time the chorus of bravos which resounded from all parts of the house. Mr Young entertained a high opinion of the Rev. Dr Chalmers. A person who was present told me, that in the faculty room, some of his colleagues objecting to the peculiar

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style of Dr Chalmers, Mr Young said: 'That may be all very true, gentlemen; but I know that I am a miserable sinner, and it is a style which speaks to *my* conscience.'

Mr Jardine, professor of logic, was one of the most useful teachers of youth in my time. Before his incumbency, it had been the established practice of the professor of logic to read Latin lectures on the Aristotelian logic, with little advantage to those of the students who were to be afterwards engaged in the active pursuits of life. The sagacity of Mr Jardine saw this defect, and how it could be remedied. As has been correctly stated in a biographical work—'After a simple analysis of the powers of the understanding, he devoted by far the greater part of the course to the original progress of language; the principles of general grammar; the elements of taste and criticism; and to the rules of composition, with a view to the promotion of a correct style, illustrated by examples.' The plan which he adopted of making the students give a written account of the lectures, and of occasionally handing these essays to be corrected by each other, under his own superintendence, had an admirable effect. It awakened genius, and stimulated mediocrity. A few critics and future reviewers were probably formed by this process; but, what was of infinitely more consequence, the youth who were afterwards to be engaged in trade or commerce were taught to think for themselves, and to express their thoughts, both in speaking and writing, in clear, intelligible language.

In politics, Mr Jardine was a Tory; but this did not prevent his being on the best terms with his colleagues, Mr Millar and Mr Young, who were equally attached to the opposite side. Mr Jardine's appearance was more like that of a bluff, healthy country gentleman, than the professor of a college; and his frank, open manners corresponded with his exterior. His time was too much occupied in the winter months to allow his going much into company; but when there, he was social and pleasant, and fond of a well-timed joke. He used to tell with great glee, that, when in France, he had been commissioned to procure a French cook for a Scotch nobleman. On his return, he had happened to meet his old acquaintance, Jaques, and asked him how he liked his new situation. 'Ah—ah,' said Jaques, with the peculiar shrug and grimace of his country—'toujours de *barley-brot!*'

GOLDEN ISLAND.

Most of the islands which travellers meet with cleaving the strong current of the Nile, and dividing it into two majestic branches, are formed one year, to be eaten away and disappear the next. The rapidity with which they rise and become covered with a low vegetation, is only less marvellous than the rapidity with which they dissolve. They generally have a sand-bank for basis, and this is the true reason of their uncertain tenure of existence. Sometimes the Nile changes its course, almost abandons one of the branches into which it has divided, and allows the island time to establish itself slowly for years. It then capriciously returns, gnaws underneath the already lofty banks, washes violently over the surface, and in a few seasons the newly-created fields are carried away, and turbid eddies alone remain.

In some few instances, however, from circumstances which it would be difficult to explain, these alluvial islands acquire sufficient strength and solidity to profit by the periodical inundation, instead of being destroyed. They then increase rapidly in size and elevation; and, almost without the assistance of husbandry, yield a generous support to the colony which does not fail to migrate to them. Geziret-el-Dahab, or Golden Island, situated opposite Atfeh, on the Rosetta branch, is one of the most remarkable examples.

We quitted Shibrakît, some miles higher up, on a bright December morning. There had been a warm discussion as to whether or not we should return by the canal to Alexandria. The crew, who could not understand what pleasure we took in wandering about apparently without an object—tacking from one bank to another, coming to an anchor in places where there were neither curiosities nor coffeehouses, taking strolls over the stubble-covered fields, sitting for hours under a thin canopy of acacia-trees, gun in hand, looking at half-a-dozen crows making mysterious evolutions around a neighbouring grove, and never thinking of taking a shot. This kind of life perplexed the crew exceedingly, and they voted unanimously in favour of returning to the dusty purlieus of Miniet-el-Bassal, or the Port of Onions.

We objected—for the idle life of the Nile boat had charmed us—and when we got into the glittering Fouah Reach, ordered the steersman to take the right branch, and put Golden Island between us and the steamer funnels, the cluster of masts and yards, and the mud storehouses of Atfeh. In a few minutes, driven down by the current, and aided by a light wind that came along in puffs, and now filled our huge sail, and let it flap lazily over head, we were once more out of sight of all habitations, with nothing but blue waters, blue air, and almost blue vegetation around. Despite the time of year, it was a tremendously hot day, and all objects seemed to tremble dizzily in the sunshine. Now and then, as it were, a shower of pigeons was shaken down from their cool look-outs in the palm-trees upon the torrid surface of the stream. They fell like shining flakes of silver, as if about to melt in the waters; but suddenly their wings flapped vigorously, there was a moment of hurry-scurry, and then the whole flight swooped away in an ascending semi-curve, and went fluttering into a date-grove on the opposite bank. Some warm-backed, bright aquatic birds, with their sharp beaks, from time to time scratched the burnished mirror along which we were sliding, or dashed up a vapour of glass-dust with their pinions. White ibises settled down in majestic flights towards the fields which we could not see; and that aërial pirate, the hawk, cruised about far up in the sparkling air, or lay-to overhead in sight of a prize. Upon a distant dike, I remember, we could distinguish two or three camels moving slowly along, amidst a cloud of hot-looking dust; and as we left the Delta bank, two or three huge breathless buffaloes came and dropped themselves with a lazy splash into the stream.

We ran up alongside Golden Island, and made fast a rope to a tree; for we had determined to lunch ashore. In a few minutes the industrious Ahmed, by us duly assisted, had spread the cloth beneath the twinkling leaves of some acacias, that afforded a kind of mitigated shade; and we were deep in the mysteries of cold beef, ham, and bottled porter. When we had lounged a befitting time, in order to give our powers of digestion fair play, we proceeded to explore the island.

Its size is considerable; but I know not how many acres or how many groves it contains. Towards the northern extremity, the trees became more thickly planted, and the cultivation more regular. We followed a kind of footpath along the bank—no doubt made by the tracking crews of boats—and at length came in sight of a white sheikh's tomb, with a small dome, and an enclosure. As we approached, an old man, who had been sleeping under a blanket, started up so lightly and actively, that his Bedouin origin would have been at once apparent, even if the motion of his hand towards the place where the dagger usually

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hangs had not revealed the fact. He smiled to notice that we observed this circumstance; and sat down again quietly, after saluting us. We returned his salute cheerfully, and took up our position close at hand, with a palm-trunk for a sofa-back. This was a fair beginning of an acquaintance; and our offer of a pipe concluded the business.

'I *drink* tobacco,' said the old gentleman, handing back the tube after two or three whiffs; 'but smelling tobacco is better.'

This was equivalent to saying, 'Have you any snuff?' We regretted not being able to gratify him. He said it was no matter, for that smoking and snuffing were no longer habits with him. When he was young, he used to empty a box a day (a second Napoleon), but those times were past. (It was difficult to say which he regretted most—his youth or his snuff.) Everything was very much changed now: he heard talk of only new things and new men. He could not understand what it meant; feared very much that all was wrong; but, after all, Allah was great, and Effendina (our lord—the pasha, namely) was ——. Here came an indescribable gesture, by which the Arabs express might and power. The excellent Conservative Bedouin seemed disposed to accept established facts.

We asked him how he came there, where he came from, and what he did. The impertinence of these questions was not at all apparent to him. He replied with random good faith (quietly retaining one of our pipes, the first time we offered it, when he found that the move for snuff had been disconcerted), and we at length acquired a tolerable idea of his history. As his tongue got untied, indeed, the garrulity of it became excessive; and how this happened is worth mentioning. My friend L——, who professed to be subject to cramp in the stomach, always went about with what he called a *monkey* (the poet calls it a *cruize*, I believe) full of rather strong brandy-and-water, and our interlocutor's eyes were directed towards it very often. At length he asked casually if it was medicine. L—— replied that it was a draught calculated to raise the dead; to which the Bedouin responded that he was very ill.

'You do look deuced pale,' quoth L——, without offering his bottle.

'*Yeh!*' exclaimed the old fellow, quite surprised at this confirmation of his assertion.

'And I would recommend you to be bled. My friend here is a *hakim*.'

'Let me try the medicine first,' said the patient, whose hand had been clutching towards the unlabelled phial for some time, and who now edged nimbly along the ground, patted L—— coaxingly on the back, and, after having glanced around to ascertain that none but infidel eyes beheld the deed, took a draught that no prescription would have authorised. 'Bu-ono; tayib; ver good; az-im!' exclaimed he, shewing the skill in foreign languages which he had acquired during his visits to Atfeh. The effect was magical; and some of the old gentleman's confidential communications became even too intimate.

Saleh Ibn Gaoud, or Saleh Son of the Camel, was formerly a sheikh of the tribe of Waled Ali. According to his own representation, he enjoyed considerable influence at one time among his people, having been indeed of sufficient importance to have been selected by the pasha as one of the hostages taken from the turbulent tribe to which he belonged, when, in 1820, its headquarters were removed from Mudar to the neighbourhood of Damanhour. We do not repeat the hyperbolical accounts he gave of his exploits in the Bedouin wars: how, for example, his skill as a shot was so great, that at 500 paces, when on a horse going at full speed, he could 'break the head,' as he expressed it, of another cavalier moving in an opposite direction. But a curious tradition with respect to Golden Island interested us much. He said that he was one day sitting at the door of his tent, near the confines of the cultivated land of Egypt, reflecting on the fall of his fortunes, and on the half-servitude in which he lived, when a stranger came up and asked him for hospitality. The request was of course complied with; but was accompanied, as is often the case in these degenerate times, with bitter reflections about diminished means, desires limited by power, and so forth, which are merely hints that some kind of payment would not be disagreeable. The stranger explained that he was a poor pilgrim; and as both professed poverty, the conversation naturally turned upon riches. A variety of stories, in which gold and jewels played a great part, were related. Among other things, the pilgrim said that, according to tradition, in the time of the early caliphs, Berimbal was a great city, having a governor invested with mighty privileges, and enjoying the especial favour of his master. This governor, named Ali the Splendid, distinguished himself by his exactions, although not by his cruelties, unless he was violently opposed. Among other means of amassing wealth, he levied a fixed contribution on every boat that passed down on its way to Rosetta with produce of the country, or returned with foreign merchandise. The abuse was tolerated, because Ali the Splendid always accompanied the taxes he sent to the public treasury with presents to the great men of Cairo, and even to the caliph himself. In this way he became immensely rich, and was supposed to enjoy perfect felicity. But in heart he was unhappy, because, although he had wives and slaves, Heaven had not blessed him with any offspring. He used often to look forth between the gorgeous curtains of his palace windows, and behold the women going down to the riverside with their laughing children on their shoulders, and his eyes would fill with tears, and he would groan, and turn away in sorrow and despair. Of what use to him was his wealth in silver and in gold, in jewels and in precious stones, if he had not a son to cling to his knees, or play with his slippers? At length an adviser told him to consult a magician; and the magician, after having made his calculations, told him that he must divorce one of his wives, and substitute in her place, by force or cunning, the wife of a cobbler named Mustafa. Ali the Splendid believed; and he called Mustafa before him, and coaxed him to divorce his wife Fatúmah. But the cobbler replied that he loved his wife, and would not part with her. So Ali caused him secretly to be slain, and took the woman into his harem. The magician had prophesied correctly. A son was born; and Ali, forgetting the crime that he had committed, was happy for many years. But it is decreed that those who do evil deeds shall in the end suffer; for when Múrad grow up to be a youth, he caused his father more trouble and sorrow by his disobedience and his vicious character than he had caused him joy in the early time of his childhood. The old man became peevish and irritable; and in order to occupy his time and attention, increased his exactions upon the people, and became generally hated as a tyrant.

Múrad delighted in crossing him, and bringing him into trouble. It happened one day that a large Dahabieh, magnificently decorated, was seen coming down the Nile, and passed, without paying any attention to the officers that hailed it to come along ashore and pay the tribute. So several boats, filled with soldiers commanded by Múrad, went forth and surrounded it with cries and menaces. The crew ordered them off, saying that the youngest daughter of the caliph was on board, and that dire vengeance would be inflicted on those who interrupted her progress. But Múrad laughed, and said that he had heard that Nefecsa, the youngest daughter of the pasha, was dead, and that he was not to be deceived. So he went on board, beat the crew and the eunuchs, and forced his way into the cabin, where the girl was reclining with her slaves. He became enamoured of her at once, and determined to

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possess her; so he ordered the crew to be slain to a man, sank the boat, and carried away Nefeesa and her women to a country-house which his father had given him for his pleasures. The soldiers, whose affection he had gained by largesses and indulgence, and who knew the dreadful punishment that would be inflicted on them if they spoke of what had happened, kept the secret; and it was some weeks before it began to be asked in the cities and bazars of Egypt—'What has become of the daughter of the caliph?' Orders were sent to all the governors of the provinces to make inquiries; and torture and death were promised to the guilty, whilst hopes of magnificent rewards were held out to those who should give information; but for a long time nothing was learned of the truth.

Múrad passed the whole of his time shut up in his country-house, and never appeared before his father in the divan. Ali the Splendid became at length uneasy, and sent to request him to come; but he was disobeyed. He then despatched a positive order; but was again disobeyed. Upon this he called before him the magician, and in the anguish of his heart asked him to read the truth in his numbers, and to tell why his son neglected him. The magician smiled with a wicked expression, went through the prescribed form, and then said, 'Múrad is now with the Princess Nefeesa in his pavilion.' Upon this Ali the Splendid fell down upon his face, and exclaimed, 'Wo is me, I am an unfortunate and a ruined man!' He then rose, called his guards, and hastened forth to the pavilion. But when he arrived, he found his son lying upon a couch, with the princess by his side—both dead—and the women weeping around; and he was told that the two had loved each other in spite of the cruelty and violence of Múrad, and that a messenger had arrived, saying, 'Ali the Splendid has heard the truth, and is coming in anger;' and that they had taken poison, and had died. Never did poor man feel the despair that this rich man felt when he heard this news. He tore his beard, rent his garments, rolled in the dust; and then, clinging to his position and his vile gold—now that all his better hopes were prostrated—hastened back to his palace, collected all his wealth, filled numerous large chests, and set out for Cairo, in order to avert the vengeance of the caliph by bribes and presents. But there was a line written in the book of fate. Before he reached Fouah, a gust of wind upset his boat in the middle of the Nile, and he was drowned with all his people and all his riches. A bank of mud soon formed over the spot, and then an island, which was called, in memory of this story, Geziret-ed-Dahab, or Golden Island.

'And how comes it that you are settled here?' inquired we of the Bedouin, after offering him another strengthening draught—not the second, nor the third.

His eyes twinkled, and his voice trembled as he replied—'The pilgrim told me that there was a story current amongst the learned about times past, that after the lapse of three hundred years, these trunks of gold would be uncovered by the plough of a husbandman. So when I found that misery pressed still more upon me, I took all that I had, and became a fellah of the land of Egypt, and reached this place, and was named inspector of the island for the siraskir; and the day of good fortune may at length arrive.'

A few minutes afterwards the old gentleman dropped off asleep, and we left him to continue our voyage to Rosetta. On returning, we espied him driving a donkey along the tracking-path, and endeavoured to renew the acquaintance; but when we talked of the money of the governor of Berrinbal, he looked uneasy and perplexed, and professed not to understand.

'It is my opinion,' quoth L——, 'that the old villain sucked in the whole of that story from my monkey. He must have supposed you to be a shaïr (story-teller), and thought himself bound to pay for his medicine.'

'Possibly,' replied I; 'but it may be that he regrets his communicativeness, and seeing us here again, imagines that we too are on the look-out for the riches of Golden Island.'

SMOKINESS OF MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the legislation of late years against the smoke of factories, we observe from time to time that prosecutions are still necessary at Manchester, Glasgow, and other cities of industry, in order to enforce the proper regulations. Magistrates in such towns must in general feel a disposition to press as lightly on the conveniency of manufacturers as the letter of the law will admit of, and many doubtless are under an impression that manufacturers have not the matter entirely in their power. We suspect that the leniency is to a great extent misdirected; for experience and close observation have convinced us that, in ordinary circumstances, the smoke of a factory furnace may be reduced to an amount scarcely appreciable.

The cause of voluminous smoke from a large furnace is the abruptness of the deposition of fresh fuel. A furnace-man knows well that, by a judicious mode of shovelling in his coal, he can lessen the amount of smoke considerably. Much more can it be lessened when the furnace is fed slowly by an appropriate mechanism. It cannot be too strongly impressed on magistrates that there *is* a mechanism by which the requisite fuel can be applied at precisely the rate in which it is required, and so as to cause the smoke to be consumed in the furnace, leaving at the utmost some impalpable fumes to pass off by the chimney. There is the less need to be scrupulous in acting upon this fact, that, by such a mode of feeding furnaces, a very considerable saving of coal is effected.

At the hazard of offending by repetition, we shall relate what is done at our own furnace for the consumption of smoke. The engine, be it understood, is one of ten-horse power, employed to drive ten printing machines. The smoke-consuming apparatus under Jukes's patent was applied to the furnace in 1848, at an expense of L.105. It consists essentially of a set of chain bars revolving on blocks, and carrying in the coal with a slow, regulated motion, under the check of a hopper placed at the furnace-mouth. Power for the movement is obtained from the engine. The effect is, that a frontier of fresh coal is always passing onward into the glow of the fire, producing only the smallest quantity of smoke possible in the circumstances, and this smoke is completely burnt before it can pass along the length of the furnace. At putting on the fires, and in reviving them after meal hours, smoke is produced in greater quantity, and forms a volume in the chimney for a few minutes; but this passes away, and the chimney in general emits nothing but a quantity of waste steam. Of the numerous domestic chimneys by which ours is surrounded, there is not one which does not act more as a nuisance to its neighbourhood than our ten-horse power engine flue.

During the twelvemonth previous to the application of the apparatus, the quantity of coal consumed was 284 tons. During the ensuing year and a half it has been 395 tons, although there was one more machine in operation during that time, and a much greater amount of work at over-hours. The quantity of work in the year ending Sep. 2, 1849, may be expressed by the sum of paper used, which was 7,200,000 sheets; that of the year and a half ending March 2, 1851, was 12,720,000 sheets, a ratio of about 13 to 11. Had the same quantity of coal for each thousand sheets been used during the second period, the total quantity required would have been at the rate of about 340 tons per annum. It appears that there would thus have been a relative saving of 78 tons of coal per annum. We are sensible, however, that the quantity of work may

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have exercised no influence in the case, and therefore would ask attention to no more than the positive or absolute saving, which may be reckoned at not less than 30 tons per annum—an amount much more than commensurate to the outlay for the mechanism. There is also a saving of labour to the extent of about half a man—the engine-man being so much relieved from attendance at the furnace, that he is enabled to attend to a number of other duties. On the other hand, the brickwork of the furnace requires somewhat more frequent repair—a proof, however, merely of the superior efficiency of the fire under the new system. The outlay on this account cannot materially affect the money part of the question.

As far as a furnace under such circumstances is a criterion, we certainly can now entertain no doubt that factory smoke is a remediable evil. There may be instances where sudden accesses of strength are occasionally required—as where a steamer is to be put to unusual speed; but bating such, we can see no difficulty in applying Jukes's, or some other equivalent plan (if there be such), and thus at once effecting a saving to the user, and relieving the public from a nuisance. We may add that the party to whom application should be made for a licence to use Jukes's patent, is Messrs Surmon & Co., Canal Bridge, New North Road, London. This company also supplies the apparatus, and superintends its erection.

THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT BEFORE AND AFTER WATERLOO.

Decidedly the most vivid, and, even after this lapse of time, thrilling of my schoolboy-day reminiscences, is one connected with the return of the 42d Regiment to Edinburgh, after the hard-fought field of Waterloo. I had joined the crowd that, a short time previous, had escorted that gallant corps to Leith from Edinburgh Castle, *en route* for the continent, to join the allied army under its illustrious leader. It was then upwards of eight hundred strong, and a finer body of men could not have been seen. They were arrayed and marshalled in all the pomp and circumstance of military bearing; every appliance was in its place, and in perfect order; and the graceful waving of the beautiful dark plumes with which the bonnets of our Highland regiments are crowned, together with the glittering of the rays of a bright summer sun on their polished firearms and accoutrements, produced altogether one of those imposing results of which the profession of arms can alone furnish the elements. The numbers which on that occasion accompanied this distinguished and always popular regiment were immense—a great proportion being females, many of whom stood to the men in the ordinary relationships of wives or sweethearts, mothers or sisters; and these clung as closely to the dear objects of their affection as the movements and discipline of a body of troops would permit, that not a moment which could be spent in their society might be lost.

The band was playing, as is customary on such occasions, the favourite air of 'Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave ye,' with the intention, no doubt, of keeping up the spirits of all, but actually producing the opposite effect, as too many on that occasion felt that they were gazing in all probability *for the last time* on each other. At length the port of Leith was reached; and as the vessel which took the troops aboard, to convey them to the transport in the roadstead, cast off her moorings, the deafening huzzas from the assembled multitudes produced one of the most sublimely saddening effects I ever witnessed. Such scenes and feelings the present generation luckily can hardly sympathise with or appreciate, as no native of this country (who has remained at home) under forty years of age has ever been influenced by similar ones.

Our gallant friends arrived in time to take an active and brilliant, but to them most fatal, part in the crowning engagements which resulted in hurling Napoleon from his throne and political existence.

It was in the month of March 1816 that the intelligence reached Edinburgh that the remainder of that once noble regiment, the 42d, were to pass the night at Musselburgh (six miles distant), and were next day to enter the city. The news spread rapidly, and next morning every schoolboy was aware of the fact. I was then attending a classical academy in the New Town; and as we assembled in the neighbourhood of the school on that eventful morning, we congregated into groups, and earnestly discussed our hopes and fears of the chance of being permitted to join the crowds that were even then pouring in the direction of Musselburgh to welcome our gallant countrymen. These discussions were, however, suddenly, and to most of us somewhat harshly brought to a close by the sound of the well-known shrill whistle (equal almost to that of a railway) with which our worthy preceptor, with his head and shoulders projecting over one of the windows of the schoolroom, was wont to assemble his *élèves*. Many took *French* leave on the impulse of the moment; while the rest, among whom I was included, ascended the stairs with most unwilling and snail-like steps, and took their accustomed places on the benches. Our feelings were, however, not allowed to remain long in a state of suspense; for our master almost immediately, amidst our breathless silence, informed us that he also had heard of the approach of our brave countrymen, and of the intention of going to meet and welcome them on their approach to the city, and that he highly approved of such intention. Then, with one of his usual cautions to take care of ourselves, he at once dismissed us. Ere the clouds of dust which were raised by our tumultuous jubilation had cleared away, we had burst from the school, and joined the living stream which was then pouring from every avenue of the city in the direction of Musselburgh. The morning was unusually mild for the season, and was one of those lovely spring days which even in our northern clime occasionally chequer our vernal experiences, and make us feel that the mere living, or animalism of our existence, is a great boon and privilege.

The party to which I had attached myself met the objects of our solicitude about the Maitland Bridge; and never shall I forget the impression which the first glance at all that remained of the so lately gallant array made upon my mind—the time seemed so short since I had seen them in all their gorgeous panoply and glory of numbers, that the contrast was most startling which the handful (not much above two hundred) of worn-out, travel-stained looking men presented. Their once bright scarlet uniforms exhibited all the shades of depression which that colour is capable of assuming; while very few retained any remnant even of the plume which distinguishes the Highland soldier's head-dress. Most had plain bonnets, and a great many had not even their grand national characteristic article of dress—the kilt—trousers and trews having been substituted. No one who has not actually witnessed a similar exhibition of the sad and desolating effects of war can fully conceive what our feelings were on the first appearance of our poor countrymen. Still these were the men who had stood undaunted against the Polish lances and cuirassiers' sabres at Quatre Bras, and remained unshaken and victorious amidst the annihilating thunders of Waterloo; and every other sensation was for the moment buried in the burst of enthusiasm with which we added our welcome to the general chorus. As the procession

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reached the suburbs, the crowd became so dense that the order of march could hardly be observed; and those serried ranks which had withstood unbroken all the attempts of Napoleon's cavalry and artillery, gave way on all sides before the irruption of their fair countrywomen.

On entering the Canongate, some truly touching episodes took place: here and there a female might be seen rushing wildly amongst the ranks of the soldiery, and anxiously inquiring whether such a one was alive, and with them. When, as in too many instances, an answer in the sad negative had to be given, the agonised look and suppressed scream with which it was received was truly heartrending, and brought tears to the eyes of all who were witnesses of it. Occasionally, in strong and pleasing contrast to such scenes, a lover, brother, or husband was found. When it was the latter, and he was also a father, his firelock was seized by one of his eldest boys; while, leaning on the arm of his partner in life, and having his youngest child perched on his shoulder, he proudly ascended the High Street. As the procession approached the Canongate Jail, a Lochaber axe (belonging to the Town-Guard soldier on duty there, and borrowed from him for the occasion) was seen projecting from one of its windows, to which was attached, as a flag, a pocket-handkerchief, on which was pinned a sheet of paper, having written on it in ink, in large characters, the words—'Welcome, gallant heroes!' shewing in a most touching manner that the enthusiasm which was so ecstatic on the outside had even penetrated the gloomy recesses of a prison, and made its inmates for the time forget their woes in the all-absorbing feelings of the moment.

As they advanced up the High Street, where it becomes wider and the houses loftier, the masses became so dense that it was almost impossible to proceed; and from the windows of many of the houses of that most picturesque street were seen hundreds of smiling female faces, and many fair arms waving handkerchiefs, while the loud and continued huzzas which burst forth on all sides, and re-echoed by the imposing edifices around, were perfectly deafening. And thus escorted, and thus welcomed, all that remained of the gallant 42d re-entered the Castle of Edinburgh.

It has been my lot in life to witness many splendid processions of various kinds; but all were tame and commonplace in comparison with that which I have attempted to describe. I have already said, that luckily with such scenes the present generation, at least the younger portion of it, are unacquainted. I have often thought that in such ignorance there is a danger. Let me impress on my juniors, that it requires but a very little experience of the desolating effects of war to wean a humane and conscientious mind from the idea of its vaunted glories. Let them read in even such imperfect recitals as the present the misery which comes from these unholy contentions, and resolve never to admit for a moment that peace may be broken, except for the most grave and onerous causes.

REPRODUCTION OF LIMBS IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT.

Dr Simpson, in a paper read to the British Association, has shewn that the power of reproducing and repairing lost parts is greatest in the lowest class of animals, and decreases as we ascend higher and higher in the scale of animal life. He then points out that the embryo approaches in this, as in other respects, the physiological life and powers of the lower animals; and, consequently, when the arm or leg is amputated during embryonic existence, as not unfrequently happens from bands of coagulable lymph, and the results of disease, the stump structures reproduce a small rudimentary hand or foot, as the crab or lizard does. He shewed various casts and drawings of cases of hands thus reproduced; and two living examples were exhibited.

TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE.

ALICE, Alice, little Alice,
My new-christened baby Alice!
Can there ever rhyme be found
To express my wishes for thee
In a silvery flowing, worthy
Of that silvery sound!
Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice!
Sure that sweetest name must be
A true omen to thee, Alice,
Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Mayst thou prove a golden chalice
Filled with holiness, like wine;
With rich blessings running o'er,
Yet replenished evermore
From a fount divine!
Alice, Alice, little Alice,
When this future comes to thee,
In thy young life's brimming chalice
Keep some drops of balm for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Mayst thou grow up a fair palace,
Fitly framed from roof to floor,
Pure unto the very centre,
While high thoughts like angels enter
At the open door.
Alice, Alice, little Alice,
When this goodly sight I see,
In thy woman-heart's rich palace
Keep one nook of love for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Sure the verse fails out of malice
To the thoughts it feebly bears;
And thy name's sweet echoes, ranging
From quaint rhyme to rhyme, are changing
Unto voiceless prayers.
God be with thee, little Alice!
Of His bounteousness, may He
Fill the chalice, build the palace,
Here—unto eternity!

November 25, 1850.

CAPTURE OF A SEA-COW.

Messrs Clark and Burnham lately succeeded in capturing a sea-cow, near Jupiter Inlet, Florida. The animal was caught in a net, was a male, and nine feet three inches in length. They succeeded in taking it alive, and shipped it to Charleston for exhibiting it. It was very wild when first captured, but soon became quite tame, and ate freely of grass, &c. Its tail is in the shape of a fan, and is two feet five inches broad. It has no hind-feet; its fore-feet are similar to those of a turtle, and it has nails like those of the human hand, but no claws. Its mouth and nose resemble those of a cow; it has teeth on the lower jaw, but none on the upper. A female was also taken; but it was so large, and becoming entangled in the net, made such desperate exertions to escape, that the captors were compelled to shoot it. They preserved the skin, however, which is fifteen feet long. This is the second instance (says the 'Havannah News') within our knowledge that the sea-cow has been captured. Some years ago, during the Florida war, Colonel Harney shot two of them in the Everglades. He preserved the hides, and they were exhibited in St Augustine as a great curiosity. We saw a rib of one of the animals yesterday in possession of a gentleman of this city, to whom it was presented by Colonel Harney. He informed us that he had partaken of the flesh, and pronounced it remarkably tender and palatable, and far superior to beef.

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SUCCESS.

The aims of the age are remarked to have a prevailing reference to material achievements and acquisitions. To succeed in amassing wealth, to advance in social status and respectability, to realise the dreams and projects of ambition, to attain, in one or another way, to a position of personal brilliancy or importance, is the leading and accredited tendency of the intelligence and enterprise of the nineteenth century. The railway is constructed, not immediately with a view to the service of man in travelling, but for the purpose of obtaining a profitable investment for industry and capital; the houses of legislation are assembled, not to deliberate solemnly on the needs and requirements of society, but to defend and assert the interests of separate and contending classes of the community; education is not a noble and exalted training of the gifts and faculties of youth, to the end that they may become persons of worth and intellectual vigour, but is restricted to such disciplines and courses of cultivation as are thought to be calculated to promote a secular prosperity: the whole structure and economy of our life is infected with a taint of gross and acknowledged selfishness, and has no higher contemplation than that of a realised acquisitiveness, pointing only to such substantial or splendid acquisitions as confer upon the successful a material and personal dignity. To be the rich man or the brilliant man, the powerful and ascendant party, is the end and recognised design of the diversified activity which is displayed by all the aspiring men and parties of the age. This is the *success* which almost every man contemplates, and pursues according to his energies and opportunity.

It seems to us that devotion to materialities is a necessary stage in the progress of humanity. Before a man can properly attain to such a position of ease and freedom as is needed for the free and perfect manifestation of his character, it is essential that his bodily requirements should be secured to him, either in the shape of some actual possession, or by some recognisable means which he may employ for the purpose. The basis of his wellbeing is some available domestic and social satisfaction, an actual and sufficing measure of worldly means and comforts, or, at the lowest, the possibility of living by his honourable exertions. Unless this can be obtained, the generality of mankind will necessarily be the victims of their circumstances; whatsoever is manly and noble in their natures will more and more degenerate, or remain utterly undeveloped and unknown to the possessor — will be, in fact, a tragical waste of faculty, and like the gift of eyesight to one who is imprisoned in perpetual darkness. Hopelessness hangs for ever, like a thick impenetrable curtain, over the entire aims and prospects of him that cannot work out his way to some endurable independency. He must be a man in his own right, and have at least such a command over his own energies, as to be able to realise, by means of them, such a condition of being as he can inwardly respect, and be in some sort contented with—a condition which shall not oppress him by any sense of degradation, or wrench the working of his faculties from the natural sphere of their operation. It is a sense of the value of this individual independency—whether for purposes of culture or for some lower satisfaction is of no present importance to the consideration—it is, we say, a sense of the need of being established in honourable and fixed relations with the world, which so forcibly constrains mankind to surround themselves with the manifold appliances of material advantage. The same feelings prevail with societies of men, or nations; and in their case, likewise, such action is natural and justifiable to a certain extent. It is most important, however, for both to know and observe the limits within which the pursuit of materialities is allowable. It is very evident that in our society, as yet, men in general rest satisfied with the attainment of wealth as an *end*, and in no other light is it regarded by the great mass of those who are struggling more or less hopefully for its attainment.

Rightly viewed, that worldly success or stability which we speak of is but the platform from which a man may announce his manhood—the practical foundation whereon he is to build up and give visible reality to his being. The place he occupies in the social arrangements, the position he takes as an individual of the human race, is one which can never rightly supersede the original relations that connect him with a higher destiny, and a grander and profounder duty than any that belongs to his merely secular occasions. For it is to be remembered that man is distinguishable in the world as a being endowed with immortal and spiritual capacities, and that in the culture and perfection of these consists his highest notability. This is a truth which, in different dialects, and under different forms of representation, has been proclaimed by all the thoughtful and inspired teachers that have ever appeared among mankind; and it is even now verbally accepted in all cultivated communities as a commonplace and obvious proposition. Tacitly, and by public confession, it stands emblazoned in history and in contemporary opinion as a truth of the loftiest and most significant concernment. It obtains at least a formal recognition wheresoever man has become in any degree enlightened. Temples and goodly institutions for its promulgation and enforcement stand prominently in every land; poets, and thinkers, and persuasive orators, have been born in all ages to reveal and elucidate its applications;

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and by the universal acknowledgment of human reason and belief it ranks as the sublimest fact in the mystical constitution of humanity. We stand under the dome of immensity, amid the populous dissonances and commotions that throng the visible aisles of time; but sounding beyond them and above them, if we will but listen, we may hear the lofty harmonies and solemn anthems that are pealing from the temple of eternity! The old voices of the past, the slumbering dust of the dead and buried generations of mankind, the memories of the wise and faithful that have cast the shadows of their greatness across the paths of men, the aspirations that arise in every heart to prophesy of wonder and hopeful expectations—these all speak to us with eloquent and touching admonitions, and remind us of the vast and lasting consequences which proceed from the purposes and motives that determine our daily deeds and resolutions.

If, then, a man would properly fulfil his destiny, he must regard the advancement of his reasonable and moral interests as constituting by far the most significant, and, in fact, his only veritable success. In our dealings with external nature, it is undoubtedly an authentic aim to subject its varied elements and combinations to our natural uses and occasions; but inasmuch as all these perish in the using, it is manifest that they are designed to be subordinate and subservient to some higher end than any which is apprehended by the senses. The wealth and bounty of the world are not to be despised, nor are any of the advantages which have been secured to us by the intelligent and laborious device of our fellow-beings to be indolently neglected, or spurned aside with a supercilious indifference or disdain; for they are true and substantial parts of the beneficent provision which a bountiful Creator has ordained for our necessities, and are plainly intended to sustain us in those conditions which are requisite to the development of our rational capacities. This noble earth whereon we dwell—this splendid environment of air and ocean—this gorgeous firmament of space wherein the sun goeth forth in power, and stars shed down their radiance—these wide-spread realms of plain and valley, the caves and storehouses of the globe which yield their rich contents to human ingenuity and exertion—the whole visible economy and adaptations of the world have a practical relation to the wants and conveniences of man, and were evidently designed for his service and delight. But yet the worth of the world as a commodity for human uses cannot be rightfully regarded as otherwise than secondary, and instrumental to the spiritual progression of the intelligent beings whom it supports.

Yes, the attainment of a spiritual wellbeing is the true *success* of life. The most stupendous realisations of earthly benefit and splendour cannot avail to render a man intrinsically great or noble: they are but as a gaudy and tinsel vesture for his worthlessness, if the soul within him be not shining with intelligence and goodness. This is the most lamentable poverty in the world—that a man be base and mean in spirit; that he understand not the things which make the lustre of humanity. To dwell proudly or meekly among sumptuous externalities, and to count the acquisition of these as the utmost aim and purpose of existence, is an abdication of a man's lordliest prerogatives—a virtual surrendering of whatsoever is best and highest in his nature, an unintelligent relinquishment of his noblest estate. For what—after filling himself to repletion with all sensuous enjoyments, after gathering up the fulness of delight which opportunity and opulence can yield—what true and indestructible advantage has he realised? It is well to think of this—well to understand and lay to heart that only a temporary and no permanent or sufficing good can be derived from them. It was known long ago, but it is never sufficiently remembered, that a man's blessedness consists not in the multitude of his possessions, nor in any of the gratifications of sense or appetite, but in a well-ordered mind and disposition, in a reverent recognition of his spiritual and immortal interests, in a wise obedience to the laws of his moral nature. That which constitutes his pre-eminent distinction, is the intellectual and moral power which is centred in his being. No wealth of external means can supply the want or loss of insight or of purity in the soul. A man's first vocation is his call to be a man—a truthful, reasonable being, working in unison with the Supreme Intelligence for ends answerable to the aims of the creation. He should know the end for which he is alive: that the thing which most intimately concerns him is the maintenance of a discerning and upright spirit. Not in pleasure, not in ease, not in any outward appliances of affluence or conventional repute, not in the ranks of public glory or advantage—not in any of these things will he find his welfare; but only in a free and perfect development of his natural and especial character. Thus alone can he fulfil his proper destiny, and adequately justify his appearance in the world.

The highest consideration, then, for every man, is the cultivation of his faculties for the ends of personal virtue. It is that the soul may grow in strength and moral beauty—that the man may ascend with his days to loftier and nobler stages of spiritual perfection—that he may outlive his weaknesses and errors, and grow more and more into likeness and relation with the bright design prefigured to his hopes as the attainable destination of his humanity. It is for this that his life was given him; for this was he exalted in form and in capacity above all other shapes of sentient being in the world—that he might live and act in the world as an incarnate testimony of the presence of the great Divinity which rules for ever at the heart of things. 'The foundations of man,' it has been said, 'are not in matter, but in spirit; and the element of spirit is eternity.' When his powers are trained and disciplined for large and universal objects, instead of for the production of a private and selfish benefit—when he discerns the high celestial ancestry of the attributes embodied in his personality, and aims to give effect to all the clear commands of conscience—then shall he witness the full triumph of his energies. Hereby shall he attain to a true and permanent success, the elements whereof shall never perish, but be borne forwards, in the march of progress, to remotest generations, and combine and harmonise with the eternal workings of the universe.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Having been detained by the illness of a relative at the small town of Beziers, when travelling a few years since in the south of France, and finding time hang somewhat heavily on my hands during the slow progress of my companion's convalescence, I took to wandering about the neighbourhood within a circle of four or five miles, inspecting the proceedings of the agriculturists, and making acquaintance with the country people. On one of these excursions, seeing a high wall and an iron gate, I turned out of my road to take a peep at the interior through the rails; but I found them so overgrown with creepers of one sort or another, that it was not easy to distinguish anything but a house which stood about a hundred yards from the entrance. Finding, however, that the gate was not quite closed, I gave it a push; and although it moved very stiffly on its hinges, and grated along the ground as it went, I contrived to force an aperture wide enough to put in my head. What a scene of desolation was there! The house, which was built of

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dark-coloured bricks, looked as if it had not been inhabited for a century. The roof was much decayed, the paint black with age, the stone-steps green with moss, and the windows all concealed by discoloured and dilapidated Venetian blinds. The garden was a wilderness of weeds and overgrown rose-bushes; and except one broad one, in a right line with the main-door of the house, the paths were no longer distinguishable. After surveying this dismal scene for some time, I came away with a strange feeling of curiosity. 'Why should this place be so entirely deserted and neglected?' thought I. It was not like a fortress, a castle, or an abbey, allowed to fall into ruins from extreme age, because no longer appropriate to the habits of the period. On the contrary, the building I had seen was comparatively modern, and had fallen to decay merely for want of those timely repairs and defences from the weather that ordinary prudence prescribes. 'Perhaps there is some sad history attached to the spot,' I thought; 'or perhaps the race to whom it belonged have died out; or maybe the cause of its destruction is nothing more tragical than a lawsuit!'

As I returned, I inquired of a woman in the nearest village if she could tell me to whom that desolate spot belonged.

'To a Spaniard,' she answered; 'but he is dead!'

'But to whom does it belong now?' I asked. 'Why is it suffered to fall into ruin?'

'I don't know,' she said, shaking her head, and re-entering the hovel, at the door of which she had been standing.

During dinner that day I asked the host of the inn if he knew the place, and could satisfy my curiosity. He knew it well, he answered. The last inhabitant had been a Count Ruy Gonzalez, a Spaniard, whose wife had died there under some painful circumstances, of which nobody knew the particulars. He had been passionately fond of her, and immediately after her decease had gone to reside in Paris, where he had also died. As the place formed part of the lady's fortune, it had fallen into the hands of some distant relation of hers, who had let it; but the tenant, after a residence of a few months, left it, at some sacrifice of rent; and other parties who subsequently took it having all speedily vacated under one pretext or another, an evil reputation gathered round and clung to it so tenaciously, that all idea of occupation had been relinquished.

It may be conceived that this information did not diminish my interest in the deserted house; and on the following day I was quite eager to see my invalid settled for her mid-day slumber, in order that I might repeat my visit, and carry my investigations further. I found the gate ajar as before, and by exerting all my strength, I managed to force my way in. I had not gone three steps before a snake crossed my path, and the ground seemed actually alive with lizards; but being determined to obtain a nearer view of this mysterious house, I walked straight on towards it. A close inspection of the front, however, shewing me nothing but what I had descried from a distance, I turned to the left, and passed round to the back of the building, where I found the remains of what had been a small flower-garden, with a grass-plot; and beyond it, divided by a wall, a court surrounded by mouldy-looking stabling: but, what was much more interesting, I discovered an open door leading into the house. Somebody, therefore, must surely be within; so I knocked with my parasol against the panel, but nobody came; and having repeated my knock with no better success, I ventured in, and found myself in a stone passage, terminating in a door, which, by a feeble light emitted through it, I saw was partly of glass.

'Anybody here?' I said aloud, as I opened it and put in my head; but all was silent: so I went forward, not without some apprehension, I confess; but it was that sort of pleasing terror one feels when witnessing a good melodrama. I was now in a tolerably-sized hall, supported by four stone pillars, and on each side of it were two doors. I spoke again, and knocked against them; but nobody answered; then I turned the handles. The first two I tried were locked, but the third was not. When I saw it yield to my hand, I confess I felt so startled that I drew back for a moment; but curiosity conquered—I looked in. The dim light admitted by the Venetian blinds shewed me a small apartment, scantily furnished, which might have been a *salon* or an anteroom. Two small tables standing against the wall, a few chairs covered with yellow damask, and a pier-glass, were all it contained; but at the opposite end there was another open door: so, half-pleased and half-frightened, I walked forward, and found myself in what had formerly been a prettily-furnished boudoir. Marble slabs, settees covered with blue velvet, chairs and curtains of the same, and three or four round or oval mirrors in elaborately-carved gilt frames, designated this as the lady's apartment. A third door, which was also open, shewed me a bed in an alcove, with a blue velvet dais and a fringed counterpane of the same material. Here I found a toilet-table, also covered with what had once been white muslin, and on it stood several china boxes and bottles. In one of the former there were some remains of a red powder, which appeared to have been rouge; and on lifting the lid of another I became sensible of the odour of musk. The looking-glass that stood on the table had a drapery of muslin and blue bows round the frame; and the old-fashioned mahogany chest of drawers was richly gilt and ornamented. None of these rooms was papered; all appeared to be plastered or stuccoed, and were elaborately adorned with designs and gilt mouldings, except in one place, which seemed to have formerly been a door—the door of a closet probably; but it was now built up—the plaster, however, being quite coarse and unadorned, and not at all in keeping with anything else in the room. It was also broken, indented, and blackened in several places, as if it had been battered with some heavy weapon. Somehow or other, there was nothing that fixed my attention so much as this door! I examined it—I laid my hand upon it. Why should it have been so hastily built up to the disfigurement of the wall?—for the coarseness of the plaster and the rudeness of the work denoted haste. I was standing opposite to it, and asking myself this question, when I heard a heavy foot approaching; and before I had time to move, I saw the astonished face of an elderly man in clerical attire standing in the doorway. I believe he thought at first I was the ghost of the former inhabitant of this chamber, for he actually changed colour and stepped back.

'Pardon, mon père!' said I, smiling at his amazement: 'I found the door open; and I hope you will excuse the curiosity that has led me to intrude?'

'Une Anglaise!' said he bowing; 'a traveller, doubtless. You are the first person besides myself that has entered these apartments, madame, for many a long year, I assure you!'

After giving him an explanation of how I came to be there—an explanation which he listened to with much kindness and placidity—I added, that the appearance of the place, together with the little information I had gathered from the host of the inn, had interested me exceedingly. He looked grave as I spoke. I was about to

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question him regarding the closed door, when he said—'I do not recommend you to remain long here: the house is very damp; and as the windows are never opened, the air is unwholesome.' I did not know whether this was an excuse to get rid of me; but the atmosphere was certainly far from refreshing, and at all events I thought it right to accept the intimation; so I accompanied him out, he locking the doors behind him. As we walked along, he told me that he visited the house every day, or nearly so; and that he had never thought of shutting the gate, since nobody in the neighbourhood would enter it on any account. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the history of the place, which, if it were not impertinent, I should be very glad to learn. He said he could not tell it me then, having a sick parishioner to visit; but that if I would come on the following day, at the same hour, he would satisfy my curiosity. I need not say that I kept the appointment; and as I approached the garden gate, I saw him coming out.

'A walk along the road would be more agreeable than that melancholy garden,' he said; 'and, if I pleased, he would escort me part of the way back.' So we returned, and after a few desultory observations, I claimed his promise.

'The house,' he said, 'has never been inhabited since I came to live in this neighbourhood, though that is now upwards of forty years since. It belonged to a family of the name of Beaugency, and the last members of it who resided here were a father and daughter. Henriette de Beaugency she was called: a beautiful creature, I have been informed, and the idol of her father, whose affection she amply returned. They led a very retired life, and seldom quitted the place, except to pay an annual visit to the other side of the Pyrenees, where she had an elder brother married to a Spanish lady of considerable fortune; but Mlle Henriette had two companions who seemed to make her amends for the absence of other society. One was a young girl called Rosina, who had been her foster-sister, and who now lived with her in the capacity of waiting-maid; the other was her cousin, Eugène de Beaugency, an orphan, and dependent on her father; his own having lost everything he possessed, in consequence of some political offence previous to the Revolution. It was even reported that the Beaugency family had been nigh suffering the same fate, and that some heavy fines which had been extracted from them had straitened their means, and obliged them to live in retirement. However this might be, Henriette appeared perfectly contented with her lot. Eugène studied with her, and played with her; and they grew up together with all the affection and familiarity of a brother and sister; whilst old M. de Beaugency never seems to have suspected that any other sentiment could possibly subsist between them: not that they took the slightest pains to disguise their feelings; and it was their very openness that had probably lulled the father's suspicions. Indeed, their lives flowed so smoothly, and their intercourse was so unrestrained, that nothing ever occurred to awaken even themselves to the nature of their sentiments; whilst the affection that united them had grown so gradually under the parent's eyes, that their innocent terms of endearment, and playful caresses, appeared to him but the natural manifestations of the relation in which they stood to each other. The first sorrow Henriette had was when Eugène was sent to Paris to study for the bar; but it was a consolation that her own regret scarcely exceeded that of her father; and when she used to be counting the weeks and days as the period of his return drew nigh, the old man was almost as pleased as she was to see their number diminish.

'All this harmony and happiness continued uninterrupted for several years; but at length an element of discord, at first slight, seemed to arise from the appearance on the scene of a certain Count Ruy Gonzalez, who came here with the father and daughter after one of their annual excursions into Catalonia. He was an extremely handsome, noble-looking Spaniard, of about thirty years of age, and said to be rich; but there was an air of haughty, inflexible sternness about him, that repelled most people, more than his good looks and polished manners attracted them. These unamiable characteristics, however, appeared to be much modified, if not to vanish altogether, in the presence of Mlle de Beaugency, to whom it soon became evident he was passionately attached; whilst it was equally clear that her father encouraged his addresses. Even the young lady, in spite of her love for her cousin, seems to have been not quite insensible to the glory of subduing this magnificent Catalonian, who walked the earth like an archangel in whom it was a condescension to set his foot on it. She did not, therefore, it is to be feared, repress his attentions in the clear and decided manner that would have relieved her of them—though, indeed, if she had done so, considering the character she had to deal with, the *dénouement* might not have been much less tragical than it was. In the meanwhile, pleased and flattered, and joyfully anticipating her cousin's return, she was happy enough; for the pride of the Spaniard rendering him cautious to avoid the possibility of refusal or even hesitation in accepting him, he forebore to make his proposal till the moment arrived when he should see it eagerly desired by her. All this was very well till Eugène came home; but then the affair assumed another colour. Love conquered vanity; and the Spaniard, finding himself neglected for the young advocate, began to exhibit the dark side of his character; whereupon the girl grew frightened, and fearing mischief, she tried to avert it by temporising—leading the count to believe that the affection betwixt herself and her cousin was merely one of early habit and relationship; whilst she secretly assured Eugène of her unalterable attachment. So great was her alarm, that she tacitly deceived her father as well as the Spaniard; and as the latter seemed resolved not to yield his rival the advantage his own absence would have given him, she was actually rejoiced when the period of her cousin's visit expired.

'The young man gone, Ruy Gonzalez resumed his former suavity of manner; and as he possessed many qualities to recommend him in a lady's eyes, he might possibly have won her heart had it been free; but as the matter stood, she ardently desired to get rid of him, and waited anxiously for the moment when he would give her an opportunity of declining his hand, trusting that would be the signal for his final departure. But whether from caution, or because he had penetrated her feelings, the expected offer was not made, although he assiduously continued his attentions, and spent more of his time at her house than at his own in Catalonia. At length Mlle de Beaugency began to apprehend that he intended to wait the result of his observations at her cousin's next visit; and feeling quite assured that if the rivals met again, a quarrel would ensue, she persuaded her father to select that season for their own visit to her brother; whilst she wrote to Eugène, excusing their absence, and begging him not to come to see her at present. It is true, all this was but putting off the evil day; but she had a presentiment of mischief, and did not know what to do to avert it; the rather that she was aware both her father and brother wished to see her married to the count, and that neither of them would consent to her union with Eugène, who had no means of supporting her, nor was likely to have for some years to come. It was not to be expected that this arrangement should be agreeable to the young lover: it was now his turn to be jealous; and instead of staying away as he was desired, he set out post-haste with the fixed determination of following them from their residence to Catalonia, and

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coming to an immediate explanation with the count. But his jealous pangs were appeased, and all thoughts of revenge postponed, by finding his uncle at the last extremity, his mistress in great distress, and Ruy Gonzalez not with them. Their journey had been prevented by the sudden seizure of M. de Beaugency, who, after a few days' suffering, expired in his daughter's arms, quite ignorant of her attachment to her cousin, and with his dying breath beseeching her to marry the count. When his affairs began to be looked into, the motive for this urgency became apparent. He had been living on the principal of what money he had; and nearly all that remained of his dilapidated fortunes was this house and the small piece of ground attached to it. This was a great disappointment to the young couple, who, previous to their discovery, had agreed to be married in six months—the lady believing her fortune would be sufficient to maintain them both. But now marriage was out of the question till Eugène had some means of maintaining her. At present, he had nothing; he was an advocate without a brief, and had been hitherto living on the small stipend allowed by his uncle; starving himself three quarters of the year, in order that he might have the means of spending the other quarter at the Beaugency mansion. And what a long time might elapse before he could make anything by his profession! It was, as they both agreed, *désespérant*.

'These events occurred in the early years of the French Republic, when France was at war with all the world, and soldiering the best trade going. "I'll enter the army," said Eugène; "it is the profession I always preferred, and that for which I have most talent, and the only one in these times by which a man can hope to rise rapidly. At the bar I may wait for years without getting anything to do. Besides, I am intimate with a son of General Duhamel's; and I know he will speak a good word for me, and get his father to push me on." Of course there were objections to this plan on the part of Henriette, but her lover's arguments overcame them; and after repeated vows of fidelity, they parted, he to fulfil his intentions, and she to remain at home with Rosina and an elderly female relative who came to live with her—a plan she preferred to accepting her brother's invitation to reside with him in Catalonia, where she would have been exposed to the constant visits of the count: whereas, now that her father was dead, he could not with propriety visit her at her own house. It appeared afterwards that he had only been deferring his proposals till what he considered a decorous moment for making them; being meanwhile assured of the brother's support, and having little doubt of being accepted since the state of M. de Beaugency's affairs was disclosed. But before that moment came, a circumstance occurred to facilitate his views, in a manner he little expected; for, eager to distinguish himself under the eye of his commanding officer, Eugène de Beaugency, with the ardour and inexperience of youth, had rushed into needless danger, and fallen in the very first battle his regiment was engaged in.'

By the time my companion had reached this point in his narration, we found ourselves at the entrance of the village, where the church stood, and beside it the small house occupied by the curé. It had a little garden in front, and under the porch sat a very ancient woman, basking in the sun. Her head shook with palsy, her form was bent, and she had a pair of long knitting-needles in her hands, from her manner of using which I perceived she was blind. The priest invited me to walk in, informing me that that was Rosina; and adding, that if I liked to rest myself for half an hour, he would ask her to tell me the rest of the story. Feeling assured that some strange catastrophe remained to be disclosed, I eagerly accepted the good man's offer; and having been introduced to Henriette's former companion, whose memory, in spite of her great age, I found perfectly clear, I said I feared it might give her pain to recall circumstances that were doubtless of a distressing nature.

'Ah, madame,' said she, 'it is but putting into words the thoughts that are always in my head! I have never related the sad tale but twice; for I would not, for my dear mistress's sake, speak of such things to the people about her; but each time I slept better afterwards. I seemed to have lightened the heaviness of my burthen by imparting the secret to another.'

'You were very much attached to Mlle de Beaugency?' said I.

'My mother was her nurse, madame, but we grew up like sisters,' answered Rosina. 'She never concealed a thought from me; and the Virgin knows her thoughts will never keep me an hour out of Paradise, for there was no more sin in them than a butterfly's wing might bear.'

'I suppose she suffered a great deal when she heard of her cousin's death?' said I. 'How long was it before she married the count? For she did marry him, I conclude, from what I have heard?'

'Ay, madame, she did, about a year after the—the news came, worse luck! Not that she was unhappy with him exactly. He did not treat her ill; far from it; for he was passionately fond of her. But he was jealous—heaven knows of whom, for he had nobody to be jealous of. But he loved like a hot-blooded Spaniard, as he was; and I suppose he felt that she did not return his love in the same way. How should she, when she had given her whole heart to her cousin? Still she liked the count, and I could not say they were unhappy together; but she did not like Spain, and the people she lived amongst there. The count's place was dreadfully gloomy certainly. For my part, I used to be afraid to go at night along the vaulted passages, and up those wide dark staircases, to my bed. But the count doted on it because it had belonged to the family time out of mind; and it was only to please her that he ever came to her family home at all.'

'But surely this place is very dismal too?' said I.

'Dismal!' said she. 'Ay, now, I daresay, because there's a curse on it; but not then. Oh, it was a pleasant place in old M. de Beaugency's time! besides, my poor mistress loved it for the sake of the happy days she had seen there; and when the period approached that she was to be confined of her first child, she entreated her husband to bring her here. She wanted to have my mother with her, who had been like a mother to her; and as she told him she was sure she should die if he kept her in Catalonia, he yielded to her wishes, and we came. The doctor was spoken to, and everything arranged; and she was so pleased, poor thing, at the thoughts of having a baby, that as we used to sit together making the clothes for the little creature that was expected, she chatted away so gaily about what she would do with it, and how we should bring it up, that I saw she was now really beginning to forget that she was not married to the husband her young heart had chosen.

'Well, madame,' continued Rosina, after wiping her sightless eyes with the corner of her white apron—'we were all, as you will understand, happy enough, and looking forward shortly to the birth of the child, when, one afternoon, whilst my master and mistress were out driving, and I was looking through the rails of the garden gate for the carriage—for they had already been gone longer than usual—I saw a figure coming hastily along the road towards where I stood, a figure which, as it drew near, brought my heart into my mouth, for I thought it was an apparition! I just took a second look, and then, overcome with terror, I turned and ran towards the house; but before I reached it, he had opened the gate, and was in the garden.'

'Who was?' said I.

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'M. Eugène, madame—Eugène de Beaugency, my lady's cousin,' answered Rosina. "Rosina!" cried he, "Rosina! don't be frightened. I'm no ghost, I assure you. I suppose you heard I was killed? But I was not, you see; I was only taken prisoner, and here I am, alive and well, thank God! How's my cousin? Where is she?"

'I leave you to judge, madame, how I felt on hearing this,' continued the old woman. 'A black curtain seemed to fall before my eyes, on which I could read Wo! wo! wo! I could not tell what form it would take; I never could have guessed the form it did take; but I saw that behind the dark screen which veiled the future from my eyes there was nothing but wo on the face of the earth for those three creatures. The Lord have mercy upon them! thought I; and for the world to come, I hope my prayer may have been heard—but it was of no avail for this!

'Well, madame, my first fear was, that the count would return and find him there, for well I knew there would be bloodshed if they met; so without answering his questions, I entreated him to go away instantly to my mother's, promising that I would follow him presently, and tell him everything; but this very request, together with the agitation and terror he saw me in, made him suspect the truth at once; and seizing my arm with such violence that I bore the marks of his poor fingers for many a day afterwards, he asked me if she was married. "She is," said I: "she thought you were dead; she had no money left; and you know it was her father's dying injunction that"—— "Married to the Spaniard—to Ruy Gonzalez?" said he, with such a face, the Lord deliver me!' (and the old woman paused for a moment, as if to recover from the pain of the recollection.) '"Yes," said I, "to Ruy Gonzalez; and if he sees you here, he'll kill you!" "Let him!" said he. "But it will be her death," said I; "and she's—she's"—— I hadn't the heart to go on. "What?" said he. "In the family way—near her confinement," I answered. He clenched his two fists and clapped them on his forehead. "I must see her," said he. "Impossible!" I answered; "he never leaves her for a moment." "Where are they now?" he asked. "Out driving," said I. "In a dark-blue carriage?" "Yes; and I expect them every minute. Go, go, for the Lord's sake, go to my mother's!" "I saw the carriage," said he with a bitter smile. "It passed me just this side of Noirmoutier. Little I thought"—— and his lip quivered for a moment, and his features were convulsed with agony. "I will, I must see her," continued he; "and you had better help me to do it, or it will be the worse for us all. Hide me in her room; he does not sleep there, I suppose?" "No," I replied; "but he goes there often to talk to her when she is dressing." "Put me in the closet," said he; "there's room enough for me to crouch down under the bookshelves. You can then tell her; and when he has left her for the night, you can let me out." "My God!" I cried, my knees beginning to shake under me, "I hear the carriage; they'll be here in an instant!" "Do as you like!" said he, seeing the advantage this gave him: "if you won't help me to see her, I'll see her without you. I shall stay where I am!" and he struck his cane into the ground with a violence that shewed his resolution to do what he threatened. "Come away, for the Lord's sake!" cried I, for the carriage was close at hand, and there was not a moment to spare; and seizing him by the arm, I dragged him into the house; for even now he was half inclined to wait for them, and I saw he was burning to quarrel with the count. Well, I had but just time to lock him into the closet, and put the key in my pocket, before they had alighted, and were walking up the garden.

'You may conceive, madame, the state I was in when I met the count and my lady; and my confusion was not diminished by finding that he observed it. "What is the matter, Rosina?" said he; "has anything unusual happened?" and as he spoke he fixed his dark, piercing eyes upon me in such a way that I felt as if he was reading my very thoughts. I affected to be busy about my mistress, keeping my face away from him; but I knew he was watching me for all that. Generally, when they came home, he used to retire to his own apartment, and leave his wife with me; but now he came into the *salon*, took off his hat, and sat himself down; nor did he leave her for two minutes during the whole evening. This conduct was so unusual, that it was plain to me he suspected something; besides, I saw it in his countenance, though I did not know whether his suspicions had been roused by my paleness and agitation, or whether anything else had awakened them; but I felt certain afterwards that he had seen the poor young man when the carriage passed him; or, at least, been sufficiently struck with the resemblance to put the true interpretation on my confusion. Well, madame, you may imagine what an evening I spent. I saw clearly that he was determined not to leave me alone with his wife; but this was not of so much consequence, since I had resolved not to give her a hint of what had happened till the count had taken leave of her for the night, because I knew that her agitation would have betrayed the secret. In the meanwhile she suspected no mischief; for although she observed something was wrong with me, she supposed I was suffering in my mind about a young man I was engaged to marry, called Philippe, who had been lately ill of a fever, and was now said to be threatened with consumption.

'Whilst I pretended to be busying myself in my lady's room, they went out to take a stroll in the garden; and when I saw them safe at the other end, I put my lips to the keyhole, and conjured Eugène, for the sake of all that was good, to be still; for that I was certain it would not only be his death, but my mistress's too, if he were discovered; and he promised me he would. I had scarcely got upon my feet again, and turned to open a drawer, when I heard the count's foot in the *salon*. "The countess is oppressed with the heat," said he, "and wants the large green fan: she says you'll find it on one of the shelves in the closet."

'Only think, madame! only think!' said Rosina, turning her wrinkled face towards me, and actually shaking all over with the recollection of her terror. 'I thought I should have sunk into the earth! I stood for a moment aghast, and then I began to fumble in my pocket. "Where can the key be?" said I, pretending to search for it; but my countenance betrayed me, and my voice shook so, that he read me like a book. I am sure he knew the truth from that moment. He looked hard at me, whilst his face became quite livid; and then he said in a calm deep voice: "For the fan, no matter; I'll take another; but I see you are ill: you have caught Philippe's fever; you must go to bed directly. Come with me, and I'll lead you to your room." "I am not ill, Monsieur le Conte," I stammered out; but taking no notice of what I said, he grasped my arm with his powerful hand, and dragged me away up stairs; I say dragged, for I had scarcely strength to move my feet, and it was rather dragging than leading. As soon as he had thrust me into the room, he said in a significant tone: "Remember you are in danger! Unless you are very prudent, this fever will be fatal. Go to bed, and keep quite still till I come to see you again, or you may not survive till morning!" With that he closed the door, and locked it; and I heard him take out the key, and descend the stairs. Then I suppose I swooned; for when I came to myself it was nearly dark; I was lying on the floor, and could not at first remember what had happened. When my recollection returned, I crawled to the bed, and burying my face in the pillows, I gave vent to my anguish in sobs and tears; for I loved my mistress, madame, and I

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loved M. Eugène, and I knew there would be deadly mischief amongst them. I expected that the count would break open the closet, and that one or both would be killed; and considering the state she was in, I did not doubt that the grief and fright would kill the countess also. You may judge, madame, what a night I passed! sometimes weeping, sometimes listening: but I could hear nothing unusual; and at length I began to fancy that the conflict had occurred whilst I was lying in the swoon. But how had it terminated? I would have given worlds to know; but there I was, a prisoner, and I feared that if I tried to give any alarm, I might only make bad worse.

'Well, madame, I thought the morning would never break; but at length the sun rose, and I heard people stirring. It seemed, indeed, that there was an unusual bustle and running about; and by and by I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet in the court, and I knew they were bringing out the carriage. Where could they be going? I could not imagine; but, on the whole, I was relieved, for I fancied that the meeting and explanation were over, and that now the count wished to leave the house, which, under the circumstances, I could not wonder at. He has spared Eugène for her sake, thought I. And this belief was strengthened by my master's entering my room presently afterwards, and saying, "Your mistress is gone away; I am afraid of her taking this fever. When I think it proper, you shall be removed: till then, remember that your life depends on your remaining quiet!" He placed a loaf of bread and a carafe of water on the table, and went away, locking the door as before. I confess now that much as I felt for M. Eugène, I could not help pitying the count also. What ravages the sufferings of that night had made on him! His cheeks looked hollow, his eyes sunken, his features all drawn and distorted, and his complexion like that of a corpse. It was a dreadful blow to him certainly, for I knew that he loved my mistress to madness.

'Well, madame, I passed the day more peacefully than I could have hoped; but my mind being somewhat relieved about my lady, I began to think a little of myself, and to wonder what the count meant to do with me. I felt certain he would never let me see her again if he could help it, and that alone was a heart-breaking grief to me; and then it came into my head that perhaps he would confine me somewhere for life—shut me up in a convent perhaps, or a madhouse! As soon as this idea possessed me, it grew and grew till I felt as if I really *was* going mad with the horror of it; and I resolved, though it was at the risk of breaking my neck, to try and make my escape by the window during the night. It looked to the side of the house, and was not very high up; besides, there were soft flower-beds underneath to break my fall; so I thought by tying the sheets together, and fastening them to an iron bar that divided the lattice, I might reach the ground in safety. I was a little creature, and though the space was not large, it sufficed for me to get through; and when all was quiet, and I thought everybody was in bed, I made the attempt, and succeeded. I had to jump the last few feet, and I was over my ankles in the soft mould; but that did not signify—I was free; and taking to my heels, I ran off to my mother's, who lived then in a cottage hard by, where we are now sitting; and after telling her what had happened, it was agreed that I should go to bed, and that if anybody came to inquire for me she should say I was ill of the fever, and could not be seen. I knew when morning came I should be missed, for doubtless the count would go to my room; and besides that, I had left the sheets hanging out of the window.

'For two days, however, to my great surprise, we heard nothing; but on the third, Philippe (the young man I was engaged to) hearing I was not at the Beaugency house, came to our cottage to inquire about me. We had not met for some time, the countess having forbidden all communication between us, as she had a horrible dread of the fever, so that he could only hear of me through my mother. "Rosina is here, and unwell," said my mother: "we think she's got the fever;" for though we might have trusted Philippe with our lives, we thought it would be safer for him to be ignorant of what had happened. Upon this he begged leave to see me; and she brought him into my chamber. After asking about himself, and telling him I was very poorly, and so forth, he said: "This is a sad thing for the countess!" "What is?" I asked. "You're being ill at this time," said he, "when she must want you so much." "What do you mean?" said I; "the countess is not at the house?" "Don't you know she's come back," said he, "and that she's ill? The doctor has been sent for, and they say she's very bad." "Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed; "is it possible? My poor dear mistress ill, and I not with her!" "Robert, the footman, says," continued Philippe—"but he bade me not mention it to anybody—that when they stopped at the inn at Montlouis, Rateau the landlord came to the carriage-door, and asked if she had seen M. Eugène de Beaugency; and that when the countess turned quite pale and said, 'Are you not aware my cousin was killed in battle, M. Rateau?' he assured her it was no such thing; for that M. Eugène had called there shortly before on his way to her house. Rateau must have taken somebody else for him of course; but I suppose she believed it, for she returned directly." "Rateau told her that he had seen M. Eugène?" said I. "So Robert says; but Didier the mason says she was ill before she went, and that it was the rats in the closet that frightened her." "Rats!" said I, sitting up in my bed and staring at him wildly. "What rats?—what closet?" "Some closet in her bedroom," said he. "The count sent for Didier to wall it up directly." "To wall it up?—wall up the closet?" I gasped out. "Yes, build and plaster it up. But what's the matter, Rosina? Oh, I shouldn't have told you the countess was ill!" he cried out, terrified at the agitation I was in. "Leave me in the name of God!" I screamed, "and send my mother to me!"

'I remember nothing after this, madame, for a long, long time. When my mother came, she found me in my night-clothes, tying the sheets together in order to get out of the window, though the door was wide open; but I was quite delirious. Weeks passed before I was in a state to remember or comprehend anything. Before I recovered my senses, my poor mistress and her baby were in the grave, my master gone away, nobody knew whither, the servants all discharged, and the accursed house shut up. Not long afterwards the news came that the count had died in Paris.'

'But, Rosina,' said I, 'are you sure that M. de Beaugency was in that closet? How do you know the count had not first released him?'

'Ah, madame,' she replied, ominously shaking her palsied head, 'you would not ask that question if you had known Ruy Gonzalez as I did. The moment the words were out of Philippe's mouth I saw it all. It was just like him—just the revenge for that stern and inflexible spirit to take. Besides, madame, when all was over, and he durst speak, Didier the mason told me that nothing should ever convince him that there was not some living thing in that closet at the time he walled it up, though who or what it could be he never could imagine.'

'And do you think, Rosina,' said I, 'do you think the countess ever suspected the secret of that dreadful closet?'

'Ay did she, madame,' answered she; 'and it was that which killed her; for when my mistress came back so unexpectedly, the count was closeted up stairs with his agent, making arrangements for quitting the place

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for ever, and had given orders not to be disturbed. He had locked up her apartments, and had the key in his pocket; but he had forgotten that there was a spare key for every room in the house, which the housekeeper had the charge of; so my lady sent for her to open the doors. Now, though from putting this and that together—the count's agitation, my sudden disappearance, her own removal, and the innkeeper's story—she felt sure there was some mischief in the wind, she had no suspicion of what had really occurred; as indeed how should she, till her eyes fell upon the door of the closet. Then she comprehended it all. You may imagine the rest, madame! Words couldn't paint it! When they came into the room, she was battering madly at the wall with the poker. But a few hours terminated her sufferings. She was already dead when Philippe was telling me of her return.'

'It's a fearful tragedy to have lived through!' said I. 'And Philippe: what became of him?'

'He died like the rest, madame, about six months after these sad events had occurred. When I recovered my health, I went into service, and for the last forty years I have been housekeeper to M. le Curé here.'

'And he is the only person that ever enters that melancholy house?'

'Yes, madame. I went there once—just once—to look at that fatal chamber, and the bed where my poor mistress died. When the place was let, those apartments were locked up; but'—and she shook her head mournfully—'the tenants were glad to leave it.'

'And for what purpose does M. le curé go there so often?' I asked.

'To pray for the souls of the unfortunates!' said the old woman, devoutly crossing herself.

Deeply affected with her story, I took leave of this sole surviving witness of these long-buried sorrows; and I, too, accompanied by the curé, once more visited the awful chamber. 'Ah, madame!' said he, 'poor human nature! with its passions, and its follies, and its mad revenges! Is it not sad to think that so much love should prove the foundation of so much wo?'

THE LINEN MANUFACTURE.

A short time ago we spoke of the surprisingly rapid growth of the cotton manufacture, that has within a few years risen to be the great staple of British industry, and any temporary depression of which shakes the very fabric of society. The manufacture which has attained these gigantic dimensions is usually supposed to have prospered only by the undue depression of the more ancient trade in linen. Judging from various circumstances, it is perhaps not unreasonable to think so, and yet, when the subject comes to be examined, nothing is found to be further from the truth.

Cotton is a woolly substance produced in the pod of a tropical plant. Flax, on the other hand, is the finer portion of the fibres of lint; a vegetable which grows in almost any part of the world, and more particularly in high northern or southern latitudes. Russia, Prussia, and the Netherlands are the chief lint-producing countries in continental Europe, and the quantity raised in Ireland is very considerable, amounting this year to nearly 2500 tons. New Zealand appears to possess a soil and climate suitable for flax; and thence large supplies may ultimately be procured. Latterly, the growing scarcity and enhanced price of cotton, and the diminished price of grain, have induced an attempt to cultivate lint on an extended scale in England; but it may be doubted if the effort will prove so successful as is generally anticipated. Great labour and attention are required in the preparation of the crop, and consequently unless where labour is cheap, and time of comparatively small value, there will be a serious obstacle to its profitable culture.

No account being taken of the flax produced throughout the British islands, it is impossible to present an accurate view of the total quantity used in the linen manufacture. Whatever be the amount of home growth, it is inadequate to meet the demand of manufacturers. It appears that the quantity of foreign flax imported in 1849 was 90,340 tons, and in 1850 it was 91,097 tons—a quantity believed to be more than treble what is produced in Great Britain and Ireland. The consumption of so vast an amount of flax is owing not more to the demand for linen fabrics than the advanced state of mechanical appliances. So long as there were no other means of hackling—that is, separating the flax from the tow or coarse fibres of the lint—than by hand labour, no other method of spinning than by the small domestic wheel, and no other species of weaving than by the common loom, the linen manufacture remained on an insignificant scale. It may be added, that so long as bounties were given by government on the export of the manufactured article, little good was done, even with improved means. The policy of recent times, which throws every man on his own enterprise, along with the introduction of machinery in all departments, have revolutionised the linen trade; and now it assumes an exceedingly important place in the national economy.

Nothing is more curious in the history of industry than the manner in which a manufacture takes root in a particular locality. The seat of the cotton manufacture is on the west side of Great Britain, in the vicinity of ports on the Atlantic, by which the material is chiefly introduced; that of the linen trade is on the east, a ready access from the Baltic having probably determined the point. From the beginning of a small trade, carried on with the domestic loom, the manufacture of linen of various qualities has grown to huge proportions in Fife and Forfarshires, in the east of Scotland. The quantity of flax imported at Hull for the Yorkshire factories last year was 14,288 tons. At Dundee, the quantity was as much as 40,450 tons, including flax tow; and at Kirkaldy, Arbroath, and Montrose, it was 17,395 tons. Dundee, therefore, has come to be the largest importer of the material; and what it receives it works up on the spot, about half for home consumpt, and half for exportation. A few words respecting this branch of manufacture in Dundee may prove interesting.

So late as 1814, the whole of the flax imported into Dundee amounted to only 3000 tons; it has just been shewn to be now above 40,000 tons. The coarser qualities of goods—as sail-cloth, bagging, &c. also linen yarns—are chiefly produced here; and for the greater part in connection with extensive establishments provided with steam-power. These establishments are as imposing in appearance as the cotton factories of Manchester or the woollen mills of Leeds. At present, there are in Dundee 43 spinning-mills, with steam-engines of an aggregate of 2075 horse-power; and 8 power-loom factories, possessing 235 horse-power—altogether 51 establishments with machinery moved by steam. The spinning-mills employ much the greater number of hands; but including the whole 51 establishments, there are employed in various occupations 3240 males, and 8142 females, making a total of 11,382 persons. Of these, only 202 are under 13 years of age. We have ascertained that the money wages distributed among this large body of individuals amounts to about L.3900 per week; the payment to the male operatives being on an average 9s. 6d., and to females 6s., weekly. Besides the power-loom factories, the town possesses 62 establishments of one kind or other using hand-labour, and in these there are 4200 looms. Add to these 10 establishments for finishing, calendering, and packing the cloth which is produced, and we may have an idea of the vigour with which the linen trade of Dundee is conducted. We are informed that

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600 additional power-looms will be started in a few months.

Some of the spinning-mills are of vast dimensions, and are conducted at an enormous expense. The drain of money for wages, and also for tear and wear of mechanism, are perhaps of less account than the perpetual outlay for new machinery. In the conducting of such works, each proprietor must keep up with the improvements of the day, otherwise he works his mill at a ruinous disadvantage. The introduction, therefore, of every novelty, having for its object the expediting of the manufacture, becomes a necessity in the condition of these capitalists, who are ever dragged on from one stage of improvement to another at a cost of thousands of pounds. Yet what is it but this readiness to embrace new adaptations that has placed British factory-owners in their deservedly high and commanding position?

It seems to be a tendency in manufacturing industry first to divide, and then reunite, branches of labour. We have experienced this in our own limited concern. At first, we had no wish to do more than print, but were at length impelled to adopt all the other branches connected with the preparation of literature. There can be little doubt that textile manufactures will follow this course; spinners will not leave off till they become weavers; and being weavers, they will probably find it expedient to be their own calenderers and packers. It was certainly a great step in the linen manufacture when heckling by machinery was absorbed into the general preparatory process; for in conjunction with the spinning-frame and the power-loom, the whole routine of production, from a bag of flax to a web of cloth, could be effected in one establishment. Some years ago, when in Dundee, we observed that in the large works of Messrs Baxter, Brothers, & Co. a union of departments had been attained. In a series of buildings connected with each other, hackling, spinning, weaving, calendering, and packing, by steam, were successfully combined; the whole of the branches in this single establishment giving employment to 1500 individuals.

In the article already referred to, we stated that as much cotton was now spun by machinery in the United Kingdom, as would require the labour, by hand, of many millions of persons. In the hackling, spinning, and weaving of linen, great results are also achieved by inanimate mechanism. In the spinning-mills of Dundee there are upwards of 170 hackling-machines, each doing as much work as eight men would accomplish by hand-labour—the work done by the whole being therefore equivalent to 1400 men. The 43 spinning-mills contain 98,156 spindles, and fully more yarn is spun by these than can, at a moderate calculation, be effected by 115,000 individuals using the old-fashioned spinning-wheel. With regard to weaving, there are 1420 power-looms in operation, each doing the work of three hand-looms—the whole manufacturing as much cloth as would require 4260 hand-loom weavers. To this number must be added about 2840, for the operations of warping, winding, &c.—making 7100 in all. We should, then, have the following as the probable amount of hand-labour required to perform the work of the Dundee factories:—For hackling, 1400; spinning, 115,000; weaving, 7100—total, 123,500 persons, instead of 11,382, as at present employed. It appears, by a return made to parliament in August last, that there were in England and Wales 135 linen-factories; in Scotland, 189; and in Ireland, 69—total, 393; containing 765,031 spindles and 3670 power-looms; and giving employment in spinning, weaving, and other branches, to 68,434 persons. Taking the calculation for Dundee as our data, it would appear that the work done by these establishments is equal to the hand-labour of 1,156,800 persons. It is believed that nearly two-thirds of all the linen manufactured in the United Kingdom is kept for home consumption; and as the quantity of all kinds, both yarn and cloth, exported, amounted in 1850 to L.4,845,030, it would appear that the total value of the linen manufacture is fully twelve millions of pounds per annum.

In connection with the manufacture of articles of pure flax and hemp, a large trade has sprung up of late years in the preparation of jute. This remarkable material, the fibre of a species of reed, is peculiar, we believe, to the East Indies, where it grows in great profusion, especially on the vast plains around Calcutta, whence it is shipped in large quantities to this country. During 1850, the export of jute from Calcutta amounted to 22,933 tons. Of this quantity, it is calculated that about 15,000 tons per annum, or two-thirds of the whole, reach Dundee. The labour connected with the cultivation of jute is not great, but the charge for freight being high, its cost is considerable, although not exceeding half the price of average flax. On reaching the manufacturer, jute is either cut in lengths, and spun in the same way as lint, or it is reduced by a powerful machine to the form of tow, and spun by itself, or in combination with flax-tow. Its fibres are fine and silky, but by no means strong, and where strength is not particularly an object it is well adapted—cloth composed of jute yarn, wholly or in part, having a smooth, glossy finish, and being produced at a cheaper rate than pure linen.

We shall conclude the present paper with a few remarks on a subject which has engaged considerable attention of late—the proposed substitution of flax for cotton. Considering the greatly-increased cost of cotton, the precarious nature of the supply from America, and the difficulty of establishing stations elsewhere, several extensive spinners began to inquire whether it would be practicable to remedy the deficient quantity and increased price of the article, by partially substituting flax—a material more immediately within their reach. Accordingly, experiments were instituted with a view of ascertaining whether means could be adopted whereby flax might be spun by cotton machinery. The result was hailed with acclamation by many, and a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a Scotchman, have been disputing for the merit of priority in what is termed the invention. By being subjected to a process—mechanical or chemical, or partly both—it was found that flax *could* be spun on cotton machinery, and that yarn of nearly average quality was thereby produced. This is all very well so far as it goes; but one or two considerations convince us that the proposed innovation cannot be productive of either present or ultimate benefit. In the first place, the flax must be greatly weakened. In its natural state it consists of fibres fifteen to twenty-five inches long; and were these shortened to one or two inches, as they would require to be, it is manifest that the strength of yarn spun therefrom would be materially diminished. Secondly, there would be no advantage on the score of economy, because flax can scarcely be called cheaper than cotton: by weight it is; but when we bear in mind its greater specific gravity and heavier waste, as well as the cost attending the proposed method of preparation, we should find that ultimately it is not cheaper, but the reverse. Lastly, were the system to become general, as has been aptly observed, 'the demand for flax thence resulting would necessarily advance the already high price of that article, and in the same proportion cotton, being less in demand, would fall; so that at the very outset the substitution would checkmate itself, and consequently cease.' It is our belief, then, that no permanent good can result from these experiments, and we think the evil complained of can only be effectually remedied by taking decisive steps for extending the culture of cotton on a large scale to other lands, and more especially to the British possessions in the East.

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Enough has now been said to point out the growing importance of the linen manufacture to this country, and the skill and enterprise which it engages. Comparing the large product of sail-cloth in Dundee alone—an article which finds a market in every maritime region of the globe—with the feeble bounty-supported hand-loom manufacture of last century, we have the most instructive example of what may be done by simply allowing trade to develop its own capacities and find its own reward.

THREE PICTURES.

AFTER OUR OLD INDIAN.

HERE comes our Old Indian again, with a whole basketful (not the waste basket) of offerings, breathing unmistakably of the perfumed East. With poetry in her heart, and music in her ear, this old Indian—we wonder whether she is *very* old!—does not appear to have regarded the land of the sun as a place of temporary exile, but as a home of humanity like our own, where the beautiful things of nature, both moral and material, attain a warmer and richer, if more fantastic, colouring. On the present occasion we have put together, in our own way, 'like orient pearls at random strung,' some of her sketches of Superstitions, which will be entirely new to most of our readers.

VOTIVE LAMPS OF THE GANGES.

It was in the beautiful month of February, one of the lovely spring months in the lower provinces of Hindoostan, that I was pacing up and down a veranda of considerable length, in the hospitable mansion of one of my friends. My object was not merely to inhale the fresh air wafted over the bosom of Gunga, but more specially to enjoy a *private* walk—walking in public being reckoned derogatory to a person in the station of a gentlewoman. I walked and stopped; then walked and stopped again. I could not withdraw myself from that calm and lovely scene; but continued to look and listen, feeling as if some cool sweet breath were stealing over my spirit as well as my senses, and acknowledging in my inner being that, to the thoughtful heart, 'the tongue of nature has a power divine.' It struck six; twilight was past; and we all know how fleeting is the twilight of the East. It soon grew dark; and everything became shadowy and indistinct; and at length faded away in obscurity, all save the fragrant cammōny tree in the garden below, with its tufts of white blossoms, and the toilet-flower, with its roots strewn with a profusion of the loveliest flowers, —white petals on an orange tube. These lay like driven snow, and shone forth amid the closing darkness like the good deeds of departed souls.

The stars now began to peer out one by one, and gazing over the balustrade, I saw another bright firmament in the undisturbed waters below. Each luminary glowed there, with a lengthened reflection, giving it the appearance of a comet, while the gentle ripple of the river imparted to it likewise the scintillating flicker of a fixed star. Such nights as these are seen only in the East—where, also, as a set off, the rays of the sun are like scorpions' stings. But presently my meditations were disturbed; some voices seemed to approach from the water side; and in a little while I could see a shadowy object moving along, which turned out to be a passage boat that came to an anchor on the stream. I looked on at the operation, and listened to the muffled sounds that seemed to float up from the vessel.

Three men made their appearance: one descended on the rudder, and seated himself on a bar of wood which appeared to be nailed to it for the purpose; while another remained on the tafrail, and the third disappeared behind the gunwale. A short pause ensued, but anon a light flashed up from the boat, and I saw a dark arm handing a bright blazing earthen pot, about the size of a dessert plate but greatly deeper, to the man on the tafrail; he again delivered it to him on the rudder, and he in turn committed the lighted pot to the river. While I looked in surprise at this phenomenon gliding down the stream, another followed, and another, and another, till I had counted breathlessly one hundred and twenty! As the current seized them, each in turn twirled gently round, and as if in obedience to some law of attraction, glided close after its predecessor, till they formed in the whole a snakelike line of flame—their rising and sinking with the undulating waters adding to the illusion. As this luminous serpent glided noiselessly away, my elevated position enabled me to follow it with my gaze a considerable distance down the Ganges, till at last it disappeared like the trooping stars above when swallowed up by a cloud.

It may be supposed that my curiosity was strongly roused by this curious spectacle, and being a European, I could take the liberty of demanding its meaning without ceremony. I called to one of the chuprassies to hail the boat, and the reply to my questions was as follows:—'Maharaj, this is done because the brother of Baboo Sirrenauth is gone to Benares to bathe in the river for the recovery of his health—a pilgrimage to that holy place, it is well known, washing away five of the deadly sins. In case the brother should be dead, this offering is for his manes. The baboo himself is at Callie Ghaut sacrificing a goat, and several of us, his servants, are stationed to-night at various places watching, as we set afloat the votive lights, for a sign from Gunga.'

I knew before that solitary lamps were occasionally offered to Gunga, and had frequently watched with great interest the graceful Hindoo female, with veiled countenance and noiseless step, stealing with one to the river side. Before committing it to the waters, she poured out a simple offering of rice and pulse from a brass plate, and murmuring an inaudible prayer, flung upon the liquid bosom of the goddess a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers. Then the little lamp was launched, with its small flickering flame, and in a few minutes the answer of Gunga was vouchsafed to this humble message of love and devotion. If the lamp sunk into the deep—if it was extinguished by the wind—if it voyaged safely down the undulating stream —these were omens by which the devotee ascertained the fate of the beloved, or the fidelity or falsehood of the wandering object of her affections. When this simple votaress is poor, her lamp is fed with a little mustard-oil; but in the case of the magnificent offering I witnessed from the veranda, the pots were filled with cakes of dried cow-dung—the most sacred of substances —and rosin and oil, which together give a bright and lasting light.

THE VOICE IN THE STORM.

No rain had fallen since Christmas. The weather had been cold, and a clear ultramarine sky had renovated the European constitution, and delighted the white man's eye, for several months. Now, however, the 10th of March, the weather was too dry, and every heart longed for the coming rain. The wind began to blow with a mighty breath, and the clouds careered before it like wild horses galloping across the sky. Dry leaves, grass, dust, and stubble swirled round and round, and here and there rose up in columns from the earth, as if to bring down the lagging water. Pedestrians passed on, rubbing their half-shut eyes, and everybody seemed to shrink from crossing the path of the 'devil,' the name given to these pillars of dust.

Soon the clouds were completely packed and piled up into a dense black mass, and now there came a flash of lightning, and a low rumbling sound of distant thunder; then all again was still. The water of the

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Ganges, though shrunken and reduced, began to ruffle and blacken, and the boatman, recognising the sign, plied lustily his oars, or worked along the shore with his bamboo poles to reach the ghaut. The ferry-boat, too, with its living load—oh how it strained with might and main to make the opposite shore before the storm broke loose! Pull, brave hearts!—pull for dear life, for the tokens thicken, and man feels what is coming with more senses than philosophy has named! Smaller clouds are now seen sinking lower and lower, like masses of black wool, detached here and there from the mother darkness. The atmosphere is so thick we can scarcely breathe; midges hover in myriads over our faces; the crows and minas chattering, screaming, and scolding, take to the covert of the old bocul tree which overshadows our hummâm or bath; and only the white buglah, or ou-ack,* scuds along the black cloud, as if to form a contrast by its snowy plumage.

Now come a few large drops of rain, tap, tap, tapping on the terrace as they fall, with a sound like the ticking of some huge clock, but almost instantly evaporating in the sultry air. Now again the chill wind is rising, and, borne on its wings, the welcome shower at last comes scudding along, and bringing with it the fresh fragrance of vegetation. There!—there again is another flash! The north-wester is at hand; and now it comes, 'like a cloud-king,' as the natives say, 'sitting on a cloud-elephant, drunken mad, with the lightning for his flag, and the thunder for his kettle-drum.'

It was no time now for out-of-doors observations; and escaping from the first burst of the rush and the roar, I took refuge in our snug parlour, through the ample glass doors and windows of which I could have a full view of the pelting storm. The waterspouts were by this time all running like cascades, and making a deafening noise, for in India they allow the torrent to come down from a height of ten or twelve feet, to rise again from the ground in spray, and foam, and bubbles. The thunder in the meantime kept bursting in louder and louder peals as the storm advanced, till one terrific clap hurried me off to the nursery to see what was going on there. I found the ayah squatted on the duree, a cotton striped rug, with her paun-box at her side, and enveloped in white muslin and silk petticoat; while my four youngsters sat cross-legged, like little tailors, around her. There was some dispute going on, and the ayah was speaking angrily, but in a subdued voice, to the children, who seemed half-frightened and half-amused.

'How can I hear it, mamma,' cried one, 'when the rain and thunder are making such a noise?'

'Hear what, my dear?'

'The voice in the storm.'

'What voice is it, ayah? Perhaps my ears are better than Mary's.'

'Ma'am,' replied the ayah, 'it is the voice of Lokman Hakeem.'

'Oh, the wise physician, who lived to be so very old?'

'Yes, ma'am; and since you know of him, you are doubtless aware that he is always heard lamenting in a tempest like this.'

My knowledge of Lokman did not extend so far, but the ayah was not loath to enlighten me, which she did to the following effect:—

Lokman, by his knowledge of drugs, had prolonged his life far beyond the allotted span; but he had likewise discovered a powder, by means of which his youth could be restored. As this could only be applied after death, an assistant was necessary, and for this purpose he brought up a youth in every respect as his own son (for Lokman was childless), indoctrinating him in all his knowledge, and confiding to him every secret of his science—save one. This one—the composition of the powder of immortality, or of perpetual renovation—was to be the final price of his service, to be paid after the apprentice-sage, by applying the drug according to the directions of his master, had restored him to life and youth.

The operation was to be performed in the midst of a tempest from the north-west, and all things were prepared accordingly. A vast caldron was kept perpetually boiling in the laboratory; and a casket containing the precious powder was ready for use. The storm at length came; and when the elemental din was at its highest, Lokman placed this casket in one hand of his apprentice, and an hour-glass in the other.

'Remember what I have told thee,' he said. 'Hurry not, delay not; yet wo unto thee if thou fling not the powder into the caldron to the last grain, before these sands be run!' While yet speaking, he seated himself on the edge of the caldron; and with his eyes fixed, with a deep-searching gaze, on the young man's face, he allowed himself to fall backwards. There was a splash—a suffocated voice—a jet of steam—and the bubbling waters closed over the wisest man of his age.

The apprentice, startled and terror-stricken, stood gazing for some moments at the caldron, almost fancying that he saw the eyes of his master gleaming through the steam. But there was no hurry—the sands of the hour-glass were slow. He was to fling into these waters the powder of immortality; and then—would Lokman keep his word? Why should the philosopher, after he was secure in unfading youth, give away what was more valuable than all the treasures of the universe? That priceless powder was now *his;* Lokman was no more—why should he disturb an arrangement which seemed to have been brought about by destiny? Mingling with these thoughts, and warring against them, there came grateful recollections, and generous shame, and human pity; but who could tell which should have the mastery? He opened the casket; he held it above the caldron; and he then turned his eyes hesitatingly upon the sand glass. That delay of an instant was decisive: the last grains ran; and at the same moment the subtle powder in the casket, exposed to the heat and steam, evaporated and fled. A wild lament rose from the caldron, and outshrieked the tempest, piercing the traitor's ear, and maddening his brain; till, with a frantic cry, half of remorse, half of rage, he sprang into the hissing waters.

But the sacrifice did not console the spirit of Lokman, for his lament has been heard ever since in the Indian storm; and that night, as the north-wester swept in unappeased passion over the house, I felt that it would take no great stretch of fancy to syllable amid its roar an articulate cry.

* A small heron.

SINGULAR MOCK MARRIAGE.

It was a short time after daybreak, and the whole neighbourhood were either performing their usual ablutions at the ghaut, or returning from doing so. The women, who are the water-carriers for the household, took the opportunity of filling their ghurras; and many a trim figure might be seen mounting with bare feet the steps from the river, balancing one of the vessels on her head, and carrying another on her hip, while a neatly-shaped arm clasped the latter round the neck. One of the females was on this occasion in a greater hurry than usual, and her gossip, who wanted to speak to her, could not keep up with her.

'Oh, Conmol,' cried Seeta, 'what in the world is the hurry? I see you are like myself, just after your purification and poojah: let us go quietly home and have a talk together, for I have something to say to you.' Conmol slackened her steps a little, and the two

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women, at length turning into a gullee or close, entered a hut. This was Conmol's habitation; and placing her water-pots on the little platform in the corner, she covered them with a cocoa-nut shell. She then took off her wet sârrie, replacing it with a dry one, and spreading the former on the thatch of the house.

'Now, Seeta,' said she, 'I am ready for you; what is it you want?'

'I want a dog,' replied Seeta; 'and as you know Sewah Sing Havildar's wife very well, will you ask her for her Elatchie (cardamum, a favourite name for pet-dogs)? He is a pretty black and tan terrier, with four eyes.'

'The havildar's wife's Elatchie! Have you not mouths enough to eat your dahl and rice, that you want a dog? and will no dog please you but the havildarnie's (the feminine for havildar)?'

'How silly you are, sister!' said Seeta. 'What I want is the *loan* of the black dog for a little while. I have had eight children, though only three are alive now, and I cannot keep a dog, that is sure enough. My last, Couranie, has, you know, been always a puny child, a seven months' babe; so at her birth her father would have the Brahmin to cast her nativity, and although her horoscope cost us five rupees, it contained nothing favourable. I was told to call my babe Couranie (Cinderella), a name of humiliation, as I had lost several before her; but her *real* name is Rottoon, and it was chosen by the Brahmin, by placing two lighted lamps upon two different names, and as the lamp blazed up at once upon Rottoon, it became her real name, and Couranie only her by-name. Well, the holy man told us also to beware both of the eighth month and eighth year. Now, sister, I was just feeling her gums this morning, and there I found a tooth!'

'A tooth at the eighth month!—nothing is more unlucky! Now I see why you want the black dog with four eyes: we are to have a make-believe marriage, to propitiate the evil stars. Well, then, come along; the havildarnie will lend Elatchie very willingly, especially when she hears he is to come in for a share of the jelabies and luddoes. But oh, Conmol! is not your child's fate written on her forehead? Was not the Bedattah-Pooroos (a form of Brahma) with her?'

'I remember nothing about that visit.'

'And I shall never forget it. But, come; I can tell you my adventure on our way to the havildarnie's:—I was scarcely thirteen, when my Kirstno-mohun was born, and I had heard so much of spirits and daynah's in my village, that I was afraid of my own shadow. So, on the sixth day after my confinement, the day on which the Spirit Bedattah-Pooroos visits the young infant, my master went out, but my poor mother lingered till it was dark. Then she pressed me to her breast, and told me that Bedattah-Pooroos would come before the end of that day to write my child's fate on its forehead. She gave me a thousand directions about keeping the house quiet; and so the lamp was shaded, and pen and ink placed on a stool before my bed, and I was left all alone with my first-born. I clasped him firmly to my bosom, and fell into a disturbed feverish sleep, when the dreaded spirit was, you may well conceive, the subject of my dreams. At last I thought the bed shook, and I awoke in terror. "Oh! spare my boy, good lord," cried I. "Oh! be merciful!" and I grasped—the cat, which had leapt up, as it was morning! But, see, we are now at the havildarnie's.'

Their mission was successful; and Elatchie, an overfed little blackamoor cur (for this colour is essential), with two yellow spots over his eyes, was yielded to their request to perform his part in the ceremony. Seeta then, while returning homeward, bought, for a few pice, several pretty sweet-scented wreaths of champas, bailahs, and jasmines, and some bouquets; and two pounds of various sweetmeats, which cost her no more than three annas. She now invited to the marriage a few of the neighbouring gossips, and all betook themselves to her hut.

Couranie was asleep, and awoke feverish and out of humour; but she was speedily washed, and dressed in a nice little suit, and the brief and simple rites of a Hindoo marriage went on. The wreaths were divided between the dog and the babe. Some kheer, rice and milk, which had been cooked for the purpose, was taken out of the pot, and Elatchie and Couranie were fed by the same hand, and with the same shell spoon; and they partook of the sweetmeats in the same manner. Their wreaths were now exchanged—the closing and significant part of the ceremony; and thus was completed a marriage, which was to last for seven years. At the end of this period, if Couranie lived, the union would be dissolved with a similar ceremony, and a marriage contracted with a human bridegroom of her own caste.

This singular marriage is by no means performed as a joke; but, on the contrary, is connected with strong religious feelings. So likewise is the naming of children, who are frequently called after a god or goddess. The dog, if chosen for the bridegroom on nuptial occasions, is not a sacred animal with the Hindoos, although they seem favourably disposed towards the species. Dogs abound in their villages, where, without being the property of any individual, they receive a small portion of every one's food, left for them upon a plantain leaf outside the door or at the corner of the house. The Pariah is, notwithstanding, generally speaking, a ghost-like, famished being, but hunger and misery teach him intelligence.

The Mohammedan population, on the contrary, especially those who are devout, hate dogs with a religious hatred, which is founded on the following legend:—Adam they say was made of clay, and the image laid out in the sunshine to dry, previous to having the spirit breathed into it by the Most High. In that state the angel Gabriel usually kept watch over the inanimate dust; but he discovered that, when despatched on another holy mission, the evil one, Eblis, had taken advantage of his absence, and to signify his hatred, spat upon the future lord of creation. From this unholy saliva Gabriel formed a dog, to stop the dark fiend in his mischief; and thus is the dog to this day an unclean creature, and wherever his hair is shed no guardian angel keeps watch.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

MANY, very many years had elapsed since I had been free to ramble unshackled over hill and dale—years during which my time had been occupied, and my health shaken, by attendance on the sick-beds of those dearest to me; and when an interval of entire freedom from such duties occurred, I gladly hailed the opportunity it offered me of carrying a long-cherished scheme into execution—no less than that of thoroughly exploring the neighbourhood in which I had for some time resided, with a view to discover its botanical and floral treasures, and to collect specimens for my herbal. I hoped that my health might be benefited by the pleasant sort of *far niente* life I proposed, so I resolved not to regard the clamour of 'the world's large tongue,' but to roam freely at will over cliff and heath, salt marsh and bog, and to bring home as many basketfuls and handfuls of flowers and roots, and mosses and fungi, as I chose—hoping that the enjoyment thus derived, and the benefit to mind and body which was likely to arise from such excursions, would amply compensate to me for any mortification I might experience from seeing the eyes of the gay sea-side visitors engaged in scanning my shabby dress, or the soiled shoes with which I frequently returned home, and wondering what I could be going to do with such huge bunches of flowers as I usually bore away from the scenes of my triumph.

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Botanical research was certainly one of my main objects, but by no means the only one I had in view; for a love of form and colour—a delight in flowers for their own sakes, for their perfume, their beauty, and their poetical associations—matters wholly irrespective of science, led to a craving desire to possess them, to collect not merely specimens to dry, but clusters of fresh blossoms which I might group in my vases, and with which I might decorate my rooms. I have always delighted in viewing nature in all her different aspects, and this year especially I longed to ramble where

'Along the crispèd shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;'

and great indeed was the enjoyment with which I carried out my design; and often since, when precluded by illness from similar pleasures during weeks and months of solitude and suffering, great has been the joy with which my mind has recurred to the remembrance of those varied and cheerful scenes, and unfailing have been the refreshment and delight so received.

And now, if my readers will allow themselves to be put *en rapport* with me, we will travel together through some of the sweet sylvan tracts through which I rambled. It was a day of unrivalled beauty, that sweet, sunny, April day on which I started from my home. The scene of my exploits was the neighbourhood of the pretty little village of Budleigh-Salterton, situated on the south coast of Devon, at about three miles to the east of Exmouth—a locality which I would strongly recommend to the botanist as most prolific, comprising as it does a greater variety of soil, and presenting more varied habitats for plants than any other part of the coast with which I am acquainted. Within a mile and a half of the village may be found bogs, salt and fresh-water marshes; cliffs, rocks, woods, fields, and lanes, together with high and low pasture-lands and heaths, intersected by a multitude of clear brooks and streamlets, whose banks are always fertile places for the collector. There are, besides, little thickets lying on the face of the lofty cliffs, and sloping to the sea, which produce a great variety of plants; so that it may altogether be considered as an excellent botanising district. The broad and open sea danced gaily under the influence of a light breeze, and its waves glittered in the sunbeams, which, as the day advanced, warmed the atmosphere almost to summer heat, when, taking some luncheon with me, I proceeded up the village street, along by the rustling little brook which runs through it, and after turning aside for a minute to seek for and find the pretty little upright peasewort (*Mönchia erecta*), which grows in a by-lane just off the road, I pursued my course up the hill to the open heath, gathering as I passed specimens of the gray-cup moss and white curled Lapland moss, which there cover the ground, and inhaling the rich fragrance of the golden-blossomed gorse (*Ulex Europæus*), that gorgeous flower, before which the great naturalist Linnæus knelt in wonder and in worship—not of the flower, but of Him who had provided such a splendid ornament to deck the commons and the hills for man's delight!

It is always pleasant to have a definite object before one—a reason for turning one way instead of another—a something to attain; it is good and pleasant in the greater concerns of life, and so it is in flower-gathering. My object, then, on this occasion was to find the fertile spike of the wood horse-tail (*Equisetum sylvaticum*) in its perfection. I knew where to seek it, for in the preceding summer I had been the happy discoverer of a whole forest of the graceful sterile spikes, so like little fir-trees of some ten or twelve inches in height; and I now set forward with great glee to seek it in fruit. So descending the hill, I pass on between steep banks crowned with shining holly and ivy, from amongst the roots of which spring many fair spring-flowers, mixed with ferns, whose young fronds, at this season of the year, present a most singular appearance, being curled up so as almost to deceive one into the idea that the hedge is covered with brown hairy caterpillars. The appearance of some of the large shield-ferns in the spring is indeed most curious, and, on examination, most beautiful; the closely-compact cincinate form into which the young leaflets are compressed, and the strong, vigorous upright of the rachis, or stalk, which supports them all, densely covered with shining light-brown chaff, is very striking; and when, after a few days, the apex, or point, droops, and they assume the exact form of a shepherd's crook, it becomes even more remarkable, until by degrees the leaflets expand, and the common observer recognises the fern-leaf fully developed, and in its usual state.

But what is that which slips from under my hand as I stoop to gather one of them? There it glides up the hedge, its glittering, many-coloured skin and zig-zag motion leaving no doubt that it is a common snake, roused from basking in the sunshine, and much more afraid of me than I of it. It is a common notion that these snakes bite; but it is not so: they have no power to injure, and may be handled with impunity—the viper, frequently called the adder, being the only kind of English snake which has venomous properties. The sight of this reptile reminds me of an occasion when, stooping to gather a flower on the edge of a cliff, my fingers rested on one of that less harmless kind, whose dark skin, and the yellow crescent-like mark on its head, marked that it was indeed a viper. It darted rapidly down the precipice, leaving me, by the preserving mercy of God, unharmed. I had, however, once the honour of holding one in my hand, the *pet* of a medical friend; but although he had succeeded in extracting its fangs, he had not in eradicating a most detestable fetid odour which exhaled from its skin, and rendered it so offensive, that I was glad speedily to resign the honour of being its nurse.—But to return to my walk.

The hedge and bank on either side, and the trees above, are all 'instinct with life,' and full of bright living creatures—bees, and many-coloured flies, and butterflies without end; and there is one of the large giant dragon-flies darting arrow-like through the air, probably in pursuit of some poor little insect destined to become its prey; and from time to time I see a little newt (*Anguis fragilis*), commonly called the *blind*-worm (though not in reality blind), pursuing its sport among the tufted roots below; whilst the jabbering of the young chaffinches and hedge-sparrows above, and the more tuneful notes of the thrush and the lark, and of the multitude of other choristers which salute the day, remind me that it is not man alone who has the sense of enjoyment, or for man alone that the great Creator cares, but that He '*all* his works with mercy does embrace.' But on—on for the *equisetum* over that broken stile, with the old hollow tree to the right, and down the sloping meadow, I hasten; yet though now near the object of my search, I must linger a little to examine that bit of bog, so rich in botanical treasures, and so bright with flowers; and here I find clusters of the pretty bog violet (*Viola palustris*) lining the hedge, and nestling on every bit of sunny hillock and rising bank, selecting just such situations in the bog as the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*) would appropriate to itself in dryer pastures: and the growth and general character of the two plants are similar; but the petals of the bog species are shorter and rounder, the leaves more kidney-shaped, and the whole plant of a more succulent and transparent appearance than any other species of viola. It is pretty and delicate; the lilac variety is of a paler hue than the purple of the sweet violet, and slightly striated with a deeper tint; and the white variety is of a most lustrous purity: but the sweet perfume which is found in their congener, the viola odorata, is wholly deficient in both, and with it

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the pleasant and poetical associations which throng around the latter. I find here also the pretty pale butterwort (*Pinguicula Lusitanica*), its tiny-spurred blossom, of a pale lilac hue, raised on a slight flower-stalk, high above the miry earth whence it springs; and its cluster of root-leaves looking much as if they had been anointed with some unguent, so greasy do they appear. Sheets of cotton-grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*)—'the wool-bearer,' as its name signifies—extend over the whole surface of the ground, their dense tufts of fibrous white cotton-like material dancing in the light breeze which wafts over them, and presenting a singular and beautiful appearance; whilst below the spikes of the yellow asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragrum*) are beginning to spring in every direction from the beds of white bog-moss (*Sphagnum squarrosum*) which mat the ground. These beds of moss are varied in tints from white to a most delicate green, and everywhere inlaid with the brilliant scarlet of the leaves of the round-leaved sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), and the deeper red of the long-leaved variety (*Drosera longifolia*), which, though not yet in bloom, exhibit, as they at all times do, that distinctive beauty from which they get their name. On every hair of the multitudes which stud the surface of the whole plant, hangs a drop of dew, which glitters like a diamond in the beams of the sun—and this carpet of moss and sundew will be in a little time more brilliantly beautiful than it is even now; for then the clear rose-pink of the bog pimpernel, now scarcely visible, with its delicate pinnate leaves of the tenderest green, will be spreading in every direction between and under the moss, and intersecting it everywhere. In June, the marsh arrow-grass (*Triglochin palustre*) may be found here, as may the sea arrow-grass (*T. maritimum*) in the salt marsh on the other side of the village.

The neighbourhood of this spot is in itself attractive, independent of its botanical stores, and possesses a charm in the exquisite untrodden freshness of all around, and the air of extreme seclusion which prevails: here

> 'The birds their quire apply—airs, vernal airs
> Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
> The trembling leaves:'

and a spirit of rustic tranquillity prevails, which, together with the mosaic under-foot, where flowers

> 'Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
> Of costliest emblem,'

would ravish and delight the surprised inhabitant of a city who should suddenly be transported to it, revealing to his astonished gaze a scene far different from those which meet his eye in the Exchange or crowded mart where the business of life usually finds him. It is a sweet spot. To the right lies a rising ground, richly wooded, through which rushes a noisy little brook, widening at its foot into a limpid stream, sweeping the meadow below. To the left lies the hamlet of Upper Knowle, with its pleasant farms and homesteads; and before you, beyond the strip of bog, is a sweet fair meadow, absolutely enamelled with flowers,

> 'Which, not nice cut
> In beds and curious shoots, but Nature boon
> Poured forth profuse,'

and the clear-flowing brook before named coursing along the lower part, beneath oaks and beeches of lofty growth and exceeding beauty. It is a lovely scene, and my very heart gladdens as I think of its beauty; but alas! it is treacherous ground, for the meadow being composed of bog and marsh, presents most unstable footing; and often, as I pass from one gay group of flowers to another, I feel the cold, cold water gush over the foot which has too confidingly rested on some safe-looking mound, teaching me another line of that lesson, that the most lovely is not always the most trustworthy! Such milk-wort (*Polygala vulgaris*) as grows here I never before saw—sapphire, pearl, amethyst, pink, topaz, all might find their match in colour; here and there are intermixed with potentilla and tormentilla, primroses, orchises, and hyacinths, of such varied hues, and in such wealth and glory of blossoming, as I never before saw assembled on any one spot. On through the sweet scene I wend my way, selecting from its stores till my hands and my tin-case fill so fast, that I am glad to fix on a spot which lies high and dry under the shade of a spreading tree, and there to deposit my load to await my return, and then to proceed over the rugged stile to the right in search of the equisetum: but alas! alas! here, too, is delusive footing; for the moment I touch the ground, away go both feet sliding on the slippery mud; and, after two or three staggering efforts to save myself, in I go, both feet into such a bed of mire, as reaches well nigh to my ankles! But what do I mind that? There, close before me, stand armies of my expected treasures; and I have only to stagger out as I staggered in, and possess myself of the brilliant green spikes which spring up on all sides amidst the marshy ground.

The order equisetaceæ is allied to the filices or ferns; but it is in many respects quite dissimilar: it is very peculiar in its structure; and from the circumstance of the fertile stalk appearing at a different season from the sterile, and the former being in most species of a less striking appearance than the latter, it is so little generally known or noticed, that a slight sketch of its history and characteristics may not be out of place. There are many English species of this genus; the largest of them, the great water horsetail (*Equisetum fluviatile*), may probably, in its sterile spike, have attracted the notice of many who have been much in the country. It abounds in moist places, growing to the height of from two to four feet, and throwing out from an upright rigid stem from ten to twelve whorls of bristle-like leaves, which spring from the articulations of the joints of the stem. These joints, which occur at regular intervals, are clothed with a sharply-toothed sheath, which is edged with intense black, the rest of the stem and sheath being of a tender green, and the leaves (or branches, as they are called) of a deeper hue. The whole plant is something like a bottle-brush, and very singular and noble-looking. This species forms a fair type of the whole tribe. The fertile stems in all the species appear, and in general perish, before the sterile rise above the ground; and the difference between them is very marked. The fertile stem is succulent and brittle; it springs very rapidly, and perfectly upright, from the earth; is leafless, and in general of a pale salmon or brownish hue, some of the species being more or less tinged with a soft green. It is striated and pointed like the barren stem, and the articulations clothed in the same manner with a sheath, the colouring and denticulation of which varies with the species. The summit of the stem is crowned with a dense spike or catkin, composed of many angular, stalked scales, which bear at the back from four to seven oblong cells, each containing many minute seeds, the height of the fertile spike being from four to ten inches, and that of the sterile from eight inches to four feet, according to the species. The cuticle of all the equisetaceæ contains a siliceous earth for polishing wood and metals, of which a large quantity is imported from Holland.

The order takes its name from *equus*, a horse, and *seta*, a bristle. Humboldt speaks of a species of tree common in Australia and Tasmania (the *casuarina*), the branches of which resemble the equisetum; but in England it is a genus standing alone, and without congeners, the ferns being the nearest of its allies. Should any of my readers, who have noticed the large brushlike spike which I have described, go in April to the spot where

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in the preceding summer he has found it, he will be greatly surprised at the odd, naked, flesh-coloured things which he will see starting from the bare earth, without a leaf, and about the thickness of his finger at the top, and from four to six inches in height, which is all that he will find where he used to gather the noble stem, of which he will see nothing more than mere rudimentary beginnings. If the soil is not very wet, he will possibly find a smaller species (*Equisetum arvense*), the field horse-tail, domesticated with it. In July, the bog horse-tail (*E. palustre*) may be seen in most boggy ground, differing, however, from most other species in having both barren and fertile stems branched; so that the former are in all respects like the latter, except that the apex of the fertile is formed by a small dark-brown catkin, of which the sterile is devoid. The fertile spike of my elegant little favourite, *E. sylvaticum*, is also slightly branched; for as the catkin matures, a fringe arching over like a canopy, of a most vivid green, is thrown out from the joint next below it; and the rest of the plant being of a delicate semi-transparent flesh colour, tinged with a clear apple green, whilst the effect of the whole is increased by the contrast afforded by the dark-brown which edges the sheath, the plant forms altogether at this season a most lovely object, and one highly calculated to adorn a drawing-room table, and worthy of being placed in a lady's most elegant vase.

How many of God's wonderful works are unknown to and unappreciated by man because they are not 'sought out' by him! How rich are the regions of earth, and air, and sea, in varied wonders, all reflecting glory and honour on 'the great Workmaster,' and calculated to give delight to his creatures, but how comparatively few are there who really 'take pleasure therein!' I have often felt sorry to see how little effort is made to lead the minds of the young to an interest in such pursuits as tend to a knowledge and love of nature and natural objects. Much time is spent in learning music; whilst the rich harmony which God has obtained for man—the harmony of water, and birds, and insects, the deep music to be heard floating through the branches of the lofty trees, and breathing like the tones of harps amid the herbs and lowly bushes—is unheard, or fall unheeded on the untutored ear! The languages of foreign lands are painfully acquired, whilst the pure living language, full of poetry and instruction, which is uttered by the fields and groves, the flowers, and the dews which moisten them, is to many a dead and unknown tongue! Again, how many will travel half over the world, and spend life and fortune in studying amid the galleries of art, whilst nature (of which art can be at best but the shadow), with its depth of colouring and its perfect unity and *keeping*, is uncared for and unnoticed! There is nothing which opens the eyes to the beauties of nature so much as a love of the God of nature. The Christian feels with the Italian poet Filicaja—

> 'Thus if we see a hill, or vale, or mount,
> Or shining river, or translucent fount,
> On God the eye is fixed, although it seem
> To rest but on that vale, or fount, or stream!
> And the full sun utters in praise of Him
> The ardent, eloquent language of its rays;
> And the deep torrent, foaming to the brim,
> And the wind's sighings, all are to His praise.
> Each tree loves Him, and that harmonious bird,
> Whose deep poetic warblings oft are heard,
> Passing from branch to branch in praise alway,
> "I love *thee*, God—I love thee!" seems to say.'

I was now at leisure, having secured my prize, to examine the little enclosure in which I stood, and mark game for a future day, and also to gather a handful of the creamy primroses and sweet blue hyacinths which grew profusely around me; to watch the little fairy dragon-flies with their tiny bodies, some azure-blue, some scarlet, which seemed to hang suspended on the air as if by some magic power, their wings being so exquisitely airy and fragile in their fabric as to be, when in motion, quite invisible; and the little thread-like bodies, sustained by their rapid vibrations, appear as if they were without wings. I now found in embryo that which a few weeks after I sought and found in fruit, the beautiful flowering ferns (*Osmunda regalis*); but as this paper has already stretched beyond the limits I had intended, I shall leave the description of that till a future time, when I hope to conduct my friends to another point, and shew them what the bogs are like in July.

A FACTORY FARM-STEADING.

An interesting account was lately given in the 'Times' newspaper of certain improvements which have been effected in a farm establishment at a place called Patrington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and we notice the subject in order to make more widely known what may be done to render the practice of agriculture conformable to an exact and economic, and, it may be added, profitable, manufacture:—'At Patrington the influence of capital and the energy of the manufacturers have converted the quiet of a retired rural town into a scene of bustling industry. Some three years ago, about 1000 acres of land here were purchased by Mr W. Marshall of Leeds. He instantly began the work of improvement, and nearly the whole estate has already been tile-drained under the superintendence of Mr Parkes. About eighteen months ago the foundation of a new and extensive suite of farm-buildings was laid. The whole is now completed, and occupied by stock, while the barn is flanked by a goodly row of large wheat-stacks, the produce of the farm. Straight lines of well-made roads lead to the different fields, and give easy access for getting home the crops and taking out the manure. A steam-engine of eight horse-power occupies the centre of the barn, within whose capacious roof are fitted (by Crosskill of Beverley), in different compartments, every imaginable machine for converting the corn and vegetable produce of the farm into food for the sustenance of man and beast. The thrashing-machine thrashes and dresses the corn, and then delivers it in the granary, where it is either stored or passed to the grinding-loft, whence it descends to the lower storey, after being ground and dressed, and is there received in sacks, and packed aside as flour ready for the baker. From the end of the thrashing-machine the straw is carried by an endless web to another loft, where it is passed through the chaff-cutter, and reappears below as chaff. Other machines, conveniently arranged, break beans and oats for the horses, oilcake for the cattle, and linseed for mixing with the cut chaff. The root-house is situated at one end of the under storey, opening by large doors to the farm road, through which the roots are stored. Elevators, moved by the steam-engine, lift these rapidly up to a turnip-cutter, placed at such a height that the cut turnips fall into a truck, whence they are conveyed on a railway throughout the whole of the feeding-houses. A different compartment contains the cooking apparatus, where, by steam from the boiler, cooked food of various kinds is prepared for the pigs and other farm stock. Underground is a great arched tank, into which all the rain water that falls on the buildings is conveyed by spouts and pipes. From this the engine feeds itself with water, and likewise pumps up water to a tank on the highest part of the barn, whence it supplies by pipes all the different divisions of the farm buildings; and, in case of fire, could be readily turned to good account. To another tank, in rather too close contiguity to this, the engine pumps the liquid manure of the farm, which can then, by applying a gutta-percha hose, be dispersed over the manure heap. The cattle-houses are situated in parallel lines, at right angles to the barn. Each animal has its comfortable box, 12 feet by 10, with a supply of fresh water in one corner, and a manger for its food in the other. Between

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every double row of cattle a railway is placed, on which the trucks with their food are easily pushed along. A covered manure-pit receives the dung, when it is carried from the cattle, and protects it from the influence of rain and weather. The mode of cultivation to be hereafter adopted on the farm we did not learn, as, in the absence of the manager, there was no one to communicate such information; but as the same spirit and energy will no doubt be manifested in the field, it will soon be necessary to pack the animals more closely together in the cattle-houses, as the green crops of a farm of this extent, if principally consumed at home, will suffice for three times the number of animals for which accommodation is now provided. By converting the boxes into stalls, the room at present occupied by one will suffice for three; and, as all other arrangements may remain unchanged, the charge for interest will then fall lighter on each. At the entrance to the farm, Mr Arthur Marshall of Leeds has erected extensive works for the rotting and scutching of flax. In these he at present manufactures the crop of 300 acres, but the works are sufficient for 500. The farmers of Holderness, however, do not seem to go very readily into flax culture, and Mr Marshall is therefore obliged to hire the land, sow the seed, provide people to weed and pull the crop, and the farmer then carts it to the works, where it is stacked till required. For the use of the land Mr Marshall pays L.8 an acre, the farmer undergoing no risk of failure of crop, and no outlay for seed or labour. The average yield of dressed flax per acre is five hundredweight, at present worth 70s. a hundredweight, besides two quarters of seed, worth 50s. a quarter. The employment given in these works, and in the extensive improvements at the farm, has raised the rate of wages for men, women, and children, in the parish of Patrington, from twelve to fifteen per cent. above that of the surrounding district.'

THE OLD COUPLE'S NEW YEAR.

'A GLAD NEW YEAR to thee, my love, I am alive to say,
Though, husband, forty years ago this was our wedding-day;
And hope and purpose gave our lives, that day whereon we look
As the illumined title-page of a most pleasant book.

'Oh, who could know the girlish bride or stately bridegroom now,
With the travel-soil of forty years upon each withered brow!
But to *our* eyes are beautiful grey hairs or wrinkles either—
Time's notches wherewithal to mark how long we've been together.

'So long! my finger shrinketh from the ring that sealed the vow—
Maybe the heart hath sent it word it needs no symbol now:
But the long swelling sum of years is pleasant in our sight,
For they are but the witnesses to Love's exceeding might.

'Love taught our hearts the music first to which our days went by,
And though to graver measure set, keeps up the melody.
From our fireside we backward look, and feel our hearts the while
Still quiver to a merry thought—we're not too old to smile.

'With Memory's moonlight streaming through the vista of the past,
We see what pastures green were ours, what gardens on the waste;
That time of struggling, too, when with his clouds of rose and gold,
Love softened down, and warmly tinged what was itself so cold.

'God gave our lifetime, like the year (still equal in His ways),
Spring for its winter, dawn for night, and Sabbaths for work-days:
Nay, *ev'ry* day its blessing had; and as we've older grown,
Love hath wellnigh filled up the years with epochs of its own.

'For glad birthdays, and bridal-morns, the brightening seasons strew,
And burial-days—Love's calendar hath *its* eclipses too.
Two baby-girls went back to God; and one fair son beside,
Who the tall heights of manhood reached, looked out on life, and died.

'Their lot that seemed so gloomy once, seen through a mist of tears,
As we come nearer in a clear and lovely light appears;
And to revive old joys again, our children's children rise:
How dear that sound of tiny feet, that flash of joyful eyes!

'And even on the grave's low edge shall Love's sweet flowers abide,
And with their richly-perfumed breath, its earthy savour hide.
God turns another leaf of life; His hand thereon is placed,
And but a single line at once He suffers to be traced.

'Oh which is marked as *first* to fall? But when the call is given,
Love's silver cord will stretch to earth, and draw the *last* to heaven.
Our length of labour was the same, and so should be our rest:
He will not keep us long apart who knows our natures best.

'We turn on the receding years a calm and cheerful eye,
And looking forward—God be praised!—our hope is full and high;
But *this* day comes as some old friend whose face we're glad to see;
And so, dear love, with all my heart, "A Happy New Year" to thee!'

E. A. G.

CUNNING OYSTERS.

By a treaty made between England and France in 1839, it was agreed that the ocean within the coasts of both countries should be considered as belonging to both, with the exception of the coasts between Jersey and France, where a line had been drawn, beyond which, on either side, the fishermen of the respective nations were not to encroach. A multitude of cunning oysters, taking advantage of the neutral ground, have made their bed exactly upon the line; and as they are of excellent quality, the temptation is too strong for the fishermen on both sides. They are continually encroaching on each other's ground. The consequence has been that several French fishermen have been taken and fined by the English, and several English by the French.

TRANSFORMATION OF A NAME.

In Mr Crowe's work on Central America, a curious instance is given of the transformation of a name. 'Belize derives its name from a Scotch buccaneer who first used the harbour as a hidingplace nearly a century ago; and, strange as it may appear, the word Belize is a corruption of Wallace, the name of this freebooter, which by English writers was written Wallis, and by the Spanish Valis, and then Balis, which was finally modified by the English to Belize, pronounced Beleeze.'

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WHERE IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?

The national song was never more gaily and hopefully sung than by a party of young lads, who, in the year 1819, sallied forth from the small Hanoverian town of Wunstorf, and took the road to Hamburg. They were all furnished with the knapsack and staff of the wandering handicraftsmen of Germany, and were respectably attired in frock-coat and cap, with a well-filled tobacco-pouch dangling from their necks, and a pipe of formidable dimensions in their hands. Some friends accompanied them a little way out of the town, but these dropped off one by one, and at length the travellers found themselves alone, with the world before them. It was then the song burst forth from their young hearts; although at first the voices of some may have been unsteady, and the eyes dim with tears which looked along the vista of the future. '*Vas ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* Is it Prussia, or Saxony, or the Rhineland, or the Belt, or Bavaria, or Styria, or Austria, or the Tyrol?' and at each question came the reply, with a wild swell—

'Nein, nein, nein, nein,
Seyn Vaterland muss weiter seyn!'

No, no, no, no, wider—wider is the Fatherland: till at length the conclusion was delivered in a solemn and impassioned sweep—'Wherever the German tongue is spoken, wherever it sings hymns to God in heaven, that, noble German, is thy Fatherland!' The young men, therefore, in leaving Hanover, were not leaving their home; for everywhere their native tongue made music in their ears, and brought with it assurance of a country.

One of the travellers was a lad of sixteen, called John Henry Louis Haneman; and his fortunes being of a very peculiar, though not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, romantic character, to him we will confine our attention. Of the rest, some, after an absence of three years, prescribed by the custom of their trade, returned to Hanover to commence business on their own account at home: others yielded to the attractions they met with beyond the frontiers, and found there an abiding place and a continuing city: but the decision of Haneman was not left to his own inclination.

His business in the world was to make bread—not figuratively but literally: he was by trade a baker; and in the great city of Hamburg he expected to find ample scope for his industry. A residence of ten years was requisite to enable him to obtain the right of settlement; but this was of little moment to a lad of sixteen, and he cheerfully served one master, and then another, as apprentice, till he completed thirteen years, and had attained the ripe age of twenty-nine. During this space, however, he did not neglect his duties, or forfeit his rights, as a Hanoverian subject. He returned to his own country at the proper times, to fulfil the term of military service imperative upon all Germans; and found himself, as we have said, in his twenty-ninth year, and in a fair position to begin the world on his own account.

Haneman had his dreams and his ambitions: he would be not only a baker, but a commission-merchant. Haneman, moreover, was in love: he would have a wife to sit in his parlour, or serve in his shop; and then he would go on baking his bread, selling his goods, and seeing his children rise about his knees, and he would wax in fortune, and flourish even like a young bay-tree.

It was in the year 1832 when all this was to begin; and his first step was to obtain permission from the town where he had passed his youth in learning how to bake, to employ his acquirements in its service. Neither in the free city of Hamburg, nor in any other free city, may a man presume to buy or sell for his own and the public good without going through certain preliminaries which cost money. Haneman contemplated paying the usual fine or fee; but it was also necessary that he should obtain a legitimation-certificate from his native state. This required additional outlay, and, what he grudged more, time; and he therefore, most unluckily, listened to the suggestion of a friend, who thought that there would be no great harm in his using the corresponding papers of a deceased brother. For the sake of expedition, rather than from any other cause, he presented these as his own papers, and thus entered upon the rights of citizenship in Hamburg.

The cheat was soon discovered, and Haneman called to an account. He was guilty, there could be no doubt; but the trespass was considered venial in a young man who had resided in the city since his boyhood, and whose character was well known. The police authorities, therefore, let him gently down, and an admonition was probably all the chastisement his imprudence received on this occasion. But the police is a practical body which looks at persons and things as they are, while the senate deals more in abstractions. The senate was scandalised at the escape of Haneman; and in order to vindicate the sanctity of its justice, it had the offender arrested, deprived of his rights of citizen, and hunted out of Hamburg. This was a terrible reverse of fortune to the ambitious baker. It occurred in autumn, and as he went forth, a banished man, the fields were alive with the peasantry bringing in, with songs and joyous cries, the harvest in which he had hoped his own oven was to share.

He proceeded, however, to Hamelin, where he

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obtained his military discharge, the certificate of his birth, and authority to travel as a journeyman. He was now in possession of his own papers, and the senate of Hamburg would doubtless be satisfied. It was a terrible lesson he had been taught: but it was over. His plans were not damaged by what had occurred, for he was well known in the city, and his fraud, as the law termed it, was not more heinous than if he had carried furtively a bottle of brandy in his pocket through the barrier. He reached Hamburg, therefore, in good spirits: but he had reckoned without his host. He was no sooner recognised on the street than he was arrested, and sent back as a prisoner to Hanover.

Haneman was confounded: but his fatherland was not Hamburg, for the German tongue followed him in his exile. Exile? A man can hardly be said to be exiled *to* his own native state; and turning round he shook his clenched hand at the Free City, and said with Coriolanus—'I banish you!' His industry, his talents, his acquired knowledge, he would transfer to Hanover, and perhaps might himself flourish but little the less for the change. He forgot, however, that he now made his reappearance among his countrymen in the character of an outcast rejected by another state: Hanover refused him a settlement; she would grant no right of citizenship to one who had applied for the same right elsewhere; and Haneman, hardly knowing whither to betake himself, repaired to Altona.

Here, with a sinking heart, he produced his own papers; and he could hardly credit his good fortune when he found himself accepted. He began a commission business; but unluckily it had some connection with his neighbours of Hamburg, which obliged him to visit that city. In November 1833 he was recognised on the street, arrested, and fined. On the 26th of March following, he was again arrested, fined, and sent back to Altona; the publicity of the transportation bringing to the knowledge of the authorities his fatal delinquency, upon which he received a severe reproof from the president of the town-council, not for the fraud, but for the concealment.

After this Hamburg so far relaxed as to permit his business-visits during the daytime, although he was not allowed to remain within her precincts at night; and now Haneman, enjoying a breathing space till 1839, embarked in a respectable business in the wine-commission trade, visited his constituents at Oporto, and began to hold up his head in the world.

And then came back his dreams of domestic dignity, and he determined to choose a wife. He did so prudently. His lady-love was not a penniless damsel, but the rosy-cheeked hostess of a Hamburg tavern; and on his return from Oporto the betrothal took place, which we may explain is a religious and legal ceremony, making a very near approach to downright matrimony. Sanctioned by the customary feelings of his country, Haneman went to live in the house of his bride, to whom for two months he proved a useful assistant. Unfortunately, a merry-making carried beyond the bounds of temperance led to a quarrel between the pair. The lady deserted her house, leaving it to Haneman, who had no other idea than to conduct the business till his beloved should return. Here, however, he was destined to put himself again in suspicious circumstances. Change being required for a valuable coin presented by a customer, Haneman could only obtain what was wanted by breaking open the box containing the money of the concern. This, we presume, betrothal did not exactly entitle him to do. On the complaint of the guardians of his betrothed, he was taken up and examined by the police, who handed him over to the authorities of Altona, with a friendly suggestion to the president that it would be well to deprive the imprudent wine-agent of his rights of citizenship. The president responded courteously to this hint, and not only adopted it to the letter, but had the liberality to pronounce upon him, in addition, a sentence of banishment from Altona.

Whither was he now to go? Where was he to seek his fatherland? He knew but of one place, and that was the nearest. It is true, for a period of eight years (from 1832 to 1840) every visit he had paid to Hamburg was followed by some disaster; but there only was he known, there only had he friends, comrades, acquaintances. Perhaps his fair hostess had repented of her anger—perhaps her guardians alone had been severe. Haneman clung to the social sympathies. He was like a bird turned loose from a balloon into the desert air, and which prefers returning to its prison to encountering the unknown terrors of that shoreless gulph. He went straight to Hamburg, though with faltering steps and a trembling heart—whose prophecies were fulfilled the moment he entered the city. He was arrested on the 8th April, and sentenced to eight days' imprisonment, with hard labour.

This was bad enough; but when the punishment was over, and he was turned out of prison, the authorities were so good as to deign no farther notice of him. He remained, therefore, in Hamburg till July in the following year, when he was again arrested and condemned, for his audacious contumacy, to six weeks' imprisonment, relieved, week about, with the varieties of idleness and the treadmill. After this he was handed back, in September, to Altona; but the president there, though willing, as we have seen, to shew any reasonable courtesy to the neighbouring state, did not understand such liberties, and returned him at once like a shuttlecock. The senate of Hamburg was at a loss what to do. They shut him up in prison as a matter of course, and then opened a correspondence with Hova, his birthplace, and with Wunstorf in Hanover, the place of his apprenticeship and confirmation, to find out if possible what claims he had upon them. He had no claims. All had been forfeited by his citizenship elsewhere; and in the beginning of 1842 he was once more escorted across the frontier, and set down in the district of Altona. But Altona was determined. She sent him back again immediately; and Hamburg put him into her house of correction for eight days, with the treadmill every second day, and then chased him out of her bounds into the world at large.

By this time Haneman was getting wearied and dogged. He did not go far. Why should he? What was one place to him more than another? Fatherland! Where was *his* fatherland? If it was not Hamburg, or Hanover, or Altona, how could it be territories he had never seen, and where he did not know a human being? 'Wherever the German language was heard,' the song answered, 'and wherever it sung hymns to God in heaven!' That was a lie; for he heard it every day, and everywhere he went, both in hymns and curses. Was *this* his fatherland where he now wandered? It could not be, for surely his fatherland would not give him a stone when he cried for bread; and here, after a little while, he was without money, or food, or shelter. He returned to Hamburg.

In Hamburg he lay in jail till the 10th of March, and was then conveyed across the Hanoverian frontier. At Stade the outcast was laid hold of and lodged in prison till the authorities should be able to make inquiry respecting him, by opening a correspondence with Hamburg; and the result was that, by the end of the month, there arrived an order from the Hanoverian minister directing that Haneman should be sent to Altona. So said, so done: but being found there on the 26th of April by his old friend, the president, he was punished with twenty-five blows of the stick for having been transported by Hanover. From Altona he was sent escorted into the Hamburg bounds, where he was instantly arrested. This time the senate determined to transport him beyond seas for his repeated contumacy in returning from banishment!

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When Haneman was lying in jail, pondering on his extraordinary fortunes, and endeavouring, perhaps, to recall to his conscience what horrible crime it was which had made him an outcast among men, a light broke suddenly through the bars of his prison, which made even his overwearied heart leap in his bosom. It was accompanied by cries, shouts, screams, the hoarse roar of multitudinous voices, and the noise of many thousand feet rushing along the streets. Then the prison was opened, and the inmates turned forth to fare as they might. Fire was before and around them —nothing but fire. Hamburg was blazing like a funeral-pile, and its inhabitants flying in all directions. Here was excitement for Haneman. Why should he fly? What had he to lose in the flames? There was work forward. Work! He had not worked for—he knew not how long. He was ravenous for work; and so he carried water, and toiled at the engines, till he lay down and slept from exhaustion. The fire awoke him earlier than the sun had ever done in his life, and he began anew to work—work—work, day after day, night after night, snatching food when and how he was able, and sinking into a deathlike sleep when nature could stand no more. It was only work he cared for. It was so glorious a feeling to be and to do something. The energies that had so long been pent up within him blazed forth, roaring and craving like the conflagration, and only sank into repose at last when, after many days, the flames of Hamburg expired in the ruins they had made.

By the 2d of May the authorities had time to bethink themselves of Haneman; and although the police—practical as usual—interfered in his favour, he was sent to his old lodgings in the house of correction, and turned out thence on the 2d of June, to be set loose on the eastern frontiers of the kingdom of Hanover. In Hanover they would not have him, and he skulked back into Hamburg, where he lay unnoticed till the 29th of September, when illness compelled him to have recourse to the publicity of the hospital. Here he remained till the 13th of March 1843, when he was dismissed; and in two days after he was laid hold of as usual by the police, and conveyed to the eastern frontiers of Hanover. From Winen he was instantaneously sent back to Hamburg, where he was once more captured, and detained in prison till the 1st July 1844. He was then set at liberty, on his promise to quit the city within eight days. This promise he broke, for he was now reckless; and on the 14th August he was sentenced to fourteen days' confinement on bread and water, and then chased out of the bounds.

This extraordinary war waged by three sovereign states against a solitary individual might have proceeded unnoticed, till the victim of tradition and the bureau had sunk under the overwhelming force opposed to him; and Haneman, the hero of a wilder romance than ever fiction dreamed, might have passed away like a shadow, to mingle with the other shadows of the past. But fate ruled it otherwise; and the case we are recording is destined to stand out in bold relief amid the refinements and the rationalism of the age. The attention of an eminent lawyer of Hamburg was accidentally drawn to the subject, probably by the frequent appearance of Haneman in the courts, and he advised him to contend no longer with the individual states, but to petition the Diet to allot to him some abiding place in the wide German land. Haneman caught eagerly at an idea which assumed that he had any fatherland at all, and at once demanded a passport for Frankfort. This was at first refused, but ultimately conceded on the guarantee of the lawyer; and the homeless German, provided with a petition drawn up by his benefactor, set forth upon his important journey.

Among the crowds besieging the office-doors of Frankfort, there was recently seen a pale, sickly, travel-stained, worn-out, old-looking man, distinguished from the rest by the aspect of isolation he presented. There appeared to be nothing in common between him and the other petitioners—no analogies to compare in each other's story, no hopes or fears to deduce from each other's experience. Silent, watchful, constant in attendance, unwearied in waiting, this gaunt figure, with its staring eyes, haunted the bureaucracy like a spectre.

'Who are you?' said an official one day, half disgusted and half curious.

'I am Haneman.'

'Oh! well, and what do you want?'

'I want a home.'

'We have no home here for you.'

'I want a country.'

'Bah!'

'I want to know where my Fatherland is. I am a German, and must have some portion in the German land. If I did wrong a score of years ago, and have not been punished enough, punish me still; but let there be some end of it. I want to know where I belong to—where I have a right to go, and a right to stay. It is only a place to live in I want—a place to work, and to die in; and I don't care what part of this vast country it is in, so that our German tongue still sounds in my ear, and I can hear it singing hymns to God in heaven!' The official sent him to another, and that other to a third; and so it went on till Haneman, hopeless, penniless, and destitute, crawled back to Hamburg. Here he was as usual arrested and thrown into prison. The advocate again interfered, drew up a fresh memorial, obtained his 'liberty,' with a travelling passport, and sent him once more to petition the Diet in person.

Whether he died by the way, whether he is still on his journey, whether he is now being bandied from office to office in Frankfort, whether the Diet decided that, as a German subject, he was entitled to breathe the air on some spot of German land—we do not know. We know, however, that in one sense Haneman is not dead. His case has been fully and widely published, and is no doubt working its due effect among those innovatory influences which have so thoroughly unsettled the German governments and administrative systems. We shall probably hear more of Haneman and his singular persecutions 'after many days.'

The *facts* of the narrative we have given, are taken from Haneman's own petition, published in the 74th number of the Kieler newspaper of 1845, and reproduced in a work published at Leipsic last year, the 'Polizei Geschichten' of Ernst Dronke.

Supposing these facts to be true—and we see no reason to doubt that they are so—they afford a curious instance of the proneness of men to suffer themselves to be governed by theories and traditions. The act visited by this inveterate persecution, though harmless in itself, was illegal, and involved the loss of the rights of Hamburg citizenship and banishment from the town. The laws of Hanover denied similar rights even to her own sons who had sought them elsewhere, and they likewise refused harbour to transports from other states. Altona had the power to strip of her citizenship an individual who had obtained it by the very natural concealment adopted by Haneman, and to banish from her precincts a foreigner placed in such circumstances. Thus all the three governments acted according to law; and thus, in the midst of this legality, was the 'noble German' of the national song converted into an outcast from his fatherland, and hunted, lashed, and caged like a wild beast, for a great part of a score of years!

In the English law of settlement may be found, although on a very small and partial scale, a parallel to this gigantic German abuse. A pauper—perhaps a widow with two or three children at her heels—seeks refuge in the workhouse at Worcester; but the guardians, considering from her account of her history that the expense of supporting her should fall upon London, send her to the metropolis. There they imagine that

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Bristol is better entitled to the burthen, and they transmit the claimant thither; but at Bristol they wholly deny the charge, and pass the wanderers back again to Worcester. All this involves grievous expense to the public, and still more grievous hardship to the forlorn family; but speedily the affair is ended by the submission of one or other of the recusant parties, while throughout the whole contest the paupers have been in possession of the support they claimed.

In a case like this the law, if necessary, would step promptly in to settle the dispute: and here the faint parallel ends; for the Diet, which is the international umpire of the Germans, turned, as we have seen, a deaf ear to the petition of the outcast Hanoman.

L. R.

LONDON MUSEUMS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

We find, by a scarce tract, that in 1664 there was a museum publicly exhibited in London. The title of the tract is as follows:—'A Catalogue of many Natural Rarities, with great Industry, Cost, and Thirty Years' Travel in Foraign Countries, Collected by Robert Hubert *alias* Forges, Gent. and Sworn Servant to His Majesty. And daily to be seen at the place called the Musick-House, at the Miter, near the West End of St Paul's Church. London: 1664.' It appears by the catalogue that this museum among other rarities contained:—'A mummy: a giant's thigh-bone, more than four feet in length, found in Syria: a haget, that sleeps for six months; it is a creature of the island Mayonto in the lake Yondarro: the hornes of a dog of a land near China: the ribb of a Triton or Mereman, taken by Captain Finney on the shoutts of Brazil, 500 leagues from the Maine: the vein of the tongue of that whale, that was taken up at Greenwich a little before Cromwel's death: a manucodiata or bird of Paradise with feet, for it hath great feet, to shew that it perches on trees in a land as yet unknown, for they are never seen alive, but are always found dead in the Malaccos Islands, by reason of a continual wind that bloweth six months one way and six months the other way, and because of their sharp head, little body, and a great feathered tayle, they are blown up so high that they fall dead in another climate or country: a pelican's head, bill, and bag, to prove that it is a water-fowle; he does not make himself to bleed a purpose for his young ones, but by accident, by carrying of shell-fishes in his thin bag makes it to bleed: a great crocodile, given by noble Squire Courtene, a lover of vertue and ingenuity.'

The author of this catalogue, it may be observed, draws particular attention to the fact of the bird of Paradise having feet. Perhaps it is not now generally known, that from the native manner of preparing skins of these birds, to sell as curiosities, requiring the feet to be taken off, it was long considered by Europeans that they were footless. This error, however, did not originate with Pigafetta, who first introduced the bird to European notice, after returning from his voyage with Magalhaens to Seville in 1522. He distinctly speaks of it as having slender legs a hand's-breadth in length; though, strange to say, he describes it as having no wings, but that it is blown about at the mercy of the winds. Margrave, John de Laet, Clusius, Wormius, and Bontius, all described it with feet; yet Aldrovandus Scaliger and Jonston were of a contrary opinion. Even the great Linnæus seemed to sanction the absurd idea when he appropriated the term *Apoda* (footless) to one of the species: and last of all Buffon, the beauty of whose diction as a writer does not compensate for his inaccuracies as a naturalist, describes them as birds, 'qui ne marchent ni nagent, et ne peuvent prendre de mouvement qu'en volant!' We need not further refer to the nonsense respecting this bird in the catalogue, than merely to state that all the mystery and doubt which formerly enveloped the history of the creature are now cleared away.

Hubert, *alias* Forges, by way of impressing on the public the superior value of his collection, gives a list 'of the rarities that are shewn in the University Garden at Leyden in Holland,' which contains a dragon, a mermaid's skin, and a griffin's foot! Indeed, every page of his catalogue bears the impression of the puffing showman, without any pretensions to classification or science: at the last, speaking of more of his rarities, he says that he 'omits their names to avoid prolixity. But if the owner of this collection of curiosities does sell them to any noble-minded party, he then, God willing, will write at large a more ample declaration, to the expression of each thing in particular, to honour that vertuous person that shall buy them!'

The Royal Society was incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, and in 1665 Daniel Colwall, Esq. gave up his private collection to that learned body: many other curiosities were soon added by different members. This museum was kept in that afterwards shamefully-misappropriated building, Gresham College. In 1681 Dr Nathaniel Grew, one of the secretaries, published a catalogue of the entire collection, dedicated to Mr Colwall, the founder, at whose expense the plates were engraved. This work is entitled 'Musæum Regalis Societatis: or a Catalogue and Description of the Natural and Artificial Rarities belonging to the Royal Society, and preserved at Gresham College. Made by Nehemiah Grew, M.D., and Fellow of the Colledge of Physitians, London. 1681.' Among many errors, we yet find in this volume a great increase of scientific knowledge. Grew, in his preface, states that he will commence his classification with man; for he says, 'I like not the reason which Aldrovandus gives for his beginning the history of quadrupeds with the horse, Quod præcipuam nobis utilitatem præbat; being better placed, according to their degrees of approximation to human shape, and one to another: and so other things according to their nature. Much less should I choose with Gesner, to go by the alphabet. The very scale of the creatures is a matter of high speculation!'

Here we find a direct step to our present system of classification; yet still the learned doctor believed in the existence of the unicorn; for a little farther on, he tells us that 'the greatest rarity, if once experienced to be of good use, will soon become common. The Jesuites Barque, of which no man hath well yet described the tree, and very few know precisely where it grows; yet what great quantity doth the much use of it bring over to us? Unicorns' horns, on the like notice of trade, would be as plentiful as elephants' teeth.'

The catalogue begins with an Egyptian mummy, and the worthy doctor displays his knowledge of his own more particular profession by giving the names of three different medical preparations, which were concocted out of a mummy. He, however, thinks that the virtues of these medicines consist more in the drugs used in the process of embalment than in the body itself, and is of opinion that medicines compounded of fresh drugs would be more efficacious. We have next 'the entire skin of a Moor tanned. The sceleton of a man,' with the names of four medicines extracted from human bones. 'A skull,' which, it appears, afforded seven medical preparations. Another skull 'covered all over with moss called, by the Paracelsians *usnea*.' Though Dr Grew does not say anything in favour of this moss

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as a medicine, yet wonderful powers were attributed to it by the followers of Paracelsus. Van Helmont relates the following sample of its 'astral and magnetical virtues,' which he states came under his own observation:—'A certain soldier of a noble extraction wore a little lock of the moss of a man's skull, finely enclosed betwixt the skin and hair of his head; who, in friendship interceding betwixt two brothers, that were fighting a mortal duel, unfortunately received so violent a blow with a sword on his head, that he fell immediately to the earth. With which blow his hat and hair were cut through as with an incision-knife, even to the skin; but he escaped without the smallest wound or penetration of the skin. I need not anticipate—yourselves may without much difficulty guess—to what cause the guard of the skin may be justly ascribed.'

After the 'humane rarities,' we next find the viviparous quadrupeds classified by the forms of their feet—as multipedous, bipedous, and solidipedous. Here we meet with an old acquaintance, we presume—'the leg-bone of an elephant: it was brought out of Syria as the leg-bone of a giant.' Speaking of the elephant, Grew makes some very just, though quaint remarks upon that animal—in fact he anticipates our present classification of the pachydermatous animals; he says that 'the elephant, in my mind, hath some affinity with the boar: both are taper-tailed, hunchbacked, little eyed, armed with tusks, have the nether chap sharp before, and a movable snout—the elephant's proboscis being but a long snout, and the boar's snout a short proboscis.'

The medical virtues of the rhinoceros, we find, are numberless, all parts of the body being of a curative nature; still the doctor was not aware of the existence of the two-horned species, for he says, 'But what Martial means, speaking of the rhinoceros—

'Namque, gravem gemino cornu sic extulit ursum'—

I do not well understand. The figure given by Piso represents but one horn only. Neither does Bontius describe or mention more than one horn; and those who do speak of another, yet make it a very small one; and not overagainst the other, but on the forepart of the back.'

The above line from Martial has given rise to many futile disquisitions and attempted corrections by, and among, those who were ignorant of the existence of the two-horned rhinoceros. Two specimens of this species were shewn at Rome during the reign of the Emperor Domitian, on some of whose medals their figure was impressed; others were exhibited in the times of Antoninus, Heliogabulas, and Gordian III. Martial lived in the reign of Domitian, and in all probability the rhinoceros '*gemino* cornu' was actually seen by him. There are four species of the two-horned rhinoceros known to the naturalists of the present day.

Amongst the horns we find, 'a very great horn of the black buck, or of the ibexmas (ibex, *Capra Ibex*); in shape almost like a bended cross-bow. By the string, three-quarters of a yard long; but by the bow, about an ell. It was formerly tipped with silver, and kept in a gentleman's house, and shewed to some especial friends for the claw of a griffin. See the figure thereof in Moscardus's Musæum.' Moscardo's print of the griffin, in his work 'Note Overo Memorie Del Museo de Lodovico Moscardo, Nobile Veronese, Padao, 1656,' certainly shews to us a very ugly, but not a very ferocious-looking monster: it is not such a creature as we would suppose the griffin to be, which Bulwer so pleasingly tells us of in 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine.' In short, it reminds us of a large skate that had just been pulled out of the water, flapping on the seashore.

After the viviparous, Grew introduces us to the oviparous quadrupeds—'A great chequered tortoise-shell from Madagascar, nowhere described or figured,' is evidently, by the plate, the *Testudo geometrica* of Linnæus: 'a scaly tortoise-shell, nowhere described or figured,' we find, in the same manner, to be the *Testudo imbricata*. Of the sea-turtle he says: 'The flesh maketh a pleasant jelly. The belly part baked is an excellent dish. The legs applied to the part afflicted are a most experienced remedy in the gout.' Hear this, oh gourmands and bon-vivants! when you see the turtle in the pastry-cook's shop, you may then exclaim that your 'banc and antidote are both before you!' With all our author's acuteness, we find him placing 'a great bat or flutter mouse' among the birds; naïvely remarking, that 'the bat stands in the rear of beasts, and in the front of birds.' We are, however, gratified when, speaking of the humming-bird, he says:—'Piso relates as a thing known to himself, and many curious and credible men with him in Brasile, that there are there a sort both of caterpillars and of butterflies, which are transformed into this bird; and that in the time of transformation there is plainly to be seen half a caterpillar, or half a butterfly, and half a bird, both together. Yet the same author saith that this bird buildeth her nest of cotton wool, and layeth eggs. That a caterpillar should produce a bird, and a butterfly too the like, and yet this bird lay eggs to produce its own kind, are three greater wonders than anything that has been said of the Barnacle.' By the last word he alludes to the popular idea, that the Bernicle goose (*Anser bernicla*) was produced from the bernicle, a well-known crustaceous animal. Though Belon in 1551 ridiculed this preposterous notion, yet all the other naturalists, down to 1678, held to the ancient belief. The publication, however, of Ray's 'Wellüghby,' in that year, exploded and refuted the unsound doctrine. Grew, though now treating the idea with contempt, believed in it himself only three years previous to the publication of this catalogue. For, as secretary of the Royal Society, he published, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' a letter from Sir A. Moray, minutely describing the marvellous transformation, as it was said to have been observed in one of the islands of the Scottish Highlands. When speaking of the 'Barnacle,' Grew alludes to this, saying: 'And with respect to so worthy a person, who never meant to deceive, I myself was once induced to publish his description of the same.' This curious letter is in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' 137, 1677–8. The fishes are divided into oviparous and viviparous. In the latter class we find a 'Triton, or mareman, called in Brazils Ypupiapra.' From the viper we find eleven different medicines can be obtained; and when we come to the shells we find four pharmaceutical preparations are afforded by pearls. The list of shells is large, and so is that of vegetable productions. Of the 'Fossils and Petrifactions,' he says: 'It hath been much disputed, and is not yet resolved, of many subterraneal bodies, which have the semblance of *animals*, or *parts of them*, whether they were ever such or not.' The stones are divided into gems, which are distinguished by their colours; regular stones by their shape; and irregular stones by their hardness. 'Metals, mineral principals, salts, sulphurs,' &c. follow. This concludes the list of natural objects, and consequently we have now 'artificial matters; of things relating to chemistry; instruments relating to natural philosophy.' In the last class we find two air-pumps; and in the next, which is 'things relating to mechanics and mathematics,' there is 'a reflecting-telescope, contrived by Mr Isaac Newton.' Mechanical curiosities follow; and also 'the picture of a basilisk, pretended by those who shew it to be a real animal so called. But it is an artificial thing, made chiefly of the skin of the raja and the legs of a dodo or some great fowl.' The catalogue is concluded by a list of the coins and antiquities. It appears that money was received for exhibiting this museum. The 'Lon-

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don Spy' (Ned Ward, 1709) states, that when he visited it he had to cross the attendant's hand with silver.

We are afraid of tiring the patience of the reader. Suffice it to say that the labours of Ray and others, the classification of Linnæus, and the great extension of maritime discovery and commerce, cleared away the clouds of marvels which beset the path of natural history, until it arrived at the high position it now holds in the great temple of the sciences. It may be interesting, however, to learn that the son of a person named in these articles collected the *nucleus*, which has since increased to the grand proportions of our national British Museum. William Curteen, as Tradescant spells the name—the noble Squire Courtine of Hubert—the Courten of more modern times was, as we have before mentioned, one of the most extensive English merchants of his day. He married Katharine, the tenth daughter of the first Earl of Bridgewater. His father, Sir William Courten, also a merchant, incurred severe losses from the seizure of his forts, factories, and property, at the time of the cruel massacre of the English settlers in Amboyna by the Dutch. Some years afterwards, William Courten sent out an expedition, consisting of two ships, the *Bonne Esperance* and *Henry Bonadventure*, to attempt the retrieval of those former disasters. Both of these ships were also captured by the Dutch: the loss—said to be about two hundred thousand pounds—completely effected the ruin of this once wealthy family. The Earl of Bridgewater, who had been a collateral security for his son-in-law, refused to fulfil his obligations, swearing that 'he would not fry (we wont say where) for his own debts, for which he had set apart some lands, but that he would pay none of William Courten's, in whose estate he had been deceived.' These engagements, however, caused considerable trouble and embarrassment to the Bridgewater family for several years afterwards. Courten—being also badly treated by a partner, and overwhelmed by debts which he could not pay—to escape the importunities of his creditors, fled to the continent, where he died at Florence in 1655. His only son, William Courten, the last of the male line of the family, was born in 1642. Sir Hans Sloane speaking of him, says, that 'from his earliest years he did not regard the pomp or vanities of the world, but gave himself up to the contemplation of the works of God, whose infinite power, wisdom, and providence he saw and admired in the creation and preservation of all things.' The young Courten was educated and protected by his noble and wealthy relatives, until he was summoned into Chancery, sued, and arrested by the creditors of his father and grandfather. He pleaded that he was neither heir, executor, nor administrator to his father; that whatever had been given to him was from goodwill, and not by right; that to avoid all cavils, he would leave his native country without demanding anything as heir to his father or grandfather. He was accordingly permitted to do so. The exile of William Courten was not a fruitless one: he travelled over the greater part of Europe, studying the languages, manners, and customs of the various countries he visited, and collecting whatever he could obtain that was rare in nature or in art. He remained abroad for about twenty-five years, and then returned to England with a museum, which he shewed 'very freely and with great civility, to the advancement of the glory of God, the honour and renown of the country, and the no small promotion of knowledge.' This good and scientific man died in 1702, leaving his museum to Dr—afterwards Sir Hans—Sloane, on the condition of the payment of some legacies. Previous to this augmentation, the collection of Dr Sloane was comparatively insignificant. This collection Sir Hans Sloane, by his will—in which he speaks in the highest terms of Mr Courten—desired that it should be offered to the nation after his death, which took place in 1753. Parliament, by the act of 26th George II., accepted that offer. Long after this collection had become national property, and until the great importations of curiosities from the South Seas and Herculaneum, the 'rarities' collected by William Courten formed the greater part of the contents of the British Museum.

THE VALUE OF RUBBISH.

The valuable discoveries in chemistry which have been made of late years, and their extensive application to the useful arts, have originated a variety of trades more or less curious in their character, but exceedingly important in their social effect. The active industry of many thousands of the population is at this moment employed in a manner unheard of fifty years ago; and it is gratifying to think that this employment is afforded, to a large extent, by the converting of commodities long regarded as worthless into articles of great commercial value and importance. The trades thus originating, though of a unique and singular character, are not popularly known, if known at all, beyond the narrow limits of their immediate connection. That of 'Dirt-washing,' for instance, has so imperceptibly crept into existence, that many of our readers will be startled to find us treating it as a noticeable branch of the national industry. Such, however, it is; and our description of this oddly-named business will serve to illustrate in a remarkable manner the scrutinising research which distinguishes the industrial spirit of the country, since its staple commodity, or raw material, if we may so name it, is nothing more nor less than *rubbish*.

The term rubbish we apply in the same degree and sense as it might properly have been so applied to rags before they became convertible into paper; or to bones before they were discovered to be a highly useful manure; or, still more appropriately, to that heterogeneous accumulation of animal matter from which is now produced the valuable article known in commerce as the prussiate of potash.* As for the name of the trade, which is Dirt-washing, it is not, we admit, particularly well adapted for ears polite; but it is the name by which it is popularly known wherever it is known at all, although some of its more fastidious professors will insist upon terming it smelting or metal-refining. This, however, is not so expressive a name as the other. It carries us away from the basis of the trade, and transports our imagination to the Titanic processes of Swansea. At the same time, when one looks at the rapid progress making every day in useful applications of this nature, it is not difficult to imagine that the word *rubbish*, as commonly applied to things without value or of no account, will eventually become inapplicable and obsolete.

The chief commodities of our trade may be classified in connection with four distinct branches of manufacture: namely—1*st*, brassfounding; 2*d*, the manufacture of lead and plumbing; 3*d*, typefounding; and 4*th*, shipbuilding. This division, however, does not comprehend some of the minor departments of the trade; but as those we have indicated form its staple, they are sufficient for our present purpose.

Brassfounders have at least half-a-dozen different products that may properly come under the operation of the rubbish-smelter, but the most important of these

* See for numerous curious instances of the kind the article 'Nothing is Useless,' in No. 132.

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are their furnace ashes; that is to say, the ashes from the coke or other fuel consumed in the furnace whereby the crucibles are heated which contain the metal for casting. This seems at first view a most unlikely article of commerce; so much so indeed, that when the smelters first appeared on the ground with the view of purchasing such refuse, they were regarded by the trade as either lunatics or disguised thieves. That such was the general impression among brassfounders may easily be ascertained by inquiry of any tradesman of ten years' standing. The following account of one of these visits we give as we received it from a tradesman of respectability:—'I was called on one morning,' said he, 'some ten or twelve years ago, by an odd-looking person, who described himself in a most uncouth dialect as a smelter, and who began to open a negotiation with reference to purchasing my "brass-ashes," as he styled them. I did not exactly comprehend him until he explained this to be the cinders from my furnace ash-pits. I replied that it was my custom to cart them away as rubbish, when he stared at me with such a look of upbraiding wonder as I shall not readily forget. He would give no explanation of their use to him, farther than that he intended to build a furnace and smelt them. Thinking the fellow crazed, I told him he might have them for the taking away, and I promise you he did not let the offer slip. He must have had a rich harvest in this case, for he got my ashes gratis for a period of six months. Latterly he paid me five shillings a cart-load. But at length competition appeared in the trade, which within the last two or three years has been excessive. The result is, that I am at this moment receiving at the rate of 15s. per ton, or upwards of L.20 per annum, paid in advance, with every prospect of a further increase, for a lot of rubbish which ever since I can recollect were carted away at my own expense.'

We inquired of the same individual if he knew what was really done with his furnace-ashes; but although entertaining a vague notion that they were useful in some kind of relation with copper-smelting in Wales, he candidly owned that he knew nothing about the matter; and he remains to this moment in profound astonishment 'that any one could afford to pay 15s. or 20s. per ton for rubbish.' This mystery, which is the secret of the smelting trade, we shall endeavour to explain, and the rather that we desire to correct the prevailing misapprehension in the trade that the amount of money so received is for an article of little value.

The ordinary mode of brassfounding or casting brass in this country is to melt in a crucible first the required quantity of copper, then to add the necessary proportion of zinc. Copper, according to Professor Daniel, melts at a heat of 2000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is as nearly as possible a white heat; while zinc requires for the same result only about 750 degrees, or a very low red heat. In fact, the ordinary mode of melting zinc by itself is in an iron pot, in precisely the same manner as lead; while the melting of copper can only be effected in a crucible, and with the aid of a very hot furnace. Zinc is in a high degree volatilisable with heat, and it is obvious that the conjoined product of copper and zinc (brass) must partake to a considerable extent of this peculiarity. In other words, the admixture of a metal fusible at a red heat with another metal then in a state of white heat, must expose the whole mass to a strong oxidising action; and as an invariable consequence, a proportion of the alloy thus formed—determined by the time of exposure and the degree of heat—is driven out of the crucible.

This is the principal cause of the waste which founders sustain in melting brass, and for which an allowance is usually made in the foundries. Another cause is the absorption of the metal, owing to the intense heat, and its own penetrating nature, into the pores of the pot. In both cases the lost brass descends eventually into the furnace, where, uniting with portions of vitrified coke, it produces what are technically termed 'clinkers;' but for the most part it becomes incorporated with the fuel, and hence the ashes in the form of small globules of black indistinguishable oxide.

In this metal, then, or rather in this metallic oxide contained in the brassfounder's ashes, resides the true secret of their intrinsic value. But the smelters themselves are ignorant of the fact. All of those we have conversed with on the subject attribute the wealth they find to broken crucibles, carelessness in charging, or other accidental occurrences; but although these things unquestionably contribute to render the ashes richer in metal, they are comparatively rare in well-regulated casting-shops, and under no circumstances could they bring about the same unfailing result. The brassfounders suppose, that by the ordinary methods they adopt, they are able to recover the metal so lost; and an extensive house in Birmingham informed us, that after having carefully separated the metal from their ashes, they had still not the slightest difficulty in disposing of their refuse to smelters at high prices! This involves a mistake; for no such separation can be complete otherwise than by means of the intricate and laborious operations of washing and grinding subsequently described, and these, too, applied to large quantities.

It may occasion some surprise, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the ashes thus sold under the name of refuse often contain nearly as great a per-centage of metal as most of the copper ores smelted in this country. Their average produce, however, we take to be about one-half of that of copper ore; and this will be more apparent from the following assay we have made on the curious subject before us:—

Three specimens of Edinburgh brassfounders' ashes, carefully selected at various times, and from different quantities, yielded on a quantitative analysis respectively, 5⅛, 4¼, and 2¼ per cent. of pure metal; thus indicating an available average produce of about 4 per cent., which, however, is to be understood as being still subject to reduction on the large scale by the furnace. The average produce, or the amount of pure copper obtained from the copper ores smelted in Wales, is computed by Brande to be 8½ per cent.

The furnace-ashes thus produced are purchased by smelters at prices varying from 10s. to 20s. per ton, carted to their works, and subjected to the process of washing and smelting, which we shall briefly describe. The quantity necessary to form, in smelting parlance, 'a melting' (from thirty to fifty tons, according to circumstances) having been obtained, the operation may commence. Two or three large tubs, calculated to contain about eighty gallons each, are filled with water, and the ashes are washed from the one to the other of these, through the medium of four or five sieves of different degrees of fineness, beginning with the largest, and rejecting, as the operation proceeds, the refuse from the different washings. Technically, the order of the process is termed, 'roughing,' 'tozing,' 'looing,' and 'jigging;' of which specimens of professional nomenclature we shall gladly spare ourselves a literal translation. The effect, however, on the whole, is very decided: the fine metal contained in the ashes is produced perfectly clean, and entirely separated from the coarser materials of the heap; and the larger particles contained in the 'clinkers,' before referred to, are obtained by a further process, preliminary to the washing, of stamping, crushing, or more generally grinding under the iron rollers of a clay-mill.

The washing is an exceedingly laborious and tedious affair; but so far as we know, has only in one case been effected by the aid of machinery. A rather extensive refiner in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields employs a small steam-engine, with an ingenious adap-

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tation of its power to this purpose. In place of tubs there are sunk pits filled with water, and in each of these a large sieve worked by a crank. In this way we have been assured that a quantity of fifty or sixty tons can be cleaned in a single week.

The whole amount of this washed metal is now mixed with about one-half its bulk of clean brassfounders' dust (that is, if a good quality of metal is desired), and is then ready for the operation of smelting or reducing in the furnace. This process is very simple, but beyond comparison the finest in the trade. A reverberatory or air-furnace, of the peculiar construction employed in smelting ores, about 12 feet long by 3½ or 4 feet broad, with a chimney about 50 feet high, is charged with fuel, and lighted; the top of this furnace forms a regular arch, and its bottom or sole, usually constructed of fine river-sand, has a gradual inclination towards the lower part of the furnace (or well, as it is termed), which literally consists of a hollow basin formed in the sand as a receptacle for the fluid metal. At equal distances along the side of the furnace there are three apertures about a foot square, furnished with movable doors: by the first, the fire is charged with fuel; by the second, the oxide is thrown in, after being mixed with the bisulphate of potash or other analogous salt, as a flux which assists in a material degree in the reduction; and by the last, the product, or pure metal, after being melted and completely run down in the well, is first 'slagged,' or cleaned on its surface, and finally poured out into ingots, when it is now ready for the market. In this state it forms the article of commerce tolerably well known in the country as 'ingot brass;' and its value runs from L.45 to L.50 per ton, according to quality. The smelting usually lasts the greater part of a week; the furnace roaring night and day the whole time.

The quantity of ashes annually disposed of in this way is now very large; but we can of course only offer an approximation to the amount. Edinburgh and its neighbourhood produce about sixty tons a month, or from 700 to 800 tons a year. Taking Scotland at four times that quantity, we have about 3000 tons per annum. London we calculate to produce nearly double that amount, but from some cause or other the trade there seems to have fallen into disrepute; and, generally speaking, the large foundries prefer washing and smelting their own ashes; and in this way we have been told that one or two of the largest of them can keep two smelters constantly at work for their own refuse.

The grand seat of the trade, however, is at this moment in Birmingham, where, we have good authority for stating, two-thirds of the whole brass of this description made in England is produced; and that the average quantity of ashes sold there to smelters amounts as nearly as possible to 10,000 tons in the year: altogether, we feel quite safe in assuming 30,000 tons of brassfounders' ashes, at an aggregate value of L.15,000 to L.18,000, to be a pretty correct approximation to the produce of the country in this one item of the Dirt-washing trade. Ten years ago this 'refuse' was not simply an article of no value: it cost the brassfounders both money and trouble to get rid of it. There is a much greater difficulty in estimating the amount of ingot brass annually disposed of in the country; but we may state from what we do know, that a metal refiner in a very moderate way, employing, we shall say, three or four men, and conducting his business efficiently, will, as an ordinary result, produce brass to the value of L.1500 or L.2000 in the course of a year.

As if to preserve the character of this trade in its most curious feature, the smelters have in their turn a waste product, technically named 'slag,' which consists of the finer portions of the ashes separated in the last part of the washing process, together with the irreducible matter taken from the surface of the melted metal while in the furnace. This commodity, from its siliceous composition, is considered valuable as a flux to the copper ore in the second process of smelting, and also from the minute proportion of copper it still contains. Large quantities of this slag, therefore, are annually shipped from the principal ports of the kingdom to Swansea, where it is usually consigned to copper-ore agents, and sold after the fashion of copper ores by public ticketing, realising generally from L.1 to L.2 per ton. It will easily be conceived, from the extensive ramifications of the trade, that a particle of Newcastle coke, which has passed through the furnace of a London or Edinburgh founder, may ultimately find itself, after innumerable washings and smelting, roasted to powder in the huge copper-ore furnaces of South Wales.

Brassfounders' borings, filings, and turnings, under the general term of 'brass-dust,' form a heavy and costly item in the smelting trade. Its average price is about L.25 per ton, and its produce of metal from two-thirds to three-fourths. This, however, is not invariably sold by brassfounders, many of whom prefer melting their brass-dust into ingots themselves; and it is to be remarked, that all smelters acknowledge that this article yields no profit in itself, although it serves to enhance the value of the metal produced from the ashes with which it is mixed and smelted, as we have already explained. The 'skimmings' from crucibles, or oxide formed on the surface of the brass; shop-sweepings, which contain brass-dust; coppersmiths' ashes, filings, and refuse, with other articles of a similar nature purchased by smelters, belong to this department.

The next chief division of the trade consists in refining what are generally termed 'plumbers' ashes,' or that gray heavy-looking dross invariably formed on the surface of lead when melted. From the easily reducible nature of lead-ashes, they have always commanded a fair marketable value; although, so far as plumbers are concerned, their price has been nearly doubled within the last ten years by the competition among smelters. The cause of the formation of this refuse is very easily explained. Lead is one of that class of metals possessing a strong affinity for oxygen, more especially at a high temperature; and, consequently, whenever the heated surface of melted lead is exposed to the atmosphere, it becomes rapidly oxidised, and, according to the degree of heat employed, yields the protoxide from which is produced the litharge of commerce; and in combination with the sesquioxide, the well-known pigment of red lead. Under no circumstances, however, do plumbers require such high degrees of temperature; and the lead-ashes or dross they produce are only partially oxidised—consisting, in fact, of the protoxide with a moderate admixture of the pure metal.

This dross is separated from the surface of the melted lead, and laid aside for the smelters, who purchase it at an average rate of L.6 per ton. It is by them washed and smelted in a nearly similar manner to that already described, the only difference in the treatment being a second operation of refining. It is, after being washed, thrown into the furnace in the usual way by the charging-door—substituting, if necessary, for the last-named flux a moderate quantity of slaked lime; and after being reduced by the heat, is 'tapped' out of the furnace—that is, allowed to discharge from a small aperture at the bottom of the well, after the manner of melted iron—into a large iron pot, where the necessary heat is still preserved to keep it melted. There it is treated with resinous or fatty matters in a state of combustion, which has the effect of burning out many occasional impurities, such as zinc or tin, that may have resisted the heat of the furnace; but more especially it exercises a certain influence in softening the

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lead: from this pot it is finally cast into large iron-bar moulds, and allowed to cool.

Much skill and ingenuity of treatment are required in the smelting and refining of lead-ashes, and in consequence there exist endless varieties and modes of manipulation among different smelters.

The grand desideratum is *soft* lead, as softness in this case is equivalent to value, hard lead being a most unsaleable commodity; and when the many impurities lead may contain is considered, it will be seen that this property is by no means of easy attainment. We have, however, seen different specimens of bar-lead produced in this manner, in no way inferior, in point of quality, to the best English bars in the market. Its commercial value is from 20s. to 30s. per ton below the price of new pig-lead.

We have more tangible grounds for arriving at the quantity of this article produced in the country than in the preceding case. Taking for the basis of our calculation the latest computation of the annual quantity of pig-lead smelted in the country at 50,000 tons; assuming it to be in the process of manufacture twice melted before it is finally disposed of; and placing the exports against the imports, together with the very large quantity of old lead constantly in the market, we arrive at a sum of 4000 tons of lead-ashes—value about L.25,000 sterling—as the annual produce of the kingdom. We believe this to be nearly a correct estimate at the present moment; although, since the extensive introduction of rolled-lead in the plumbing trade (almost superseding the old method of casting sheet-lead), we have no doubt the aggregate produce of lead-ashes will have considerably decreased. Twenty years ago we should think the amount then produced exceeded the quantity we have named by at least one-half. The greater portion of lead-ashes is refined at Newcastle, where several eminent houses have their works. Indeed, as a general rule, all lead manufacturers refine their own ashes, and therefore the smelters have only comparatively a small share of this article. One individual in London, however, refines from 400 to 500 tons in the year; but we are not aware of any other who does business to the same extent.

The proportion of pure metal obtained from lead-ashes varies from 40 to 60 per cent. Messrs Campbell of Edinburgh, to whom we are indebted for much information on the subject, estimate the per-centage of their ashes, which they produce in large quantities at their lead works in Leith, at even a higher rate than this. It is surprising how closely this approximates to the produce of the sulphuret of lead or the galena of the mineralogists (by far the most ordinary description of lead-ore smelted in this country), which is computed to yield on the average about 80 per cent. of pure metal. The dross obtained from Spanish lead in this way is particularly rich in its produce. In connection with the lead trade are also several other commodities disposed of to smelters—such as tin-ashes, solder-ashes, zinc-ashes, &c., all of which are neither more nor less than oxides of their different metals, produced in the same way, and are treated in a precisely similar manner to that of the lead-ashes.

The next department we notice, although not large, is by no means unimportant: it consists of refining typefounders' dross, or the oxide formed on the surface of the type-metal, in the same manner as on lead. This is decidedly the hardest part of the smelting trade; and to refine the dross properly, a smelter of first-class capability is required. It is not only difficult to wash, but it is difficult to smelt, without losing the most valuable component of the alloy—namely, the antimony. The process, besides, is injurious to the workmen. The antimony (in combination with lead, constituting type-metal) is volatilised to a certain extent by the intense heat to which it is subjected; and whenever the furnace-doors are taken off, or, more especially in the second process of refining, it escapes in a state of impalpable oxide, impregnating the atmosphere with that peculiar antimonious acid which forms the basis of the well-known and exceedingly powerful tartar-emetic. Severe vomiting, and even spitting of blood, followed by a protracted debility of the organs of the chest, we have known to result from a large melting of type-metal.

Regarding the produce of this dross we can hardly offer a definite idea, the per-centage of metal obtained is so very variable both in its quantity and quality. Even the best description of smelted type-metal is altogether unsuited to the purpose of casting types, and is for the most part used for quadrats and spaces—that is, the small slips of metal necessary to bind a column or page of type together, and which may be composed of an indifferent alloy. Its market-price varies from L.14 to L.20 per ton, though in some cases, if the quality be very superior, it will realise more.

The last notice on our list is that in connection with the dockyards, or, more properly speaking, that department of shipbuilding which comprehends the copper-fastening of new, or the recoppering of old vessels. In the course of this operation, and more especially in a repair of this latter description, old copper-nails, stray pieces of bolt and sheet copper, with other parings of a similar nature, are lost among the chips, or in the bottom of the dock. These chips are sold at an almost nominal price, as rubbish, to the smelters, who cart them away often in large quantities, burn the chips out, then wash and smelt the remainder, if necessary, in the ordinary manner. This is considered to be the most profitable branch in the smelting trade (it is undoubtedly the least scientific), but of course is only peculiar to large seaport towns where shipbuilding flourishes. The government dockyards furnish also different descriptions of refuse from the various trades they may comprehend, as brass and copper-founders, and such like.

Throughout the whole process we have attempted to describe, it will be observed there exists a close analogy with the smelting of ores, whether regarded in its mode of treatment or in its produce. Indeed, from their striking similarity, and difference only in degree, we think Dirt-washing fairly entitled to be considered as a legitimate, although inferior branch of the smelting business of the country.

We wish to make a single observation with regard to the trade in a social point of view. The smelters are considered at this moment by the parties they deal with—such as brassfounders—as a class of persons essentially disreputable. In London and the provincial towns of England, they are invariably styled and known by the term of 'Dirt-washers;' and in Scotland they are generally associated in idea with dealers in old metal questionably obtained. One rather eminent founding house in Edinburgh habitually prevents any communication between the sellers and buyers, by shovelling their ashes, to the extent perhaps of twenty tons, through a hole in their back-door; and the reason assigned for this extraordinary mode of procedure, was the discovery they once made of an attempt at bribing their casters to put metal in the ashes. As an invariable rule, the smelters are required to pay cash for the stuff, and this very often in advance for a year. Such treatment, it seems obvious, can result only from the ignorance and bad reputation of the men who originated the trade; but we have reason to know that it has now to a great extent passed into quite different hands. Not one in a dozen of the trade as it exists at present were regularly bred to it; and most of the master-smelters we know were led into it by the extravagant misrepresentations they had received of its profits. The mysteries of Dirt-washing, however, are now at an end; and its professors may henceforward lay aside the cunning pretexts on which some of them purchase their

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materials. It is now pretty widely understood, we believe, that metallic ashes are not *rubbish* any more than rags; while, on the other hand, those who sell such refuse must be convinced that they receive a fair price for their commodity.

Let us add, however, that we wish to throw no stigma upon the dirt-washers as a body. We know many honest, upright, and by no means unintelligent persons who follow the trade—who possess a practical knowledge of the nature and relations of metals far exceeding that of the artificers from whom they purchase—who have enjoyed some curious experiences, moreover, in human nature in the course of their singular dealings—and who, it may be supposed, feel not a litle sore at their very existence being so contemptuously ignored. On the whole, we shall not be sorry if our little *exposé* of the principles of metal-refining should have the effect of freeing the trade from whatever is occult and mysterious in its character, and raising it to a respectable, as it now seems to be an indispensable, branch of the national industry.

THE USURER'S GIFT.

A FEW months ago in London an old man sat in a large panelled room in one of the streets near Soho Square. Everything in the apartment was brown with age and neglect. Nothing more superlatively dingy could well be imagined. The leathern covers of the chairs were white and glossy at the edges; the carpet was almost of a uniform tint, notwithstanding its original gaudy contrasts; there were absurd old engravings upon the walls—relics of the infancy of the art; and curtains to the windows, which the smoke of years had darkened from a delicate fawn to a rusty chocolate colour. In the centre of the room, and as it were the sun of this dusty system, stood an office-table of more modern manufacture, at which was seated the old man alluded to, sole lord and master of the dismal domicile. He was by profession a money-lender. His age might be from sixty to sixty-five years; his face was long, and his features seemed carved out of boxwood or yellow sandstone, so destitute were they of mobility; his eyes were of a cold, pale, steel colour, but his brows were black and tufted like a grim old owl's; a long aquiline nose, a thin and compressed mouth, and a vast double chin, buried in a voluminous white neckcloth of more than one day's wear, completed the portrait. Nor did the expression of his countenance undergo any perceptible change as, after a timid knock, the door opened, and a young man entered of singularly interesting appearance.

The new-comer was well-dressed, though his clothes were none of the newest, and had the air of a man accustomed to society. His pale brow was marked with those long horizontal lines of which time is rarely the artist. His dark, deep-set gray eyes flashed with a painful brightness; his long chestnut hair, damp with perspiration, clung in narrow strips to his forehead; his whole manner implied the man who had made up his mind to some extraordinary course, from which no wavering or weakness on *his* part was likely to turn him aside, whatever the opposition of others might compel him to abandon or determine. Bending his tall figure slightly, he addressed the money-lender in a tone of constrained calmness.

'You lend money, I believe?'

'Sometimes—on good security,' replied the usurer indifferently, forming a critical summary of his visitor's costume at a glance.

The stranger hesitated: there was a discouraging sort of coldness in the mode of delivering this answer that seemed to prejudge his proposition. Nevertheless, he resumed with an effort—'I saw your advertisement in the paper.' The usurer did not even nod in answer to this prelude. He sat bolt upright in his chair, awaiting further information. 'I am, as you will see by these papers, entitled to some property in reversion.'

The usurer stretched out his hand for the papers, which he looked over carefully with the same implacable tranquillity, whilst his visitor entered into explanations as to their substance.

Once only the money-lender peered over the top of a document he was scanning, and said gruffly: 'Your name, sir, is Bernard West?'

'It is,' replied the stranger, mechanically taking up a newspaper, in which the first thing which caught his eye was the advertisement alluded to, which ran thus:—'*Money* to any amount advanced immediately on every description of security, real or personal. Apply between the hours of ten and five to Mr John Brace, —— Street, Soho Square.'

After a brief interval of silence, the usurer methodically rearranged the papers, and returned them to the stranger. 'They are of no use,' he said—'no use whatever: the reversion is merely contingent. You have no available security to offer?'

'Could you not advance something upon these expectations—not even a small sum?'

'Not a farthing,' said the money-lender.

'Is there no way of raising fifty—thirty—even twenty pounds?' said the stranger anxiously, and with the tenacity of a drowning man grasping at a straw.

'There is a way,' said the usurer carelessly. West in his turn was silent, awaiting the explanation of his companion. 'On personal security,' continued the latter with a sinister impatience, beginning to arrange his writing materials for a letter.

'I will give any discount,' said the young man eagerly. 'My prospects are good: I can'——

'Get a friend to be security for the payment of the interest?'

'Of the interest and principal, you mean?'

'Of the interest only—and the life insurance,' added the usurer, with a slight peculiarity of intonation that might have escaped the notice of one whose nerves were less exalted in their sensitive power than those of his visitor's.

'And what sum can I borrow on these terms?' said West gloomily.

'A hundred pounds: more if you require it. In fact, any amount, if your security be good.'

'The interest will doubtless be high?'

'Not at all: four or five per cent. As much is often given for money on mortgage of land.'

'And the life insurance?'

'You will insure your life for five hundred pounds, and you will pay the premiums with the interest.'

'For *five* hundred?' said West hesitating. 'That is, if I borrow'——

'*One* hundred,' replied the usurer sharply. 'Men who lend money do not run risks. You may die, and four out of five insurance offices may fail; but the chances are that the fifth would pay.'

'But it is not likely'—— began Bernard West, amazed at this outrageous display of caution.

'I do not say it is likely,' snarled the usurer with a contemptuous sort of pity for his visitor's dulness of apprehension; 'I say it is possible; and I like to be on the safe side.'

'Well, and how is the affair to be arranged?'

'Your security, who of course must be a person known to have property, will give a bond guaranteeing the regular payment of interest and premiums—that is all.'

West reflected for some minutes in silence. The faint expression of hope that had for an instant lighted up his countenance vanished. He understood the

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money-lender and his proposition. A sufficiently clear remembrance of the tables of life assurance which he had seen, enabled him to perceive that the interest and premiums together would amount to nearly twenty per cent., and that the bond engaged his security to pay an annuity for his (West's) life of that amount. It is true that, full of energy and hope, he felt no doubt of his capacity to meet the payments regularly: it is true that, monstrous as were the terms, he would have accepted eagerly still harder ones, had it simply depended on his own decision. But where find, or how ask, a friend to become his bondsman? He ran over in despair the scanty list of acquaintances whom his poverty had not already caused to forget him. He felt that the thing was impossible. There was not one he could think of who would have even dreamed of entering into such a compact. He turned desperately to the money-lender.

'I have no friend,' he said, 'of whom I could or would ask such a service. If I had, I should not be here. Are there *no* terms, however high, on which you can lend me even the most trifling sum, for which I myself alone need be responsible?'

'None,' replied the usurer, already commencing his letter.

'I will give thirty per cent.?'

'Impossible.'

'Fifty?'

The usurer shook his head impatiently.

'A hundred—cent. per cent.?'

'No!'

The strange seeker of loans at length rose to depart. He reached the door. Suddenly he turned back, his eyes blazing with the sombre radiance of despair. He strode up to the table, and planted himself, with folded arms, immediately in front of the usurer.

'Mark me!' said West in a tone of deep suppressed passion, like the hollow murmur of the sea before a storm: 'It is a question of life or death with me to get money before sunset. Lend me only twenty pounds, and within twelve months I will repay you one hundred. I will give you every power which the law can give one man over another; and I will pledge my honour, which never yet was questioned, to the bargain!'

The usurer almost smiled, so strangely sarcastic was the contraction of his features, as he listened to these words.

'I do not question your honour,' he said icily, 'but honour has nothing to do with business. As for the law, there is an old axiom which says, Out of nothing, nothing comes.'

Bernard West regarded the cold rocky face and the passionless mouth from which these words proceeded with that stinging wrath a man feels who has humiliated himself in vain. Nevertheless he clung to the old flinty usurer as to the last rock in a deluge, and a sense of savage recklessness came over him when he advanced yet closer to the living cash-box before him, whilst the latter shrank half terrified before the burning gaze of his visitor's dilated pupils.

Laying his hand upon the money-lender's shoulder, by a gesture of terrible familiarity that insisted upon and commanded attention to his words, West spoke with a sudden clearness and even musical distinctness of utterance that made his words yet more appalling in their solemn despair—'Old man, I am desperate; I am ruined. It is but a few months since my father died, leaving me not only penniless, but encircled by petty obligations which have cramped every movement I would have made. I have had no time, no quiet, to make an effort such as my position requires. This day I have spent my last shilling. I am too proud to beg, and to borrow is to beg when a man is known to be in *real* distress. Within one hour from this time I shall be beyond all the tortures of a life which for my own sake I care little to preserve. And yet I have spent my youth in accumulating treasures, which but a brief space might have rendered productive of benefit to man, and of profit to myself. My father's little means and my own have vanished in the pursuit of science, and in the gulph of suffering more immediate than our own. If I die also, with me perish the results of his experiments, his studies, and his sacrifices. There are moments when all ordinary calculations and prudence are empty babbles. Life is the only real possession we have, and death the only certainty. Listen! I will make one last proposal to you. Lend me but *ten* pounds—that is but *ten* weeks of life—and I swear to you that if I live, I will repay you for each pound lent not ten or twenty, but one hundred—in all, one thousand pounds! Grant that it be but a chance upon the one hand, yet, upon the other, how small is the risk; and then, to save a human life—is not that something in the scale?' And the stranger laughed at these last words with a bitter gaiety, which caused a strange thrill to creep along the nerves of the usurer.

However, the lender of gold shrugged his shoulders without relaxing his habitual impassability of manner. He did not speak. Possibly the idea occurred to him that his strange client meditated some act of violence upon himself or his strong box. But this idea speedily vanished, as the stranger, relapsing suddenly into silence and conventional behaviour, removed his hand from the usurer's shoulder, and strode rapidly but calmly from the apartment.

The door closed behind the ruined man, and the usurer drew a long breath, whilst his bushy brows were contracted in a sort of agony of doubt and irresolute purpose.

Meanwhile Bernard West paused for an instant on the threshold of the outer-door, as if undecided which road to take. In truth all roads were much alike to him at that moment. Some cause, too subtle to be seized by the mental analyst, determined his course. He turned to the right, and strode rapidly onwards.

He felt already like one of the dead, to join whom he was hurrying headlong. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; and before him was a mist, in which the phantoms of his imagination disported themselves, to the exclusion of all other visible objects. Nothing earthly had any further interest for him. He did not even hear the steps of some one running behind him, nor hear the voice which called after him to stop; but his course was soon more effectually arrested by the firm grasp of a man's hand, which seized him by the arm with the force and the tenacity of a vice.

He turned fiercely round. He was in no humour for the converse of casual acquaintances. Nor was it any gay convivialist of happier days whose face now greeted him: it was the old money-lender, who in a voice husky with loss of breath, or possibly emotion, said, thrusting a couple of twenty-pound bank-notes into West's hand—

'Here! take these notes. Take them, I say!' he repeated, as the young man, dizzy with amazement, stammered out—

'You accept, then, my terms?'

'No!' growled the usurer, 'I *give* them to you. Do you understand me? I say I *give* them to you. I am an old man; I never gave away a shilling before in my life! Repay me if you will, when and how it please you. I have no security—I ask no acknowledgment; I want none. I do not count upon it. *It is gone!*' and the usurer pronounced the last words with an effort which was heroic, from the evident self-mastery it cost him. 'There! go—go!' he resumed, 'and take an old man's advice—Make money at all hazards, and never lend except on good security. Remember that!' The old man gently pushed West away, and all hatless and slippered as he was, ran back muttering to his den, leaving the object of his mysterious generosity fixed

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like a statue of amazement in the centre of the pavement.

About three months had elapsed, when Bernard West once more knocked at the door of the money-lender.

'Is Mr Brace at home?' he inquired cheerfully.

'Oh! if you please, sir, they buried him yesterday,' replied the servant, with a look of curiously-affected solemnity.

'Buried him!' cried the visitor with sincere disappointment and grief in his tone.

'Yes, sir; perhaps you would like to see Miss Brace, if it's anything very particular?'

'I should, indeed,' said West; 'and when she knows the cause of my visit, I think she will excuse the intrusion.'

The servant gave an odd look, whose significance West was unable to divine, as she led the way to her young mistress's drawing-room.

West entered timidly, for he doubted the delicacy of such a proceeding, though his heart was almost bursting with desire of expansion under the shock just received. A beautiful and proud-looking girl of nineteen or twenty years rose to meet him. Her large blue eyes, which bore traces of many and recent tears, worked strangely upon his feelings, already sufficiently excited.

'I came,' he said in his deep musical voice, 'to repay a noble service. Will you permit me to share a grief for the loss of one to whom I owe my life—yes, more than my life!' West paused, and strove vainly to master the emotion which checked his utterance.

'My father rendered you a service?' said the young lady eagerly, regarding with involuntary interest the noble countenance of Bernard, which, though it still bore traces of great suffering, was no longer wild and haggard, as at his interview with the money-lender.

'A most unexpected and generous service,' replied West, who, softening down the first portion of the scene we have described, proceeded to recount to the fair orphan the narrative of the great crisis in his destiny.

'I knew it was so!' cried the young lady almost hysterically affected; 'I knew he was not so grasping—so hard-hearted, as they said—as he himself pretended. I knew he had a generous heart beneath all his seeming avarice! Oh, you are not the only one doubtless whom he has thus served!'

West did not discourage the illusion. Nay, the enthusiasm of the charming woman before him was contagious. 'Thanks to your father's disinterested liberality,' he resumed, 'I am now in comparatively prosperous circumstances. I came not merely to discharge a debt; believe me, it is no common gratitude I feel! Doubtless you inherit all your father's wealth—doubtless it is but little service I can ever hope to render you. Yet I venture to entreat you never to forget that you possess one friend of absolute devotion, ready at all times to sacrifice himself in every way to your wishes and to your happiness.'

West paused abruptly, for the singular expression of the young lady's features filled him with astonishment.

'You do not know, then'—— she began.

'Know what?'

'That I—am a—a natural child!' she completed with a crimson blush, turning away her head as she spoke, and covering her face with her hands—'that I am without fortune or relations; that my father died intestate; that the heir-at-law, who lives abroad, and without whose permission nothing can be done—moreover, who is said to be a heartless spendthrift—will take all my father leaves; that I have but one more week given me to vacate this house by the landlord; in short, that I must work if I would not starve: that, in a word, I am a beggar!' And the poor girl sobbed convulsively; whilst Bernard West, on whom this speech acted as some terrible hurricane upon the trees of a tropical forest, tearing up, as it were, by the roots, all the terrible stoicism of his nature, and rousing hopes and dreams which he had long banished to the deepest and most hopeless abysses of his soul; whilst Bernard, we repeat, ventured to take her hand in his own, and calm her painful agitation by such suggestions as immediately occurred to his mind.

'In the first place,' he said, 'my dear Miss Brace, I come to repay to you your father's generous gift.'

'It belongs to his legal heirs. I cannot receive it with honour,' said the money-lender's daughter firmly.

'Not so,' replied West gravely: 'it was a free gift to me. I repay it by a natural, not a legal obligation;' and he laid the two twenty-pound notes upon the table. 'Next,' he resumed, 'I have to pay a debt of gratitude. I owe my life to your father. Thus in a manner I have become his adopted son. Thus,' he continued impetuously, 'I have a right to say to you, regard me as a brother; share the produce of my labour; render me happy in the thought that I am serving the child of my benefactor! To disdain my gratitude would be a cruel insult.'

'I cannot disdain it!' exclaimed the daughter of the usurer with a sudden impulse of that sublime confidence which a noble and generous soul can alone inspire. 'Yes—I accept your assistance!'

The face of Bernard brightened up, as if by an electric agent. But how were the two children of sorrow confounded by the discovery that they were no longer alone, and that their conversation had been overheard by an utter stranger, who, leaning against the wall at the farther end of the room, near the door, appeared to survey them with an utter indifference to the propriety of such behaviour!

He was a man of between forty and fifty years; a great beard and moustache concealed the lower part of a swarthy but handsome countenance of rare dignity and severity of outline. His dress was utterly un-English. A vast mantle, with a hood, fell nearly to the ground, and he wore huge courier's boots, which were still splashed, as if from a journey. His great dark eyes rested with an expression of royal benevolence upon the two young people, towards whom he advanced with a courteous inclination, that, as if magnetically, repressed Bernard's first indignant impulse.

'I am the heir-at-law,' he said in a mild voice, as if he had been announcing a most agreeable piece of intelligence.

'Then, sir,' said Bernard, 'I trust'——

'Trust absolutely!' interrupted quickly the foreign-looking heir. 'My children, do you know who I am? No? I will tell you. I am a monster, who in his youth preferred beauty to ambition, and glory to gold. For ten years after attaining manhood I struggled on, an outcast from my family, in poverty and humiliation, without friends, and often without bread. At the end of five more years I was a great man, and those who had neglected, and starved, and scorned me, came to bow down and worship. But the beauty I had adored was dust, and the fire of youthful hope quenched in the bitter waters of science. For ten years since I have wandered over the earth. I am rich; I may say my wealth is boundless; for I have but to shake a few fancies from this brain, to trace a few ciphers with this hand, and they become gold at my command. Yet mark my words, my children! One look of love is, in my esteem, worth more than all the applause of an age, or all the wealth of an empire!' The dark stranger paused for an instant, as if in meditation, then abruptly continued: '*I* take your inheritance, fair child!—*I* rob the orphan and the fatherless!'—and the smile of disdainful pride which followed these words said more than whole piles of parchment renunciations as to his intention.

Involuntarily the orphan and Bernard seized each a hand of the mysterious man beside them, who, silently drawing the two hands together, and uniting them in

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his own, said gently, 'Love one another as you will, my young friends, yet spare at times a kind thought for the old wandering poet! Not a word! I understand you, though you do not understand yourselves. It is as easy to tell a fortune as to give it.'

And *was* the prophecy realised? asks a curious reader. But no answer is needed; for if the prophecy were false, why record it? And, pray, who was the stranger, after all? Too curious reader!—it is one thing to tell stories, and another to commit breaches of confidence.

THE SHEEP-FARMER IN AUSTRALIA.

[In the number for October 12, 1850, a paper appeared describing the emigrant's *town* life and prospects: the following narrative, the genuine experiences of a squatter, may serve as a completion of the subject, by describing life in the bush.]

'AND now, Jabez, remember; at sunrise you all meet here. The bullock-drivers with the drays will be ready, and you must see that Macneil and Smith are punctual: start as soon as you get together, and try if you can't get eight miles nearer Sandy Creek by sundown. Mr Brown and myself will overtake you by mid-day—and mind you look well after the men, as well as the jumbucks.'* Such was the conclusion of a series of directions given to a confidential shepherd on a station about forty miles from Melbourne, Port Philip, by Frank Woodman, a young man of five-and-twenty, whose bushy beard, and brawny figure attired in canvass trousers, round white jacket, and cabbage-tree hat, bespoke the squatter; while his sunburnt features and hard hands bore witness to exposure and toil, which had doubtless tasked even his sinewy frame and broad shoulders to their utmost.

Frank was the fourth son of an attorney in good practice in Devonshire, who gave him a sound education at a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, and then placed him in the office, where he spent two years. But the law was not to his taste; a few months in the surgery of an elder brother gave him an equal dislike to physic; and on the 8th of June 1842, he sailed for Sydney with L.500 in his pocket, with liberty to draw on his father for a like sum. As to the pursuits he was about to follow, he knew nothing: his ideas of colonial life were very indistinct; he contented himself with the axiom—'What man has done, man may do.' He intended to try sheep-farming, and fare as others had fared before him; he felt himself inexperienced, but trusted to youth and perseverance to turn the scale in his favour. The ship in which he sailed touched at Melbourne, Port Philip—then comparatively an infant settlement; and here, having met with a friend he had known at home, he was induced to remain, giving up altogether the idea of proceeding to Sydney. In a few weeks he purchased a third of a small sheep-station about forty miles from Melbourne: his share was a flock of about 500 sheep, with their 'run,' or right of pasturage, for which he gave 9s. per head; and he became joint-occupier of his partner's hut, and set to work in earnest as a 'squatter.' Whatever his expectations may have been with regard to the privations and discomforts of the life he had chosen, it must be confessed that those expectations fell far short of the reality. The hut which was now to become his home was built entirely of bark—bark walls, bark roof, and even bark chimney. A few upright poles are driven into the ground at certain distances; across these are lashed one or two horizontal ones to strengthen the uprights: the bark, stripped from the box or stringy bark-trees in sheets about six feet long by three broad, is tied on with narrow strips of the same material: the chimney, shaped like one of the old-fashioned chimneys still met with in farmhouses in England, is placed at one end, from which it stands out its whole depth: an extra pole or two is lashed on to the roof to keep the covering in place; and behold the bark-hut of the squatter! In this instance the hut was about sixteen feet by twelve, and consisted of but one room, 'parlour, and kitchen, and hall,' and was indeed occasionally their killing-house in addition. Upon two cross bedsteads, one in either corner farthest from the fire, did Frank and one of his partners rest respectively their weary limbs each night; the third resident occupied a hammock slung above. Tea, mutton, and 'damper'*—damper, mutton, and tea, three times a day, was their simple diet—digestion assisted of course by the never-failing pipe; not that which Corydons of old considered a necessary appendage to pastoral pursuits, but a short, black-looking affair, like the Irish dudheen, in which was consumed real American negrohead in unlimited quantities. At this station Frank remained about twelve months, working very hard; up each morning before sunrise—often his own shepherd, always his own laundress, and of course his own cook. But he gained little by his work save in point of experience; his flock turned out to be two-thirds wethers, so it was not a fast-increasing one; and as his partners were not overfond of work, and were willing to allow him more than his due share of that article, he resolved to break off the connection, and purchased the right of a small neighbouring run. In the colony, runs are transferred *with stock*. In this case he ostensibly bought two cows, for which he gave L.100; and with the cattle, the run or right of pasturage was *given in*. Here, in December 1843, he drove his little flock, and here he built a slab-hut. This is of a superior description to the bark-hut, and has a much neater appearance. The walls are formed, as its name imports, of slabs of wood, partially smoothed with the adze, and the roof covered with shingles, or smaller slabs of the same material, laid on in the manner of slates. This hut, like the last, consisted of but one room; but it was thirty feet long, and proportionately broad, and outbuildings were attached, so that it appeared a great improvement on his previous habitation.

Here also our colonist laboured very hard. He employed two shepherds (each having his 'hut-keeper,' whose province it was to cook the provisions, and take charge of the sheep by night, when brought in and folded), and a bush-carpenter to fell timber, and construct his buildings, fences, &c. With this latter man he worked as 'mate' day after day for some months, and had, in addition to his bodily labour, the anxiety of mind attendant upon frequently-recurring casualties in his flock. His run was what is termed a 'rangy country,' intersected at intervals by ranges of high hills, with other smaller ranges running out of these at right angles; so that if the sheep spread much while feeding, they were soon out of sight, and consequently many were lost, and when thus separated from the flock, easily fell a prey to the native dogs, which in this district were very numerous and destructive. This native dog, the great pest of the sheep-farmer, is an indigenous animal, about twice the size of a fox, with perhaps a greater likeness to the wolf; it destroys almost every animal it meets with, foals and calves often falling a sacrifice to its voracity: but stray sheep are its peculiar prey. On one occasion Frank found that when the sheep were brought in and folded, that some 300 were missing: a useless search was immediately instituted, which was renewed at daybreak with some anxiety for the fate of the missing; and with great reason, for upwards of 200 were found dead and dying—all more or less mutilated, and some partly devoured. Such casualties (of course in a less

* Sheep.

* 'Damper.' To a thin cake made from flour and water, and baked in wood-ashes, is given this somewhat expressive appellation,

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degree) were continually occurring; and this caused another difficulty to arise: no shepherd would remain his term of service when he found that, with the greatest care, some of his flock were so often missing at the evening count.

All this was harassing in the extreme to Frank; indeed he was sometimes tempted to despair when he found, on visiting his flock, that not only were sheep missing, but that their shepherd had started too. Pecuniary matters just at this time presented an unfavourable aspect: it was not to be expected that with the necessary outgoings on the one hand, and very little increase in his flock on the other, the affairs of our settler could be in a very flourishing condition: indeed he found his capital quickly diminishing, and the balance with his agent at Melbourne very nearly *nil*, or even sometimes that it appeared upon the wrong side of the books. It was therefore not surprising if, with all his endurance taxed to the utmost, poor Frank Woodman began somewhat to despond. Thoughts of home, and of the comforts he had voluntarily left behind, were continually intruding themselves; and nothing short of the indomitable perseverance of the Saxon race, and some natural dislike to return to his friends with only a tale of disaster and disappointment, could have carried him through this period of his adventures. It was this succession of difficulties that induced him, after a two years' trial at this station, to entertain the idea of trying a run in a new country—that is, in a part not yet settled; and on his next journey to Melbourne with his wool, he commissioned a man of some experience to inspect for him certain land situated at some distance in the interior, of which he had heard good report. A friend who had come out to the colony with him, and to whom he now communicated his views, agreed to join him in his enterprise, if an eligible run up the country was to be had; and upon receiving from their agent a favourable account of some unsettled land upon the Henry River, at a distance of about 260 miles from Melbourne, the friends agreed to 'chance it,' as the colonial phrase has it, and start for 'fresh fields and pastures new,' as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

The first step was to advertise the run which Frank Woodman now held; and soon, among various other 'desirable runs' and 'eligible investments' which figured in the columns of the 'Melbourne Morning Herald,' might have been read the following:—'Jerry's Creek. To be sold, a part of the stock, with run, at this eligible station, only forty miles from town. For further particulars inquire at Mr Simmons's offices, 24 George Street, Melbourne.' In a few weeks a bargain was struck with a settler who had previously formed too close an acquaintance with swampy plains in his run, and who looked with a favourable eye on the high ground of the ranges on Jerry's Creek. Frank sold him seven rams for L.240, and with them transferred the right of run, and all the 'improvements'—that is, the buildings, fencings, &c. on the station. It was arranged that Frank's horses, sixteen in number, were to be left with a friend for a time; and the sheep, numbering now 1500, together with a flock of the same number belonging to Frank's friend and now partner, Mr Jones, were to be driven to the new station, wherever it might prove to be.

Preparations were now made for the journey: several fresh hands—hut-keepers and shepherds—were hired; and two new drays were purchased, and loaded with necessaries for twelve months, together with a few articles of furniture, and saddles, ironmongery, and tools, &c. necessary for an out-station. Each dray cost them L.17, and the bullocks (eight to each dray) L.9 per pair. The dray, the usual means of transport in the colony, in which the wool is sent to town, and provisions taken back, is a low vehicle, very similar to our brewer's dray. The bottom is made of slabs, some few inches apart, and iron pins and rail form the sides. When laden, a tarpauling is usually placed over the goods, long enough to hang over the sides and reach the ground. These ends are rolled up when the dray is in motion; and at night, or when a halt occurs, they are let down, and then form a sort of tent, under which the men sleep, perfectly protected from the weather.

At sunrise on the 8th January 1846, being the day succeeding that upon which our narrative opened, might have been seen passing the boundary of the Jerry's Creek run, the following company:—First marched the bullock-teams, three in number, with their heavy drays, apparently well laden, and covered with the stout tarpauling before spoken of—the drivers seeming to vie with each other in trying who could produce the greatest amount of noise with their whips, the lashes of which are usually formed by strips of silk handkerchief plaited and fastened to the thongs. These, so finished, produce a *crack* which may be heard at a great distance; and so fond are the drivers of the noise, that one zealous in his vocation will often lay in a stock of three or four handkerchiefs specially for the service of one long journey; and even then, before he reaches his destination, is often necessitated, his silk being expended, to use a lash made of the hairs drawn from the tails of his bullocks. This produces a less sharp sound than one of silk, but is much preferred by him to none at all; for as a recruiting-party without the drum and fife would be shorn of its chief attraction, so would the dignity of the bullock-driver be shorn were he compelled to enter his market-town without his peculiar noisy accompaniment. In close attendance upon the bullock-drivers walked two hut-keepers, whose duty on the journey it was to cook and get everything ready at each stoppage; and, lastly, came the sheep in one flock, with the three shepherds and their numerous dogs, of all sizes and breeds. The roads in this part of the country, especially at some distance from the market-towns, are merely the tracks of the drays passing over the turf, and in wet weather are almost impassable; it being no unfrequent occurrence for the driver and his assistant to be under the necessity of digging a passage for the wheels of his dray from out a rut, from the depths of which the whole strength of the bullocks failed to extricate the heavy vehicle. At this season, however (the midst of summer), the roads were hard and good, and in about two hours and a half the drays had arrived at the end of their first day's journey—about seven miles. They were drawn up in a triangle, with space between them sufficient to fold the sheep; the bullocks were suffered to graze, the tarpaulings were unrolled, and the cooking began. Soon after Frank and his partner arrived on horseback at the halting-place, and were soon reclined at length under the welcome shade of some trees by the river bank, beguiling the time until the arrival of the sheep with a pipe, and the interchange of hopes and fears for the future. The sheep, which fed as they went, and which 'camped' (that is, lay down in a body in the shade) during the hottest part of the day, and could only travel morning and evening, arrived a short time before sundown, when they were folded, and all the bipeds were soon deep in the discussion of dinner; and after the usual solacing pipe and some quart-pot tea,* all parties betook themselves to slumber, chiefly underneath the shelter of the drays.

The next morning's sunrise found them all stirring: horses were caught and saddled for the masters; bul-

* A necessary part of the outfit of the traveller in Australia is a quart tin cup or pot, and a pannikin of the same material; and one of the first proceedings upon a halt, after a fire is made, is to use them thus:—The pot is filled with water, and placed upon the fire. When the water is unmistakably boiling, a liberal pinch or two of tea is thrown in, the pot removed from the fire, and the pannikin placed on the top. By the time the tea has all sunk to the bottom, the beverage is fit to drink.

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locks were found and harnessed; again was heard the crack! crack! of the drivers; and accompanied with the bleating of the sheep, the barking of dogs, and the shouts of the men, once more the cavalcade moved on, again to follow the same course as that of the preceding day. Thus journeying onward, with but little variation, they came on the fourth day to the point where the river was to be crossed: the sheep were to be ferried over; and this was necessarily a work of time, as only thirty could be conveyed at once; and often much difficulty was found in getting them into the boat: however, at the end of the second day, all were safely at the other side, without any casualty of consequence. Frank met with a ducking in attempting to swim his horse over; the animal, unused to the adventure, when in the middle of the stream, tried to find bottom, but as the river was nearly thirty feet deep here, of course he was disappointed; and, in revenge, began to plunge, and slipped his rider off. Frank, however, still holding by the bridle, struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached safely, when he again mounted the refractory animal, and succeeded this time in the attempt to cross. This horse never afterwards refused to take the water, an accomplishment highly necessary in a country where bridges are scarce, and fords are often somewhat dangerous, from the swollen state of the rivers.

Monotonous as must be a journey of many weeks with stock, creeping on, as it were, but six or eight miles a day; yet a great interest, an indescribable charm, and an air of romance belongs to the undertaking, which none can fully appreciate without actual experience. At first the stock require a good deal of attention to keep them together; but as the journey proceeds, less care is needed; and the tedium may be lessened by an occasional exploration of the country around the track, as well as the diversion afforded by the use of the gun or rod, or a kangaroo hunt now and then, to those fond of the sport. To each station on the route, of course a passing visit is paid; and, just as much of course, is a welcome found: the scenery, too, is constantly varying; and although it must be confessed that its prevailing character is gloomy, still many a fertile plain and creek breaks upon the view as the journey lengthens, and thus much of its monotony is relieved. Its end, too, is never lost sight of; and speculations as to the character and appearance of the unknown goal, always keep alive the interest and excitement. Altogether, notwithstanding its hardships and trials, a journey of this kind is ever looked back upon with some measure of pride and satisfaction, and its incidents and its mishaps form the subject of many a future yarn.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty they experienced in this journey was met with when, in order to save a considerable distance, they left the banks of the river, and crossed some twenty miles of plain. This was a serious undertaking, there being no water the whole distance, and at that season of extreme heat, the sheep would scarcely travel without drinking; and on the second day of this 'passage of the plains,' it was by incessant exertions only that the tired animals could be made to move; for every few minutes the disposition to 'camp' shewed itself, and had to be prevented. Towards sundown, however, the welcome note of the bell-bird * was heard, and soon after the instinct of the sheep discovered the proximity of the stream: now the only difficulty was to restrain their course; they rushed forwards at full gallop, overturning, and running great risk of drowning one another in their eagerness.

As time wore on, the working bullocks became very fresh, having but six or eight miles per day to do: they often wandered so far during the night that some hours of the morning were spent in recovering them. Indeed on one occasion a whole day passed in fruitless search, and the sheep were of necessity driven back to the place of the previous night's encampment. The greatest part of the next day was consumed in scouring the country; but towards evening, as our colonist, after having ridden some sixty miles, was returning, wearied and anxious, from his bootless errand, he happened to spy the runaways, quietly making the most of a little bit of sweet pasture entirely surrounded by scrub—a sort of oasis in the desert: it needs scarcely be said that the crack of the stock-whip soon roused them from their enjoyment, and in a few moments they were galloping, heads instinctively turned towards 'camp,' from which it proved they were but a few miles all the time, with their now delighted master close upon their quarters. It was now, however, too late to proceed on their route, so that they encamped three nights on the same spot on this occasion. This was the only time that so long a delay arose from this cause.

As they proceeded further up the country, stations become more unfrequent; and on the 20th of February they lost all traces of the road, or track made by the passage of drays to and from the several stations. They had now come close upon the unoccupied land of which they were in search; and taking provisions for three days with them, Frank and his agent rode forward upon an exploring expedition. It must be confessed that the further acquaintance with the country thus formed did not at first prepossess in its favour; a great part, perhaps one third, was unavailable for the purpose of pasturage, being covered with thick scrub, and the grass on the plains was quite blanched and dry with the intense heat. (They were now, it must be recollected, in the midst of summer, and the thermometer averaged 98° to 120°.) The river, now low, and fordable in most places, shewed, however, that its breadth in winter was much increased, and there was a tolerable supply of timber—the usual iron-bark, stringy-bark, and gum-trees—on and near its reedy banks. Whenever the bush did not intercept the view, the eye traversed a seemingly boundless plain, intersected by a few ranges of low hills, at a considerable distance apart. But to the experienced squatter the picture was not gloomy, nor the view uninteresting. He could see that the feed was likely to prove good for sheep and cattle: the river, now at its lowest, would at all times afford plenty of that absolute necessary in such a climate—water; the scrub would give shade; and in the unpicturesque flatness he saw but the facility for running his sheep in large flocks, with but little trouble and expense. Frank had before quite enough of a rangy country; and with regard to his other pest, the native dogs, he had learned at the stations he had lately passed that the dogs, never so troublesome as in many parts, were lessening in number every year: the native inhabitants, he was told, were few, and those disposed to be friendly and useful: none had been seen as yet. After three days' survey, they returned to camp, with a determination to fix their lot on that run, and to do their best endeavour to turn that unfriendly wilderness into a home, that barren flat into a source of profit and independence.

* A bird with a peculiarly musical note, never heard but in the vicinity of water.

FUNEBRAL CYPRESS.

Amongst recent importations of hardy ornamental evergreens, calculated to afford hereafter a new feature in our garden and landscape scenery, there is nothing to rival this beautiful tree. The traveller who appears originally to have noticed the funebral cypress (*Cupressus funebris*), or at least the first who has left any recorded facts in relation to it, was Sir George Staunton, when exploring China in the embassy of Lord Macartney. Subsequently, however, Mr Fortune met with it near the celebrated tea-country of Whey Chow; and through the interest of that gentleman, Messrs Standish and Noble,

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of the Bagshot Nurseries in Surrey, have been enabled to import both seeds and young plants. Mr Fortune describes this weeping cypress as quite new; it is a noble-looking fir-tree, about sixty feet in height, having a stem as straight as the Norfolk Island pine, and pendulous branches like the weeping willow. The branches grow at first horizontally with the main stem, then describe a graceful curve upwards, and droop again at the points. From these main branches, others, long and slender, hang down towards the ground, and give the whole tree a weeping and graceful form. It is also very symmetrical, and reminds one of a large and gorgeous chandelier. In regard to its effect in scenery, Mr Fortune remarks:—'It has a most striking and beautiful effect upon the Chinese landscape, and in a few years the same effect will doubtless be produced by it upon our own. It will be particularly valuable for park scenery, for lawns, for the entrance to suburban residences, and as an ornament for our cemeteries. I have no doubt that it is quite as hardy as *Cryptomeria japonica* and the Indian Deodar, and will be a fit companion for both in our parks and pleasure-grounds.' The fact of its being perfectly hardy, as conjectured by Mr Fortune, has now been perfectly established: hundreds of young plants have stood the past winter uninjured in the Bagshot Nurseries; some young seedlings, in a growing state, were removed from a cold house to the open ground without protection, and subjected to eight degrees of frost, in the first week in May, without injury.

A CLOAK BOAT.

A cloak boat, manufactured of India-rubber, from the design of Lieutenant R. A. Halkett, R.N., by Mr Matthews of Charing-Cross, has been thus experimented with:—A blue cloak, of the Macintosh make, was laid on the floor of a shed, the outside being next the door, and a wicker sort of mat was deposited on it, which formed a flat bottom, the cloak having an air-proof cylinder; and within one minute it was thoroughly inflated, and thus suddenly metamorphosed into a boat, glided into the water, a gentleman being seated in it, and rowing at different intervals with a couple of hand-paddles, shaped like looking-glasses. This boat is extremely serviceable to persons travelling, for the purpose of crossing rivers or streams where no other means are at hand. It is instantly available, and can, in cases of necessity, be converted into an excellent bed. The weight of this kind of boat, with bellows and paddles, is about nine pounds. An umbrella, to act as a sail, can also be furnished if required.

GRASS-CLOTH OF INDIA.

Dr H. Clehorn has illustrated to the British Association the economy of the grass-cloth (*Chŭ Inā*) of India. The author stated that several species of plants belonging to the order *urticaceæ* were employed in Hindoostan for yielding fibres used in the manufacture of textile fabrics. He exhibited several articles of dress, very white and light, which were made from the fibres of an urticaceous plant, the *Bohmeria nivea*. Mr Gourlie of Glasgow stated that we knew very little of the raw material of many of the fabrics from other parts of the world. We were for a long time ignorant of the materials from which Manilla handkerchiefs were made. It was said to be the fibre of the leaf of the pine-apple, but we had not succeeded in manufacturing them in this country. Dr Lankester remarked, that although the exhibition of raw materials in the coming Exhibition of 1851 had been deprecated by some, he believed that it might be made one of the most important and valuable features. Dr Royle said that it had long been doubtful what plant yielded the grass-cloth of India, and now that we knew the plant, it would undoubtedly lead to its farther employment. There were many other fabrics in India of which we knew nothing of the materials. He thought that one of the most important branches for the manufactures of this country of the Exhibition of 1851 was that of raw materials. Every pains should be taken to obtain the name and history of every species of plant which yielded any substance useful in the arts, manufactures, or medicine.

SONG—MY BORDER HOME.

AIR—*The Rose of Allandale.*

Some praise the charms of foreign climes,
Where summer skies ne'er fade,
Where beauty dwells in sloe-black eyes,
And cheeks of olive shade.
So let them boast who choose to roam
O'er lands beyond the sea;
Content am I—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Sing not to me of orange groves,
Of birds with dazzling plume;
Of vine-clad hills and perfumed vales,
Where fragrant myrtles bloom;
Of gay guitar's soft, magic tones,
Of love-born minstrelsy:
They tempt me not—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

Oh, nought beneath a southern sky,
However rich and rare,
With thy enchantments, bonny Tweed,
For beauty can compare.
Here let me dwell—'tis nature's throne—
Among the brave and free:
Content am I—my Border Home,
And Tweedside charms for me.

O. (81st Regt.)

Berwick-on-Tweed.

COMPLEMENTARY COLOURS.

It is well known that the combination of two complementary colours produces white; and this is usually shewn in lectures by employing two glasses—one of a red, and the other of a green colour, the tints of which, although of considerable intensity, entirely disappear during the simultaneous interposition of the glasses between the eye and the source of light. M. Maumené several years since arrived at the same result by using coloured liquors, and especially by mixing a solution of cobalt with one of nickel, both perfectly pure, and so diluted that their colour is nearly of equal intensity. The rose-red colour of the cobalt is completely destroyed by the green of the nickel, even in concentrated solutions, and the mixed liquid remains colourless.—*Journ. de Pharm. et de Chim.*, Mars 1850: *Philos. Mag.*, No. 244.

Owing to a singular mistake, the poem entitled *Defiance to Time*, which appeared in No. 381, was ascribed to a veteran soldier living in Northumberland. We now learn that it is one of the published compositions of Dr Charles Mackay. It is but justice to the veteran in question to mention, that he had no culpable concern in the matter.

THE EMIGRANT'S MANUAL.

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No. 386. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851. PRICE 1½d.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

At the dawn, and during the morning twilight of modern literature, there was no employment more sure of carrying genius to wealth and distinction than authorship. Kings and princes were then the patrons of the muses, and in honouring men of letters, they felt that they rendered themselves illustrious. But those were not stipendiary days. We find the cow-herd-poet Cædmon, indeed, received into the monastery of Whitby as a kind of honoured pensioner; but in general, men who distinguished themselves in literature were promoted to high offices in the church—as in the case of Grosteste, the beggar-boy, whom learning eventually placed in the see of Lincoln. As knowledge extended, the patrons became more numerous, and competition among men of letters greater; till the sacred name of poet was degraded into a mere trapping of nobility, and the Lord Chancellor of England (Longchamp, bishop of Ely) purchased praises of the tuneful brethren, and caused them to be sung in the streets.

Many noble works, however, were produced even in this long era of degradation, which may be said to have continued till the early part of the last century; when, in consequence of the gradual widening of the circle of readers, authors had become too numerous, and some too independent, to be bribed. It was only at this time literature became a profession; for although before then a few desperate individuals may have clung to it as their sole resource, in general it was either a medium by which men of genius who lived by other pursuits made themselves heard and felt in the world, or a means by which the more dependent hoped to recommend themselves to persons of power and influence. The transition period between patrons and the public was a terrible time for authors! Those were the days of bibliopolic tyranny, of rags, bailiffs, garrets, and bulkheads; but in spite of all, literature gave token that the change through which it was passing, though severe, was wholesome, and in due time an independent though still peculiar Profession arose out of the chaos.

That profession, however, is not so crowded as is commonly supposed; for there are many prudent persons who use authorship not as a crutch to lean upon, but as a staff to help. The professional authors are comparatively a small body, but they are an essential part of the constitution of the age. There are pursuits in literature which demand the whole time, and the whole soul; and there are even its more mechanical functions—such as editing—which are incompatible with the performance of other duties in the business of life. In reading a voluminous catalogue of books of the day, we must not suppose that any great portion of these are the works of authors by profession. They are in by far the greater part the productions of persons who are either independent in fortune, or who gain their living by other pursuits; and to such categories belong almost all the anonymous works.

The professors of literature, notwithstanding, are numerous enough to form a distinct body; and their occupation is perhaps the most precarious in the whole range of industry. A barrister, a physician, a clergyman, may be able to calculate his chances of success, the influence of his friends, and his own private resources; but the author has no data whatever. The most brilliant success one year is no guarantee for the next; and not unfrequently the reward of his performances is in an inverse ratio to their real value. Yet professional authorship is as essential a component part of our existing civilisation as professional law, physic, or divinity. It has grown out of the intellectual necessities of the age; and the status of the author serves as a fair criterion for judging of the refinement of society.

It is a generally-received opinion, but we think an erroneous one, that authors are more imprudent than the other classes of the community. This was the case in the transition period we have mentioned, when authorship, however ennobled by one or two individuals, was but another name for vagabondage; but in the present day literary men pretty nearly resemble other people in the common affairs of life. Their misfortune is, considering their profession in an economic light, that the article in which they deal is in itself invisible and intangible, and can have therefore no intrinsic pecuniary value. It cannot be sold to a lower class of the people if disdained by a higher. It has no 'tremendous sacrifices' wherewith to tempt the parsimony of purchasers. It cannot, even in case of failure, be disposed of as materials. Everything with authors depends upon the passing taste of the day—everything but fame, which gives a stone to the memory of the genius which, when living, wanted bread.

There is one great institution in this country for the relief of authors in their casualties—the Literary Fund; but, as its name implies, its operation is not confined to professional authors, but embraces all contributors to literature. It assists the widows and orphans of literary men, and its donations to these men themselves, we are proud to mention, are not unfrequently considered as loans, and returned in better times. If the proceedings of this institution are conducted with the inviolable secrecy it professes, it must do infinite good; otherwise it could only serve to degrade an honourable pursuit. But whether it be owing to the dread of exposure, or to

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the comparative prosperity of the class, the fact, we believe, is certain, that very few names even of moderate distinction in literature are to be found in its list of claimants. Besides the Literary Fund, we may add that the Queen has a fund at her disposal for pensioning contributors to literature. The amount, however, is very limited, and the scramble for what is as much an honour as a benevolence, is probably great enough to render Her Majesty weary of the trust.

There is now, however, on foot a proposal for instituting a fund for the benefit of professional authors alone, which merits the examination both of the literary world and of the enlightened public; containing, as we think it does, at least the germ of a great idea. The name fixed upon for the society is the Guild of Literature and Art—meaning, doubtless, a fraternity similar to that of the trades, in which all the members pulled amicably together. The word guild, however, we may say in passing, implies money, of which the brethren were the disbursers, not the recipients. The earliest certain notice of such a company in England refers to the payment into the Exchequer of sixteen pounds of silver by the Guild of Weavers, in the reign of Henry I. The name, notwithstanding, may pass very well, as expressing a fraternity or corporation of individuals, having the same interest, following the same pursuit, and animated by the same object. The main object of this new Guild is to 'enforce the duties of prudence and foresight especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly or mainly derived from the precarious profit of a profession;' and this it proposes to do by extending the benefits of the fund only to individuals who effect insurances in a certain life-office therewith connected. We humbly think there is here room for a slight change of plan. Many authors —perhaps nearly all authors of any eminence—are *already* insured to the extent of their ability. All such persons would be excluded by the rule we have mentioned from the new society, which would thus be open only to the selfish or improvident of the literary body. As for the exclusion of those who have been, and are, unable to effect any insurance at all, this, however lamentable, cannot be imputed as an error to a society which assumes to interest itself only in authors of a certain note, leaving the others, as at present, to the Literary Fund.

The pensions are to be given in the form of salaries, with or without free residences, 'completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen.' The endowed officers will consist—*1st*, Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of L.200 a year; *2d*, Of Members, with a house and L.170, or, without a house, L.200 a year; *3d*, Of Associates, with a salary of L.100 a year.

The design of the institution, we are told, is 'to select for the appointment of members (who will be elected for life) those writers and artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honourable desire; while the office of associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of L.100 a year may be of essential and permanent service.' The duties for which these emoluments are to be given consist chiefly in the delivery of lectures—three in the year by members, and one in the year by the warden; but even these may be delivered by proxy, since although 'it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labour either of member or associate as to deprive the public of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.' This, we think, is another ill-considered part of the prospectus, and one which implies anything but a compliment to the literary body. If services are really to be rendered for the salaries, let there be a proper balance between them; but surely there should be no such thin make-believe as this. Authors are entitled to take higher ground. Their profession is necessary to the civilisation of the age—more necessary than that of naval or military officers; and if the country see fit to make up for its precariousness by contributing to the support of its veterans, they will accept the aid as proudly as ever warrior received a trophy. The time, however, we trust, will come when the profession, having passed its infancy, will be able to stand alone; and when authors, with clearer perceptions of their own position, and a better knowledge of the means of aiding themselves, will require no aid from others. As for the proposed lectures, they are objectionable on other grounds. The present lecturers are authors themselves, and why should these be displaced by pensioned authors? Why remove from the reach of ordinary literary men one of the few resources they possess?

The grand distinctive feature of the projected society is the limitation of its benefits to the professors of literature and art. 'Within the former term are understood to be comprehended all writers, of either sex, of original works or dramas, or of not less than twenty original papers in periodicals. Within the latter, all painters and sculptors who make the fine arts their profession, and all students of the Royal Academy of England, Scotland, or Ireland.' The literary criterion here is not distinctly enough expressed. It is obvious, from the context of the prospectus, that only those persons are meant who follow literature as their sole business in life; but there is hardly a young lady of our acquaintance who has not contributed a score of original articles to a periodical. The real object of the society should be more clearly defined. The most voluminous contributors to periodicals are not professional authors; and to admit such persons indiscriminately to the benefits of the society, would be to divert the fund to the aid of almost every profession that can be named.

The fund is to be commenced by the profits on the performance of a comedy, written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and acted by Messrs Dickens, Jerrold, Forster, &c. on a stage furnished in his house by the Duke of Devonshire. The audience is to consist of the Queen and Prince Albert, and all persons who choose to pay L.5 for a ticket. This announcement has provoked some ridicule; but we hope the scoffers will carry their smiles to the comedy. It may be very true, as it is said, that the performance of amateur actors cannot be expected to equal in merit that of a second-rate provincial troop; but the question is not as to the merit of the performance, but the amount of money it produces. It may be an odd taste which induces good authors to exhibit themselves to the public as indifferent actors; but if the public pay handsomely for the sight—which they unquestionably do—the authors are entitled to our thanks for laying out their eccentric earnings in so noble a manner. The fund must commence somewhere, and why not at a comedy in Devonshire House?

The scheme, however, though commencing with a comedy and a company of amateur actors, must be carried out by the nation; and knowing this, we think the projectors committed an error of judgment in sending forth their prospectus before endeavouring to associate with themselves the higher members of the profession throughout the country, and the more distinguished patrons of literature and art. We have ourselves mentioned more than one important objection to the plan as laid down; and there are many others, we doubt not, who would be glad to offer their opinions on so interesting a subject. As for the laudatory letters and professions of adhe-

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rence they may have received, these are all very agreeable of course; but a great national institution like the one proposed cannot be founded safely without the aid of a great diversity of minds, or without hard thinking and searching discussion.

Upon the whole, instead of expending the profits of the dramatic representations in the establishment of the institute in the form proposed, we would counsel the projectors—while warmly extending to them the hand of fellowship — to deposit the money in their banker's hands for the present, and take the opinion of the literary mind of the country upon the merits of their plan.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Not long ago, during one of the weary days of Rhamadan, Mohammed Dibilay was sitting cross-legged upon his empty counter, smoking his pipe and chanting some verses of the Koran, when his prowling eye caught sight of a Jew who was sauntering about the bazaar. The Mussulman called him, and asked if he did not know any stranger, with plenty of money and little sense, from whom they might manage to extract a little, to recruit his exhausted finances. This question struck a chord of the Jew's heart, which vibrated with joy; for his business was also at low-water mark. A merchant had recently arrived in the city, little acquainted with the manners of Constantinople, and the confederates devised a plan to cheat him of some goods, agreeing to divide the spoil. The Jew forthwith repaired to the house of the Frank, and informed him that he had found a very desirable customer for his merchandise, and one whom he must by no means let slip; for, said he, 'he has been opening a new shop, which he is stocking with different kinds of goods, and I know that I could not recommend him to a better person than your honour.'

'That is well,' said the merchant; 'but mark me, Jew; I have heard that you brokers often play tricks upon strangers. Now, I hate cheating, and it never succeeds with me. All my business transactions are ordered in an honourable manner; and depend upon it, if you deceive me, you will suffer for it. With this understanding, you may bring hither the gentleman of whom you speak, for I can judge his honesty better by his physiognomy than by the appearance of his shop.' Jacob swore by his head that all was right, and that the merchant would be convinced of his sincerity when the business was finished.

He returned to Mohammed, who had by this time procured a thousand piastres (the piastre is worth about 7½d. sterling), according to their former arrangement; and having divided this sum between them, they proceeded to the Frank quarter of the city. The Jew introduced his friend to the merchant, as the grocer whom he had mentioned—a man of upright dealings, a perfect gentleman; averring, that as soon as he had heard the name of George—far famed as it was for integrity and wealth—he had brought a considerable sum of money to make an immediate purchase. Mr George closely inspected the features of the stranger, and expressed his satisfaction with his honest appearance; but added, that as it was the first time that he had the honour of his acquaintance, he should expect the broker to be responsible for anything which he might intrust to the grocer's credit. Jacob then requested Mohammed to choose out goods to the value of thirty or forty purses (each containing 500 piastres.) Dibilay said, that he only intended to buy to the amount of money which they had with them; at the same time lamenting that he had not brought a larger sum: 'for all my cash was in heavy coin, which it would have been too troublesome to carry; and if I had intrusted it to a messenger, there would have been great danger of losing it, as it could not have failed to attract attention: and in this wicked town, as soon as a man is known to be rich, he cannot eat his bread in quiet. Nobody can imagine how vile a place this Constantinople is! We must confess it with shame, though it be our own city.' The merchant now joined with the broker in persuading Dibilay to take some goods upon credit; and with seeming reluctance he made a bargain to the amount of thirty-five purses, two of which were paid on the spot. The merchandise was removed, and part of it soon turned into money, to meet any exigency that might occur; for in Constantinople 'money answereth to all things.' Mohammed then calmly awaited the issues of fate, and took no more notice of his former correspondents.

But Jacob Aaron was anxious to terminate the affair, that he might get rid of his own responsibility, and obtain his share of the spoil. So, after a short time, he went to the house of the European, assuming every appearance of deep distress. Having uttered many sighs and groans, he found words to exclaim that he was a ruined man, and that all his property would be lost. The merchant expressed lively sympathy with his sad condition, and kindly inquired into the reason of his sorrow. Was his house burned down? Were his children lost? 'Ah sir,' responded the mourner, 'would that my house had been burned to the ground, and that I had perished with my children, before so sad a day had dawned! Wretch that I am, would that my legs had been broken before I went to such a place! But let my miserable fate be a warning to my brethren, to renounce for ever the trade of a broker! Besides, this business ill befits my station in life, considering the extensive warehouses of my father, the great glass-merchant. The truth is, that the man whom I brought to you the other day is reported to be a thief and a knave. He had every semblance of being an honest fellow, and I never found him otherwise; but he has been corrupted by this vile Constantinople. Oh what a depraved city we live in! An honest tradesman has no chance in such a place! But, sir, if the report be true, I think you might recover your goods out of his possession.'

Mr George was so affected with the Jew's apparent distress, and so roused with indignation at Mohammed's supposed treachery, that he easily fell into the trap which was laid for him; and bidding Jacob calm himself, offered instantly to send a janissary for the traitor. But the Jew threw himself at his feet, and begged, as one only favour, that he would not mention his name as the informant, lest the Mohammedan should either assassinate him, or get him put to death under false pretences. The merchant promised to keep his secret, and said that he would take the matter into his own hands.

Jacob retired with inward satisfaction, finding himself thus freed from farther responsibility; for he did not altogether trust Mohammed, nor any one else that bore the name or the badge of the false prophet. He wished to expedite the crisis. So he hastened to the house of Dibilay, and told him that the merchant had heard some flying rumours about his character; and that, although he had given every assurance of his integrity, yet he must prepare himself for an official visit, and subsequent lawsuit. He then begged that his own name might not be mentioned at court, lest it should damage him in the estimation of the Europeans, on whom he chiefly depended for a livelihood.

Next day Mr George came to the bazaar, accompanied by a janissary, and mildly asked the grocer for payment of his account, as he had need of the money. Dibilay assumed an air of severity, and bid him begone. 'Find your clothes where you took them off, and demand money of him to whom you consigned your goods.' Indignant at this base repulse, the Frank at once went to the mehkemy, and requested the sergeant of aghas to send a bailiff for Mohammed. Hussein Agha was

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deputed on this business; and going to the grocer's, asked him to be at the trouble of attending at the mehkemy, where a process was being instituted against him. Dibilay stormed at the parties who thus dared to affront him; and having whispered something in the officer's ear, promised to follow him to the court. Hussein informed the sergeant of his coming, adding in a low voice, that Mohammed wished him to know that he was falsely accused, and if he would be kind enough to inform the cadi of this fact, he would be liberal in defraying the expenses of justice. At this instant Mohammed made his appearance, and saluted the sergeant.

'Your servant, sir: how is your precious health? I sincerely trust that you are well, and your affairs prosperous.'

'Good-morrow,' replied the agha; 'I wish you well. Is it against you, friend, that this proceeding is commenced? Come with me to the effendi, and I shall lay the whole matter before him; and Heaven defend the right!'

The agha then led the way to the house of the cadi; and upon the defendant being called for, he introduced him in flattering terms. 'Here he is, my lord; it is our countryman, Mohammed Dibilay the grocer.' The judge replied, that it did not signify who he was, and commanded the parties to stand before him side by side. The plaintiff was then ordered to state his claims, which he did in a plain, unvarnished manner. The cadi next called Mohammed for his defence. He replied: 'My lord, you are the minister of justice, and falsehood would avail little in your presence. One might as well attempt to cover the sun with mud as to deceive you. The merchant says that I received goods from him to the value of thirty-five purses. This is true, my lord; but he did not allow me to set one foot before another until he had obtained the whole amount. Yes, if my right be not acknowledged in this court, I will carry my cause before the sultan's council; and if there also justice be not rendered me, I appeal from the presence of man to the tribunal of the Great Supreme.'

'I understand,' said the judge; 'but can you now prove by witnesses that you paid the money?'

'I have witnesses, my lord; but how can I produce them at a moment's notice? Order the merchant to swear that he has not received the full amount. But if he be willing to take such an oath, I shall not easily be prevailed upon to lose so large a sum of money, but shall extricate myself from this difficulty in another way.'

The cadi informed Mr George that the law obliged him to make oath if the defendant wished it, and asked him if he were willing to do so. As some Christians decline taking a Mohammedan oath, Mohammed hoped that his accuser might be of this number, and that the matter might be thus summarily terminated. But in this he was disappointed. The merchant, indeed, at first hesitated; but finding that if he did not comply he must lose the whole money, without any hope of appeal, he signified his willingness to comply. Mohammed then shifted about, and requested the judge to dispense with the oath, assuring him that he had such clear evidence of having paid the money, that he preferred being at the trouble of producing it in court. The obsequious cadi assented, and ordered all parties to appear again in three days. Security was taken that the defendant did not abscond.

Dibilay was scarcely seated in his shop, and had just began to regale himself with his pipe, when the Jew suddenly appeared, and with a smiling simper, whispered—'How well you have managed matters! Take care and don't play me a trick, for half the money is clearly mine. I had my creatures posted at all the avenues of the court, to instruct me in what was passing. Now, we must look out for witnesses.'

Adjoining the mehkemy of Mahmoud Pasha there is a certain coffeeroom, frequented by persons of loose character, who live by their wits instead of honest labour. Here witnesses can always be procured—men who are ready to swear to anything. As Turkish law requires the testimony of two disinterested parties, two of these men concoct a story between themselves, and are ready, for a trifling bribe, to swear to all its particulars. Having very fertile imaginations, and being accustomed to the business, they easily invent a number of particulars which have the semblance of truth itself. It is true that in such a cross-questioning as takes place in British courts of law, their evidence would soon break down, and a clever lawyer would easily get them convicted of perjury. However, these knaves in Constantinople know with whom they have to deal. Their opponent is a simple man, else they browbeat him, and throw him off his guard; and they are previously assured that the judge is on their side. It is only by a manœuvre in changing the court, and giving a *retaining fee* to another judge, that there is any hope of success.

Not far from the coffeehouse to which we have alluded, there used to be a fruiterer's shop, with a convenient back-parlour for parties wishing to take refreshment at their leisure. This man was in league with the visitors at the coffeeroom, and he for a long time kept up a thriving trade. But upon an unfortunate occasion, when they were playing tricks upon a hapless Greek, the latter bribed the grand vizier with the present of a handsome girl to do him justice; upon which a regular smash of the confederates took place; the perjurers were sent to the galleys, the master of the coffeehouse was bastinadoed, and the fruiterer deemed it prudent to change his place of residence, having spread the report that he had died of plague. When the storm passed over, another occupant was found in the shop, pursuing a twofold business as before—selling conscience and merchandise at the same time.

Into this back-parlour the confederate Mohammedan and Jew now entered; and upon their ordering certain provisions for a dinner at sunset, which was not far off, the fruiterer understood their meaning, and hastened to the coffeeroom.

'Come to my house,' whispered he to the landlord, 'about a little affair, out of which, I guess, we shall reap some profit.'

The landlord immediately exclaimed: 'My dear sir, the negro of whom you speak—I used to see him every day in this square with his plate. He has not been here for some days, but if I can hear any news about him, I shall bring you word.'

This remark attracted the notice of some bystanders, who immediately made inquiries about what the negro had done.

'He has played a trick upon the unfortunate fruiterer, having stolen honey, butter, and sweetmeats out of his shop, and the fruiterer is now after him.'

One of the persons present observed that he had just seen a negro in the Place of Sultan Bajazet's mosque; and the landlord intimated that he must give his friend this piece of important information. As he was going out of the house two gentlemen followed, saying: 'Landlord, whatever may be the business afloat, you know well! Our brethren are all engaged abroad, but we have had nothing to do for a week.'

When he reached the fruiterer's, he was soon made acquainted with the business on hand, and immediately sent for the two gentlemen just alluded to, under pretence of their giving information about the negro. On their arrival, Mohammed ordered pipes and coffee, and then unfolded his case.

'Gentlemen, listen to me, for I shall hide nothing from you. I bought of a Frank merchant goods to the amount of thirty-five purses. But how could I divine? I thought him to be an honourable man like myself; but now he demands of me thirty-three purses.

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Be pleased to devise some method of extricating me from this dilemma.'

After some moments of thought, accompanied by large fumes of smoke, one of them gravely replied: 'That which is passed, is passed; and that which is done, is done. Let us look at the future. When you paid the money had you any witnesses of the transaction?'

'None,' said Jacob. 'No man was present but Dibilay and myself. He paid the merchant in current gold. I witnessed the fact: but my interest is opposed to my giving evidence in this case, for I am under the protection of the Franks, and it would be difficult for me to open my mouth. Try, therefore, to find out a plan for arranging the matter without mentioning my name. This will be a meritorious act on your part.'

One of the gentlemen then addressed his companion, 'What say you, brother? If any one, ignorant of the whole truth, were to see us meddling in this concern, he would say: "Look at those gentlemen in violet trousers, with large coats and painted eyebrows! They are going to give false testimony." And yet, thank Heaven, we are far from meriting such evil surmisings: we only wish to deliver the innocent out of the pit of the wicked into which they have fallen! What is your advice?'

The other replied: 'Brother, thy reflection is just. May Heaven protect the good in his proper rights! Jew, you are a true man: so is Dibilay. Nevertheless, the path which we must pursue is a crooked one. So you must give five hundred piastres to myself, and the same to my comrade; one hundred piastres to the landlord, and as much to the fruiterer. Moreover, the kiahkya of the Caziashur of Roumelie is our friend, and we should make him a present, that the caziashur in person may judge the process. This is the best mode of procedure. Give me now ten piastres, that I may get a chouash to write a request to the caziashur, that he will himself take cognizance of this affair in presence of the grand vizier.'

Mohammed tried in vain to reduce the demand of the gentleman. He pleaded poverty; asked for their sympathy; and promised them the favour of Heaven, if they would engage for a smaller amount. They told him, that however inconvenient it might be for him to give them this little remuneration, it would be much more so to pay the Frank thirty-three purses: and that he had evidently mistaken their character and profession. 'Let one of your eyes weep, that the other may laugh: we must have four purses to cover all expenses.' Dibilay was obliged to submit. The landlord then sent for the chouash, Osman Agha, to procure a form of appeal to the Supreme Court. The gentlemen also paid a visit to the kiahkya of the caziashur, when the following conversation ensued:—

Salaam, Ali Effendi! I have come about an affair out of which we may gain both merit and money.

Kiahkya. Salaam Aleikum, who have grown old in bearing false witness. You rogue! I believe you when you say there is one God: but after that, I do not give credit to one word which falls from your mouth.

Gentleman. My lord, when have I told you a lie?

K. If you were in the habit of speaking truth, you would not pursue the trade of a false witness. But let us cease this badinage. Will the case bring us a little money?

Gent. I have seen a grocer who bought some spices from a Frank; but the merchant, after receiving payment, demands it a second time. Dibilay has no witnesses. What could he do, poor fellow? He has had recourse to us—and you may divine the rest.

K. What offer does he make? If he will give half a purse for me, and a purse to the effendi, besides the expenses of court, you may carry your suit before the effendi, in whose eyes I will make your testimony agree as clearly as if it were truth.

Gent. My lord, if we give a purse and a half, cannot the thing be arranged? For according to your demands, we shall have little for ourselves. But I am your slave.

K. Oh hypocrite! I will abate nothing. Go, bring your cause before this tribunal, and all will go well.

Next morning, a dragoman was despatched to bring Mr George to court; for the confederates had agreed to take him by surprise, lest he should find means to frustrate their schemes by bribing some witnesses on his part to tell the truth. The caziashur sat by the side of the grand vizier; the other parties stood before him. The vizier knew little about law or justice, as he had recently been elevated to his high station, according to the Turkish notions, that 'a man who is good at one business will be good at another,' and that 'Allah, who gives the rank, will give ability to occupy it aright.' Upon hearing the nature of the cause now before him, he wished at once to put all the parties under arrest till a competent person should inquire into their characters and circumstances; but asked the caziashur what he would advise to be done. He replied: 'My lord, your opinion is well founded, and is such as becomes your august dignity. Yet, according to the usual forms of judicature, we should first take the depositions of the witnesses, and afterwards endeavour to verify their testimony. Their evidence may be true, so that you must beware of unpleasant consequences. But if you approve my advice, and will charge me with the management of the business, I will appoint some mediator to bring the parties to an amicable settlement.'

The vizier readily assented to this proposition, which would save him from farther trouble, and would be attended with no odium from his European acquaintances. The chouash and dragoman were instructed to procure a settlement of the case. The contending parties easily perceived that they must submit to this authority; for whoever should refuse to comply would inevitably lose his suit. The dragoman argued the matter with the Frank, and the chouash with the Mohammedan, and after much altercation, each succeeded in persuading his client to abate fifteen purses. There still remained a difference of three purses and the law expenses, for which the chouash said 'Heaven would provide, and they might regard the matter as settled.'

'Singular idea!' rejoined the dragoman; 'when the ragout is cooked and ready for eating, would you put it again into cold water? Doubtless he who pays so large a sum is ready with a trifling balance, and must bear the expenses.'

After some further bantering, Mohammed at last yielded to his advisers, saying in a dejected tone: 'All of this money will be a dead loss to me; and you know that one cannot take two skins off one sheep. But my credit and character are at stake. What can I do? Well, I suppose a stroke of fate has fallen upon my fortune rather than upon my head, and I must resign myself to the fatality. This day you have trampled me under foot, and I am become stupified. Do as you please; but may Heaven preserve the faithful from the hands of the law!'

The parties were ordered to appear in court on the following day, mutually to discharge each other from any further claims. Dibilay came late; then putting a bag of gold into the hands of the dragoman, he said, with a solemn but decisive tone: 'Here is all the money that I can muster. Here are the fifteen purses which I offered to give. Of the three purses which made the difference between us, I have brought eight hundred piastres, and two hundred for the expenses of court. I can do no more.'

Mr George was easily prevailed upon to accept the amount now tendered; and the parties, having declared themselves satisfied, retired.

Dibilay repaired to the fruiterer's, and settled his account for the bribes of justice; and returned home,

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satisfied with the gain of his fraud, which amounted to twelve purses. But the Jew expected to divide the spoil; and immediately appeared with a smiling countenance, congratulating his friend on the issue of the lawsuit, and intimating his readiness to receive a little cash on account of his share. The wily Mohammedan, however, appeared not to recognise him; and said in a loud, gruff voice, 'What do you want, Jew? Have you lost your wits? For some minutes you have been babbling nonsense before my shop, as if you were a madman. If you *are* a fool, I have a stick ready for you; if you are a mendicant, may Heaven help you! if you are a brazen-face, I have yet more brass than yourself. But I see what is the matter: you have not to-day been able to allure any one into sin! Infidel, may Heaven destroy thy house and religion! Begone, or I will break your head!'

The heart of Jacob Aaron sunk within him. He loitered for a moment; but perceiving Mohammed's neighbours gathering around, each venting curses against the seed and creed of Israel, he retired with all convenient speed, muttering imprecations upon the house of Islam; but at last cursing his own folly for giving credit to the word of a Mussulman, and concluding with this instructive apostrophe, 'By my beard, the proverb truly says, the best cunning is to have none!' As he passed through the gate which bounds the Turkish quarter of the city, he unobservedly shook off the dust from his sandals, and was not again connected with a Mohammedan trick. Mr George, who, like most Englishmen, was formerly a grumbler at the costliness and uncertainty of English law, has since become silent on that subject.

MILD WINTERS.

To say that everybody talks about the weather, is to state a fact with which everybody is already acquainted: fair or foul, it seems of necessity to be the initial topic of ordinary conversation. No one objects to say a good word in favour of a fine day, because, as Shenstone observes, 'people can commend it without envy.' Most persons must have remarked that weather-talk is in general mere guess-talk. Yet meteorological science is somewhat advanced towards the point of certainty; the doctrine of cause and effect is more clearly appreciable than formerly; and the unseen influences which modify climate are found referable to constant or periodical laws, whose action is not less interesting than beneficial.

It is pretty well known that geographers divide the space from the equator to the pole into twenty-four climates, the differences varying from half an hour in the torrid and temperate zones up to a month in the polar regions. Assuming lines of demarcation for all these divisions, they are seen to fluctuate and present many anomalous departures from uniformity. Situation has much to do with this derangement: continents, as is well known, are hotter and colder than islands. At the equator, where a perpetual summer temperature prevails, there are but two seasons—wet and dry; while in England we have four distinct and marked seasons, but liable to all sorts of irregularities and disturbances, in which, however, the polar character prevails over the tropical—a consequence of our geographical position on the globe. Dove of Berlin, who has so ably elucidated many of the phenomena of climate in his maps of isothermal lines, observes: 'In all the stations or places of observation of the torrid and temperate zones, the elasticity of the vapour of water contained in the atmosphere increases with the elevation of temperature. This increase, from the cold to the warm months, is greatest in the region of the monsoons, particularly towards the northern limits; and in North America a little more sensible than in Europe: that the pressure of dry air diminishes at all the stations with a slight exception on the north-west of America (and perhaps in Iceland), from the cold to the hot months: the minimum for the temperate zone falls in the hottest months, and consequently in July in the boreal hemisphere, and in January or February in the austral hemisphere: the maximum of this oscillation is at the northern limit of the northern monsoon, and much more marked in the southern than in the northern hemisphere: that from the simultaneous action of these two changes immediately results the periodical changes of atmospheric pressure, which, by the relative diversity between the one and the other, present themselves differently in different countries.' In these statements we have, as it were, a key to some of the laws affecting the moisture or the dryness of climate.

Moscow, with an arctic winter, and so near as it is to the pole, has a summer heat equal to that of Spain, while in England the climate partakes of neither extreme. The milder temperatures of islands is caused by the fact, that the surface-water of the surrounding ocean sinks as soon as its temperature falls below forty degrees, and is replaced by warmer water from beneath. In the coldest month of the year London is colder than Edinburgh or the Orkneys, but the mean heat of the London summer is greater than at the other two places—an amount of fluctuation which is essentially beneficial; for an occasional rise to eighty or ninety degrees is far more favourable to vegetation than a constant mild temperature, which, though it would make fruit, never produces ripeness.

If, however, the presence of a circumjacent sea preserves us here in England from great extremes of heat and cold, it exposes us in another way to what appears an undue amount of moisture, varying in different localities. The average number of rainy days in the year on the eastern side of the island is 185, while on the western side it is 205. The annual rain-fall at Keswick, omitting decimals, is 62 inches; at Lincoln, 24 inches; at Liverpool, 34 inches; at Aberdeen and London, 20 inches; at Manchester, 36 inches; at Edinburgh, 22 inches. Winter has most rainy days, but summer the most rain. The yearly average is, however, exposed to disturbing causes, by which it may be greatly modified—the prevalence of particular winds, or the character of the country. Considerable effect is produced by the presence or absence of trees. Large plains are remarkable for their dryness and frequent barrenness. Humboldt says: 'By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of the mountains, men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations—the want of fuel, and a scarcity of water. Trees, by the nature of their perspiration, and the radiation from their leaves in a sky without clouds, surround themselves with an atmosphere constantly cold and misty. They affect the copiousness of springs—not, as was long believed, by a peculiar attraction for the vapours diffused through the air, but because, by sheltering the soil from the direct action of the sun, they diminish the evaporation of the water produced by rain. When the forests are destroyed, as they are everywhere in America by the European planters, with an imprudent precipitation, the springs are entirely dried up, or become less abundant.' Whether the cutting down of the trees—as has often been proposed—which now grow so pleasantly and numerously on the hedgerows over most parts of England, would produce any alteration for the better or worse in our climate, is a matter to be settled only by analogy or experience. As far as observation extends, the cutting down of trees tends to produce aridity; at the same time it has been remarked, that the winters in Canada and the adjacent states are less severe in proportion as the land is cleared. In Pinang, the inhabitants 'have memorialised government against the destruction of their forests, sure that the result by its continuance will be the ruin of the climate.' In the deep valley of Aragua,

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in South America, is a lake which has no outlet, and lying closely surrounded by woods. 'Between 1555, when it was described by Oviedo, and 1800, when it was visited by Humboldt, the lake had sunk five or six feet, and had receded several miles from its former shores—the portion of the basin thus left dry appearing the most fertile land in the neighbourhood.' Here was the effect of the cutting down of trees; but 'when the war of liberation broke out, agriculture was neglected, and the wood from the hills was no longer required by human industry—a great jungle began to prevail over all. The result was, that within twenty years not only had the lake ceased to subside, but begun once more to rise and threaten the country with general inundation.' At Marmoto also, a town situated deep in the vast forests of Popayan, an analogous effect occurred. Water-power is used to work the machinery of the neighbouring mines, and the supply of water 'was observed to decrease steadily as the wood was cut down. Within the space of two years from the commencement of the clearing, the decrease of the flow of the water had occasioned alarm. The clearing was now suspended, and the diminution ceased. A rain-gauge was established, when it appeared that the fall of rain had not diminished concomitantly with the flow of the streams. The clearings were too local to affect the general condition of the climate; the rain which fell, however, instead of percolating, as was its wont, through the soil, when shaded by trees, producing springs, rivulets, and brooks, now dried up, and was carried of in vapour as it fell.' Similar instances have been noticed in other parts of South America, and in India and Switzerland. In the island of Ascension, a spring at the foot of a wooded mountain dried up as the trees were cut, but flowed again as the wood was permitted to renew itself. And in St Helena, steady falls of rain have been produced by the growing up of woods which have from time to time been planted under direction of the authorities, and for nine years the periodical floods which formerly caused great mischief have altogether ceased.

Besides these more direct results, the temperature of a country is, as observed with regard to Canada, affected by the greater or lesser wooded area of its surface. A change is produced in the soil as well as in the atmosphere; for it is a fact well known to agriculturists, that land cleared and drained is warmed by the rains which percolate from the surface to the drains beneath. It must be remembered that we have a combined or double atmosphere—water and air; the former always resolving itself into vapour of extreme levity under favourable temperatures. The more air is condensed the higher becomes its temperature; a given quantity of air at 55 degrees, if compressed into half its bulk, would have doubled its heat to 110 degrees—a fact which has a material bearing on the subject of the present article. It has been shewn that a rise takes place in the isothermal lines of the northern hemisphere in winter—a result which Dove refers to the action of the sun causing evaporation of the waters of the southern tropic, which then pass over to the north. But to this it was replied, at the last meeting of the British Association, that 'the West Indies constitute the principal point of departure of this vapour, and in the month of January it is carried by south-west and west winds to those localities where the isothermal lines advance farthest towards the pole. It is, accordingly, to the condensation of this vapour, and not to the neighbourhood of the Atlantic Ocean in the latitude, that we are to attribute the high temperature of this part of the world in the winter. The Atlantic Ocean is as near to Labrador as to Norway; but there is little condensation on the coast of the former, while there is much about the latter. Indeed, as far as we know, condensation of vapour is the only influence that operates exclusively on the eastern coasts of the two oceans, the Pacific and Atlantic; and therefore to it we may attribute the warming of the localities, particularly in the Arctic Ocean, as indicated by the isothermal lines. Condensation, we know, furnishes a constant and abundant supply of heat, not like diffusion by contact, but by the energetic chemical action which converts an aëriform substance into a liquid, and consequently changes the heat from a latent to an active state.'

On the other hand, the extraordinary mildness of the winter which has just passed is attributed by several of our most distinguished meteorologists to the Gulph stream, which has within the last few months traversed the Atlantic in more than its usual volume. The temperature of the ocean near our coasts is said to have been from two to three degrees higher than usual; and it has been shewn that, if by any contrivance of dams, embankments, or sluices, we could control the passage of the stream, we might always insure a mild winter; or that, if our transatlantic neighbours, the Americans, could interpose barriers to prevent the flow in its present direction, they would at once give us a Siberian climate, with all our rivers and ports frozen up during nine months of the year. Happily the phenomenon is one of Nature's mightiest operations, over which man has no power; and while it continues we may hope from time to time to see such winters as the last, with no snow, and but little frost, and with so genial a temperature that the landscape lost not its greenness, the hedgerows seemed impatient to renew their buds, and in Middlesex and the adjoining counties primroses were gathered in abundance on sheltered banks as early as January.

PROFESSOR GREGORY ON CLAIRVOYANCE.*

A VERY considerable portion of the thinking world will be startled in the midst of their settled incredulity and indifference towards what are called the higher phenomena of animal magnetism, when they find a professor of physical science in the Edinburgh University not merely expressing his belief in them, but treating them in a laborious work which aims at assigning them their proper rank and place amongst the recognised phenomena of nature. It will be at once apparent, that for a scientific man of good reputation to avow his reliance upon a set of alleged facts which are generally ridiculed, is 'awkward' for him—few things being more damaging than an appearance of credulity. With generous minds, again, the very moral courage of the act ought to save him from being a loser by his avowal. This will more particularly be the case, if they give his book a perusal, for there they will find a calmness, a purity, and a geniality of feeling, as captivating to the affections of the reader, as the temperance of statement must be respectable in the eyes of his judgment.

Nor, it must be owned, is the learned professor's logic to be despised. To allege of these phenomena that they are 'obviously incredible and impossible, and therefore to be rejected without inquiry,' involves, he says, a complete *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. A pretension to know what is, or what is not impossible, is in the present state of science ludicrous. There are, indeed, some things which we *know* to be impossible—as that two and two could make more than four, or that the three angles of any triangle could make more than two right angles. But the facts in question are not of this character. They are at the utmost difficult to

* Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. Pp. 528.

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explain—which is the case of many facts which are admitted. A philosopher, for example, is entitled to assume, but he cannot *explain*, the law of gravitation. The laws of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, are in the same state. In answer to the allegation of deceit, it may be said, this being brought forward without inquiry, is merely one hypothesis against another. Some of the facts are irreconcilable with it; for example, the acceleration of the pulse, the fixed state of the pupil of the eye, and the cataleptic rigidity of the muscles. As to the many failures in public exhibitions—'were any man,' says the professor, 'to fail in the simple experiment of dipping his finger, without injury, into red-hot melted lead, and to burn himself severely, we should not be justified in denying the fact that it may be done with impunity. A thousand failures could only prove that we did not perform, or know how to perform, the experiment properly; that we did not know, or did not attend to the conditions necessary to success; and one successful trial would outweigh them all. Precisely so is it,' adds our author, 'with animal magnetism.'

What Dr Gregory demands, is only that the alleged facts should be inquired into. 'When the witnesses are numerous, their character unimpeached, and the fact not physically or mathematically impossible, caution is not entitled to go further than to say, "I am not satisfied; I must inquire into these things." If he [the sceptic] will not or cannot investigate them, let him in decency be silent.' 'It may be added, that Dr Gregory disapproves of public exhibitions, and all regarding of the subject as a matter of amusement. He sees it to be a new and most important section of nature, and he desires it to be approached in a philosophic spirit, and brought to use only for the relief of suffering and the general benefit of mankind.

A large portion of the volume is occupied with a detail of the lower phenomena, respecting which the public is already pretty well informed. The author afterwards goes on to treat of sympathy and clairvoyance. The former involves community of sensation and emotion between the patient and his magnetiser. It also, in many cases, involves *thought-reading*; a perfect consciousness on the part of the patient of the ideas passing through the mind of the operator, even those referring to past times. Of patients with this degree of lucidity, some have announced things once known to the experimenter, but forgotten. Dr Gregory, however, surmises that this phenomenon may not be dependent on sympathy, but on that simple extension of knowledge which arises from clairvoyance. Another result of sympathy is the ability to tell of the bodily state of the operator—describing, for example, a diseased condition of the brain or heart, and announcing the sensations of those organs. Professor Gregory assures us of his having himself fully ascertained that this may be done in the absence of the individual, through the medium of a lock of hair, or any object that has been in contact with the person; even a recent specimen of handwriting. 'Sympathy,' remarks our author, 'is widely diffused as a natural spontaneous occurrence. . . . How often does an inexplicable something warn certain persons that an absent and dearly-beloved friend or relation is in danger, or dying! This is an effect of sympathy. Every one has heard, in his own circle, of numerous instances of it. I am informed, for example, by a lady nearly related to me, that her mother always had such a warning at the time when any near and dear friend died. This occurred so often as to leave no doubt whatever of the fact. It happened that this lady more than once made the voyage to and from India, and that during the voyage she on several occasions said to her daughter and to others, "I feel certain that such a person is dead." On reaching port, these perceptions were always found to be true.'

Clairvoyance occurs both in the sleep and in a conscious but still magnetic state, and it appears in various degrees of lucidity and power in different persons. The number of specialties connected with it is too great to be detailed here. The general fact, however, is a power of seeing objects at a distance, persons unknown to the patient in a waking state, and even individuals long dead. We select a case of the simplest kind, referring to individuals, some of whom are known to ourselves. 'At the house of Dr Schmitz, rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy of about nine years of age put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be clairvoyant, I requested him, through his magnetiser, whom alone he heard, to visit mentally my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked, began to describe the back drawing-room, in which he saw a sideboard with glasses, and on the sideboard a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact, this room, although I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a sideboard, on which stood at that moment glasses; and an apparatus for preparing soda-water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the pianoforte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This I ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr Schmitz took with him his son; and when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr Schmitz's son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr Schmitz stood looking on. He then said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and being asked about Dr Schmitz, declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr Schmitz was beating his son, not with a stick, although he saw a stick in the room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes; and when Dr Schmitz returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. Here thought-reading was absolutely impossible; for neither I, nor any one present, had the least idea of what Dr Schmitz was to do; nor indeed had Dr Schmitz himself, till I suggested it, known that such an experiment was to be tried. I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that the boy actually saw what was done; for to suppose that he had guessed it, appears to me a great deal more wonderful.'

Major Buckley is an amateur magnetist of great activity, with some peculiarities of practice, which need not be dwelt upon. He has brought 142 persons, almost all of the upper classes, into a state of lucidity. A favourite experiment with him is to cause gentlemen to purchase a quantity of those nuts which are to be had in confectioners' shops, having mottoes enclosed, and to bring these to his patient, who will read the motto within. He has had forty-four persons capable of performing this feat. 'The longest motto read by any of them was one containing ninety-eight words. Many subjects will read motto after motto without one mistake. In this way the mottoes contained in 4860 nutshells have been read.' 'Sir T. Willshire took home with him a nest of boxes belonging to Major Buckley,

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and placed in the inner box a slip of paper, on which he had written a word. Some days later he brought back the boxes, sealed up in paper, and asked one of Major Buckley's clairvoyantes to read the word. Major Buckley made passes over the boxes, when she said she saw the word "Concert." Sir T. Willshire declared that she was right as to the first and last letters, but that the word was different. She persisted, when he told her that the word was "Correct." But on opening the boxes, the word proved to be "Concert." This case is very remarkable; for, had the clairvoyante read the word by thought-reading, she would have read it according to the belief of Sir T. Willshire, who had either intended to write "correct," or in the interval, forgot that he had written "concert," but certainly believed the former to be the word.'

Dr Gregory publishes a letter from a clergyman, regarding a poor man named James Smith, residing at Whalsay in Shetland, who has lately been attracting local attention as a clairvoyant. The reverend writer went, full of incredulity, to test the reality of the matter, and, most unexpectedly to himself, was forced to own that there could be no deception in it. 'One evening, after he had been thrown into the mesmeric sleep, my friend and fellow-traveller asked him to 'accompany him to a certain place which he was thinking of, but the name or locality of which he did not mention, nor in the least hint at. The clairvoyant described the house, first the outside, with "big trees" round it, then several rooms in the interior; and being directed to enter a particular apartment which was indicated to him by its position, he described the appearance and occupation of a gentleman and two ladies who were in it; declared that he saw a picture over the mantelpiece; and being farther questioned, deponed that it was the picture of a man, and that there was a name below it; and being urged to read the name, after experiencing some difficulty with the penmanship, he affirmed that the last word of the *name was "Wood," which he slowly but correctly spelt.* The house was near Edinburgh; and when we came to compare notes, on our return from Shetland, we found that the description of the individuals in the room at the time had been quite correct; and we *saw* over the mantelpiece a print of the *Rev. J. J. Wood of Dumfries*, with his name written below.'

The narrator continues—'He went in search of Sir John Franklin, and found the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, spelling the name of each on the stern of the vessel. I am sorry now that I did not make such full and explicit inquiries upon this subject as its importance and the interest attaching to it deserve; or as it would have been proper to institute, in order to compare the statements of this clairvoyant with those of others. During the time when I had him in hand, my experiments were almost entirely of a kind which were fitted to be conclusive upon the spot. However, I heard him declare that the *Erebus* was fast locked up; that those on board were alive, but in low spirits; and that, in answer to his inquiries, they said that they had little hope of making their escape. He affirmed that there was water for a certain distance round the *Terror*, but that she was not clear of the ice. Of course I gave no opinion as to the correctness of *these* revelations. The date when they were made was about the 22d of August 1850. When sent to these northern regions, and as long as he was kept there, he appeared to be shivering with cold, and declared the cold to be intense.'

A clairvoyante girl, of humble grade, under the care of Dr Haddock of Leeds (her name is given as E——), who has been remarkably successful in many cases where a test was applicable, had a specimen of the handwriting of Sir John Franklin submitted to her in the course of the winter before last. She found the unfortunate navigator in one of two vessels, fixed in ice, and surrounded with walls of snow. 'She described,' says Professor Gregory, 'the dress, mode of life, food, &c. of the crews. She saw and described Sir John, and said that he still hoped to get out, but was much surprised that no vessels had come to assist him. She frequently spoke of his occupations, and when asked the time of day, found it either by looking at a timepiece in the cabin, or by consulting Sir John's watch. During the winter and spring of 1849–50, and part of the summer of 1850, she uniformly indicated the same difference of time, which I cannot at present give precisely, but which was nearly seven hours. At whatever hour she was magnetised and sent there, she always made the same difference. Nay more, when the time there was nine or ten A.M. (four or five P.M. at Bolton), she would say that such was the hour, but that it was still dark, and lights were burning in the early part of summer. Now, it is quite absurd to suppose that this totally uneducated girl has any notion of the relation of longitude to time, or of the difference between an arctic day and one in our latitude. E—— also, being shewn the handwriting of several of the officers of the expedition, found and described them. One was dead (shelled, as she said, when she was asked.) Another, at a later period, was dangerously frostbitten, but recovered. She said, that in one of the ships the provisions were exhausted, but that the other contained provisions. She described the fish, seals, and other animals hunted and killed for food and oil by the crews. Of, or rather to, one officer she said that he was the doctor, although not dressed like a doctor, but like the rest, in skins; that he was a firstrate shot, and was fond of killing animals to preserve them. (This is really the case with Mr Goodsir, whose writing she was then examining.) She added a multitude of curious details, for which I have no space, and they will no doubt be published by Dr Haddock. But I may mention, that on a Sunday afternoon in February 1850, she said it was about ten A.M. there, and described the captain (Sir John) as reading prayers to the crew, who knelt in a circle, with their faces upwards, looking to him, and appearing very sorrowful. She even named the chapter of St Mark's gospel which he read on that occasion. She also spoke, on one occasion, of Sir John as dejected, which he was not before, and said that the men tried to cheer him up. She further spoke of their burning coarse oil and fish refuse for warmth, and drinking a finer oil for the same purpose. All this time she continued to give the same difference of time, from which the longitude might be calculated. This time, seven hours, or nearly, from Bolton, gives a west longitude of about 100° to 115°, which corresponds very well with the probable position of Sir John. But at a later period, all of a sudden she gave a difference of time of somewhere between six and seven hours, indicating that the ships had moved eastward. She was not, after this, quite so uniform in the difference of time as before, and seemed not to see it so clearly; but she persisted that they had moved homeward; and if we take about 6½ hours as the later difference, this would indicate a longitude of about 97° 30′ W. After this change she also said that Sir John had been met and relieved, and has always since then seen three ships, which, for a long time past, are said by her to be frozen up together. The last observation of which I have heard, 17th February 1851, gave a longitude of 101° 45′ W. At the same time, from Captain Austin's writing, which has also been frequently tried, she gave for him the longitude of 95° 45′ W. She does not know whose ship it is, that, according to her, has met with Franklin, but she still speaks of three ships together. I should add, that when E—— has been sent there at such an hour and season that it was night in those latitudes, she has quite spontaneously described the aurora borealis, which she once saw, as an arch, rising as if from the ground at one end, and descending to it again at the other. From this arch coloured

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streamers rose upwards, and some of these curved backwards. She was much surprised and delighted with it, and asked if that was the country the rainbow came from. She had never been told anything whatever about the aurora, and knows nothing of it.'

The reader will appreciate the degree of confidence which a believer in clairvoyance will repose in this interesting vaticination, when he learns what is said to have been accomplished in other cases by E——. Having been shewn the handwriting of a Mr W. Willey, and his friend Mr Morgan, who were travelling in California, she gave an account, which was found to be quite correct, of their persons and occupations, and of various occurrences connected with them. She described Mr Morgan as ill of a fever, and as having had a dream regarding his wife coming to see him. She also said that he had fallen overboard. All of these particulars, and many others, though quite unknown at the time in England, proved true. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Baronet, having received a letter from a lady in London, in 'which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr Haddock, to see whether E—— could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described minutely the house and furniture, and said she saw the *marks* of the watch (the phrase she employs for the traces left by persons or things, probably luminous to her) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial-plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman, whom she described, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added, that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E——, she spoke *to* the person seen, as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated, that E——'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicions rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E—— instantly selected that of the girl she had described, became very angry, and said: "You are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it, but you took it—you know you did." Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter, containing this information, had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed that the girl indicated as the thief by E—— had brought back the watch, saying she had found it. In this case Sir W. Trevelyan was at a great distance from Bolton, and, even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, the watch, or the persons concerned, except the lady, so that, even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyante, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance.'

It chances that, while this article was in preparation, we received a communication containing an account of a domestic experiment in clairvoyance, performed under the care of a gentleman previously incredulous, but who is now converted to a different way of thinking. It is not of uncommon interest in itself: perhaps it rather falls below the average in this respect; but it has an important feature in being reported by a gentleman perfectly known to us, and who is also pretty generally known throughout a large district in the south of Scotland as a man of probity, and by no means of a facile character. We therefore append it:—

'Cleuchfoot, *April* 21, 1851.

'A young lady, Miss M——, being here on a visit, was put into the mesmeric trance by a young gentleman, Mr W——, son of my worthy friend, a clergyman of the established church. Mr W—— then asked the young lady to accompany him to the manse. To this she at first objected, on the ground of not being acquainted. This scruple being got over, they entered a carriage, and drove off. Mr W—— then said, "You are in the manse dining-room; look round, and tell us what you see?" She replied, "I see the minister sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and doing nothing." She was then asked if she saw any other person in the room—she said, "I see Mrs A—— sitting sewing at the end window." Asked colour of the seam—she said, "White." Saw no other person in the room. Looked round again, and said, "Mrs A—— had left the room." Then asked if she saw any paintings in the room—she said, "Three." Mr W—— said, "Look round again;" when she said, "I see other two—five in all." She said she saw the portraits of a lady and gentleman above the fireplace. Asked to read the name—she said, "The duke." Asked what duke—she said, "Buccleuch."

'She was then asked to read the name at the bottom of another portrait—she said, "There was a mist before her eyes: she could not read; but it began with G. Asked the number of windows—she said, "Two." Asked the colour of the window-curtains—she said, "Red:" the colour of the table-cover in the middle of the room—she said, "Red." Asked if there was a bookcase in the room—she said, "Yes; near the end window."

'I wrote down the above answers as they were given, in presence of other two ladies and a gentleman. I rode to the manse next day in company with Mr W—— (a distance of four miles), and after a rigorous inquiry, we found the above answers of the clairvoyante accurate to the very letter.

'Now here is a case of clairvoyance liable to no possible objection. Collusion, from the character of the parties, is out of the question; and from the circumstances, impossible. The lady had never been in the manse but once when a girl; and when out of the mesmeric state, she had no idea of anything which the house contained. It is worthy of notice that the red tablecover had not been used except for some time that forenoon, and was not on the table next day when we arrived. Miss M—— knows that two young ladies lived in the manse, but them she could not be made to see; and they were from home, unknown to the clairvoyante.

Walter Tod.'

Dr Gregory thinks that the oracles, and many other of the so-called impostures of antiquity—second-sight among ourselves, and the magic mirror of Dr Dee—may yet be explained 'as connected with animal magnetism in some of its innumerable developments.' Assuming that there is such a thing as spontaneous clairvoyance amongst us—that is, clairvoyance without the use of external means to bring it on, and perhaps the result of a diseased condition of the nervous system—it is very certain that such a person in early superstitious ages would be looked upon as endowed with supernatural knowledge. To eke it out, or mix it up with imposture, and convert it to the support of a religious system, would also be very natural. If the facts of clairvoyance be ever generally admitted as scientific truths, it will be a curious consideration that such things may be more readily embraced in a superstitious than in a scientific age—science thus appearing as more calculated to limit than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge. The reason is, that science, from its own peculiar methods, tends to create an exclusive favour for things perceptible to the senses, and to set at nought, if not utterly condemn, the whole range of things spiritual. Here we find ourselves on the borders of one of the great questions of our time—one which threatens to lead to serious collisions ere many years go about. But we must refrain from speculation.

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Suffice it that we bring before our readers even these imperfect illustrations of a curious topic of the day, leaving the candid to inquire, and the egotistic to rest satisfied that they, without any inquiry, know a great deal better how things really stand in respect of animal magnetism than those who, having seen, now believe.

THE BEREAVED TROMBONE.

I HAVE been for the last dozen years in the habit of walking daily to office in one direction, through a line of route reaching from a northerly suburb to the heart of the city, and back again in the evening, or late at night, as it might happen, by the self-same track. During that period, without asking a single question, or receiving a tittle of verbal information, I have learned the personal and domestic histories of many individuals and families, as well as the rise and management, and the consequent results and issues of a host of speculations, commercial and other, which have had their progress and consummation within the sphere of my continued remark. I may chronicle some of these histories when the humour seizes me—not now. One dilapidated figure, familiar to my morning vision, which he greeted two or three times a week for the last ten years, has disappeared for ever, and I dedicate this brief page to his remembrance. For the last twelve weary months he has figured periodically in the vicinity of —— Square, as a butt—a walking target for the stray shafts of the vagabond wit of a gaping and jibing crowd; and, indeed, a stranger to his history might well have been excused for joining in the laugh of the multitude. There is, however, too often food for melancholy in the forms which excite our mirth. Smiles and sadness not unfrequently live together; and some of the vicissitudes incidental to humanity at times present themselves to view under such strange and anomalous aspects, that whether we ought to laugh or to weep, to banter or to sympathise, it is next to impossible to tell.

The defunct subject of this short memorial wandered for the last year of his life as a solo player on the trombone. Such a performance was unique in the history of street minstrelsy, and though anything but vivacious in itself, was the cause of infinite vivacity in others. The very first intonations from his dreary tube were a signal for a general gathering of the idling youngsters of the neighbourhood, amongst whom, in ragged but majestic attitude, stood the forlorn performer, filling the air with the sepulchral tones of his instrument. His dismal, dolorous, and almost denunciatory strain, drew forth ironical cheers and bravos from his grinning audience; and their persecuting demands for 'Paddy Carey,' or 'Rory O'More,' were answered by a deep-toned wail from the sonorous brass, giving mournful utterance to emotions far different from theirs. To me, and perhaps to others to whom the poor fellow's history was known, there was little cause for mirth in the spectacle he presented. Let the reader judge.

It is now full ten years ago, that as I drew near —— Square, one fine spring morning, on my way to business, I heard, for the first time, the exhilarating strains of a brass band; the instruments were delicately voiced, and harmonised to a degree of perfection not too common among out-of-door practitioners. My ear, not unused to the pleasing intricacies of harmony, apprised me that a quintett was going forward, composed of two cornets-à-piston, a piccola flute, a French horn, and a trombone. The strain was new, at least to me, and of a somewhat wild and eccentric character. Upon coming up with the band, I beheld five tall, erect, and soldier-looking figures, 'bearded like the pard,' and with some remaining indications of military costume yet visible in their garb. I set them down for Poles, and learned afterwards that my conjecture was the true one. They were all men of middle age; and from the admirable unity and precision of their performance, it was plain that they had even then been long associated together. For two years I enjoyed at regular intervals, in my morning walks, the delightful solace of their harmonious utterances—and have been conscious more than once of marching *à pas de soldat*, under the influence of the spirit-stirring sounds, to the drudgery of labour, as though there were a heroism (who says there is not?) in facing it manfully. At the commencement of the third year, I missed one of the cornets-à-piston; and knew within a month after, by the appearance of a ligature of black crape, displayed not upon the heads, but upon the left arms of the survivors, that he had blown his last blast, and finally dissolved partnership with his brethren.

Still, quartetts are delightful; and though that peculiar and piquant undercurrent of accompaniment which makes a well-played quintett such a *bonne-bouche* to the amateur was ever afterwards wanting, yet was their performance perfect of its kind, and left no cause for cavil, however much there might have been for regret. But the grim tyrant seldom contents himself with a single victim; and in something more than a year after there was another void in the harmony—the French horn had gently breathed his own requiem, and reduced the band to a trio. This was a far worse loss than the first, and one that completely altered the character of their minstrelsy. They had fallen from their high estate, and were compelled to take new ground and less pretentious standing. They abandoned almost entirely—one may conceive with what regret—their own cherished national harmonies, and took up with the popular music of the metropolis—the current and ephemeral airs of the day. To these, however, they added a new charm by the exquisite precision of their execution, and an agreeable spice of foreign accentuation, which they naturally imparted to our matter-of-fact musical phraseology. They became popular favourites, and for several years went their accustomed rounds, everywhere rewarded with the commendations and coins of the crowd. Their imperturbable gravity and dignity of demeanour was a pleasant set-off to their rollicking version of some of the pet melodies of the mob, and contributed not a little to procure them a degree of favour and prosperity perhaps greater than they had ever previously enjoyed. They never forsook their old haunts, and I heard them regularly on the usual days, not certainly with the same delight as at first, yet often with a feeling of gratified surprise that so much grace could be imparted to airs which the 'Aminadabs that grind the music-boxes' in the streets of London had so mercilessly and so successfully conspired, first to murder, and then to mutilate.

Time wore on: year after year the gray and grizzled triumvirate trod their daily rounds in all weathers, arousing the liberality of their patrons with the merry music of the hour. Three, four, five years passed away—five harmonious years; and then death snatched the second cornet in the midst of his strain, and dashed him to the earth with a semibreve on his lips—lips condemned to be mute for evermore. The poor fellow was seized with the cholera while in the very heart of a melody, and had departed to the silent land almost before its echoes had died away. Whatever was the grief of the remaining pair, like true veterans as they were, they gave no evidence of it to the world. As they would have done on the battle-field, they did now—closed up their little rank, and confronted the enemy with the force that was yet remaining. But it was a sad spectacle, and, what was worse for them, it was but sorry music they made. With piccola and trombone, the two extremes of harmony, what indeed could be done? Orpheus and Apollo themselves would have made a failure of it. It was the harmonic tree with only root and foliage—the trunk and branches all

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swept away; or a dinner of soup and pudding, the intermediate dishes being wanting; or the play of 'Hamlet,' with none but the prating Polonius and the Ghost for *dramatis personæ*. In short, it wouldn't do; and the poor fellows soon found it out. They fell into neglect and poverty, and save among those who dwelt in the line of their regular beat, who now gave from sympathy what they had once bestowed from gratification, they met with but spare encouragement. It could not last long. Whether the piccola had too much to do, and sunk overborne by the responsibility of the various parts he represented, or whether he blew himself out in a fit of sheer mortification, I cannot pretend to say. True it is, however, that he also, in a few short months, disappeared from the scene, and the bereaved trombone was left to wander alone among the haunts of his old companions.

For twelve months, as I have already said, had he thus wandered, growling from his dismal instrument a monotonous requiem to the manes of his departed brethren. I have reason for believing, that at the decease of his last friend he forsook the light and frivolous music, which circumstances had compelled them to administer to the mob, and returned to the wilder and grander themes of his country and his youth; but as it requires an experienced ear to tell the business a man is after who plays a solo on the trombone, I cannot pretend to certainty on that point. He never condescended to take the least notice of the crowd of scapegrace idlers who stood around, mimicking his motions, and raising discordant groans in rivalry of his tones. He played on with an air of abstracted dignity; and one might have thought that, instead of the jibes and jeers of the blackguard mob, he heard nothing but the rich instrumental accompaniments of his buried companions, and that memory reproduced in full force to his inner sense the complete and magnificent harmonies in all their thrilling and soul-stirring eloquence, as they rung through the same echoes in the years past and gone. He persevered to the last in treading the same round that was trod by his brethren: it was all that was left to him of them and of their past lives. He had indeed experienced the hardest fate of the whole five. He was the flitting ghost of the buried band—a melancholy memorial of extinct harmonies. There was a painful discrepancy between his history and his action: the sudden and fierce elongation of his brazen tube, as he shot it violently forth to double the octave at the penultimate note of his wailing stave, but ill accorded with the mournful recollections of which he was the solitary monument. There was a visible discord between his griefs and his gestures, his woes and his utterances of them, which transformed the very fount of melancholy into an argument for mirth. From a position so painfully equivocal, I, for one, can rejoice that he has at length been beckoned away. There is none to mourn his departure, and, beyond this brief testimony, no record that he ever was. *Requiescat!*

THE DRYING PROCESS.

A RAPID drying is of very great importance in several of the arts and manufactures. Till a recent period, the usual methods were alone resorted to, even where the largest results were concerned, and great impediments were thus experienced; but now there is a patent process, by which the end is gained with equal rapidity and certainty, and on a scale of any required magnitude. The main feature of the plan is simply to produce a current of pure heated air through a chamber in which articles required to be dried are exposed. The temperature of the air can be raised or lowered, so as to suit the requirements of a great variety of substances. In the case of various kinds of cloth goods, the effect on quality and colour is said to be favourable.

This process has been extensively applied in large wash-houses, including those connected with such public establishments as unions and hospitals. By the command of so much more than the usual amount of heat, and by the extreme desiccation attending this elevated temperature, large quantities of clothes are dried in a wonderfully short space of time; and not merely this, but they are thoroughly freed from 'the peculiar smell which generally belongs to the clothes used by the very poor.' In hospitals, the process is also used expressly for the destruction of all morbific and infectious matters which may linger about the clothes of the patients. At a temperature of from 200 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit, it is most efficacious in this respect, without in the slightest degree injuring the clothes or other articles subjected to it. Feathers are in like manner prepared for use very much more rapidly, as well as effectually, than is customary. It has also a beneficial application to coffee-roasting, and to the preparation of farinaceous food and potatoes for long voyages by sea.

The drying of wood for building, cabinetmaking, and the manufacture of pianos, has hitherto been a tedious process as left to time. It can now be done expeditiously by the Desiccating Process, and with much more certainty. This is a matter in which the public is much interested, for a rot in the timber of public or private buildings, or a warping in articles made of wood, is a serious evil. The wood used in the New Coal Exchange in London was desiccated, or deprived of the vegetable juices, by this process, and to all appearance with entire success. The beautiful floor of this Exchange is composed of four thousand pieces of wood, including ebony, black oak, common or red English oak, wainscot, white holly, mahogany, American elm, red and white walnut (French and English), and mulberry—presenting, in large figures, the mariner's compass, the city arms, and other objects. The whole of these pieces were, a few months before, either in the living tree, or in logs which otherwise would have been far from fit for use. The black oak introduced as a portion of the floor was a part of an old tree which was discovered and removed from the bed of the Tyne River but a very short time before being used. This tree is supposed to have grown on the spot where it was found, and owing to its large dimensions, must have been at least 400 or 500 years old at the time it fell; but how many centuries it has been covered with water it is impossible to say. A considerable portion of this tree was, at the request of Mr Davison (to whom the execution of the floor was intrusted), forwarded to London by the mayor and corporation of Newcastle. Of course it was completely saturated with moisture on its arrival. Nevertheless, the drying, as we have seen, was quickly effected. In fact, no one piece out of the 4000, composing the floor, occupied more than ten or twelve days in seasoning.

For shipbuilding purposes this process has been adopted very successfully. Planking, applied to docks or otherwise, and all interior fittings, can be surely depended on as capable of withstanding all variations of temperature or weather, and there is not, therefore, the necessity of keeping large stocks of wood to season; the saving must eventually be to the advantage of the public.

A good while ago, very interesting experiments were instituted to test the qualities of various woods seasoned by this process, as compared with similar woods, but seasoned in the best way otherwise. They were conducted under the superintendence of the Board of Ordnance. From the results obtained from about 120

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specimens, compared with the best-seasoned samples which our government stores could supply, the Desiccating Process proved that all woods subjected to it were stronger and more elastic than those seasoned by the usual methods. Mr Lovell, Her Majesty's Inspector of Small Arms, thus testifies to the superiority of this process in seasoning wood for ordnance purposes: 'It would be tedious to go into the detail of all the other tests that this process has been put to; it may suffice to say, that after every possible trial, all my doubts have been removed by the only safe guide—that of experience. The wood is better seasoned than when dried in the open air: first, because the albumen being dried into the pores and capillary tubes, the fibre is stronger, and less liable to absorb moisture; second, the wood is stronger, tougher, and of course more capable of withstanding the effects of violent vibration (as in firearms), from the lateral adhesion of the fibre being better preserved; third, it works more smooth and waxy under the chisel, and has less tendency to spall and crumble away, which is the great fault of steam-dried timber.' In consequence of the complete success of the experiments before named, the Board of Ordnance have used the process for some time extensively, and with great advantage to the service.

We have to acknowledge some obligations to the Desiccating Process, in respect of our own peculiar manufacture. Dryness in literature is apt to appear at first sight as a somewhat questionable recommendation; but, setting aside the joke, it is of no small consequence to printed sheets that they should be quickly and thoroughly freed from the moisture which they always bear on their issue from the press. Forty-eight hours of suspension over poles along the ceiling of the office used to be the plan resorted to. In these days, this is an insufferably long time to give to such a process. Besides, the arrangement is attended by some degree of danger. An improved plan is to suspend the sheets in a room devoted to the purpose, heated by steam-tubes. We have passed through these plans, and at length found entire satisfaction in the Patent Desiccating Process of Messrs Davison and Symington, which despatches in the drying of sheets *effectually* in twenty-four hours.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

WALK TO DE WYK—VILLAGE PUBLIC-HOUSE—ITS INMATES AND INCIDENTS—WALK TO OMMERSCHANS.

While pacing along to Meppel, I made up my mind at all events to visit Ommerschans; instead, therefore, of halting on reaching the town about sunset, I left the main thoroughfare for a by-road, which, as usual, formed the towing-path of a canal. With the aid of a countryman going in the same direction, I passed for several miles through by-ways, and soon after dusk arrived at De Wyk. Almost the first house in the village was a *herbergje;* but there being no room, I went farther, and presently came to another—one of the long low edifices which appear to be peculiar to rural districts in the northern provinces, the same roof sheltering quadrupeds and bipeds. On opening the door, I found myself in a large kitchen, dimly lighted by a single candle standing on a table, round which sat a dozen rustics finishing their supper. Each one laid down his spoon, and stared at me vigorously, and for some time my question—'Kan ik hier overnachten?' ('Can I pass the night here?') remained unanswered: sundry ejaculations alone were uttered. By and by, both a mistress and maid appeared to minister to my needs, and tea and eggs were quickly in preparation. Meanwhile, the men at the table were making me the subject of discussion among themselves, and eyeing me with curious looks. At length one of them asked me whence I came, and why I was there; which queries were answered to their satisfaction, when another rejoined:

'And so mynheer comes from Fredericksoord, and is going to Ommerschans?'—an observation which elicited a grunt of approval from the whole company.

'But how does mynheer find his way?' inquired the first speaker.

'That is not very difficult. With a map in his pocket, and a tongue in his head, a man may go all over the world.'

'Ja, that is good; but it is not easy sometimes to know which turning to take. What does mynheer do then?'

'I generally get to know the direction of the place I want to go to before starting, and then steer my way by the sun or wind; and seldom fail to arrive, as you may see by my being here.'

This explanation sufficed them for a time as a topic for further discussion, and left me free to attend to my personal wants, which were in the imperative mood. Before long, however, one of them began again by asking, 'What has mynheer to sell?'

'Nothing: my knapsack contains only articles for my own use.' Here a brief confabulation followed, and I began to fancy the Dutchmen not less expert in gathering information than the New Englanders, when the question came—

'Mynheer travels, then, for his own pleasure?'

'Why not?'

'Ah, mynheer says why not; but when one travels for pleasure, he must have so much money in hand;' and as he said this the speaker tapped significantly the palm of one of his hands with the fingers of the other.

Whether it was that they voted such journeyings an unwholesome extravagance, or that their ideas were all exhausted, the group said no more; and shortly afterwards kicking off their stained and clumsy sabots, they retired, without any further process of undressing, to their sleeping-lairs. Some crept into a loft, others into beds contrived as berths in a ship, in recesses in the walls of the kitchen, two into each; and before I had finished my tea, a concert of snores was going on, where the bass certainly had the best of it.

I have often found that a fatiguing walk on a hot day takes away all relish for ordinary food: the appetite seems to demand some novelty—and it was with no small pleasure that I accepted the landlady's offer to add a plate of *framboose* (raspberries) to my repast; their cool and agreeable flavour rendered them even more refreshing than the tea.

In the intervals of talking and eating I had taken a survey of the apartment, as far as it was illuminated by the solitary candle: it was one that carried you back a century or two. The large hearth projected several feet into the room, overhung by a canopy near the ceiling of equal dimensions; and the top and back being lined with glazed white, blue, and brown tiles, glistened as the light fell upon them from the turf fire, and presented a cheerful aspect. A wooden screen fixed at one side kept off draughts of air, and formed a snug corner for cold evenings. The tables and chairs had been fabricated in the days when timber was cheap, and strength was more considered than elegance. They had little to fear from contact with the uneven paved floor. A goodly array of bright polished cooking utensils hung upon the walls, and in racks overhead a store of bacon and salt provisions, and bags and bundles of dried herbs. Although rude in

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its appointments, and coarse in its accommodations, the dwelling betrayed no marks of poverty: it was perhaps up to the standard of the neighbourhood, and in accordance with the thrift that considers saving better than spending. The greatest discomfort—to me at least—was the close overpowering smell of cattle which pervaded the whole place, and made you long for an inspiration of purer air. From my seat I could see into an adjoining apartment, similar, but better in character, to the one described: this was to be my *slaap-kamer*. I requested to have the window left partly open all night, and immediately a look of suspicion came over the old woman's face as she answered:

'Neen, mynheer, neen; best not to have the window open; thieves will come in.'

'Surely,' I replied, 'there are no thieves in this little village?'

'Ah, but there were some thieves at Meppel last week.'

The landlady's apprehensions seemed so painful to her, that I ceased to press the question, and followed her into the room, where she assured me I should find the air sufficiently respirable, and bade me *goede nacht*.

In this room there were several wall-recesses, as in the other, but cleaner and better fitted up. A bedstead at one corner, behind a narrow screen extending a few feet from the door, was intended for me; the sheets and coverlids, though coarse, were clean. Three wardrobes or presses stood against the walls, so richly dark and antique in appearance, and of such tasteful workmanship, that you at once knew the date to be assigned to their manufacture, probably about the time that the Prince of Orange fell beneath Geraart's pistol-shot; at all events when, instead of working by contract, artificers interfused a portion of their own spirit into the productions of their skill. The chairs, by their dimensions, had been clearly intended for the past generations, who wore the broad skirts at which we so often smile in prints of old costumes. The projection of the larger articles of furniture produced sundry picturesque effects of light and shade, relieved and diversified by the rows of polished pewter dishes ranged on racks against the wall alternately with dishes of rare old china, that would have gladdened the eyes of a virtuoso. There were rows of spoons also of shining solid pewter, all betokening resources of substantial comfort, and assisting to give effect to a picture which fully occupied my attention while undressing.

The hostess, when she went out, had not closed the door; this I cared little about, as it afforded some facility for circulation of air; but her remark touching the thieves made me take the precaution to place my watch and purse under the pillow, leaving such loose florins as were in my pocket for any prowler who might think it worth while to pay me a visit, that, finding some booty, he might there cease his search for more. I left the candle burning on the table, and soon afterwards the girl came in and wished me a *goede nacht* as she carried it away.

Presently all became still in the house, and as weariness softens the hardest bed, I was soon asleep, notwithstanding the annoyance from certain insects, which were neither bugs nor fleas, that came crawling over me. I had lain thus in quiet repose perhaps for two or three hours, when I was disturbed by a light shining in the room, and half-raising my eyelids, I saw a tall figure clothed in white, holding a candle in its hand, and gazing stealthily at me from behind the screen at the foot of the bed. I did not start up or cry out, for a sufficient reason—I was too drowsy. The figure withdrew, the room again became dark; I turned round, and slept soundly until morning.

I was up soon after five, being desirous to recommence my walk before the heat came on, and, it need scarcely be said, found all my property as I had left it. The old presses looked not less imposing than in the faintly-illuminated gloom some hours previously; and I could see in the daylight several articles which had then escaped my notice. Among them was the *groote bijbel*, a portly folio in black letter, and in good condition. How many suffering hearts had found support and consolation in those ancient pages! When I went into the next room, the labourers had taken their breakfast, and gone to their work, and the old lady sat near the window mending stockings. She saluted me by inquiring if I had *wel geslaapt*, and what I would take for breakfast. I chose raspberries with milk and bread, and highly enjoyed the fresh-gathered fruit that looked so tempting, coated with its early bloom. It was the most acceptable breakfast of any which I ate in Holland. The hostess chatted on various topics: in one of my replies, I chanced to mention the large Bible which I had seen in the other room—'Ah,' she said, 'it is the best of books: what should we do without it?' I then told her that a little Bible was part of the contents of my knapsack, and on hearing this her manner at once changed; the suspicion disappeared, and the benevolent demeanour resumed its place. My request of the night before concerning the window had made her very anxious; she had, it seemed, been led to regard me as a suspicious character—as one likely to let in a confederate, or to decamp myself surreptitiously. From this I at once understood it was she who, clad in white, and holding a candle, had come into my room during the night; perhaps to see whether her guest were lying still, as an honest traveller ought. We became, however, very excellent friends, and I regretted not having time to stay two or three days, to get a little farther insight into village life, and the pursuits and resources of its inhabitants: but that could not be. I was somewhat surprised on asking '*Hoe veel betalen?*' (How much to pay?) at the cheapness of my lodging and entertainment: the charge was only eighteen stivers. I handed a florin to the old lady, with an intimation that the two stivers' change might go to the maid for her alacrity in raspberry plucking, on which she replied, '*Dank voor haar*,' with much emphasis. Then holding out her hand, after assisting to place my knapsack in position, she bade me good-by, with many wishes for a prosperous journey.

It was a pleasant morning, with a bright sky and a hot sun, and a feeling of exhilaration came over me as I left the close sickening smell of the house for the free and fresh air outside. The aspect of the country was again different from that which I had already traversed. Willows, so plentiful in the southern provinces, are rare on the dry heath-lands of the north, while small plantations, and woods of birch, beech, and oak, are frequently met with. At times the route led along narrow winding lanes, between tangled hedges and overhanging trees, where the shade and coolness made you feel the contrast the greater on emerging upon the unsheltered and unfenced fields. Before long, I came to another village, where the houses were built at random around a real village green, such as you may see in some parts of Berkshire or Hampshire, with tall umbrageous trees springing from the soft turf, and old folk lounging, and children playing in their shadow. The post, which visits the towns of Holland every day throughout the year, comes to such villages as this two or three times a week, and thus keeps up its communications with the great social world around. In another particular they are well provided for—the means of instruction. Here at one end of the green stood the schoolhouse, built of brick, well lighted, and in good condition, decidedly the best building in the place. Indeed I do not remember to have seen a shabby schoolhouse in Holland. It was too early to see the scholars at their duties, but I looked in at the windows, and saw that the interior was perfectly clean and well-ordered; fitted with desks, closets, and shelves, with piles of books placed ready for use on the latter,

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and maps hanging on the walls. How I wished for a six months' holiday, to be able to linger at will among these out-of-the-world communities, or wherever anything more particularly engaged my attention! Something to inform the mind or instruct the heart is to be given or received wherever there are human beings. Soon after passing the village, the road terminated suddenly on a part of the wild heath, where the sand for nearly a mile on all sides lay bare, gleaming palely in the sun, and no sign of a track visible in any direction. For a few minutes I stood completely at fault, but at last bent my steps towards some scattered trees in the distance. The deserts of Africa can hardly be more dreary or trying to the wayfarer than that mile of sand was to me. On reaching the trees, I again found a lane leading through cultivated grounds; now a patch of grass, then barley, or wheat, or potatoes, or buckwheat—the delicate blossoms of the latter scenting the whole atmosphere, and alive with 'innumerable bees.' While standing still to listen to their labour-inspired hum, I heard the cuckoo telling his cheerful name to the neighbourhood, although past the middle of July. Then followed homely farms, standing a little off the road, the homestead surrounded by rows of trees, somewhat after the fashion of Normandy; and in one corner of the enclosure the never-failing structure—four tall poles, erected in a parallelogram, with a square thatched roof fitted upon them, sloping down on each side from a central point. The poles pass through the corners of this roof, which thus can be made to slide up and down, according as the produce stored beneath it is increased or diminished. Such a contrivance would perhaps be useful to small farmers in England, when straitened for room in their barns. Now and then I caught glimpses of haymakers working far off on a meadow patch, and more than once the signs of tillage disappeared, and there was the broad black heath under my feet, and stretching away to the horizon, here and there intersected by a series of drains, cut smooth and deep in the sandy soil, enclosing some acres of the barren expanse—the preliminaries of cultivation. Then would come a mile or so of woodland, with the thinnings and loppings of the trees cut into lengths, and piled in stacks ready for the market, as I had seen on the wharfs at Rotterdam, where firewood sells at eleven cents the bundle. A party of woodcutters, with their wives and children, were encamped at the entrance of a cross-road, disturbing the general stillness by the sound of their voices and implements. The men and women were alike tall and stout—remarkable specimens of the well-developed population of the province, and reminding you of the peasantry in Westmoreland. The stacks which they had set up were so long and high as to resemble a street with little alleys between, where the children played while their fathers chopped and sawed, and their mothers tied the bundles, or tended the fire over which the round pot swung with the breakfast. They called out a friendly 'Good-day, mynheer,' as I passed.

As the day advanced, it became oppressively hot: not a drop of drinkable water was anywhere to be seen. I went to a cottage near the road to ask for a draught, when a pitcherful was given to me that looked like pale coffee, and was vapid and unrefreshing. The occupants of the cottage told me that they were always obliged to strain it before drinking, to free it from the fibres of turf held in suspension. These people, their child, and their house, were positively dirty, and looked comfortless: the pigs lay in one corner of the kitchen, and the domestic utensils stood about in apparently habitual disorder. They, however, were kind in their manner, and wished me to sit down for a time and rest.

Besides these and the woodcutters I scarcely met a soul during the walk, which lasted nearly four hours, by which time I came to the outskirts of Ommerschans. I went into the tavern that stood at the extremity of the long straight road leading through the centre of the colony, where, after half-an-hour's rest, ten minutes' sleep, and a cup of tea, I felt able to go and present myself to the director.

'CORRECT THYSELF!'

FROM THE FRENCH.

Some years ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of Paris a retired military officer of high rank and large fortune. Possessed of many valuable qualities—brave, just, and honourable, there were two sad drawbacks to his character—he was violent-tempered and avaricious. He married a beautiful and gentle girl, whom he fondly loved, but who, nevertheless, often sought her chamber, weeping bitterly at the harsh and unjust reproaches which her husband heaped on her when the merest trifle had excited his ungoverned temper. Often, indeed, she felt terrified lest his violence should be more than verbal; and although his fits of rage were regularly followed by penitent apologies, she trembled at the thought that he might some day forget himself so far as to strike her.

It was very sad to see the happiness of a union formed under the most promising auspices thus destroyed by brutal and unmeaning fits of rage, which each day became more frequent. It required all the young wife's tenderness and fidelity to sustain her beneath the constant grief and terror which she felt. One day when the husband, in the presence of several visitors, had given way to a more than usually outrageous explosion of temper, he retired to his own apartment, whither he was followed by one of his friends—a true friend, who never shrank from administering a faithful reproof. Without regarding the officer's anger, the dying embers of which still glowed fiercely, this friend earnestly and severely lectured him for his unkind and unjust conduct. The culprit listened with a gloomy air, and then replied: 'Your reproaches are perfectly just: I condemn my own conduct far more strongly than you can do, and I make many resolutions of amendment, but without avail. My unhappy temper is too strong for me; and constantly in a few hours after the bitterest repentance, I find myself again breaking out. 'Tis terrible!'

'It is, indeed, very terrible!'

'I have need of a strong lesson, and I shall give myself one.' So saying, he took several turns up and down the room, pacing with a determined step, his eyes bent on the ground, and his lips firmly closed. Evidently some strong internal conflict was going on. Suddenly he stopped, opened a casket which lay in his scrutoire, and took from it a bank-note of a thousand francs. His friend watched him with curiosity, not knowing what he was about to do. He twisted the bank-note, applied one end of it to a lighted taper, and then throwing it on the hearthstone, watched until the curling flame had quite devoured the light and precious paper.

His friend, amazed at an action which would seem strange for any one, but especially for one whose parsimony was notorious, ran to him, and caught his arm.

'Let me alone!' said the officer in a hoarse voice.

'Are you mad?'

'No.'

'Do you know what you have done?'

'I do: I have punished myself.' Then when no trace of the note remained, save a little light dust, the hero, for so we may call him, added firmly: 'I solemnly vow that, whenever I lose my temper, I will inflict punishment on my love of money.'

'I admire your conduct, and approve of your sacrifice,' said his friend.

The promise was faithfully kept. From that time

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the avaricious man paid for the faults of the ill-tempered husband.

After every outbreak, he appeared before his own tribunal, and submitted to its self-imposed penalty. The condemned culprit then opened his casket, and, pale and trembling with suppressed agitation, took out a note and burned it. The expiation was always in proportion to the crime: there was a regular scale of penalties, varying, according to the nature of the offence, from 100 to 1000 francs.

A few of these chastisements had the happiest effect on both the defective phases of our hero's character. By degrees he became not only mild and good-tempered, but generous, and ready to dispense his treasures in ways which, if more agreeable to his friends, could not, however, be esteemed more useful to himself than the notes which he had bravely consigned to the flames.

THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

That leeches are sensitive to the approach of thunderstorms is well known. Cowper the poet gives an interesting account of a leech which he kept as a barometer, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10, 1787:—'Yesterday,' he says, 'it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning, I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle which foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of early and accurate intelligence he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him.' Dr Merryweather of Whitby in Yorkshire has constructed what he calls a Tempest Prognosticator, with leeches for the basis of the plan. He arranges a frame of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. Accordingly, when a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. Hitherto, after a year's experience, it is found that no storm escapes notice from the leeches. Dr Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches. After this the Snail Telegraph looks not quite so outrageous an absurdity.

NEW FISHES.

Professor Agassiz gives an account of two new fishes obtained by him at Lake Superior, which he regards as types of two new genera. The first is an entirely new type in the class of fishes. It is a small fish, five or six inches long, which in some respects resembles several families, but is most like the Percoids, though distinct from them. Fossil species with similar characters are found in the cretaceous formation. This is the second, Professor Agassiz remarked, of the 'old-fashioned' fishes, so to speak, corresponding in their structure to a fossil species, which has been observed in this country. The other fish is the only living representative of a large family of fossil species. The existence of these two species has undoubtedly reference to the fact, that America is the oldest extensive continent which has been upheaved above the level of the sea. In New Holland, two genera exist bearing similar relations to older families—a fish and a shell—which have their analogues among the oolitic deposits.—*Proc. Boston Nat. Hist. Society.*

A NEW JEREMIAH.

A survey of the fate of all the great empires of antiquity, and a consideration of the close resemblance which the vices and passions by which they were distinguished at the commencement of their decline bear to those by which we are agitated, leads (!) to the melancholy conclusion, that we are fast approaching, if we have not already attained, the utmost limit of our greatness; and that a long decay is destined to precede the fall of the British Empire. During that period our population will remain stationary or recede; our courage will, perhaps, abate; our wealth will certainly diminish; our ascendancy will disappear; and at length the Queen of the Waves will sink into an eternal, though not forgotten slumber. It is more likely than that these islands will ever contain human beings for whom sustenance cannot be contained; that its fields will return, in the revolutions of society, to their pristine desolation, and the forest resume its wonted domain, and savage animals regain their long-lost habitations; that a few fishermen will spread their nets on the ruins of Plymouth, and the beaver construct his little dwelling under the arches of Waterloo Bridge; the towers of York arise in dark magnificence amid an aged forest, and the red deer sport in savage independence round the Athenian pillars of the Scottish metropolis.—*Johnston's England as It Is.*

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

'Consider the lilies of the field.'

The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops reveal'd;
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field;
They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees.
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come, with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime.
Outshining Solomon they come,
And go full soon away,
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom while they stay.

'If God,' they whisper, 'smiles on *us*,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, oh faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine!
Think, too, what joys await in Heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woos thee now,
Can reach the bad on earth!'

Redeemer of a fallen race!
Most merciful of kings!
Thy hallowed words have clothed with power
Those frail and beauteous things.
All taught by Thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love,
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

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A GLANCE AT THE EXHIBITION.

WEEKS ago, through the ordinary channels of information, our readers were made acquainted with all that was interesting in the opening of the Great Exhibition; and so many will have already feasted their eyes with the extraordinary spectacle which that Exhibition daily offers, that anything we can say on the subject will appear commonplace and useless. And yet we should like, even at this distant period, to add a few observations to the general accounts of the affair, and to offer our congratulations on the auspicious event that has occurred.

Nothing has ever struck us as more preposterous than to attempt to convey by language any adequate description of the Crystal Palace. Every one who has seen it will have felt the impossibility of giving an account of either the fabric or its contents. The spaciousness of the interior, far transcending that of the greatest cathedral; the prevalence of light, resembling that of the open air, and an absence of all shadow; the aërial effect produced by this lightness, along with the delicate blue tinting of the numerous slender supports; the gorgeous assemblage of objects of art—snow-white statues, brilliantly-coloured tapestries, golden vases, sparkling fountains, inscribed crimson flags, the sign-boards of nations—and last, not least, the streaming, the loitering, the sitting and standing crowds of well-dressed people from all quarters of the globe—all are felt to be beyond the reach of words. In our estimation, the moral was grander than the physical part of the spectacle, when the Queen, with her husband and children, surrounded by the members of her court, inaugurated this festival of industry by her presence. One felt that this was not only a great but a new event in human annals. It seemed like the beginning of a fresh era—an era of peace and good-will, of progress and melioration. The last occasion in which we formed a unit in a national festival, was at a commemorative anniversary of the French Republic in May 1849. *Then*, we saw a chief magistrate in the garb and accoutrements of a soldier, surrounded by an army of one hundred thousand men; *now*, we saw a sovereign in the delicate form and dress of a female, take the lead in an important national ceremony, unaided by the symbols of force—needing no army to make up a show. Such things as these are the landmarks of history.

Now for a few words on the actual *mécanique* of the Exhibition. The Crystal Palace is seen at a glance to consist of two distinct parts—that on the west, or left hand of the main southern entrance, being devoted, above and below, to the United Kingdom and her dependencies; that on the east to foreign states. Each class of objects is by itself. As Britain has one-half the house to herself, she accordingly has more space to shew off her productions than any other country. We should, therefore, in drawing comparisons, judge tenderly of what foreign states have to exhibit. Making every allowance on this score, it must be apparent that England has nothing at all to be alarmed about on the score of general and free competition. Of course she comes out strong in steam-engines and machines of every genus and species. That was to be expected; but perhaps to the surprise, and, it may be, to the mortification of certain onlookers, she has given unequivocal tokens of greatness in those objects in which elegance and taste are combined with utility: not that in various points she has come up to France or Italy; nevertheless, it is consolatory to see what she has done and can do.

Turning to the left, on entering by the southern portal, we find ourselves in Canada and other colonies. Ranged on the floor or long tables, or hung in cases, we observed specimens of raw materials and manufactures. And what 'latent possibilities of excellence!' We are sure every Englishman will feel proud of these manifestations; which indeed impart a new impression of our colonial strength. In cutlery, Nova Scotia seems to be becoming a match for Sheffield; and from that possession, as well as from Canada, there are pianos, furniture, and saddlery, equal to what are ordinarily seen in our own country. Comparing these and some other articles from the British American colonies with a similar class of things from the United States, it does not by any means seem they are so far behind as it has been the fashion to represent them. The Australian colonies likewise shew a wonderful power of production. The specimens of coal, iron, copper, leather, wool, flax, oil, and fine kinds of wood, are a tangible augury of the prosperous career which, under proper management, they may yet run. Woods from Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand may be expected to become a great article, not only for furniture but musical instruments. Cordage of the *Phormium tenax*, from New Zealand, is shewn in abundance; and of preserved beef and mutton, in air-tight canisters, from Australia, there are some remarkable specimens. We can only refer to the beautiful artificial flowers in shell-work, and fruits in wax, from the West Indies. The handsome sleighs of Canada must go undescribed. On the whole, we are pleased with our colonial brethren, and give them great credit for their industry and enterprise.

Next, after the colonies, comes the mediæval court, an enclosure devoted to a variety of objects in carved wood, metal, and tissues used in church decoration, the whole embodying that taste for middle-age archi-

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tecture and embellishment which it has been attempted to revive in recent times. Further on, in going westward, are the hardwares, the woollens, silks, and cottons, and the mixed tissues of the United Kingdom. Paisley is strong in shawls; Glasgow sends a large variety of articles; Macclesfield is rich in hangings and other fabrics. To go through the stalls of woollen cloths seems endless. We can but barely notice the tartans and tweeds from Galashiels and Innerleithen; and just recommend our friends to take a kindly glance at the very beautiful poplins and cloths of Irish manufacture. The zephyr friezes shewn by Luke Dillon indicate what Ireland can do if she likes, and if she would only cease from profitless agitation. Behind these cloth booths runs a long space occupied with agricultural implements, many of them more ingenious than useful in good husbandry. Highly-polished ploughs and wagons, made as if for drawing-rooms, cannot be spoken of with any degree of patience. Leaving these, however, to the 'agricultural mind,' we mount to the gallery above. Here, at a point over the cloth stalls, and with huge Turkey carpets suspended like flags, we find ourselves landed amidst a series of magnificent cases, formed of polished mahogany and plate-glass, and containing jewellery and plate to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The gorgeous magnificence of some of these costly articles, particularly the dessert services and epergnes, gives one a profound notion of the wealth of England, and the pitch of luxury at which it has arrived. Nor is the taste for such things confined to the metropolis: Birmingham, Exeter, Bristol, Liverpool, Newcastle, Dublin, Edinburgh, and other towns, strain for pre-eminence. The Dublin jewellery, embellished with pearls and other gems, copied from the antique ornaments of Tara, will be viewed with no small interest by the Irish archæologist. In wandering amidst these groves of gold and silver, as in visiting other quarters where the spirit of ornamentation has been at work, the reflection suggests itself that the decorative principle may be carried beyond reasonable bounds. One can perhaps excuse a profusion of ornament in silver fancy articles for the table, but he will have less toleration for bedsteads groaning under the weight of gold, enamel, embroidery, and tassels—beds which are clearly made to be looked at, not to be slept in. In one of the galleries, a huge bedstead of this kind, by Faudel and Phillips, invites the observation of the curious. The cost of the article, we are told, is upwards of fifteen hundred pounds—a prodigious misexpenditure of money—the only redeeming point being that the decorations embrace two pieces of needlework of extraordinary merit. Of several sideboards the same remark as to heavy and overdone ornament may be made; and we would once for all try to put the fabricators of articles for domestic use on their guard against sacrificing simplicity and neatness to the unsound spirit of extreme decoration which seems to be abroad.

It is felt as a kind of relief to pass from the jewellery to the horological department, where the plain and substantial workmanship of English watches and clocks brings us back to the integrity of the national character. Next to these are large varieties of firearms and military equipments, likewise of matchless excellence, and good taste. A prodigiously large organ, from which an amateur is bringing forth a flood of harmony, fills up the western extremity. This monster instrument contains nearly 4500 pipes, some of them as high as an ordinary house. Down the north side of the nave from this point, we have on the galleries a rich assemblage of philosophical instruments—such as microscopes, sextants, telescopes, spectacles, theodolites, and magic lanterns; and next a variety of musical instruments, of tasteful construction and fine finish. Among these we recognise the handsome cottage piano made by Collard and Collard, at a moderate price, 'for the people.' Lastly, in this section are a great number of stands covered with crystal and pottery. In no departments of art has England made such remarkable progress within the last sixty years as in glass and porcelain; and here, therefore, the visitor should make a critical inspection. He will be delighted with specimens of Kidd's process of ornamenting mirrors, by which the effect of flower-painting is given beneath the borders of the glass; with the richly-cut decanters, dessert dishes, vases, candelabra, and other articles. A cut-glass lustre of huge size, adapted for holding twelve dozens of candles, oppresses with its elaborate magnificence. Near this last-mentioned object are the porcelain wares of Minton, Copeland, and other potters of Staffordshire. Copeland has two vases of delicate workmanship, approaching to the quality of foreign products of this class; but these we less admire than the statuary of pure porcelain after the best sculptors. Could this class of articles be sold at a moderate price, their dissemination would materially extend a taste for the fine arts. Adjoining hangs a large carpet of Berlin wool, executed by one hundred and fifty ladies of Great Britain—each doing a portion, and the whole sewed into one piece. This elegant carpet was presented to Her Majesty, and bears the initials of the fair executants. The pattern is floral and heraldic in design, but we are not impressed with its elegance. The truth is, that among the carpets in the Exhibition, few are of that quiet character that proves most pleasing to the eye when laid on a floor. We are sorry to say, that recent adaptations in the manufacture of carpets have been making matters worse instead of better. A good carpet, free of vulgarities, is still a desideratum.

Descending to the ground-floor of this northern side, and starting at the northern extremity, we travel through one of the most important sections of the Exhibition. First, there is a large collection of carriages, principally by metropolitan exhibitors. Among these, however, we mark nothing new except a carriage from which the top lifts off, leaving the lower portion an open *calêche;* and a carriage with a couch for invalids—this last an ingenious and useful invention. Among the carriages is an omnibus from Glasgow, very superior in point of lightness and spaciousness to those confined machines now in use in London. This Glasgow omnibus accommodates nineteen passengers inside, with abundant ventilation. Adjoining the carriage department is the large section for machines, at rest and in motion, any account of which would be quite hopless in this brief sketch: it can only be repeated that here lies England's greatness. But stepping aside to the kindred section of metallic ores and other raw substances, we have a key to the success which has rewarded the enterprise of mechanics. Some of the masses of materials are of vast dimensions. A block of coal, from the mines of Stavely in Derbyshire, measures 17 feet 6 inches long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet thick, and was raised from a shaft 459 feet deep. Another specimen of coal is a block which measures 18 feet in circumference, and weighs 5 tons. One wonders how it got to the surface, and reached its present situation in safety. Cairngorm stones, Easdale slates, Caithness pavement, curling-stones from Ailsa Craig, and granite from Aberdeen, are among the Scottish articles in this department, with which may be ranked a large garden-seat resembling black marble, but consisting really of polished parrot-coal from the Wemyss Collieries in Fife, and made, as we are told, by a working-mason—a most creditable work of art. Of iron and other ores there are many specimens; also masses of copper—one being of great size from Cornwall. The specimens of lead-ores and associated minerals from Allenheads, in Northumberland, will command attention in connection with the published account of the method of working and preparation. A cake of silver produced in the process of smelting these lead-

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ores and weighing 8000 ounces, is shewn in one of the cases. The sections which follow in going eastward are those exhibiting manufactures in leather, wood, marbles, and paper, with some other articles, including letterpress printing, bookbinding, waxwork, printing in oil-colours, drawing, engraving, and other arts. The visitor will here admire the inlaid stone-tables from Derbyshire, the obelisks of serpentine from Penzance, and the fine carved vases in yellowish stone from Malta. Behind the tastefully-laid-out stand of De la Rue & Company will be found ensconced a variety of specimens of binding—some plain and good, others rather gaudy, and some overdone with ornament—not for human handling. The binding of one of these volumes, we were informed, cost L.30. Perhaps the proprietor of this costly affair is of opinion with that ancient Scottish member of the craft who declared, that 'onybody could *vrite* a beuk, but the bindin' was the thing!'

But we must leave the quarter of literature and fine arts, where one could spend days in admiring, and will merely recall to remembrance those exquisite little figures in wax, illustrative of Mexican town and savage life, modelled by Montanari, an artist resident in London. The last department in line, before crossing the transept to the foreign section, is that devoted to India, from the rudest to the richest products, with models of sundry processes of hand-labour. Much care has been bestowed in presenting as complete a collection as possible of Indian manufactures; and we see in many of these the germ, as it were, of those arts which, by the aid of capital and machinery, have attained such magnitude in modern Europe. The rude and tiny apparatus for weaving which dangles from the boughs of a tree, will be compared with the power-loom of recent invention. The process of two women grinding at the mill, will not only recall a passage in Scripture, but mark the vast stride which has been made in the industrial arts.

Here, on arriving at the lofty transept, with its murmuring fountains, its gay parterres of flowers, its leafy green trees, and its snow-white marble statues, we cross to the eastern section, occupied by the stands of foreign nations. At a glance, we observe that we are amidst a new style of things. Visitors who have carefully noted the peculiarities of the foreign products, will recollect the rich embroideries in gold from Tunis, the tasteful combinations of which transcend anything that could be effected by European art; but Tunis, as is well known, is renowned for this species of work, and executes orders for all parts of the East. An embroidered velvet saddle-cloth, shewn among the articles from India, is probably from Tunis. Turkey, China, Greece, send also some articles of a highly-fanciful kind; but the visitor is more occupied with the artistic products of Spain, Tuscany, and Rome. From these countries have been sent a variety of tables in mosaic, formed only by years of labour. Tuscany may be said to bear off the palm in this class of articles; but let us be just towards Rome, which sends a round table of mosaic, the work of Barberi, which cost the labour of six years, and is valued at L.1500—cheap, it may be, at the money; but who is to buy objects at such prices? France, as is her right, occupies considerable space below and overhead. Her jewellery, carpets, paper-hangings, and bronzes, are of course very fine; and in cabinets, and other articles for domestic use, she clearly carries the day against England. A bookcase in ebony and bronze, and a sideboard in carved oak, which flank the entrance to the department of Sevres china and Gobelins tapestry, are, we should think, the perfection of art. The vases and other grand porcelain from Sevres, and also the tapestries from the Gobelins, are of a high order; but being made by public money, and not as a matter of ordinary trade, it would be unfair to draw any comparison between them and the articles produced by private enterprise. Russia shews vases equally magnificent; they, likewise, are from national factories, and doubtless by the hands of imported French artisans. Austria contributes many beautiful and useful articles from her German and Italian dominions; and we need only recall the spacious suite of princely apartments, at the entrance of which stands the massive candelabra of coloured glass from Bohemia.

Belgium makes a most manful exhibition of elegant furniture, cutlery, machinery, lace, and well-selected miscellaneous goods. At every turn, however, we see that France presents the best taste in the art of laying out her wares. The French stands of wood and glass may be less costly than the English, but they excel in general effect. Another thing will not pass unheeded: few of the English stands have any attendants; all the French ones are waited on by natives, mostly females. There, precisely as we see them within the shop-windows of Paris, are seated the patient wives of 'messieurs les exposants,' busy with their knitting needles or newspaper, ready to answer questions, and to hand a neatly-printed card to the visitor; while messieurs themselves, according to immemorial usage, lounge about in twos and threes, in the performance of other in-small quantity of work by head, tongue, and shoe-[illegible]iet. As might have been expected, the United States come out much stronger in breadstuffs and other raw materials than in manufactures. They contribute only three kinds of articles worth noticing—Colt's revolvers, a deadly species of pistol; carriage harness; and ladies' dress-shoes. One set of harness, with mountings in solid silver, from Philadelphia, is said to have cost 3200 dollars—a great waste of money. On the whole, the United States come out feebly in the arts, and occupy about double the space which they require. The marvellously fine statue, in pure white marble, of a Greek female slave, by Hiram Power, is the only redeeming feature in the American department; and it is contributed by a resident in London.

Such is a mere glance at this extraordinary collection of industrial products, the individual curiosities of which would require a lengthened report. It may be safely averred that, taken as a whole, the Exhibition goes considerably beyond the expectations formed of it. Always practical and looking to the main chance, Englishmen have asked what is to be the use of it all—is it to do any good to trade? Now, it occurs to us that if the thing be gratifying in itself, and have a tendency to improve mechanical knowledge and artistic taste, a sufficiently important object will be served; but surely the bringing together of people from all quarters of the world on a mission of mutual friendship, each shewing to his neighbour what he can do in the arts of peace, is worth all the trouble and expense that have been incurred. There are, it is to be regretted, parties who imagine that England can maintain her supremacy only by keeping herself to herself—a doctrine totally opposed to those generous feelings which distinguish her people; and it may be asked, has such generosity not been rewarded in a manner beyond precedent in ancient or modern times? For centuries have mankind been called to perform the Christian duty of loving one another. Well here, in a common-sense, business-like way, the thing is exemplified. Who grudges the Frenchman the exhibition of his elegant little articles?—who is afraid that the foreigner from distant lands, who is permitted to shew his handicraft in this chosen shrine of industry, will rob us of our daily bread? Away with all such bigotries; most unworthy they are of the soil which gives them birth!

To whoever may belong the merit of suggesting this novel congress of universal art and industry, there can be but one opinion as to whose ingenuity we are indebted for its achievement. We allude to Mr Paxton's happily-conceived idea of a palace of glass and iron, without which, in our humble belief, no Exhibition, at least in 1851, could have taken place; for the

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monstrous failure of the palace of legislation at Westminster, not to speak of other blunders in the palace-building line, leaves no reasonable doubt on the mind, that if the scheme of rearing a fabric of brick and mortar had been attempted, it would have proved to be a humiliating and expensive botch. To Joseph Paxton, therefore, be ascribed the glory of this marvellous achievement! Now that the thing is done, the wonder will of course cease; but it is not uninstructive to recall the pedantic fears of the wise and prudent with the actual result. The fabric was to be shaken down by the wind; its galleries were to be incapable of supporting the pressure of a moving crowd; its fragile roof was to be battered in by hailstones. The whole of these distressing apprehensions have proved to be visionary; and we are glad of it, if only to give a check to croaking. The happy effect of Mr Owen Jones's colouring and general embellishment—much opposed at the outset—form an additional subject of gratulation. In having carried out the whole affair to a practical issue, the royal commissioners deserve the most eminent commendation. The Crystal Palace is one of the [illegible]mphs of skill—a thing for mankind to be [illegible]—a te[illegible]ple of art worthy of a great sovereign [illegible] a great peop[illegible]

GOLD WORSHIPPERS.

It is curious to look back on the fatal and universal prevalence of Gold Worship recorded in the history of our race, from the period when Midas became its victim, and the boy chased the rainbow to find the pot of treasure at its foot, to the days when the alchemist offered his all a burnt-sacrifice on the altar; until we reach the present time, when, although the manner of its worship has changed, the old idolatry remains in spirit the same. One or two anecdotes illustrative of the passion for gold worship may not prove uninteresting.

The hero of our first story—a chamois hunter of the Swiss Alps—was for many years of his existence an absolute stranger to the very sight of gold. He dwelt in a mountain *chalet*, in the peaceful contentment and ignorant simplicity of former ages—lord of his own freedom, with nature for his domain, and the fleet Alpine creatures for his subjects. By some unfortunate chance, however, he moved from this dwelling of his youth to the lower station, and to the side of a pass frequented by travellers, towards whom he was frequently called on to exercise hospitality. His services, and the shelter he afforded, were occasionally rewarded with gold, which, though of little actual use or value to him as a circulating medium, gradually exercised a strange fascination over his senses. He hoarded his guineas with the doting fondness of the miser; he looked on them with more pleasure than on the faces of his children; and listened to their chink with a satisfaction no tone of household love or sweet Alpine melody could call forth. It chanced one day that our hunter, in the pursuit of his ordinary avocation, perceived a tiny cavern hitherto unknown to him. He determined to snatch his hasty noontide meal beneath its shelter; and in order to enter it, rolled away a block of stone which obstructed the mouth of the fissure. To his amazement, its removal presented to his gaze a deep hole, in which a vase of considerable size was buried. He removed the lid, and there, fresh and bright, as if they were coins of yesterday, glittered before his eyes a multitude of golden pieces, mingled with shining particles of ore. A buried treasure of long past ages was before him. He took them in his hands, he clutched them, he stared at them with half-insane delight. He could not, of course, divine how they had come to be in their strange hiding-place, or who had placed them there; the inscriptions on them—the figure of a lance which some few bore—said nothing to him. There appeared to be something supernatural in the discovery, and he wasted all the remaining hours of daylight beside the vase; then, as night closed in, he replaced both the lid and the stone above the treasure. He did not attempt to remove it to his own dwelling, nor did he breathe a word of his discovery even to his wife; but from that hour he became an altered man.

The love of gold is an absorbing passion, especially when thus embodied and materialised. He lived only beside his treasure; thither he bent his steps daily, nor left it till the gloom of evening hid the object of his idolatry from his eager gaze. His hunter's craft was neglected; his family pined for food; he himself grew gaunt and thin, anxious and suspicious; ever dreading that his secret might be discovered; restless and miserable except when beside his wealth, where want, and hunger, and the sad, suffering faces of those he had once loved, were all forgotten. Only when the gathering darkness drove him from his hoard did he think of using his fowlingpiece, and scanty was the provision thus obtained. In order fully and perfectly to contemplate his gold, it was necessary for him to stretch himself at full length before the entrance to the little hollow; his head and shoulders to the waist being thus within the cave, immediately over the vase, his body and legs outside. The cliff above the opening was nearly perpendicular, and had been much split and shaken by the frosts since an avalanche had deprived it of its crown of snow; but of this danger he was heedless or unconscious. One morning whilst lying prone, repeating for the fiftieth time his daily counting of the old coins, a portion of the rock detached itself slowly, and falling on his waist, pinned him to the earth, without however crushing or greatly injuring him. He uttered a loud cry, and made desperate exertions to raise it and free himself, but in vain; a force beyond his strength to resist had fixed him to the spot of his unhallowed and insane devotion. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more fearful death than the slow lingering one of bodily torture and starvation that must have followed. He was of course sought for as soon as missed; but the spot was unknown even to the most practised hunters, and it was more than a week before the body was discovered. The surprise and horror of his family may be imagined. They had never been able to comprehend his altered conduct and mysterious disappearances: all was explained, however, when the huge stone being removed, he was found—perhaps from his position involuntarily—clutching in his dead fingers the fatal gold.

We relate this incident on the authority of a Swiss lady who had seen the cave, and who assured us that the simple mountaineers avoid the spot with superstitious horror. To them there must have appeared to be some strange magic in the hidden treasure; and so to the calmest judgment it would seem, when in the ordinary course of life we behold, not only the fearful and painful sacrifices made for the attainment of gold, but the court paid, the homage offered to its possessors by those who have no hope of gaining anything by their reverence for the mere name of wealth.

To come nearer home, our village at one time rejoiced in a gold worshipper, whose history is worth relating. While still young, and taking our daily walk with our nurse, we observed an old man working at the repairs of some miserably dismantled houses. He was a tall, gaunt personage, painfully meagre, and very ragged. His jawbones protruded distressingly, and his poor thin elbows looked so sharp, that one could have fancied they had cut their way through the torn coat that no longer covered them. We pitied, and with childlike sympathy and freedom made acquaintance with him; always pausing to speak to him when we passed the spot on which he

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laboured. Sometimes a little boy, a fair delicate child, was with him, assisting in the work as far as his age allowed; and with this young creature we grew intimate, and were at length led by him to the old man's home. It was a very large, old-fashioned farmhouse, but so much out of repair that only three or four rooms were habitable. These, however, were kept in exquisite order by the wife, who was a very pretty, sad-looking woman, many years younger than her husband. By her care the antique furniture, which must have counted its century at least, was preserved brightly polished; the floors were so clean, that the lack of carpeting was scarcely perceptible; and the luxuriant jessamine she had trained round the windows was a charming substitute for curtains. There was one peculiarity about the dwelling, of a striking kind when its apparent poverty and the character of its owner were considered: it contained a music-room! in which was a tolerably large church-organ, *made and used* by the miser himself. To the debasing and usually absorbing passion which governed him, he united a wonderful taste and genius for music, to gratify which he had constructed himself the instrument we have named, on which we have heard him perform in a style of touching, and at times sublime, expression, the compositions of Purcell, Pergolesi, Handel, &c. We have always thought this love of harmony in a miser a more singular and inconsistent characteristic than the avarice of Perugino or Rembrandt, since in their case the art they practised fed their reigning passion for gold; nevertheless so it was—old Mr Monckton would go without a meal, see his wife and family want common necessaries, with plenty of money at his command, and yet solace himself by performances on the organ, which frequently went far into the night, startling the passing stranger by bursts of solemn midnight melody; for he never played till the faded daylight rendered it impossible for him to work at the various little jobs by which he added to his hoards.

He had two sons: the pretty child we first knew, and an elder one, a slim, delicate youth, who was by nature an artist. His father's parsimony rendered it, however, a difficult matter for him to procure materials for the exercise of his art, which was wholly self-taught; and it was wonderful to witness the effect he could produce from a bit of common lamp-black, or an ordinary drawing-pencil. His genius at last found aid in the loving heart of his mother, who secretly and at night—often whilst her strange husband filled the house with solemn music—worked at her needle to procure the means of purchasing paints, canvas, brushes, &c. for her boy; toiling secretly, for if she had permitted the father to know that she possessed even a few shillings, he would have extorted them from her. It was all she could do to help the young painter in his eager self-teaching; for she possessed no other knowledge than that acquired at a village school during her childhood. Her own fate had been a very sad one. She was a labourer's daughter, betrothed from early girlhood to a sailor, who was her cousin; but during one of his voyages—the last he was to make before their marriage—her beauty attracted the admiration of the rich Mr Monckton, and he offered to make her his wife. The poor girl would fain have refused him, and kept her promise to her absent lover, but her family were flattered and dazzled by the idea of her wedding a man known to be so wealthy, and she was not proof against their entreaties and their anger. She married him; her relatives, however, derived no benefit from the match their selfishness had made. The miser's doors were closed against them; and lest his wife should be tempted to assist their poverty at his expense, he forbade her ever seeing her parents. A weary lot had been poor Mary's from that hour she married. Her only comfort was derived from her children; and even they became a source of sorrow as they grew past infancy, and she found that her husband's avarice would deny them even the advantages she had enjoyed as a poor cottage child. They received no education but such as she could give them; nay, were made to toil at the lowest drudgery in return for the scanty food and clothing their father bestowed. She taught them to read and write; and afterwards Richard, the elder, became his own instructor. There were many old books to be found in the farmhouse, and of those he made himself master. The villagers, who had a few volumes, were willing to lend them to such a clever lad; and at length, as we have said, his genius for painting developed itself, and was ministered to by his mother's industry. We remember seeing his first attempt at original composition. It was boldly conceived and well executed, considering the difficulties under which he laboured: the subject was Phæton driving the chariot of the sun. It was shewn to the clergyman of the village, a man of great taste, and a connoisseur in painting. He was so much pleased with it that he became the warm friend of the young artist, and, as far as circumstances permitted, his instructor in literature and painting. The younger brother inherited his father's taste for music, and was a quiet, thoughtful child, passionately attached to Richard, on whom he looked as a prodigy of learning and talent. Nothing, in fact, could be more touching than the attachment of these two brothers: at their leisure hours they were always to be seen together: their pleasures or sorrows were mutual. The privations, injustice, and restraint to which they were subjected appeared to bind them to each other with a love 'passing the love of woman;' and both found consolation in the mental gifts mercifully imparted to them.

About four years after we first became acquainted with the Monckton's, the fair, gentle child, then nearly fourteen, became ill; growing thin, pale, and weak, till his mother and Richard, in great alarm, besought old Monckton to let him have medical advice. The request produced a storm of passionate reproaches. 'The boy,' he said, 'was well enough. He ate as much as was good for him. Did they think people could not live without gormandising as they did? Did they imagine he should throw away his little means upon doctors, who were all a set of cheats? He should do nothing of the kind!' And poor Ernest was left to pine and wither, till Richard in despair sought out a physician, and telling him their story, besought him to come and see his brother, promising to repay the advice he asked by his future toil.

Dr N—— was a kind-hearted, benevolent man. He at once complied with the youth's entreaty, and called at an hour when the old man was absent at the farm. He found his patient worse than the brother's report had led him to believe. The illness was decline, caused probably by want of sufficiently nourishing food at a period of rapid growth, and increased by the overworking of a mind that was ever craving after knowledge. He prescribed such remedies as he judged best; but informed the mother, at the same time, that strengthening food was of the first importance, and would be the best means to effect a cure. Alas! how was it to be obtained? The heart of the miser was impenetrable to their remonstrances and entreaties—what was life in his eyes compared with gold? When they found that no human sympathy could be expected from the father, the mother and brother determined to use their own exertions to obey the behest of the physician. Early and late the former worked at her needle—the good doctor finding her as much employment as he could; whilst Richard, abandoning the study of his art, painted valentines, card-racks, and fancy articles for the stationers, and sought eagerly for every opportunity of winning a few shillings, to be spent in ministering to the comfort of the beloved sufferer. But it was all too late: Ernest sank slowly, but surely.

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There were intervals when life, like the flicker of an expiring lamp, appeared successfully struggling with death; but these occasional brightenings were always succeeded by a more entire prostration and languor. The personal beauty, for which Ernest had always been remarkable, grew almost superhuman during his illness, and Richard could not resist stealing a little time from his busy labours to paint his brother's portrait. In the execution of this task of love, however, many hinderances occurred; and before it was more than a sketch, the dear original had passed away from them in one of those quiet sleeps which, in such cases, are the usual harbingers of death. The painting was removed to Richard's chamber, and in the first agony of his grief, forgotten; but when Ernest had been committed to the grave, and life had assumed its usual monotony—more gloomy now than ever—he remembered his attempt, and resolved on finishing the likeness from memory. An easy task! for nightly, in his slumbers, he saw the fair, sweet face of his young brother. The second morning after he had resumed his pencil, he was startled at finding that the painting appeared to be in a more advanced state than he had left it the night before; but he fancied imagination must be juggling him, and that he really had done more than he remembered. The following day, however, the same phenomenon startled him, and he mentioned the circumstance to his mother. She was superstitious, and nervous from sorrow and regret; and she at once adopted the fanciful notion that there was something supernatural in the matter; suggesting the possibility of their dear Ernest's gentle spirit having thus endeavoured to shew them, that in another world he still thought of them and loved them. Richard combated the idea by every argument his reason offered him; but as he was convinced of the fact, and could give no satisfactory explanation of it, he was at last persuaded by her earnest entreaties to leave the picture untouched for two or three days, and see what consequences would follow. The painting progressed! daily, or rather nightly, it advanced towards completion. Every morning a stronger likeness of the dead smiled on them from the canvas, and a more skilful hand than the young painter's appeared to be engaged on the work. It was a marvel past their simple comprehension; but the mother, confirmed in her first belief, resolved to watch, and try if it might be permitted to her living eyes to gaze again upon the child whom the grave had shut from her sight. With this hope she concealed herself, without Richard's knowledge, in a large closet in his bedroom—placing the door ajar that she might see all that passed in the chamber. Her watch was of no long duration; suddenly her sleeping son rose from his couch, lighted his candle, approached his easel, and began to work at the portrait! Much amazed, and half angry at the deception she believed he had practised on her, Mrs Monckton issued from her hiding-place and spoke to him. He made her no answer; she stood before him—he saw her not; he was fast asleep! It was indeed a spirit's painting; for love had in this instance burst the bands of matter, and the somnambulist had achieved a work of art that surpassed all the efforts of his waking hours.

The story of the sleep-painting got abroad, and reached the ears of a gentleman of large fortune, who resided in the neighbourhood. He called on the young artist; was pleased with his manners; and proposed engaging him as travelling companion to his own son, a youth about to visit Italy with his tutor; proffering a salary that would enable him to cultivate his genius for painting in the land of its birth, and of its perfect maturity. The offer was eagerly and thankfully accepted, and old Monckton made no opposition to his son's wish: he was only too thankful to be relieved from the burden of supporting him. Indeed the miser was somewhat changed since Ernest's death; not that he expressed in words any remorse for having preferred his gold to the life of his fair young son; but from that time he never touched the organ—the spirit of music appeared to have died with Ernest; and he often visibly shrank from meeting the silent reproach of Richard's eyes. The neighbours also shunned him; they had loved poor Ernest, and the conduct of his father towards him—the fact of his refusing to pay the physician who had attended him, 'because he never sent for him'—and the mean, pauper-like funeral which he had grudgingly bestowed on the dead—revolted and disgusted them. A mean funeral was one of the offences the people of K—— never forgave! The old man probably detected something of their feelings in their manners, for he gradually gave up his ordinary work about the village—that is, the keeping in repair such cottages as belonged to him—and remained much within doors. This change of habits and want of exercise told fatally on threescore and ten, and probably hastened his death, which took place two years after his son's. He died without a will, but left very considerable property. It was supposed he died intestate, either because he grudged the expense of making a will, or because he could not endure the thought of parting from the gold which had had the worship and the service of his life. Richard, on his return, repaired the old farmhouse, and restored it to something like comfort. He proved liberal, but not (as is frequently the case in such instances) lavish. The only piece of extravagance of which he was ever accused—and it was the village stone-mason who blamed him for that—being the procuring an elegant marble monument from Italy, the work of a firstrate sculptor, to place over the grave of his beloved brother. The figures on it were—an admirable likeness of Ernest, taken from the somnambulist's picture, and two angelic beings in the act of presenting the risen spirit with the palms and crown of victory gained over sorrow, suffering, and death. The inscription on the tomb had an awful and touching meaning to those who knew the story of the brothers' life; and we know not how we can better conclude our sketches of the insane folly of gold worship, than by finishing them with those solemn words—'Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven.'

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS.

The contrast between the civilisation of the East, and that of the more advanced states of Western Europe, is shewn in nothing more markedly than by the different modes in which the most ordinary handicrafts are conducted. The real progress of a race does not depend so much on the perfection of the abstract sciences, on poetry, music, or painting, as on the extent and perfection of those simple arts which minister to the daily wants and comforts of life. Whatever apparent progress may have been made without a corresponding improvement in these arts, has been fleeting and unreal, and has eventually sank beneath the waves of time, leaving little but a name behind. Sometimes a warlike race may have risen to a pitch of fictitious refinement by appropriating the industry of others; but in as far as they did so without improving the industrial arts, they merely transferred to their own use a larger share of the common stock, and could only advance themselves by degrading others. I do not mean that the cultivation of science and the fine arts is not attendant upon a high state of civilisation, but that these are the *results*, not the causes, of a liberal supply of the first necessaries of life.

Seen from this point of view, a comparison between the English handicraftsmen and those of Hindoostan is capable of throwing into strong relief many of those

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inborn peculiarities which distinguish their respective races.

During a residence of some years in a part of India little frequented by Europeans, I had, from my practice as an engineer, ample opportunities of studying the essential character of Oriental handicraft, and propose giving the reader a short sketch of my experience in this interesting department. The first, and, in the eyes of an Englishman, the most offensive peculiarity of the Indian workman, is his habit of always squatting while at work. Blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, &c. all work with their knees nearly on a level with their chin; the left hand—when not used as the kangaroo uses his tail, to form a tripod—grasps the left knee, and binds the trunk to the doubled limbs. The whole posture is so suggestive of indolence and inefficiency, that an Englishman—particularly if he stand in the relationship of paymaster and employer—requires great self-control to look at it with any degree of patience.

On my first arrival in the country, having to superintend the erection of a large plant of English machinery, I set about organising a *kharkhanna*, or workshop; and my first arrangement, after procuring the requisite number of workmen, was to fit up benches for the carpenters, and forges for the blacksmiths, &c. Of course, while these were being fitted up, I was prepared to submit to the old system of squatting, and consoled myself with the reflection, that I should soon be able to convince the natives how much more rapid and effective was the English method of standing while at work. But in this, as in many other attempts at improvement, I was doomed to undergo a signal defeat. In order to prevent the blacksmiths from sitting while at work, I had the anvils raised upon wooden blocks, so as to necessitate an erect posture while at work. The poor fellows submitted with the best grace they could, but seemed greatly embarrassed by the novelty of the arrangement. The queer shaky way in which they stood, and the undecided flexure of the knee and hip-joints, were so indicative of a tendency to flap down on the slightest possible pretence, that it was really impossible to look at them without laughing. The work went on very slowly; but I hoped that, as they became accustomed to the attitude, they would feel the advantage of it, and then all would go well; but, alas! I had underestimated the tenacity of a race-established precedent; and so, one afternoon, I found my blacksmiths perched on blocks of wood of the same height as their anvils, and hammering away with all the vigour which the stability of their tottering pedestals admitted of! It was hopeless contending with such a demonstration as this; so, to the great joy of the *lohairs* (blacksmiths), I allowed the anvils to be placed once more on terra firma.

I have no doubt that in this instance the failure mainly arose from a deficiency of muscular power in the lower limbs, although the fact of their not using chairs, or other seats for ordinary use, must have had much to do with it. It would seem as if chairs or raised seats were one of those natural steps towards a higher civilisation, the value of which we are apt to overlook until we begin to trace the consequences which the want of such appliances gives rise to. It would be interesting to speculate on the revolution which a sudden deprivation of our chairs and tables would give rise to in our social and moral characteristics.

In this shoe-wearing part of the world we are apt to regard our feet merely as organs of progression; but the Indian turns his to a variety of purposes which we are accustomed to regard as fitted only for hands. The lohair, when he has got a piece of iron to file, fixes it between the jaws of a pair of small tongs, and grasping the tongs between the great toes of both feet, he holds it so firmly, that he is able to exert the whole strength of his arms in using the file. There is something very quadrumanous in his appearance while so employed; more particularly if, as occasionally happens, to save himself the trouble of shifting his position he stretches out one of his legs, and with his toes picks up some article which happens to lie beyond the range of his arms. Whether from habit or original conformation, they possess a singular degree of muscular power in their toes. The great toe is generally separated from the others by a wider interval than I have ever seen in the feet of Europeans. So marked is this peculiarity in some workmen, that, combined with the prehensile faculty alluded to, and the custom which many have of adorning it with a gold or silver ring, it really seems to have assumed all the functions of a thumb.

Time, which the Englishman values as money, has a very secondary place in the estimation of the Oriental; and all his tools and methods of working seem to be contrived with the view of consuming as much of that valuable commodity as possible.

The *radj*, or bricklayer, is, I think, about the best illustration of this. He works with a trowel about the size of an ordinary tablespoon, and a small hammer weighing about six ounces. Armed with these, and squatting before his work, he, in a loud voice, summons his *rundees* (women, two of whom always wait upon each radj), and orders them to bring *eentee* and *massala* (bricks and mortar.) The rundees in due season make their appearance—one with a brick in each hand, and the other with a small wooden trencher, about the size of a bread-basket, filled with the massala. Without changing his position, he empties the trencher on the extended bed of the brick, and it seldom contains more than enough for two bricks. He now spreads the mortar evenly with his trowel, assisting the process by adding water from a small earthenware pitcher, handed to him by an attendant rundee; and as the bricks are often very irregular in shape, he has three or four minutes to spend in chipping off the irregularities with his hammer; and if he be at all fastidious, or the brick unusually bad, he will spend twice as much time as this. It is at this part of the process that the patience of an Englishman generally gives way; and with an impatient *kis wasty* (what for), addressed to the apathetic radj, he gives vent to his feelings in a string of English adjectives, addressed to no one in particular. I once heard an energetic indigo-planter declare, that he would at any time walk a mile in the hottest sunshine, rather than be condemned to contemplate the proceedings of the masons at work on his own factory. After the radj has got the brick laid down, there is a complicated process to go through with a string and a ball of stone. The string is provided with a small slip of hoop-iron, in length exactly equal to the diameter of the ball, and made to slip up and down the string by a small hole pierced in its centre. In order to insure the perpendicular line of the wall, he applies the end of the slip of iron to the side of the brick last laid, and allows the ball to hang at some distance below; and as by means of the slip of iron at the top the string is held from the brick at the distance of the radius of the ball, if the brick be properly placed, the plummet-stone will just touch the wall below. It was all in vain that I made a straight-edge and plumb-line in the English fashion, and shewed them that by using it they would save themselves the trouble of testing the position of each brick as it was laid. So long as I stood beside them they pretended to use it; but the moment my back was turned, out came the time-honoured plummet, that had assisted in building the oldest temples in Hindoostan, and was certainly quite good enough for anything a *feringhee* like me could require.

I am much within the mark when I say, that a single English bricklayer and hodman could in one day do the work of a dozen radjs, rundees, and all; and do it much better too. One would imagine from this that

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building was a very expensive process in India; but the contrary is the case. An English bricklayer and hodman will cost from eight to ten shillings a day, while the Indian radj and his two attendant rundees will not cost more than from threepence to fourpence per day.

From having smaller hands and less physical strength than Englishmen, the Indian workman feels great difficulty in using English implements, unless of the smallest size. I had an amusing illustration of this on one occasion, when having to run up an embankment with rather more expedition than usual, I made an attempt to substitute wheelbarrows for the native system of transporting earth by what is called *cowrie kep*. This consists in employing a number of women and children with wicker-baskets, capable of holding about a spadeful each; a number of men with spades fill these baskets from the spot where the earth is to be removed; and a *peon*, or overseer, stationed where the earth is to be laid down, gives each woman and child, as she delivers her basketful, a cowrie shell—in value equal to about the eightieth part of a farthing! This method of transporting earth short distances is very cheap, but it is also very tedious; so I got the carpenters to make me a number of wheelbarrows, after our English model, and by way of encouragement I wheeled the first barrowful of earth myself; then turning to one of the stoutest of the men, who were grinning at the new machine, I invited him to follow my example; but the poor fellow, after staggering along for a few paces, and making the most hideous contortions as he attempted to steady himself, fairly tumbled over, barrow and all. The barrow was only half filled next time; and after a great deal of see-sawing, he managed to deliver his freight. Thinking that a little practice, unembarrassed by my presence, would familiarise them with the barrow, I left them for a short time to attend to some other business; and on my return I beheld the wheelbarrow borne along by four men, very much in the style in which dead men are carried off the stage—that is, two at the head, and two at the feet!

As I attributed this failure to my having made the barrows too large and too heavy, I had a set of lighter ones made—little larger than those with which boys are accustomed to amuse themselves in England, but capable of holding more earth than the baskets. My success for a time was complete; and the idea of ever catching four men engaged in the conveyance of so tiny a vehicle was out of the question. The natives, too, seemed to like them, and trundled their barrows with great glee; the work, too, appeared to go on rapidly. After a short time, however, I observed that the quantity of earth excavated each day in no case exceeded that which could have been done with the baskets, and was frequently much less. I was much puzzled at this, until one day, happening to come upon them unexpectedly, I received a most satisfactory explanation of the enigma. There were half-a-dozen of the men walking along with the greatest possible gravity, each carrying his wheelbarrow on his head—the legs in front, and the wheels behind!

After a great deal of coaxing and careful watching, I did at length succeed in establishing the legitimate use of the barrow; but even after I had threatened to dismiss the first man I found carrying his wheelbarrow on his head, I met a serious-looking old man tottering along with his barrow laid across his arms like a baby in long clothes!

In the district in which I lived there had been vague, mystical stories afloat respecting a strange machine said to be possessed by the *sahib logues* (sahib people.) It was said to be capable of running ten *cass* (twenty miles) an hour, with a hundred wagons at its heels; and ships were said to be propelled by it on the *Kulla panee* (blackwater or sea) against both wind and tide. But these stories were considered by many as far-away wonders, with which the sahibs delighted to magnify their own wisdom at the expense of the *Hindustanee admee* (men of Hindoostan.)

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of these wise men, when it was made known that one of the mysterious machines was about to make its appearance amongst them. Crowds of solemn-looking Brahmans, and grand-bearded Mussulmen, might be seen examining and criticising the limbs of the huge creature as they lay scattered about on the wharf, where they had been just landed. During the time these *disjecta membra* were being put together, there was much speculation and curiosity as to what means of energy these uncouth-looking fragments of iron could possess; and when I had occasion to consult the plans, before giving instructions to the workmen—applying a pair of dividers and scale, and sometimes making calculations with a piece of charcoal on the nearest wall—I observed that the men ceased working, and looked on with open mouths, as if I had been going through a conjuring process.

After much labour and anxiety, I at length succeeded in getting the *monster* put together; and one day, just as the heat of the day was beginning to decline, I ordered the boiler to be filled with water, and soon had a roaring fire beneath it. The natives seemed to have an impression that something unusual was about to happen, and crowds from all quarters began to assemble to witness the new *avatar*. By dusk the steam was well up; and by the light of two flaring *messalches* (torches) I could see curious-looking faces peering in at all the doors and windows of the engine-house. The workmen who had assisted in its erection laid by their tools, and were whispering to each other in wondering groups, when the safety-valve suddenly opened, and the new-born Titan began to let his voice be heard. I shall never forget the terror and amazement depicted on the faces of those who were standing by me when this occurred. A great many ran away in sheer fright; but those who had been employed in putting the engine together had, from daily familiarity, grown bolder, and readily assisted in turning round the ponderous fly-wheel preparatory to starting. It was as much as a dozen of them could do to move it, and that very slowly; but when the steam began to act, and the massive iron rim to steal away from their aiding hands, they fairly screamed with delight. Faster and faster went the wheel; the pumps clanked; the steam snorted through the escape-pipe; and the heavy masses of iron they had experienced so much difficulty in lifting into their places now seemed endowed with life and motion.

Some months after the engine had been at work, and when I had become better acquainted with the language, I was at much pains in endeavouring to explain the principles of its action to the most intelligent of the workmen; but I found they had long ago provided themselves with what, to their thinking, was a complete theory of the whole matter. The doctrine was, that the boiler contained an English *bhoot* (spirit); that we made a fire beneath the boiler, and roasted the said bhoot until he called out *duhagei* (mercy) through the safety-valve; and then only, and not before, would he go to work: the water was merely given to quench his thirst! The repeated injunctions given the man who attended to the boiler about the necessity of keeping it well supplied with water, and the consequences of the boiler bursting, which I attempted to describe as likely to follow any neglect of this precaution, led the poor fellow to imagine that if the bhoot was not *khoosh kurraed* (made pleasant) with plenty of water, he would certainly break loose, and kill everybody within his reach. They soon began, however, to have tolerably correct notions of its real character; and although no longer believing in its supernatural attributes, they allowed it was a *burra hickmut* (a great contrivance.)

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Steamboats now ply between all the principal stations on the Ganges; and it presents a curious contrast to witness the straightforward course and inflexible will of the English steamers breasting wind and tide, as if impelled by fate, and the crazy, undecided motions of the native budgerows creeping along the lee-shores, tacking and tumbling about with the most bewildering incertitude. Railways, too, are now in the course of construction on some of the principal lines of traffic; and the time is not far distant when, by their means, the rich produce of Central India will be poured into Europe with a profusion and regularity never yet dreamed of. Ay, the steam-engine is destined to do more for India than all her other teachers have yet effected. This iron apostle of civilisation does not declaim; it does not dispute nor vituperate; but it works, and always succeeds.

SPAGNOLETTO.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century there lived at Xativa, a small town near Valencia, a captain named Ribera. He had fought for many years in the king of Spain's service, and now retired on a small pension, intending to devote the remainder of his days to the education of his two sons. Of these the eldest was of a wild and wayward disposition; insomuch that, while yet a youth, he had run great excesses. Turning for comfort to his younger child Josef, the father, in order to bring him up in strict and sober habits, caused him to be clothed in a robe of black serge, and placed under the severe tuition of a learned doctor from Salamanca. The gloomy nature of his studies, the stern discipline of his teacher, and the constant restraint which he endured, made of Josef Ribera a dark, morose, and sullen boy; and no doubt, so potent are early impressions, determined the bent of his future character.

When he attained the age of fifteen, his father sent him to Valencia in order to complete his studies, and to select one of the three then fashionable learned professions—namely, theology, medicine, or astronomy. When the lad found himself, for the first time in his life, at liberty, and furnished with a tolerably well-filled purse, he began freely to enjoy the pleasures of society, from which he had hitherto been debarred, and speedily became acquainted with the painter Ribalta.

Francesco Ribalta had made a long sojourn in Italy, and to him and to his studies the Spanish school of painting owes chiefly its perfection. The sight of his works formed a new era in the life of young Ribera: from the day that he first set his foot in the artist's studio he renounced his learned pursuits, and completely devoted himself to the cultivation of art. During six months, without any guide but his natural genius, he passed his days, and a great portion of his nights, in reproducing the forms of familiar things; he spent sums of money in paying persons whom he met in the streets to sit to him as models; and, in short, soon found his pocket without a single maravedi. In this dilemma he addressed an eloquent letter to his father, declaring his firm resolution to become a painter, and requesting a supply of money for his immediate necessities. Captain Ribera was a firm and determined man. The same inflexible spirit which had caused him to leave his favourite son writhing beneath the rod of a stern tutor, now nerved him to resent this thwarting of his will; and he sent a cold reply, stating that he would not oppose his son's vocation, that he wished him all success in his new career, but that he could not afford to send him money, or at any time increase the small annual allowance which he had promised to make him.

No sooner had Josef read the letter than his resolution was taken. 'I will go,' he said, 'to Master Ribalta, and ask him to take me into his service. Who knows how I may get on!' As he left his lodging, he saw the street filled with an immense crowd attending a procession of monks and soldiers. In the midst of the latter walked a man, closely guarded, whose hands were tied behind his back, and who was accompanied by a tall personage dressed in a robe of red serge, and carrying in his hand an ominous-looking coil of rope. Josef Ribera immediately perceived that this was an unfortunate criminal going to the place of execution; and as he had a taste, whether natural or acquired, for the gloomy and the terrible, he joined the procession, and stayed to witness the execution. The body of the criminal was sentenced to remain suspended from the gallows until nightfall; and, despite of the rain, which began to fall in torrents, Ribera continued for hours watching its ghastly features, as it swung to and fro. Any one that saw the young man seated on a kerb-stone, his eyes fixed on the gallows, heedless of the rain that beat on his head, and ran down his clothes, would naturally have taken him for some near friend or relative of the criminal waiting to receive his corpse. But an interest of a different kind kept Ribera at his post; and when the twilight darkened into night, instead of going to Ribalta's house, he returned to his own lodging, and shut himself up in his chamber. There, with paper and crayons, he began to reproduce the frightful model he had spent the day in contemplating. Under the influence of a sort of feverish excitement, he continued to work all night. In the morning his sketch was finished, and it scarcely required the aid of colouring to add to its horrible reality.

Soon afterwards Ribera, with his drawing in his hand, repaired to the dwelling of Ribalta. It happened that the artist was that day in a very undignified state of irritation. He had just turned off not only the apprentice who ground his colours, but all his pupils who thought it beneath their dignity to perform this office for him during a single day. One of them, whom Ribera met on his way, told him these particulars.

'And thou art a gentleman too, I'll warrant me, and think'st thyself too grand to prepare my palette?' exclaimed Ribalta when he saw the young man enter.

'Master,' replied Ribera, respectfully doffing his cap, 'I *am*, as thou sayest, a gentleman; but I think the best and noblest gentle in the land would not be degraded by serving a great artist. I will then most gladly become thy colour-grinder, and also thy pupil—if you judgest me worthy of that honour,' he added, displaying his sketch.

These words pleased Ribalta, and the drawing charmed him. He gave the young man a cordial embrace, and said: 'Thou shalt be my pupil, and one that will do me credit, since thou art free from miserable vanity!'

The promise and the prophecy were both fulfilled: the hasty, but generous Ribalta not only instructed Josef, but also fed and lodged him in his house; and the young man's progress was extremely rapid.

From the conversation and example of his master, Ribera contracted a longing desire to visit Italy, and perfect his studies there. Accordingly, having saved a little money, in 1605 he set out for Naples, accompanied by his brother, who was now in the army, and going to join his troop. Arrived there, Josef became a pupil of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, and was soon distinguished amongst his numerous companions for his talents and perseverance. His master bestowed on him counsel and commendation, which aided his genius and flattered his pride; but he sorely missed the almost parental kindness of Ribalta. He suffered much from poverty, yet the consciousness that he was becoming, in the highest sense of the word, a painter, supported him under all his privations.

After the death of Michael Angelo, Ribera went to Rome, and there studied diligently in the schools of Raffaelle and the Caracci: the sight of their great works tended much to modify the harshness and gloomy

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grandeur of the style which he had previously acquired, and which was so perfect an imitation of Michael Angelo's manner, as to cause some of his paintings to be mistaken for those of his great master.

Despite of his poverty while at Naples, he had preferred independence to the haughty patronage of Cardinal Borgia; and now at Rome he gave offence to a noble of rank, by choosing to reside in a miserable attic, instead of eating the bread of dependance in a splendid palace. During this period of intense study, his chief productions were sketches which he used to barter with the market-people for food: his customers surnamed him 'Lo Spagnoletto' (the young Spaniard), and by this title he has ever since been known. This was precisely the most glorious period of the Lombard school of art, and the greater number of the masters who rendered it illustrious were assembled at Rome—some at the commencement, and others at the middle or end of their career. There might be seen conversing together the Caracci, Albano, Dominichino, Laufrauco, Guercino, and Guido, of whom it was said: 'Other artists work like men, but Guido works like angels.'

Pride, which throughout life was the ruling passion of Ribera, served to restrain his natural desire of producing pictures, in order that, by means of severe and well-disciplined study, he might one day become the successful rival of those mighty men who were now famous while he was obscure. Therefore, without murmuring at his lot, Spagnoletto lived at Rome completely absorbed in study, and enduring every imaginable privation of physical comfort. In vain did one of the Caracci offer him the use of his studio and models; Ribera refused to avail himself of the generous artist's kindness, in order not to burthen himself with the duty of gratitude. After some time he went to Parma and Modena, with the intention of studying the works of Corregio. Having accomplished this, and feeling that he was now really an artist, he returned to Naples, and applied himself to the task of painting for fortune as well as for fame. Yet he met with so little encouragement, that at times he felt tempted to throw aside his palette, and join his brother in betaking himself to the profession of a soldier.

One morning the owner of the house in which Spagnoletto lodged knocked at the door of his room. Being invited to enter, he asked, with all the politeness of a Neapolitan host, for the amount of board and lodging due to him, which came to the sum of twenty ducats.

Ribera's purse was completely empty, and he frankly said so to his creditor.

'And how am I to live without my rent?' was the natural question of the host. 'There is a gentleman now applying to me for a lodging, and I have not a single room to give him.'

'Except mine: I am going away.'

'Then I may let your apartment?'

'Certainly: I shall leave it this evening.'

Accordingly the artist engaged a porter to remove his effects, consisting entirely of canvas, lay-figures, and easels; but as he was departing, the host stopped him, and again asked for his rent.

'I told you before I have no money.'

'Well, well, give me these three pictures which you have under your arm, and you shall have a receipt in full!'

Ribera willingly consented, and betook himself to a very humble lodging in the neighbourhood, while his former landlord decorated his house with the three splendid sketches which he had obtained.

In a few days our artist received a visit from a little old man dressed in black, who carried one of the sketches in his hand, and asked Ribera if it was he who had painted it. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, the old man, who was a picture-dealer on a very extensive scale, bespoke a painting of St Magdalen, for which he promised to pay sixty ducats. The order was quickly executed, and paid for; and this formed the foundation of Spagnoletto's renown. He was now beset with applications for pictures, and he worked indefatigably. Almost every week he produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, which the noble amateurs in Naples covered with gold; and amid his incessant occupations, it is marvellous how he found time to woo and wed the only daughter of his first patron, the picture-dealer, who bestowed on him a large fortune.

About this time the viceroy gave a magnificent fête. At a short distance from the palace Ribera had exposed to public view his painting representing the martyrdom of St Bartholomew. The admiring crowd were so carried away by their feelings of enthusiasm, that the viceroy mistaking their plaudits and acclamations for the noise of a rising tumult, sallied forth, sword in hand, at the head of his guards and guests. As soon as he learned the cause of the uproar, he sent for the artist, whom the people had honoured with such an ovation, granted him a pension, and assigned to him apartments in the palace, with the title of 'Painter to the Viceroy.'

From that day Spagnoletto equalled the richest lords of Naples in fortune, and the noblest in court favour. He soon began to make a somewhat ostentatious display of his newly-found wealth and greatness. No palace in the city was more frequented than the painter's dwelling; his banquets rivalled in splendour those given by the Duke of Arcos; and every morning his almoner distributed large sums in charity to a number of poor persons. This latter custom obtained for him the notice and approval of the pope; and that no distinction might be wanting to him, he was enrolled amongst the members of the Academy of St Luke. Yet despite of his lofty position, and the universal favour which he enjoyed, Josef Ribera was a miserable man: envy preyed on his heart. Dazzled by prosperity, almost delirious with pride, he could not endure the thought of a rival. Many excellent judges, while acknowledging his merit as a painter, decreed the palm of superiority to an artist of Bologna, who had painted the 'Communion of St Jerome' for the price of fifty crowns—a trifling recompense, indeed, for one of Domenichino's finest creations; but it is not in the seventeenth century alone that we find instances of ill-rewarded merit.

A glorious career would have been that of Spagnoletto, had it not been for the implacable hatred with which he pursued Albano, the Caracci, and, above all, Domenichio Zampieri, commonly called Domenichino. It is said that Ribera at first tried to eclipse this latter rival by returning to the manner of Michael Angelo; but the public refused to his works that exclusive admiration which he coveted, and took the liberty of praising the paintings in the Duomo di San Geunajo, of which the portion confided to Domenichino had just been finished and displayed to view. This impartiality of the public cost poor Zampieri dear. One day while he was absent, a workman, bribed by his enemies, altered the composition of the stucco prepared to receive the remainder of the fresco in such a manner that as soon as the colours were laid on, the whole cracked and peeled off. Ribera has been commonly accused of this dastardly action; but even had it been done by others (and Domenichino had bitter foes beside), the relentless and obstinate persecution which Spagnoletto directed against his rival, would suffice to fix a dark stain on his memory.

Little fitted to contend with his powerful enemy, Domenichino fell into a state of profound melancholy, which terminated in the loss of his life by poison; but whether administered by his own hand, or by that of another, remains a doubtful question.

Not long after the death of the ill-fated Zampieri,

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the heart of Spagnoletto was cruelly pierced through its only vulnerable spot. The only human beings whom Ribera seemed really to love were his two daughters. One of these had married a Spanish gentleman holding a high office at Madrid; the younger was living at home with her father when Don Juan came to Naples to suppress the sedition raised by Masaniello. This accomplished, the general celebrated the triumph in arms of his Catholic majesty, Philip IV., by a succession of splendid fêtes. At one of these Don Juan saw the beautiful daughter of Ribera, and succeeded in carrying her off with him. The grief of the outraged father knew no bounds. The rank of the offender sheltered him from the painter's vengeance, and the latter retired to the solitude of his villa at Pausilippo. Soon afterwards, having ascertained where Don Juan was likely to be found, he set out, accompanied by a few armed servants, in order to lie in wait, and slay his enemy in an ambuscade. From that day he was never seen or heard of. It is supposed that he either perished in the enterprise, or killed himself in despair at having failed to accomplish it. This mysterious disappearance took place in 1636: Spagnoletto was then sixty-eight years old.

Amongst the principal works of this great painter may be named the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'St Bartholomew,' and 'The Death of Cato,' at the Louvre; at Naples, 'St Bruno,' 'The Apostles' Communion,' 'The Twelve Prophets;' and the 'Descent from the Cross,' in the convent of St Martin; and finally, at Madrid, 'Jacob's Ladder,' which a tourist has compared to 'a torrent of light.'*

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

Amongst the eminent names connected with Glasgow in the last century is that of Dr John Moore, author of 'Zeluco' and other novels, and the father of Sir John Moore. He practised as a physician in the city, and appears to have lived on easy terms with the eminent merchants, joining them in a convivial association called the Hodge-Podge Club. There is still extant a poem written by Dr Moore on this fraternity, which has not, as far as I am aware, been printed. Indeed it is scarcely fitted for publication, except as a curiosity of the past for the use of Glasgow alone, the verses being each devoted to the character of a particular member of the club, in such vague terms as, though no doubt most piquant to those who knew the persons, are somewhat vapid to us. It opens thus:—

A club of choice fellows each fortnight employ
An evening in laughter, good-humour, and joy;
In this club there's a mixture of nonsense and sense,
And the name of 'Hodge-Podge' they have taken from thence.

Like the national council they often debate,
And settle the army, the navy, and state;
But should you wish to know more of this merry class,
Like the kings of Macbeth they shall one by one pass.

The second figure is that of Mr Peter Blackburn—

Rough Peter the next of our group that appears,
With his weather-beat face and his heathery hairs;
His humour is blunt, and his sayings are snell;
He's a —— honest heart, but a villanous shell!

There is some humour, as well as descriptive force, in the picture of a banker, Sir James Simpson—

Now forward comes Simpson, so lean and so lank,
You may know by his face there's a run on the bank;
Oh why thy bag-wig dost thou shake at me so?
Thou can't not say I did it, ghostly Banco!

Mr Orr of Barrowfield is sketched metaphorically—

A pair of gold buckles without any carving,
In figure and workmanship not worth a farthing;
At home manufactured and plenty of metal—
An emblem of Orr, and it fits to a tittle.

I remember the subject of the following verse, at a different period of life, a fine specimen of the Scottish gentleman of a former day—

Easy Murdoch comes saunt'ring, as if in a dream;
He ne'er strives with the current, but follows the stream;
On your voyage through life, Peter, choose thy friends well,
'Tis in their power to lead you to heaven or to hell.

Mr John Cross is invested with a moral dignity not very congruous with the spirit of the poem—

Independence is marked in each feature he bears,
The opinions of others he nor cares for nor fears;
To no one he'll cringe for distinction or pelf,
John boldly steps forth and depends on himself;
No losses or crosses can e'er him affect,
Misfortune he bears till he bears our respect.

The description of a member of the Garnkirk family—

With feelings too nice to be ever at ease—

is in fine contrast with Cross and Blackburn; and the concluding couplet would not have looked out of place in Goldsmith's 'Retaliation'—

Applaud he's a wit, contradict he's a dunce,
Retort on Dunlop, and you gag him at once.

Dr Moore had not, on the whole, much credit from his pupil, Douglas Duke of Hamilton, with whom he had made the tour of Europe. This young nobleman threw away fine talents, and the graces of a not ungenerous character, in vicious amusements and low company. When he visited Glasgow he was more frequently to be found at the cock-pit than in the Assembly Room. A story is told of a sporting butcher, who, meeting the duke in some of these low scenes, and being irritated by contradiction regarding a bet, exclaimed with a fierce imprecation, 'My lord duke—your Grace—you lie!' Yet, as often happens, this careless young nobleman was not without a sense of what was due to his rank. A neighbouring proprietor in the county, certainly a very handsome man, who thought he resembled the duke in personal appearance, went up to him one day at a party, and said: 'It is very odd, my lord duke, that I am so frequently taken for your Grace.' 'Very odd indeed,' said the duke, 'for I am never mistaken for Mr Stirling!'

Of the natives of Glasgow during the latter part of last century, none were more highly distinguished than Sir John Moore and Sir Thomas Munro. The former left Glasgow at an early period of life, and I do not recollect that he ever revisited it. The latter did revisit Glasgow after many years' absence, and appears to have retained to the last a vivid and agreeable impression of the scenes of his youth. When he first returned from India, Sir Thomas Munro met accidentally in London an old schoolfellow of his, Mr Buchanan of Ardoch, then M.P. for Dumbartonshire. Neither had seen the other for very many years. On Mr Buchanan offering his hand to Sir Thomas, and asking if he recollected an old acquaintance, the latter looked steadfastly at him for a second or two, and then said, 'John Buchanan, I would have known you among a thousand.'

When he came to Glasgow, Sir Thomas Munro paid a visit to another old schoolfellow, a worthy candlemaker of the name of Harvie, who had a shop in Stockwell Street. 'Well, Mr Harvie,' said Sir Thomas on entering the shop, 'do you remember me?' Harvie gazed for some time at the tall, gaunt figure before him, striving to recall his features. At last he said:

* This sketch is abridged from the French of De Chatillon.

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'Are ye *Millie Munro?*' .. 'I am just Millie Munro,' said the other, and the quondam schoolfellows had a long chat about the 'days o' langsyne.' Sir Thomas was represented by his school-companions as having been the 'hero of a hundred *stone*-fights,' or battles of any other kind: in short, the bully of his class, in which, from his proficiency in *milling*, he received the above nickname.

In the course of these sketches I have mentioned one or two of our lord provosts. How these functionaries would be astonished could they look up and see the changes which have taken place in their native city since they left this sublunary scene! Even the very costume which in former days rejoiced the cockles of the heart of many a Bailie Nicol Jarvie, as a mark of distinction from the *ignobile vulgus*, has been discarded by the liberal notions of modern times; and the triangular cocked-hat and handsome suit of sables are no longer the badges of civic authority.

Before quitting the subject, let me recall an anecdote of one of our chief magistrates, who held the reins of office in days of yore, 'when George the Third was king.' But it is necessary to my story that I should first describe his dress.

On public occasions, besides the formidable *chapeau* above alluded to, and gold chain of office, which is still worn, the dress of the lord provost was a black velvet coat and vest, *shorts*, black silk stockings, and handsome knee and shoe-buckles. He also wore a bag-wig, which, when boys at school, appeared to myself and companions as being 'very grand.' A personable man looked particularly well in this dress, which shewed off the figure to advantage; but the defects of external appearance were equally conspicuous. The gentleman whom I have in view was one of the most intelligent and patriotic of our citizens, but in his outer man exceedingly thin and slender, and withal having, like Sterne's monk, a 'mild, pale, penetrating countenance.'

As the story goes, a lady from the country had seen him in 'full fig,' at some public place, perhaps a dancing assembly, and inquired who he was. On being told that he was the lord provost of Glasgow—'Lord provost!' she said; 'dear me! *I thocht it was a corp run awa wi' the mortcluith!*'

In the early part of the last century, there was great strictness of religious observance in Glasgow, particularly regarding the keeping of the Day of Rest. Some families admitted of no domestic work of any kind on that day; a few did not open their shutters, except only as much as was necessary to see to read. A set of officials, styled compurgators, but vulgarly known under the name of *hornies*, walked about in time of service, to take up any person whom they found strolling about. It so happened at length that the *Rough Peter* of Dr Moore's poem fell into their hands one day, while walking with a friend on the Green: he raised an action against the magistrates, and succeeded in his suit; which put an end to the compurgators. I have heard old people who remembered the circumstances say, that thereafter the Green was filled with Sunday promenaders. The bow had been too much bent, and the recoil was proportionate.

The published sermons of at least two of the Glasgow divines of those days shew that the authors (Drs Leechman and M'Laurin) were worthy contemporaries of the great men whom I have already mentioned. These discourses may still be read with edification from their piety, and with pleasure on account of their style. The rusticity which appears to have once belonged to the Scottish church had now, I apprehend, vanished in the principal towns; but it was still to be found in some of the country clergy. In my own younger days, there was a certain minister of Dumbarton, a shrewd observer, but who, in addressing a country audience, seems to have judged it necessary to adopt the language and modes of thinking with which they were familiar. Preaching one day in the neighbouring parish of Bonhill, on the danger attending a relapse after conversion, he told his hearers 'to remember Lot's wife; who, you all know, turned and looked back, though she was strictly warned against it; and she was turned into a pillar of salt, as she remains to this day—*for ony thing I ken to the contrary.*' The last part of the sentence was in theatrical phrase an 'aside,' reminding us of Burns's—

> 'His carnal wit and sense
> Like hafflin's-ways o'ercomes him
> At times that day.'

A dissenting meeting-house in Dumbarton had proved a sore annoyance to the same minister. But we are commanded to forgive our enemies, and Dr O——, after enumerating the unconverted Jews, and unregenerate heathen, prayed fervently 'even for that *hobbleschaw* at the Brig-end.'

A certain minister of Campsie, whom I recollect very well, might have figured as one of the originals in the satirical work above alluded to. He was a large, strong-boned man, the son, as he used to boast, of the miller of Campsie; and certainly in appearance was far better adapted for the labours of the mill, or of the plough, than for those of the church militant. The minister was one day rudely insulted by a parishioner, who, unfortunately for himself, alluded to the black coat of the clergyman as preventing him from going farther. 'That shall be no objection,' said the divine; and stripping off his coat, which he laid on a hedge: 'Minister,' he added, 'lie thou there! James L——, stand thou here!' and gave his antagonist a thrashing to his heart's satisfaction.

From the following anecdote it would appear that the Glasgow ministers had stock sermons in those days, as well as in later times. A young man on the eve of going out to America heard his father preach a sermon from the text, 'Adam, where art thou?' On his return, after an absence of many years, he went on the first Sunday, as was meet, to his father's church, when the good old gentleman read out the same text, 'Adam, where art thou?' 'Mother,' said the son, who was a noted wag, 'has my father not found Adam *yet?*'

The English public is aware that instrumental music is not used in the Scotch church. There have been many who desired to see it introduced; but the general spirit of the nation is against it. Early in the present century, an amiable Glasgow divine went so far as positively and unauthorisedly to break this rule. Being a member of his congregation at the time, I was present when one Sunday, on the psalm being read out as usual by the minister, a small organ commenced playing the tune to which it was to be sung. It was one of those fine old melodies, which at one period formed exclusively the psalmody of Scotland. At the first line, scarcely any of the congregation joined; at the second line, a few more were emboldened to add their voices; still more at the third line; and, before the conclusion of the verse, almost every one who had been accustomed to follow the precentor sung as usual. The congregation was pleased, but not so the presbytery. Dr Ritchie was immediately interdicted from this 'daring innovation,' and the question was appointed to be tried at the next meeting of presbytery.

The novelty of the case excited a great deal of public interest, and the Tron Church, where the discussion was held, was generally crowded. I had an opportunity of hearing a great part of the debates, and am sorry to say that they did not reflect much credit on the charity of the reverend disputants. One of the learned doctors gave a very intelligible hint to the bystanders, that 'had such an attempt been made in the days of their fathers, some of them' (meaning Dr Ritchie) 'would have had a bad chance of escaping summary justice that evening.' But the most amusing part of the

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meeting was, in hearing the arguments made use of against the organ by some of the country clergy. 'I have a *leetle* boy at home,' said one of these speakers, 'who once took a fancy to a whistle, and nothing would please him but the whistle, and the whistle he would have; and,' continued the eloquent divine, rising with his subject, 'suppose you indulge the *tasty* congregation of St Andrews with their *organ*, what is to prevent others from applying—one for a *flute*, another for a *fiddle*—or, perhaps, a Highland congregation demanding a BAGPIPE?' The rejection of the organ was carried in the presbytery by a triumphant majority. Fortunately for Dr Ritchie, he soon afterwards received a call to Edinburgh, which he accepted. On his leaving Glasgow, there appeared a caricature which would not have disgraced HB., representing the reverend doctor as a sturdy strolling musician, bearing an organ on his back, on which he was grinding, 'We'll gang nae mair to yon town.'

The prejudice against an organ amongst the lower classes in Glasgow appears to have been much stronger at one time than it probably would be at present. Two *viragoes* are said to have had a regular 'fit of flyting' one day, when, after having nearly exhausted their rhetoric, one of them concluded, 'Eh, woman, what hae ye to say—*ye* keep the keys o' the *whuslin kirk*' (the Episcopal Chapel.)

JOURNALISM BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

'THE DESERET NEWS' is the title of a newspaper published by a Mormon editor at one of the settlements of that singular people west of the Rocky Mountains, to which region they betook themselves on their expulsion from the state of Missouri a few years since. The paper is a curiosity in its way, as much from the peculiarity of the articles and information conveyed, as from its dimensions. It is about the size of our Journal, and consists of eight pages. No reader need be in any uncertainty as to the locality of the printing-office; for the editor heads his sheet with 'lat. 40° 45′ 44″, long. 111° 26′ 34″,' closely followed by the announcement that the 'Deseret News' is 'published every other Saturday at a charge of 2½ dollars for six months, if paid in advance, or 15 cents for a single copy. The charge for advertisements of twelve lines is 1½ dollars for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each repetition. A list of agents succeeds, among whom is 'Bishop Holladay, and all the acting bishops in the city;' and subscribers are informed that the paper will be 'delivered at the post-office, which will be open each Sabbath from twelve to one o'clock P.M.'

Presently we come to a 'PATRIARCHAL NOTICE.—I take this method to notify the brethren of the city and vicinity, that I will attend to all calls in the line of my office hereafter, particularly on Saturdays and Mondays of each week; also on other days of the week when convenient. JOHN SMITH, *Patriarch*.

'*N. B.*—Office near the north-west corner of the Temple Block.'

Then we have a 'Proclamation to the Saints,' or a 'Word of Wisdom,' particularly recommended 'to the twelve high priests, seventies, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, deacons, brethren, and sisters.' Wine is only to be used for the sacraments, and 'this should be wine—yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your make. And again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly; and is not good for man; but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.' Declarations follow in a similar strain concerning the uses of flesh, fruits, grain, and vegetables; and the 'Word of Wisdom' concludes with the pertinent inquiry—'Why is it not wisdom to make a common practice of drinking tea, coffee, or hot drinks of any kind? Physicians, philosophers, elders in Israel, will you please to answer?'

Other subjects are treated in accordance with the interest felt in them by the community to whom they are addressed. A short paragraph states that the General Assembly had met in the Representatives' Hall on a Monday in December, and having received the governor's message, and sat for four days, adjourned to the first Monday in January. From another sentence we gather that a mint is established, for the tithing office is announced as removed to a room in the coin-stamping edifice. Under date November 30, we read that the mail started for the United States, escorted by several military officers, from a major down to a sergeant. They went 'over the big mountain,' and during the night rescued a mule and a man from 'seven large white shaggy wolves.' The mail inwards 'passed through snow from one to three feet in depth for seventeen days,' bearing important dispatches from Washington.

Among miscellaneous matters, we are told that 'the improvements of the age are great—such as making good cheese of potatoes, sewing more than a yard per minute without hands, setting horse-shoes without nails, making many big candles with little tallow, preserving butter perfectly sweet for years without salt, restoring and preserving sight without glasses; and almost everything, except being saved without keeping the commandments.' From this it would appear that the Rocky Mountains are no barrier to the march of intellect; neither is the editor without an eye to business, for in another paragraph, headed RAGS! RAGS!! RAGS!!! he counsels his readers to 'Save their rags—everybody in Deseret, save your rags; old wagon-covers, tents, quilts, shirts, &c. &c. are wanted for paper. The most efficient measures,' he continues, 'are in progress to put a paper-mill in operation the coming season in this valley, and all your rags will be wanted. Make your woollen rags into carpeting, and save importation.' Literature makes a demonstration in 'NOVELS! NOVELS!! all the latest for sale, by J. & E. REESE;' and the 'Parent School' is advertised as 'under the direction and supervision of Professor Orson Spencer,' with a favourable prospect 'for a rapid advancement in the sciences,' at eight dollars per quarter, 'one-half in advance.' Samuel W. Richards announces himself as the 'appointed committee to make preparation and give any information necessary;' and W. Woodruff intimates that readers would do well to purchase from his 'large and well-selected assortment of school-books,' 'that their children may be rapidly advanced in the various branches which will be taught the present winter.' The go-ahead principle seems to be not less active among the Mormons than among the other population of the United States.

The 'sex' are cared for by 'Mrs A. Smith,' who 'invites the ladies of Great Salt Lake City and vicinity, to the inspection of a superior assortment of velvet, silk, satin, and straw bonnets, and a variety of millinery and fancy goods;' and the fathers, brothers, and husbands of the former are assured by William P. M'Intire that 'he is prepared to make coats, cloaks, pants, and vests, in the latest and most approved styles.' Nor are other physical requirements forgotten: 'a supply of fresh beef is constantly on hand at the old stand of B. Stringham, a little south of the Council House;' and Charles White 'is prepared to drive all kinds of stock to his herd ground at Black Rock, twenty miles west of this city, on Monday in each week;' and shingles are served at 5 dollars 50 cents per thousand, when the timber is furnished, and 50 cents deducted when the timber is rolled on the log-way, and the shingles removed by the owner as fast as they are manufactured.'

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From all these items we may form some idea of the doings of these far-western settlers; there is an evident touch of originality about them, which will perhaps disappear when the great national railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific shall be finished. We close our notice with two advertisements which appear to be unique of their kind:—'Willard Snow, Esq.' publishes a 'Fair Warning! Third and Last Call!—All persons indebted to Sam'l Bringhurst for making cradles, are requested to call and settle their accounts forthwith, if they wish to save cost, as he has gone south, and left them in my hands for collection, for the support of his wife, who is in want of the wheat immediately.' And P. P. Pratt announces, that he 'is intending to take his departure on the 1st of January 1851, and may be absent for some years on a foreign mission: This is, therefore, to inform his debtors that he frankly forgives all debts due him, and calls upon all persons who have demands against him to present them for payment on or before the 25th of December next, or ever after hold their peace, as he wishes his family, during his absence, to be free from such annoyances as duns, blacksmiths, cobblers, lawyers, sheriffs, and butchers' bills, &c. And should he live to return, he would like to rest in peace, without having old debts to stare him in the face.'

With such contents the 'Deseret News' may very fairly claim to rank with the Curiosities of Literature. The sheets a hundred years hence will often be quoted as evidence of the 'good old times.'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

May 1851.

On the morning of the 1st I walked from the north-east quarter of our vast city to its western suburb, and on the way could not help being struck by the deserted and quiet appearance of many of the off-streets. Numerous shops being shut, gave them somewhat of a Sunday look. But on emerging into a main thoroughfare—Oxford Street, for instance—the scene was different. There a great human tide was flowing westward, attracted by the long-talked-of opening of the Exhibition. I entered Hyde Park by the marble arch—which, by the way, looks uncommonly well on its new site—and just within the gate came upon the rear of the line of carriages, the foremost of which was more than a mile distant. Here was an earnest of what might be expected on getting nearer to the culminating point; and strolling quietly onwards, I watched the visitors as they advanced along the numerous paths which intersect the sward. On they come in pairs, or groups of tens and twenties, all animated and expectant, and in their silks and satins, broadcloth and cotton, exhibiting not a few triumphs of British industry. At the Apsley House gate the throng and excitement were still more remarkable; and it happened to some individuals who lived in Piccadilly, not far from the Park, and who set out to ride to the Crystal Palace, that they had to be driven eastwards as far as Long Acre before they could fall into the line of carriages. Already the grand avenue of approach was flanked by closely-packed rows of sight-seers, five or six deep, gifted apparently with unwonted powers of patience and endurance, and growing denser and broader the nearer to the building. Everything conspired to give an imposing effect to the latter, for the May-day sun shone brightly, under which the glass glistened, and the gay flags looked gayer as they shook in the breeze. On every side of the edifice were congregated the fast-increasing multitudes; and it seemed miraculous that none were hurt as carriage after carriage dashed up to the several entrances, and discharged their living loads. Groups of eager gazers pressed as near to the open doors as janitorial policemen would permit, eager to catch a glimpse of the treasures within, or of the perspective lines of the galleries and columns, fading away in a blended maze of red, white, and blue. The model frigate on the Serpentine, decorated with flags and bunting from bowsprit to spanker-boom, presented in herself an object of much attraction, and between the water and the building the throngs were greatest. Look whichever way you would, thousands upon thousands of human beings met the eye; every rise and vantage-ground shewed tier above tier of heads. Beyond the Serpentine, too, the crowds were not less numerous, forming an unbroken line along the bank, with irregular columns stretching far up the slopes between the trees. It was a most impressive spectacle—such a gathering as few or none of us will ever see again. Hundreds of thousands assembled in a spirit of order and good-humour, to celebrate the most famous holiday that England has yet seen.

By and by was heard the clang of trumpets, and a distant shout, which came nearer and nearer; the helmets and plumes of a troop of horse seemed to swim rapidly along between the lines of spectators; a carriage followed, stopped at the northern entrance, and on the summit of the transept the royal banner, rising to the top of the flagstaff, announced that the Queen had entered the Crystal Palace. Presently the National Anthem, sung by the choirs inside, was heard sounding through the glass walls and roof; then a pause, followed by alternating swells and silences of the organs, and ending with the mighty Hallelujah chorus; while without the thunder of cannon proclaimed the inauguration complete.

How impressive the moral! For the first time since the world began an ovation had been accorded to Labour! Here thought, and skill, and the rude might of the horny hand, shewed themselves in their majesty; and industry, wondrous in form and exhaustless in energy, triumphed over the idle, the incapable, and the inane.

As yet the feeling of all who have seen the Exhibition is the reverse of disappointment; and before long, when the cost of admission comes down to a shilling, we shall be overwhelmed with details and descriptions. Meantime, except certain chagrins to the exhibitors, all goes on pleasantly. The better to keep eruptive foreigners in order, we have imported a troop of Prussian and French police; but the chances of their being needed to quell turbulence is believed to be as remote as the rumoured blowing-up of the Crystal Palace with gunpowder. The labels in shop-windows, announcing that foreign languages are spoken within, are multiplying, in many instances deceitfully; and here and there you see a notice in German at newspaper offices, asking for compositors. Of all the activities promoted by the Exhibition, that of printing seems at present the most lively.

You may now know whereabouts you are when walking our streets, for the names of the thoroughfares are newly and universally painted at their extremities and intersections. And our red-frocked shoe-blacks stand ready, in convenient localities, to develop the latent properties of Day & Martin — an operation which, owing to its novelty, attracts a crowd of onlookers. And go where you will, prints, books, maps, or medals, all more or less relating to the Exhibition, are thrust upon your notice by clamorous venders. But I must now beg leave to pass to other topics.

You of course remember Kinkel, who was professor at Bonn, and got shut up in prison at Spandau for meddling with politics, and afterwards made his escape: he is now delivering a course of twelve lectures on the 'Modern Theatre,' at one of our west-end assembly-rooms. There are many who will go to hear the celebrated German from other motives than those of mere curiosity. There have been some good lectures too at the Royal Institution, including a second from Faraday on the magnetism of the atmosphere—popularising the important facts contained in the papers which I

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told you some time ago were read before the Royal Society. But the most notable philosophical subject which has come on for discussion of late, is the much-talked-of pendulum experiment, which having first come to light at Paris, has been subsequently repeated in several parts of Europe, and in our own country. The originator is M. Foucalt, who, as stated in his communication to the Académie, first discovered the phenomenon in question while conducting a series of observations on the pendulum in the cellar of his house. By means of it, the rotation of the earth on its axis is said to be demonstrated as clearly as by astronomical observations. At first sight it seems impossible that any contrivance which partakes of the motion of the earth could be made to exhibit that motion. The explanation, however, appears to be, that the plane of vibration, or line of direction, in which a pendulum is set going, never alters, notwithstanding that the point of suspension may be carried round by the earth's rotation; consequently if a pendulum be made to vibrate at the pole, we can understand that an object fixed in the earth at one extremity of the line of vibration will, in twenty-four hours, have been carried round the other extremity, and brought back to its starting-point—the pendulum all the time having been swinging in the same line, and thus rendering the rotation evident. The same effect, with differences of time according to latitude, would be observed on descending from the pole, until, on reaching the equator, the result altogether disappears, owing to certain compensating causes best understood by mathematicians. In order to test the fact, especial pains must be taken with the mode of suspending the pendulum, which should be a wire with a perfectly round ball or bob at the lower end. The best mode of suspension is said to be to pass the wire through a hole in a plate of metal, and secure it on the upper side, whereby no bias is given to the swing.

Suppose a pendulum set agoing according to these conditions, and hung from the centre of a ceiling: you make a perpendicular mark directly in a line with the wire on one of the walls towards which the bob swings: then immediately opposite, near the farther wall, you fix an upright sight-staff, which shall be precisely in a line with the wire and the mark on the wall beyond. The adjustment may be made exact, by placing the eye at one side of the staff, in the same way that jockeys 'take sights' at races. Go away for an hour, and then apply your eye a second time: you will find that the staff has been carried to the left, or the course followed by the hands of a watch: the pendulum has preserved its line of direction, but the earth is rotating round it; and thus hour after hour the staff will be carried onwards, until it has performed an entire revolution. The time required to complete the circle here, in London, is said to be 30 hours 40 minutes, and at Paris, owing to difference of latitude, 32 hours 8 minutes; and herein consists an insuperable difficulty for those unacquainted with mathematical laws. How is it, they ask, that the revolution round the pendulum and the rotation of the earth are not coincident—namely, twenty-four hours? No satisfactory popular solution has yet been given. Some other embarrassing points have been urged, which I need not stay to particularise; but as Professor Baden Powell, assisted by Mr Wheatstone, is to give an experimental lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution, we shall soon know whether the apparent effect be an illusion or not. The subject was much talked of at Lord Rosse's first soirée, given at the beginning of the month; and two of the most distinguished Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, gave clear demonstrations of the phenomenon. I may tell you, however, that several of our most eminent mathematicians discredit the assumed results altogether: meantime the managers of the Polytechnic Institute are exhibiting the pendulum experiment to all whose curiosity impels them to have ocular demonstration of the rotation of the earth.

According to M. Baudrimont, a plumb-line at rest will shew the fact as well as a pendulum in motion; and he informs the Académie, that an instrument might be constructed which 'would serve not only to demonstrate the diurnal movement of the earth, but could also be employed for an exact division of time. If we suppose,' he continues, 'a solid mass supported on an axis, round which it can move freely; and if we admit, besides, that this axis is maintained parallel to that of the earth, whatever may be the place of observation, it will be found that the mass disposed as described, and subjected to those forces solely which may compel it to a circular movement round the axis of the earth, would, by virtue of the inertia of matter, behave in such a way that one of its meridian planes would remain parallel to a plane supposed to be fixed in space, and that by an apparent movement it would appear to perform a revolution round its axis, while in reality it would be only the earth that turned.'

You will recollect my calling your attention to M. Chas. Mène's chemico-horticultural experiments: since those were reported, he has made others with a view to ascertain the proportion of azote taken up by growing plants. In a barren soil, composed chiefly of pounded glass, he sowed wheat and peas, and applied no other moisture than distilled water. The plants grew; but on comparing their quantity of azote with that contained in seeds of the same, the peas had not increased more than one-third, and the wheat one-fourth. He next raised several other kinds of vegetables under a handlight, in which he created a determinate atmosphere, and analysed it daily. The constituents of this atmosphere were—twenty-five parts each of oxygen and carbonic acid, and fifty of azote; and it was found, as the experiment went on, that although the plants had 'fixed,' a portion of the latter gas—the quantity at first thrown in—was not diminished. From all of which M. Mène infers, that 'plants absorb from the soil and from manure all the azote necessary to them, and that they do not take it directly from the atmosphere.'

Passing to other matters, Messrs Wertheim and Breguet have been experimenting on the rate of velocity of sound in telegraph wires, as observed on the Versailles Railway. The best signal was found to be the stroke of a hammer on one of the posts. The blow being struck, an attendant, holding a chronometer, noted the precise instant of the concussion; while another, stationed far away, noted its arrival. The greatest distance over which it was possible to test the transmission was 4067 metres; for, singularly enough, the sound would not pass through a tunnel, notwithstanding that its intensity was such as would have been perceptible at a much greater distance. The rate was ascertained to be 3485 metres in a second, while, theoretically, it should have been 4634. The question is to be further investigated on a line where great lengths of wire extend independent of tunnels.

Our doctors have been talking about certain medical and physiological subjects which have also come before the Académie. One is M. Buisson's announcement of a cure for hydrophobia: it was written in 1835, and placed, sealed up, in the hands of the scientific corporation, and has only recently been opened. In the year specified, M. Buisson was called on to bleed a woman who had been bitten by a mad dog. While his hands were covered with blood, he wiped them with a towel which had been used to wipe the foam from the mouth of the patient, disregarding a sore that had formed on one of his fingers. At the end of nine days he was seized with the usual symptoms of hydrophobia: pain in the throat and eyes; dislike of viewing brilliant objects; desire to run and bite; and, eventually, horror of the sight of water. 'From the whole of the symptoms,' to quote his own words, 'he judged himself

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affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour-bath. Having entered one for the purpose, he caused the heat to be raised 107 degrees 36 minutes Fahrenheit, when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free from all complaint. He left the bathing-room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves; and in no case has failed, except in that of one child seven years old, who died in the bath.'

You are perhaps aware that the incurable nature of diabetes is a subject which has for a long time engaged the attention of eminent physiologists in this country and on the continent. M. Bernard, a French anatomist, states that he has found a remedy in the dividing of the pneumo-gastric nerves—an operation which, as he shews, prevents the occurrence of sugar in the liver. This conclusion has, however, been questioned; and Dr Mitchell of Glasgow finds, after numerous experiments, that the result is not positive, and that whatever be the kind of food eaten, sugar may always be traced in the liver; if not in the surface veins, then in those which lie deeper. His summary is: 'That sugar exists uniformly and normally in the blood of the heart; that its presence there is independent of diet; that the sugar is found specially concentrated in the liver of animals; that there is reason to believe that it is *formed* in the liver, which thus becomes the seat and origin of the sugar.' From this it will be seen that an important subject of inquiry is here open to physiologists. According to Prout, the liver is the vegetative organ of animals, and chemistry and anatomy will have to work hand in hand to get at the secret which has so long baffled research. It will be no small triumph to discover a remedy against the malady in question, which, as Dr Mitchell observes, 'has hitherto been regarded as beyond the reach of the vis-medicatrix.'

Another medical subject which has come under discussion, is the statement made by Dr Louis Henry on the application of the cold douche to lymphatic, chlorotic, and certain nervous diseases. He regards it as more sure and rapid than any other hygienic remedy. Nine children, from three to twelve years of age, who came under the treatment, and of most decided lymphatic temperament, were completely converted, in the course of two years, to a sanguine temperament; and adults in a chronic languid condition have had their circulation restored to its normal state by the same application. It is another test of hydropathy. Then there is M. Gondret, who offers to betake himself to Sologne, one of the most unhealthy districts of France, or to Algeria, according as the Académie may decide, as he wishes to prove that his theory of dry cupping for the cure of intermittent fevers, and for the shiverings which attend some other affections, is a safe and effectual one. And another *savant*, M. Burq, shews that several neuralgic complaints, which are nearly always negative, may be cured by applying a plate of metal to the part affected. This plate is to be of silver, gold, steel, or copper, or a compound, according to the symptoms. Hence the disease being given, there only remains to determine the peculiar metal for effecting the cure.

Allied to this subject is M. Charles Dupin's inquiry on mortality in France, from which it appears that during the last half of the last century, out of 10,000 births, not more than 5832 were alive at the fifth year; while at present the number is 6841. The former were selected results, but the latter are taken on the average of the whole population. During the last five years, which include one of cholera and one of scarcity, of each thousand deaths in the crowded city of Lille there were 467 fewer deaths than at the close of the eighteenth century, when neither disease nor scarcity prevailed. On a comparison between Lille and Manchester, M. Dupin finds, contrary to expectation, that the balance of health is greatly in favour of the former city.

You will perhaps consider that I have said enough for the present about physiology and statistics of health. I conclude, therefore, with a rare fact—the Dunmow flitch has just been claimed by a couple who have complied with the anciently-prescribed conditions.

GRACE OF CLYDESIDE.

Ah, little Grace of the golden locks!
(The hills rise fair on the banks of Clyde,)
As the merry waves wear out these rocks,
She wears my heart out, glides past, and mocks;
(But heaven's gate ever stands open wide.)

The boat goes softly along, along;
Like a river of life glows the amber Clyde;
Her voice floats near me like angels' song;
Oh, sweet love-death, but thy pangs are strong!
Though heaven's gate ever stands open wide.

We walk by the shore, and the stars shine bright,
But coldly, above the solemn Clyde;
Her arm touches mine, her laugh rings light;—
God hears my silence!—His merciful night
Hides me.—*Can* heaven be open wide?

I ever was but a dreamer, Grace;
As the gray hills watch o'er the flowing Clyde,
Standing far off, each in his place,
I watch your young life's beautiful race
Apart—'till heaven's gates be open wide.

And sometimes when in the twilight balm,
The hills grow golden along the Clyde,
The waves flow silent and very calm,
I hear all nature sing this one psalm—
That 'heaven's gate ever stands open wide.'

So, happy Grace, with your spirit free,
Laugh on!—life is sweet on the banks of Clyde!
It is no blame unto thee or me;
Only God saw this could not be,
Therefore His heaven stands open wide.

But youth's morn passes; swift follows eve;
Age cometh, ev'n on the shores of Clyde;
Ah, then, if my soul its place can leave,
It will whisper thee: 'Love, fear not nor grieve!—
See!—heaven's gate ever stands open wide!'

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THE WORLD 'AT LARGE.'

We all remember the story of the poor lunatic who told a visitor of the asylum one day, that he and his companions regarded the world out of doors as mad, while the world out of doors regarded them as mad; the former, he said, being the majority, had got the upper hand, 'and here we are!' The anecdote has its point chiefly from the shadow of truth there is in it. That truth was enunciated by a physician, when he predicated of all men that they are a little mad. By which we understand it to be meant that most men have some foible or infatuation about them, amounting to something like lunacy. We believe, after all, that there is a decided and essential distinction about minds which are or may become insane; and, as a correlative of this proposition, that the remainder of mankind—fortunately the majority—however marked by strange infirmities, hobbies, crotchets, or incontrollable passions, do possess a property of solidity which insures them pretty well against ever becoming fit inmates for the asylum. Yet it must be owned that the distinctions are sometimes a little obscure, and that one occasionally meets with persons deemed fit to be at large for whom it might be as well that they were shut up, and likewise with persons who, if not in the ordinary strain of their life, yet in some particular crisis, act with such a disregard of common sense, that to suspect them of at least a temporary insanity might not merely be justifiable, but lenient.

If, indeed, we take one by one the ordinary marks of insanity, as defined by physicians, we shall find that nearly all of them may be attributed to certain persons reputedly sane.

It is, for example, a strong trait of the insane that their affections become perverted or depraved. They take up causeless antipathies to their nearest relations, with whom they have lived up to that time in perfect amity. Now, we assuredly see instances of nearly the same peculiarity in the portion of mankind which remains at large. We once knew something of a gentleman of fortune who was not without either talents or good feelings, but who contracted, for no apparent cause, and maintained for a long course of years, a hatred of his children. He kept them all at a distance from him, gave them nothing which the law would permit him to keep from them, and did not allow even the deathbed of one of them to soften his rabid antipathy. We have known several other parents of both sexes who had what appeared a morbid dislike of their children, and yet no one ever dreamed of their being unfit to manage their own affairs.

Another feature of the confessedly insane is a disposition to act under what appear inadequate motives, or with scarcely any recognisable motive at all. There is a striking absurdity in the object they seek after, and an irrelevancy in their way of attaining it. With headlong zeal they pursue things and follow practices which appear indifferent, or incapable of producing any serious benefit; perhaps, with a good course before them, they deliberately enter upon a wrong one, where destruction lies in wait to swallow them up. But is not this a tolerably correct description of the conduct of no small part of the world at large?

A gentleman of reputed sanity knows perfectly well, as most people know, that it is the property of much wine to brutalise, to produce present and future pain, and to disorganise the whole course of a decorous and prosperous existence. Yet with this knowledge, and for no reason which can be made appreciable by the bulk of mankind, he deliberately submits himself to this degradation, misery, and ruin. The gamester knows equally well how fickle a patroness is Fortune, and what traps and pitfalls beset all her paths. Yet we shall see him going day after day, with a collected mind and in a steady pace, to spend his precious hours at her table. Motive, object, design, are here manifestly vile and contemptible; and the fatal tendency is fully presented to view. How could the conduct of lunatics in any point of view be worse?

A gentleman has inherited or otherwise become possessed of a handsome income, which, with fair economy, is fitted to maintain himself and his family in comfort all his life, besides enabling him to make some provision for those dependent upon him. But, instead of living in rational comfort within his income, he launches into a course of vanity and extravagance, such as twice the revenue would scarcely have sufficed to support. Now the end of such a career is well ascertained. The time when it will occur can be calculated upon. The kind of life which will ensue when the patient has fallen into the hands of creditors is clearly seen in the previous experience of multitudes who walk about, objects of pity, talking of their embarrassments when they should rather confess their frauds. And yet our victim will go deliberately on to the fatal abyss, as if he were under some delusion as to the number of twos which there are in four, or supposed himself by some magic sleight exempted from the ordinary laws of our social economy. In what respect can we say that such a person is to be distinguished from a lunatic? His conduct seems as destitute of adequate motive as that of any madman, and he appears as reckless of consequences. Yet how many people, of passable repute in society, live in this manner—while they can!

A mercantile man had realised a handsome fortune

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by his industry, and saw himself at forty-five enabled to retire to his native district, to purchase an estate there, and commence an elegant course of life, while scores of his former associates were obliged still to continue in the turmoil and racking anxieties of business, with but a poor chance of coming off half so well after a much longer perseverance in their respective concerns. This man, so rarely blest in the mercantile sense of the word, lived very happily for a short time in his new place; but by and by he had accomplished all the improvements in his residence which the utmost ingenuity could suggest; he had seen all the new faces around him, and exhausted all the ordinary kinds of social enjoyment within his reach. He was not without a taste for country sports; but they did not satisfy him. In time, he began to find his hours of leisure hang heavy upon his hands. His active spirit, formerly expended in trading speculation, now turned in upon and tormented himself. Just at that time a mercantile relative sought his co-operation in some trading schemes; and, unable to resist the temptation, he once more embarked in business, though only designing to devote to it a portion of his time. Very soon the exigences of his new concern drew him wholly back into a life of business, and engrossed all his available resources. The reader foresees the end. Ere many years had elapsed, this worthy but restless man had lost the whole of his fortune, and found himself, in his declining days, obliged to work harder for a decent subsistence than it was necessary to do in his youth for a fortune. We must pity and deplore the fate of such a man; but it must be acknowledged that between the motivelessness of his conduct, and the either no-motive or inadequate motive of a lunatic, it is difficult to draw any distinction.

We remember seeing a story in an old book to something like the following purport:—A gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly of forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water, those slightly affected up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

'I have horses and greyhounds for coursing,' said the latter in reply to the other's question.

'Ah! these are very expensive.'

'Yes; they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind.'

'Have you anything more?'

'Yes; I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox.'

'And they cost a great deal too?'

'A very great deal. And I have birds for hawking.'

'I see: birds for hunting other birds. And these swell up the expense, I daresay?'

'You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and a retriever.'

'And these are expensive too?'

'Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money: there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment.'

'I see, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you! Now, what I want to know is this, what return do they pay?—what does your year's sporting produce?'

'Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season.'

'Hark!' said the lunatic, looking anxiously round him. 'My friend'—in an earnest whisper—'there is the gate behind you; take my advice, and be off out of this place while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks *us* to some purpose, but, as sure as you are a living man, he will half-drown *you!*'

As to this gentleman's case, we may be told that there is a motive quite intelligible for his conduct. He desires amusement; this course of life amuses him, therefore he adopts it. It may even be said that in point of expense he is fully justifiable; it is a matter on which he is entitled to judge for himself. We would say, on the other hand, that a man's amusements ought to be rational, and that there should be some fair proportion between the amusement and the expense, according to the common ideas of mankind. The amusement is at once too trivial and too expensive to meet the ordinary ideas of men, and therefore it may very reasonably be brought into contrast with the recognised lunacies.

It strikes us that there is a still stronger mark of true insanity in the tendency to attach a false importance to things, or to disproportion, as it were, the emotions to the objects by which they are excited. And yet it cannot be said that this tendency is confined to the insane. The whole theatre of the reputedly-sane world is full of cases of this kind of absurdity. Each person sees it in his neighbours, while failing to detect it in himself. In creeds and religious practices particularly, how multiform the illusions and fanaticisms, leading to the most preposterous conduct, and to the violation of the finest social affections, while all the time the dictates of 'religion pure and undefiled' are trampled under foot and forgotten. If we calmly view the manias which from time to time arise in this department of human affairs, we shall certainly be at a loss to distinguish them from many of the errors of the diseased brain. Look again at the paroxysms of mercantile speculation which occasionally take place. A frantic inclination to 'invest' suddenly takes possession of a large portion of the public. Attaching an importance to wealth far beyond the reality, and blind to hazard, men lay out their hard earnings in some promising scheme—nay, are delighted when their money is taken off their hands, as if its being left there were the losing of some golden opportunity. Now, men know that it is dangerous to hasten to be rich, and that to think of attaining wealth otherwise than by hard work, diligence, and frugality, is in ordinary circumstances folly. Yet no such knowledge controls or checks them, until they awaken to the deplorable issue which alone could be reasonably expected from such extravagance. We were going to say that it certainly is difficult to separate these investing manias from downright lunacy; but we pause on reflecting that, if we were to step from the stock exchange into the nearest lunatic asylum, we should probably find it a transition from something like insane *furor* to the calm of philosophic contemplation. The contrast here is in favour of the world under restraint.

Amongst the best recognised of the insanities are those which have their root each in some special passion. One gentleman is mad with pride, and, considering himself a king, is indignant that his fellow-patients do not pay homage to him. Another, whose wonder (speaking the language of phrenology) is deranged, labours under a delusion which gives a belief in false miracles, in prodigies, magic, ghosts, and all supernatural absurdities. A third is under the influence of an

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infatuated firmness; and so on. Now, all of these errors are to be broadly seen on the face of walk-about society. Our friend Superbus is noted for the ridiculously-high estimate he puts upon himself. The sane society of London to this day, and at this day, supports half-a-dozen astrologers, and keeps up an astrological literature. And have we not seen sovereigns lose their thrones, and send their posterity into exile and humiliation, rather than give in to some reasonable demand of their subjects? We might go over all the lunacies of the emotions in the same manner, and throughout the entire gamut it would be found that each note of the declaredly-insane mind has its responsive chord in that of the world at large.

It should not be overlooked, in reference to this subject, that there is a great number of people who appear almost devoid of all such erratic character as can be, by any stretch of ingenuity, likened to insanity, and who accordingly bear the repute of being remarkably sound-headed, prudent, considerate, well-attempered people; and yet it often comes out regarding such persons, that they have all the time in their inner life cherished some strange Delilah of the imagination, some foolish hope or prospect, or some fond illusive estimate of themselves, such as their fellow-creatures can by no means approve of, and which makes them in fact no better in respect of the unacknowledged lunacies than their neighbours. There is a great amount of masked imagination and unconfessed day-dreaming amongst mankind. The tamest-looking people often have silent volcanoes rending them within. In the shadiest and modestest nooks of life, the lifting off of the upper integuments would be found to lay bare throes and fervours of the bosom such as ought only to exist in the confessedly insane. If all this be taken into account, the approximation of the world at large to the world shut up will appear still more clearly established.

We have often bethought us how desirable it is that there should be some 'treatment' for the unrecognised infatuations. It is truly a sore pity to see a perhaps worthy man exposing himself to ruin or disgrace through a mad course of conduct — a gentleman of sixty, for instance, marrying a girl of sixteen, whom he thinks in love with him, and capable of making him a good wife—if a little interference of any kind on the part of rational bystanders could save him. We have cogitated a thousand plans for saving the unconfined insane from themselves; but a thousand difficulties rise in the path. One consideration nearly settles the matter. It is difficult enough to conclude about the cases which require confinement, and sometimes mistakes are made by the acutest magistrates and doctors. How much more difficult to legislate for those honest people who go rationally about most of their business, and are only possessed by some fragment of an evil spirit, or become liable at some particular crisis to act in defiance of rationality! Perhaps the only thing that can be done, is to try to impress the world at large with the idea that it is not more than enough entitled to be so, and to call upon individuals, when inclined to start into any extraordinary course, to reflect that they are perhaps about to rival the doings of the world in confinement. To be fully aware of this universal liability to a certain shade of derangement would do us all some good, in acting as a warning. To remember, when about to do some headlong passionate thing, that we have seen such actions characterised as the effects of a transient madness, might help to 'change our hand and check our pride.' It seems quite possible, moreover, for a gentleman who goes mad for gambling, for drink, or any other kind of vice, or for one of those in whom the love of sport is carried to frenzy, to be made aware that he might, under a better direction for his faculties, derive equal enjoyment from their exercise, and be doing good to himself and his fellow-creatures all the time—for of course it is the excitement of occupation which such men require, and this they may obtain innocently and safely as well as otherwise.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

I AM about to relate a rather curious piece of domestic history, some of the incidents of which, revealed at the time of their occurrence in contemporary law reports, may be in the remembrance of many readers. It took place in one of the midland counties, and at a place which I shall call Watley: the names of the chief actors who figured in it must also, to spare their modesty or their blushes, as the case may be, be changed; and should one of those persons, spite of these precautions, apprehend unpleasant recognition, he will be able to console himself with the reflection, that all I state beyond that which may be gathered from the records of the law courts will be generally ascribed to the fancy or invention of the writer. And it is as well, perhaps, that it should be so.

Caleb Jennings, a shoemender, cobbler, snob—using the last word in its genuine classical sense, and by no means according to the modern interpretation by which it is held to signify a genteel sneak or pretender—he was anything but that — occupied, some twelve or thirteen years ago, a stall at Watley, which, according to the traditions of the place, had been hereditary in his family for several generations. He may also be said to have flourished there, after the manner of cobblers; for this, it must be remembered, was in the good old times, before the gutta-percha revolution had carried ruin and dismay into the stalls — those of cobblers — which in considerable numbers existed throughout the kingdom. Like all his fraternity whom I have ever fallen in with or heard of, Caleb was a sturdy Radical of the Major Cartwright and Henry Hunt school; and being withal industrious, tolerably skilful, not inordinately prone to the observance of Saint Mondays, possessed, moreover, of a neatly-furnished sleeping and eating apartment in the house of which the projecting first floor, supported on stone pillars, overshadowed his humble workplace, he vaunted himself to be as really rich as an estated squire, and far more independent.

There was some truth in this boast, as the case which procured us the honour of Mr Jennings's acquaintance sufficiently proved. We were employed to bring an action against a wealthy gentleman of the vicinity of Watley for a brutal and unprovoked assault he had committed, when in a state of partial inebriety, upon a respectable London tradesman who had visited the place on business. On the day of trial our witnesses appeared to have become suddenly afflicted with an almost total loss of memory; and we were only saved from an adverse verdict by the plain, straightforward evidence of Caleb, upon whose sturdy nature the various arts which soften or neutralise hostile evidence had been tried in vain. Mr Flint, who personally superintended the case, took quite a liking to the man; and it thus happened that we were called upon some time afterwards to aid the said Caleb in extricating himself from the extraordinary and perplexing difficulty in which he suddenly and unwittingly found himself involved.

The projecting first floor of the house beneath which the humble workshop of Caleb Jennings modestly disclosed itself, had been occupied for many years by an ailing and somewhat aged gentleman of the name of Lisle. This Mr Ambrose Lisle was a native of Watley, and had been a prosperous merchant of the city of London. Since his return, after about twenty years' absence, he had shut himself up in almost total seclusion, nourishing a cynical bitterness and acrimony of temper which gradually withered up the sources of

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health and life, till at length it became as visible to himself as it had for some time been to others, that the oil of existence was expended, burnt up, and that but a few weak flickers more, and the ailing man's plaints and griefs would be hushed in the dark silence of the grave.

Mr Lisle had no relatives at Watley, and the only individual with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy was Mr Peter Sowerby, an attorney of the place, who had for many years transacted all his business. This man visited Mr Lisle most evenings, played at chess with him, and gradually acquired an influence over his client which that weak gentleman had once or twice feebly but vainly endeavoured to shake off. To this clever attorney, it was rumoured, Mr Lisle had bequeathed all his wealth.

This piece of information had been put in circulation by Caleb Jennings, who was a sort of humble favourite of Mr Lisle's, or, at all events, was regarded by the misanthrope with less dislike than he manifested towards others. Caleb cultivated a few flowers in a little plot of ground at the back of the house, and Mr Lisle would sometimes accept a rose or a bunch of violets from him. Other slight services — especially since the recent death of his old and garrulous woman-servant, Esther May, who had accompanied him from London, and with whom Mr Jennings had always been upon terms of gossipping intimacy—had led to certain familiarities of intercourse; and it thus happened that the inquisitive shoe-mender became partially acquainted with the history of the wrongs and griefs which preyed upon, and shortened the life of, the prematurely-aged man.

The substance of this everyday, commonplace story, as related to us by Jennings, and subsequently enlarged and coloured from other sources, may be very briefly told.

Ambrose Lisle, in consequence of an accident which occurred in his infancy, was slightly deformed. His right shoulder—as I understood, for I never saw him—grew out, giving an ungraceful and somewhat comical twist to his figure, which, in female eyes—youthful ones at least—sadly marred the effect of his intelligent and handsome countenance. This personal defect rendered him shy and awkward in the presence of women of his own class of society; and he had attained the ripe age of thirty-seven years, and was a rich and prosperous man, before he gave the slightest token of an inclination towards matrimony. About a twelvemonth previous to that period of his life, the deaths—quickly following each other—of a Mr and Mrs Stevens threw their eldest daughter, Lucy, upon Mr Lisle's hands. Mr Lisle had been left an orphan at a very early age, and Mrs Stevens—his aunt, and then a maiden lady—had, in accordance with his father's will, taken charge of himself and brother till they severally attained their majority. Long, however, before that she married Mr Stevens, by whom she had two children—Lucy and Emily. Her husband, whom she survived but two months, died insolvent; and in obedience to the dying wishes of his aunt, for whom he appears to have felt the tenderest esteem, he took the eldest of her orphan children to his home, intending to regard and provide for her as his own adopted child and heiress. Emily, the other sister, found refuge in the house of a still more distant relative than himself.

The Stevenses had gone to live at a remote part of England—Yorkshire, I believe—and it thus fell out, that till his cousin Lucy arrived at her new home he had not seen her for more than ten years. The pale, and somewhat plain child, as he had esteemed her, he was startled to find had become a charming woman; and her naturally gay and joyous temperament, quick talents, and fresh young beauty, rapidly acquired an overwhelming influence over him. Strenuously but vainly he struggled against the growing infatuation—argued, reasoned with himself—passed in review the insurmountable objections to such a union, the difference of age—he leading towards thirty-seven, she barely twenty-one: he, crooked, deformed, of reserved, taciturn temper—she full of young life, and grace, and beauty. It was useless; and nearly a year had passed in the bootless struggle when Lucy Stevens, who had vainly striven to blind herself to the nature of the emotions by which her cousin and guardian was animated towards her, intimated a wish to accept her sister Emily's invitation to pass two or three months with her. This brought the affair to a crisis. Buoying himself up with the illusions which people in such an unreasonable frame of mind create for themselves, he suddenly entered the sitting-room set apart for her private use, with the desperate purpose of making his beautiful cousin a formal offer of his hand. She was not in the apartment, but her opened writing-desk, and a partly-finished letter lying on it, shewed that she had been recently there, and would probably soon return. Mr Lisle took two or three agitated turns about the room, one of which brought him close to the writing-desk, and his glance involuntarily fell upon the unfinished letter. Had a deadly serpent leaped suddenly at his throat, the shock could not have been greater. At the head of the sheet of paper was a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Lucy Stevens and himself: he, kneeling to her in a lovelorn ludicrous attitude, and she laughing immoderately at his lachrymose and pitiful aspect and speech. The letter was addressed to her sister Emily; and the enraged lover saw not only that his supposed secret was fully known, but that he himself was mocked, laughed at for his doting folly. At least this was his interpretation of the words which swam before his eyes. At the instant Lucy returned, and a torrent of imprecation burst from the furious man, in which wounded self-love, rageful pride, and long pent-up passion, found utterance in wild and bitter words. Half an hour afterwards Lucy Stevens had left the merchant's house—for ever, as it proved. She, indeed, on arriving at her sister's, sent a letter supplicating forgiveness for the thoughtless, and, as he deemed it, insulting sketch, intended only for Emily's eye; but he replied merely by a note written by one of his clerks, informing Miss Stevens that Mr Lisle declined any further correspondence with her.

The ire of the angered and vindictive man had, however, begun sensibly to abate, and old thoughts, memories, duties, suggested partly by the blank which Lucy's absence made in his house, partly by remembrance of the solemn promise he had made her mother, were strongly reviving in his mind, when he read the announcement of her marriage in a provincial journal, directed to him, as he believed, in the bride's handwriting; but this was an error, her sister having sent the newspaper. Mr Lisle also construed this into a deliberate mockery and insult, and from that hour strove to banish all images and thoughts connected with his cousin from his heart and memory.

He unfortunately adopted the very worst course possible for effecting this object. Had he remained amid the buzz and tumult of active life, a mere sentimental disappointment, such as thousands of us have sustained and afterwards forgotten, would, there can be little doubt, have soon ceased to afflict him. He chose to retire from business, visited Watley, and habits of miserliness growing rapidly upon his cankered mind, never afterwards removed from the lodgings he had hired on first arriving there. Thus madly hugging to himself sharp-pointed memories which a sensible man would have speedily cast off and forgotten, the sour misanthrope passed a useless, cheerless, weary existence, to which death must have been a welcome relief.

Matters were in this state with the morose and aged man—aged mentally and corporeally, although his years were but fifty-eight—when Mr Flint made Mr Jennings's

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acquaintance. Another month or so had passed away when Caleb's attention was one day about noon claimed by a young man dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female similarly attired, and from their resemblance to each other he conjectured brother and sister. The stranger wished to know if that was the house in which Mr Ambrose Lisle resided. Jennings said it was; and with civil alacrity left his stall and rang the front-door bell. The summons was answered by the landlady's servant, who, since Esther May's death, had waited on the first-floor lodger; and the visitors were invited to go up stairs. Caleb, much wondering who they might be, returned to his stall, and from thence passed into his eating and sleeping room just below Mr Lisle's apartments. He was in the act of taking a pipe from the mantel-shelf, in order to the more deliberate and satisfactory cogitation on such an unusual event, when he was startled by a loud shout, or scream rather, from above. The quivering and excited voice was that of Mr Lisle, and the outcry was immediately followed by an explosion of unintelligible exclamations from several persons. Caleb was up stairs in an instant, and found himself in the midst of a strangely-perplexing and distracted scene. Mr Lisle, pale as his shirt, shaking in every limb, and his eyes on fire with passion, was hurling forth a torrent of vituperation and reproach at the young woman, whom he evidently mistook for some one else; whilst she, extremely terrified, and unable to stand but for the assistance of her companion, was tendering a letter in her outstretched hand, and uttering broken sentences, which her own agitation and the fury of Mr Lisle's invectives rendered totally incomprehensible. At last the fierce old man struck the letter from her hand, and with frantic rage ordered both the strangers to leave the room. Caleb urged them to comply, and accompanied them down stairs. When they reached the street, he observed a woman on the other side of the way, dressed in mourning, and much older apparently, though he could not well see her face through the thick veil she wore, than she who had thrown Mr Lisle into such an agony of rage, apparently waiting for them. To her the young people immediately hastened, and after a brief conference the three turned away up the street, and Mr Jennings saw no more of them.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the house-servant informed Caleb that Mr Lisle had retired to bed, and although still in great agitation, and, as she feared, seriously indisposed, would not permit Dr Clarke to be sent for. So sudden and violent a hurricane in the usually dull and drowsy atmosphere in which Jennings lived, excited and disturbed him greatly: the hours, however, flew past without bringing any relief to his curiosity, and evening was falling, when a peculiar knocking on the floor overhead announced that Mr Lisle desired his presence. That gentleman was sitting up in bed, and in the growing darkness his face could not be very distinctly seen; but Caleb instantly observed a vivid and unusual light in the old man's eyes. The letter so strangely delivered was lying open before him; and unless the shoemender was greatly mistaken, there were stains of recent tears upon Mr Lisle's furrowed and hollow cheeks. The voice, too, it struck Caleb, though eager, was gentle and wavering. 'It was a mistake, Jennings,' he said; 'I was mad for the moment. Are they gone?' he added in a yet more subdued and gentle tone. Caleb informed him of what he had seen; and as he did so, the strange light in the old man's eyes seemed to quiver and sparkle with a yet intenser emotion than before. Presently he shaded them with his hand, and remained several minutes silent. He then said with a firmer voice: 'I shall be glad if you will step to Mr Sowerby, and tell him I am too unwell to see him this evening. But be sure to say nothing else,' he eagerly added, as Caleb turned away in compliance with his request; 'and when you come back, let me see you again.'

When Jennings returned, he found to his great surprise Mr Lisle up and nearly dressed; and his astonishment increased a hundredfold upon hearing that gentleman say, in a quick but perfectly collected and decided manner, that he should set off for London by the mail-train.

'For London — and by night!' exclaimed Caleb, scarcely sure that he heard aright.

'Yes — yes, I shall not be observed in the dark,' sharply rejoined Mr Lisle; 'and you, Caleb, must keep my secret from everybody, especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser.' This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, and assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unrecognised the railway station just in time for the train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr Lisle returned; and so well had he managed, that Mr Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterwards, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next morning, but dropped no hint as to the object of his sudden journey.

Three days passed without the occurrence of any incident tending to the enlightenment of Mr Jennings upon these mysterious events, which, however, he plainly saw had lamentably shaken the long-since failing man. On the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr Lisle walked, or rather tottered, into Caleb's stall, and seated himself on the only vacant stool it contained. His manner was confused, and frequently purposeless, and there was an anxious, flurried expression in his face which Jennings did not at all like. He remained silent for some time, with the exception of partially inaudible snatches of comment or questionings, apparently addressed to himself. At last he said: 'I shall take a longer journey to-morrow, Caleb—much longer: let me see—where did I say? Ah, yes! to Glasgow; to be sure to Glasgow!'

'To Glasgow, and to-morrow!' exclaimed the astounded cobbler.

'No, no—not Glasgow; they have removed,' feebly rejoined Mr Lisle. 'But Lucy has written it down for me. True—true; and to-morrow I shall set out.'

The strange expression of Mr Lisle's face became momentarily more strongly marked, and Jennings, greatly alarmed, said: 'You are ill, Mr Lisle; let me run for Dr Clarke.'

'No—no,' he murmured, at the same time striving to rise from his seat, which he could only accomplish by Caleb's assistance, and so supported, he staggered indoors. 'I shall be better to-morrow,' he said faintly, and then slowly added: 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Ah, me! Yes, as I said, to-morrow, I'—— He paused abruptly, and they gained his apartment. He seated himself, and then Jennings, at his mute solicitation, assisted him to bed.

He lay some time with his eyes closed; and Caleb could feel—for Mr Lisle held him firmly by the hand, as if to prevent his going away—a convulsive shudder pass over his frame. At last he slowly opened his eyes, and Caleb saw that he was indeed about to depart upon the long journey from which there is no return. The lips of the dying man worked inarticulately for some moments; and then with a mighty effort, as it seemed, he said, whilst his trembling hand pointed feebly to a bureau chest of drawers that stood in the room: 'There —there, for Lucy; there, the secret place is'—— Some inaudible words followed, and then after a still mightier struggle than before, he gasped out: 'No word—no word—to—to Sowerby—for her—Lucy.'

More was said, but undistinguishable by mortal ear; and after gazing with an expression of indescribable

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anxiety in the scared face of his awestruck listener, the wearied eyes slowly reclosed—the deep silence flowed past; then the convulsive shudder came again, and he was dead!

Caleb Jennings tremblingly summoned the house-servant and the landlady, and was still confusedly pondering the broken sentences uttered by the dying man, when Mr Sowerby hurriedly arrived. The attorney's first care was to assume the direction of affairs, and to place seals upon every article containing or likely to contain anything of value belonging to the deceased. This done, he went away to give directions for the funeral, which took place a few days afterwards; and it was then formally announced that Mr Sowerby succeeded by will to the large property of Ambrose Lisle; under trust, however, for the family, if any, of Robert Lisle, the deceased's brother, who had gone when very young to India, and had not been heard of for many years—a condition which did not at all mar the joy of the crafty lawyer, he having long since instituted private inquiries, which perfectly satisfied him that the said Robert Lisle had died, unmarried, at Calcutta.

Mr Jennings was in a state of great dubiety and consternation. Sowerby had emptied the chest of drawers of every valuable it contained; and unless he had missed the secret receptacle Mr Lisle had spoken of, the deceased's intentions, whatever they might have been, were clearly defeated. And if he had *not* discovered it, how could he, Jennings, get at the drawers to examine them? A fortunate chance brought some relief to his perplexities. Ambrose Lisle's furniture was advertised to be sold by auction, and Caleb resolved to purchase the bureau chest of drawers at almost any price, although to do so would oblige him to break into his rent-money, then nearly due. The day of sale came, and the important lot in its turn was put up. In one of the drawers there were a number of loose newspapers, and other valueless scraps; and Caleb, with a sly grin, asked the auctioneer if he sold the article with all its contents. 'Oh yes,' said Sowerby, who was watching the sale; 'the buyer may have all it contains over his bargain, and much good may it do him.' A laugh followed the attorney's sneering remark, and the biddings went on. 'I want it,' observed Caleb, 'because it just fits a recess like this one in my room underneath.' This he said to quiet a suspicion he thought he saw gathering upon the attorney's brow. It was finally knocked down to Caleb at L.5, 10s., a sum considerably beyond its real value; and he had to borrow a sovereign in order to clear his speculative purchase. This done, he carried off his prize, and as soon as the closing of the house for the night secured him from interruption, he set eagerly to work in search of the secret drawer. A long and patient examination was richly rewarded. Behind one of the small drawers of the *secrétaire* portion of the piece of furniture was another small one, curiously concealed, which contained Bank-of-England notes to the amount of L.200, tied up with a letter, upon the back of which was written, in the deceased's handwriting, 'To take with me.' The letter which Caleb, although he read print with facility, had much difficulty in making out, was that which Mr Lisle had struck from the young woman's hand a few weeks before, and proved to be a very affecting appeal from Lucy Stevens, now Lucy Warner, and a widow, with two grown-up children. Her husband had died in insolvent circumstances, and she and her sister Emily, who was still single, were endeavouring to carry on a school at Bristol, which promised to be sufficiently prosperous if the sum of about L.150 could be raised, to save the furniture from her deceased husband's creditors. The claim was pressing, for Mr Warner had been dead nearly a year, and Mr Lisle being the only relative Mrs Warner had in the world, she had ventured to entreat his assistance for her mother's sake. There could be no moral doubt, therefore, that this money was intended for Mrs Warner's relief; and early in the morning Mr Caleb Jennings dressed himself in his Sunday's suit, and with a brief announcement to his landlady that he was about to leave Watley for a day or two on a visit to a friend, set off for the railway station. He had not proceeded far when a difficulty struck him: the bank-notes were all twenties; and were he to change a twenty-pound note at the station, where he was well known, great would be the tattle and wonderment, if nothing worse, that would ensue. So Caleb tried his credit again, borrowed sufficient for his journey to London, and there changed one of the notes.

He soon reached Bristol, and blessed was the relief which the sum of money he brought afforded Mrs Warner. She expressed much sorrow for the death of Mr Lisle, and great gratitude to Caleb. The worthy man accepted with some reluctance one of the notes, or at least as much as remained of that which he had changed; and after exchanging promises with the widow and her relatives to keep the matter secret, departed homewards. The young woman, Mrs Warner's daughter, who had brought the letter to Watley, was, Caleb noticed, the very image of her mother, or rather of what her mother must have been when young. This remarkable resemblance it was, no doubt, which had for the moment so confounded and agitated Mr Lisle.

Nothing occurred for about a fortnight after Caleb's return to disquiet him, and he had begun to feel tolerably sure that his discovery of the notes would remain unsuspected, when, one afternoon, the sudden and impetuous entrance of Mr Sowerby into his stall caused him to jump up from his seat with surprise and alarm. The attorney's face was deathly white, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and his whole appearance exhibited uncontrollable agitation. 'A word with you, Mr Jennings,' he gasped—'a word in private, and at once!' Caleb, in scarcely less consternation than his visitor, led the way into his inner room, and closed the door.

'Restore—give back,' screamed the attorney, vainly struggling to dissemble the agitation which convulsed him—'that—that which you have purloined from the chest of drawers!'

The hot blood rushed to Caleb's face and temples; the wild vehemence and suddenness of the demand confounded him; and certain previous dim suspicions that the law might not only pronounce what he had done illegal, but possibly felonious, returned upon him with terrible force, and he quite lost his presence of mind.

'I can't—I can't,' he stammered. 'It's gone—given away'——

'Gone!' shouted, or more correctly howled, Sowerby, at the same time flying at Caleb's throat as if he would throttle him. 'Gone—given away! You lie—you want to drive a bargain with me—dog!—liar!—rascal!—thief!'

This was a species of attack which Jennings was at no loss how to meet. He shook the attorney roughly off, and hurled him, in the midst of his vituperation, to the further end of the room.

They then stood glaring at each other in silence, till the attorney, mastering himself as well as he could, essayed another and more rational mode of attaining his purpose.

'Come, come, Jennings,' he said, 'don't be a fool. Let us understand each other. I have just discovered a paper, a memorandum of what you have found in the drawers, and to obtain which you bought them. I don't care for the money—keep it; only give me the papers—documents.'

'Papers—documents!' ejaculated Caleb in unfeigned surprise.

'Yes—yes; of use to me only. You, I remember, cannot read writing; but they are of great consequence to me—to me only, I tell you.'

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'You can't mean Mrs Warner's letter?'

'No—no; curse the letter! You are playing with a tiger! Keep the money, I tell you; but give up the papers—documents—or I'll transport you!' shouted Sowerby with reviving fury.

Caleb, thoroughly bewildered, could only mechanically ejaculate that he had no papers or documents.

The rage of the attorney when he found he could extract nothing from Jennings was frightful. He literally foamed with passion, uttered the wildest threats; and then suddenly changing his key, offered the astounded cobbler one—two—three thousand pounds: any sum he chose to name, for the papers—documents! This scene of alternate violence and cajolery lasted nearly an hour; and then Sowerby rushed from the house, as if pursued by the furies, and leaving his auditor in a state of thorough bewilderment and dismay. It occurred to Caleb, as soon as his mind had settled into something like order, that there might be another secret drawer; and the recollection of Mr Lisle's journey to London recurred suggestively to him. Another long and eager search, however, proved fruitless; and the suspicion was given up, or, more correctly, weakened.

As soon as it was light the next morning, Mr Sowerby was again with him. He was more guarded now, and was at length convinced that Jennings had no paper or document to give up. 'It was only some important memoranda,' observed the attorney carelessly, 'that would save me a world of trouble in a lawsuit I shall have to bring against some heavy debtors to Mr Lisle's estate; but I must do as well as I can without them. Good-morning.' Just as he reached the door, a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He stopped, and said: 'By the way, Jennings, in the hurry of business I forgot that Mr Lisle had told me the chest of drawers you bought, and a few other articles, were family relics which he wished to be given to certain parties he named. The other things I have got; and you, I suppose, will let me have the drawers for—say a pound profit on your bargain?'

Caleb was not the acutest man in the world; but this sudden proposition, carelessly as it was made, suggested curious thoughts. 'No,' he answered; 'I shall not part with it. I shall keep it as a memorial of Mr Lisle.'

Sowerby's face assumed, as Caleb spoke, a ferocious expression. 'Shall you?' said he. 'Then be sure, my fine fellow, that you shall also have something to remember me by as long as you live!'

He then went away, and a few days afterwards Caleb was served with a writ for the recovery of the two hundred pounds.

The affair made a great noise in the place; and Caleb's conduct being very generally approved, a subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of defending the action—one Hayling, a rival attorney to Sowerby, having asserted that the words used by the proprietor of the chest of drawers at the sale barred his claim to the money found in them. This wise gentleman was intrusted with the defence; and, strange to say, the jury—a common one—spite of the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that Sowerby's jocular or sneering remark amounted to a serious, valid leave and licence to sell two hundred pounds for five pounds ten shillings!

Sowerby obtained, as a matter of course, a rule for a new trial; and a fresh action was brought. All at once Hayling refused to go on, alleging deficiency of funds. He told Jennings that in his opinion it would be better that he should give in to Sowerby's whim, who only wanted the drawers in order to comply with the testator's wishes. 'Besides,' remarked Hayling in conclusion, 'he is sure to get the article, you know, when it comes to be sold under a writ of *fi fa*.' A few days after this conversation, it was ascertained that Hayling was to succeed to Sowerby's business, the latter gentleman being about to retire upon the fortune bequeathed him by Mr Lisle.

At last Caleb, driven nearly out of his senses, though still doggedly obstinate, by the harassing perplexities in which he found himself, thought of applying to us.

'A very curious affair, upon my word,' remarked Mr Flint, as soon as Caleb had unburdened himself of the story of his woes and cares; 'and in my opinion by no means explainable by Sowerby's anxiety to fulfil the testator's wishes. He cannot expect to get two hundred pence out of you; and Mrs Warner, you say, is equally unable to pay. Very odd indeed. Perhaps if we could get time, something might turn up.'

With this view Flint looked over the papers Caleb had brought, and found the declaration was in *trover*—a manifest error—the notes never admittedly having been in Sowerby's actual possession. We accordingly demurred to the form of action, and the proceedings were set aside. This, however, proved of no ultimate benefit: Sowerby persevered, and a fresh action was instituted against the unhappy shoemender. So utterly overcrowed and disconsolate was poor Caleb, that he determined to give up the drawers, which was all Sowerby even now required, and so wash his hands of the unfortunate business. Previous, however, to this being done, it was determined that another thorough and scientific examination of the mysterious piece of furniture should be made; and for this purpose Mr Flint obtained a workman skilled in the mysteries of secret contrivances, from the desk and dressing-case establishment in King Street, Holborn, and proceeded with him to Watley.

The man performed his task with great care and skill: every depth and width was gauged and measured, in order to ascertain if there were any false bottoms or backs; and the workman finally pronounced that there was no concealed receptacle in the article.

'I am sure there is,' persisted Flint, whom disappointment as usual rendered but the more obstinate; 'and so is Sowerby: and he knows, too, that it is so cunningly contrived as to be undiscoverable, except by a person in the secret, which he no doubt at first imagined Caleb to be. I'll tell you what we'll do: You have the necessary tools with you. Split the confounded chest of drawers into shreds: I'll be answerable for the consequences.'

This was done carefully and methodically, but for some time without result. At length the large drawer next the floor had to be knocked to pieces; and as it fell apart, one section of the bottom, which, like all the others, was divided into two compartments, dropped asunder, and discovered a parchment laid flat between the two thin leaves, which, when pressed together in the grooves of the drawer, presented precisely the same appearance as the rest. Flint snatched up the parchment, and his eager eye had scarcely rested an instant on the writing, when a shout of triumph burst from him. It was the last will and testament of Ambrose Lisle, dated August 21, 1838—the day of his last hurried visit to London. It revoked the former will, and bequeathed the whole of his property, in equal portions, to his cousins Lucy Warner and Emily Stevens, with succession to their children; but with reservation of one-half to his brother Robert or children, should he be alive, or have left offspring.

Great, it may be supposed, was the jubilation of Caleb Jennings at this discovery; and all Watley, by his agency, was in a marvellously short space of time in a very similar state of excitement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exul-

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tant as the worthy shoemender. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, waited upon Mr Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crestfallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moneys he had received and expended, about L.1200, he destroyed the former will in Mr Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr Lisle had written a letter to Mrs Warner, stating what he had done, and where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the banknotes found by Caleb in the secret drawer—the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places—of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

A FAREWELL BANQUET.

When lately in London we were favoured with an invitation to visit certain ships about to depart to the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand, and to dine afterwards with a large party on the occasion of bidding farewell to the emigrant passengers setting out for that distant colony. The day was fine, and the sun shone forth brilliantly as we entered the extensive enclosure forming the East India import dock, where the vessels were moored. As regards this dock, it may be as well to explain that it does not resemble a harbour surrounded with houses, and involved in the confusion which one usually sees at ordinary quays. It is a piece of water with ample quayage in a state of perfect repose, the whole, including a slip of green, environed by a lofty wall, within which no entrance is obtained except by well-guarded gateways. Any intending passengers, therefore, arriving within this enclosure may be quite at their ease; they are not exposed to that horrible din that pervades shipping places; and they go on board and make all their arrangements with the utmost deliberation.

On entering upon the spacious quadrangle, partly dock and partly green grass, we at once observed five vessels ranged along the nearest quay, decorated all over with flags; and with matted gangways reaching from the quay to the decks, so as to allow the freest ingress and egress. On the quay stood groups of ladies and gentlemen chatting, and parties were walking into and out of the ships. On the green was a large wooden erection, with the union-jack hoisted on a pole at the doorway; and conspicuously at one end was a canvas tent, in which waiters were busily preparing the materials of refection. A gardener's van was depositing flowers in pots to ornament the tables. A band of some regiment or no regiment was arriving and taking up a suitable position. As is always the case where anything is going on in London, there were plenty of police-officers to see that order was preserved. We gave only a look into the wooden structure. The struggle of arranging plates and glasses was considerable; but the chaos was not very alarming. Blackwall waiters possess a faculty of arrangement in dining affairs, which allays all gastronomic apprehensions.

Having glanced round at the *tout ensemble*, we proceeded to the ships, beginning with the first in the row, called the *Bangalore*. We found the deck pretty well covered with people—a mixture of visitors and emigrants. First we went into the poop, then descended a steepish but not particularly bad stair, to the deck below, where we had the presumption, in common with hundreds of others, to look into every hole and corner, and ask all sorts of odd questions. After this we remounted to the deck, and inspected in a critical way the pigs, the sheep, the fowls, the ducks, all of which seemed very cheery and comfortable in their respective bins; and lastly, we examined the cow, a most respectable-looking animal, standing in a roofed stall, and having before her a manger full of sweet-smelling hay, which she munched with a degree of satisfaction highly edifying. Poor cow! thought we, you are going to be an involuntary emigrant, and never more will have the happiness of rolling about in the rich meadows of merry England. Well, well, it is to be hoped you will get across the line without being turned into beef, and live to crop daisies and cowslips, or something analogous to them, at the antipodes.

Most emigrant ships when about to sail present a dreadfully topsy-turvy aspect. Sailors are frantically pulling at ropes, and bawling down hatchways; the commander is full of troubles, and has not time to be civil; the state of affairs in what comes within the steward's department will not endure description. Sights, smells, sounds! The words are enough. No doubt the arrangements on board emigrant vessels have been recently much improved by the generally active supervision of government agents. Still, referring only to what may be daily seen at Liverpool and Glasgow, things are not quite what could be wished. Many emigrant ships are vessels employed in the timber or general import trade, and they seem to export or take away emigrants pretty much as a kind of ballast. In short, the emigration business with them is only a secondary or incidental consideration, not that primary object which, under a right system, it ought to be. A scene of scrambling on board one of these timber-trading emigrant vessels lately at the Broomielaw, Glasgow, has left a most unpleasing impression on our memory; and to this scene the spectacle that presented itself in the dock at Blackwall offered an agreeable contrast. Without disparaging other efforts in the same direction, we can at least say, that nothing in the nature of emigrant shipment which has come under our notice can be at all compared with the comfortable arrangements on board the vessels now starting for Canterbury. Nothing seemed to be done in a shabby, higeldy-pigeldy way. Roomy and substantial, the vessels we visited were the pink of cleanliness and order.

The accommodation on board all the vessels was alike, or as nearly so as circumstances could admit, and was designed for three orders of persons, some-

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what analogous to aristocracy, middle, and lower classes. The best kind of accommodation was in the poop. The poop, or cuddy, as it is sometimes called, is a large apartment like a dining-room, level with the deck, so that you walk into and out of it without going down stairs. It is situated in the after or hind-part of the vessel, and its roof, which we reach by a flight of steps, forms an agreeable place for walking or sitting in the open air. In hot weather an awning is drawn across, so as to avert the direct action of the sun. Sitting under this awning during fine weather, while the ship passes rapidly and smoothly through the water, is one of the most delightful things experienced in a long sea-voyage. The poop has two windows looking out on the deck, and on entering we find that along the sides there is a row of cabins, each having a door like a bedroom, and completely partitioned off from its neighbours. On the further side is a window of four small panes, opening on the side of the ship. In the *Bangalore* these cabins were capacious, and about eight feet high. Each could accommodate a bed, a small chest of drawers, a table, two chairs, and some other articles of furniture. One that we peeped into was provided with a shelf of books. Any person occupying a cabin of this class may be as retired as in his own house. All the occupants take their meals at a long mahogany table which runs up the middle of the cuddy. They are supposed to be the guests of the captain, and require to conduct themselves accordingly. At the end of the cuddy, near the entrance, is the pantry of the steward, who acts as waiter and general assistant. Such is the accommodation of what are styled poop passengers.

On the lower deck are the berths of an inferior kind. In that part of this lower deck which is beneath the poop are the chief cabins, as they are called, being the size of those above, and ranged in the same manner along the sides. The windows in them are considerably smaller; but to insure ventilation, the partitions do not reach the roof, therefore they are not quite so secluded as the upper cabins. Passengers who occupy these apartments take their meals up stairs with the residents in the poop, so, except when sleeping, they need not be much in the lower deck. All proper accommodations for cleanliness are attached to the suites of berths. Adjoining the chief cabins on the lower deck are the second-class cabins, which are similarly enclosed, and the occupants of which dine at a table appointed for them in this quarter.

So far, we believe, there is little difference between the arrangements of the vessels we refer to and those of ordinary emigrant ships from the principal ports. The novelty consists in what follows. On the same level as the second-class cabins, and running in continuation from them to the bow of the vessel, are the places appointed for the humbler class of passengers. These are of four varieties—berths for families, for married couples, for unmarried men, and for unmarried women. The berths for families are cabins with doors, not differing materially from the cabins of the second-class. The berths for married couples are enclosed spaces in two tiers; the space for a couple being three feet six inches wide, or thereabouts, and the same in height. The only opening is at the end; so that the occupants may be said to crawl into bed by the foot. Curtains may be hung in front. Nearer the bow, there are on one side, in a secluded situation, the berths distinctly set apart for young women; in a similar recess on the opposite side are the berths for men. In certain small cabins in the line of berths suitable accommodations for cleanliness are provided for the use of both sexes respectively. Wooden seats run along the fronts of the berths, and in the middle is fixed a deal-table, with a form on each side. Here all the third-class passengers dine, and are ordinarily seated—women sewing, men reading, and children amusing themselves.

This general apartment is lighted at the centre by the hatchway, in which is the stair for access; and near this opening the schoolmaster daily surrounds himself with the children of the party, for purposes of instruction. A reference to this circumstance leads to some notice of the principles on which the Canterbury Association is conducted. One object is to put the transmission of emigrants on a decent and every way proper footing. Accordingly, besides every care as respects health and material comforts, regard is had for spiritual and moral advancement. In each ship is a clergyman to conduct religious ordinances, a schoolmaster to superintend the education of the young, and the general discipline is such as to preserve the strictest propriety and order. The rate of passage-money is, we believe, rather higher than is charged by others, but it is stated that, all things considered, this is not grudged. In point of fact, the association contributes towards the expense of the ships and their accommodations, so as to lessen the burden on individual passengers; and it does so from the fund paid for lands. Of the scheme of the association in its wider aspect, it is not our purpose here to enter into particulars, as we have lately treated the subject at length in a work specially designed for emigrants.* We would only observe that, if the price paid for lands in the Canterbury Settlement be considerably greater than what crown lands in the colonies can be elsewhere obtained for, it is on the score of greater advantages being given for the money. Whether settlers will consent to pay in this indirect manner for the establishment of churches, schools, and some other attributes of civilised communities, will of course depend as much on previous habits or feelings as on commercial calculations. One thing is certain, that if capitalists of a respectable standing make this settlement their chosen seat, the place must be eminently advantageous for all those who depend on being employed, and who out of such employment look forward to the realisation of property.

Revenons à nos moutons! We return to the more immediate subject of the article. Having satisfied all reasonable curiosity respecting the interior of the ships, we proceeded to the banqueting hall, where guests and emigrants were respectively taking their seats at several well-plenished tables. At an elevated table in the centre sat the president of the festivity, Lord Lyttleton, supported by the Duke of Newcastle and a number of other distinguished personages, including several ladies of rank. Grace being said (by the dean of Carlisle), the business of eating commenced, and was kept up with vigour under the inspiring strains of the band of musicians. What more need be said? Of course the speeches were creditable specimens of oratory. Yes, one thing it may not be improper to mention in conclusion; and that was the gratification which we felt in hearing farewell said to a large party of persons in a humble rank, by persons occupying the highest social position. This public recognition was done feelingly and becomingly, and not unaccompanied with counsel of practical wisdom; the whole affair, we trow, being somewhat different from the usual method of trundling people out of the country like so many cattle or bales of merchandise. How immensely—thought we, as we wended homeward in a cab—how immensely the aristocracy of this country might widen their basis by taking a personal concern in the movements, wants, and habits of the humbler orders—not in the way of tutelage, for that would be mischievous, but in bringing their education and influence to bear on measures that affect social wellbeing. He was a great man that Lord Baltimore, who led a swarm of his countrymen across the Atlantic.

* The Emigrant's Manual, published in Parts. See the Part on New Zealand.

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William Penn was also a great man, not only as a coloniser but as a governor. Among the aristocracy there were surely giants in those days. Perhaps we are about to see a revival of this masculine character.

THE ROMAN WALL.

When the testy Laird of Monkbarns had, to the great relief of Mrs Macleuchar, been at length safely deposited in the Hawes Fly, or Queensferry Diligence, and by the lapse of time and the motion of the lumbering vehicle, had become repossessed of his equanimity, the prized folio, which had such a dulcifying tendency as to banish the last traces of impatience and wrath, was Sandy Gordon's 'Itinerarium Septentrionale.' This learned folio was so highly appreciated in its own day, that a Latin edition was published on the continent for the benefit of all European scholars; yet it is no exaggeration to say, that nine-tenths of modern readers would deem it too severe a penance for any ordinary backsliding to be condemned to read it through. It is in fact a most excellent type of the old school of antiquarian treatises, and doubtless was selected as such, when Sir Walter Scott resolved to have a laugh at one of his own favourite hobbies.

Sir Walter Scott did good service in many ways when he produced his inimitable satire. Yet few more memorable instances could be produced of the inconsistency of the human mind than the occupation of Scott at the very time when he was penning his amusing picture of the antiquarian hoarder of 'auld nicknackets:' he was himself expending one of the largest incomes ever derived from literature in an attempt to realise a practical romance—a modern antiquity—not a whit less extravagant than his own credulous hero's *agger* and *vallum* on the Kaim of Kinprunes, or its never-to-be-forgotten sacrificial patera, or 'lang ladle.'

It is not, perhaps, the least valuable of the results which have been indirectly traced to the writings of the great Scottish novelist, that men begin to look upon the study of antiquities, not as a research into obsolete and lifeless curiosities, but as the readiest means of restoring to us the living past, and repeopling it with the old actors, not as stuffed or painted automatons, but as actual men and women like ourselves, each 'in his habit as he lived.' And it is wonderful how much can be done, and how much remains to be done, in the way of thus revivifying the past. In our own British island there exist even now the remains of the well-defined barrier, of which the old Roman practically said: 'Here shall be the bounds of civilisation with its attendant arts, and beyond it all shall be as though it were not!' It is not, therefore, without good reason that men of learning and patient research have deemed their time well spent in exploring this remarkable work, which stretches from the banks of the Tyne, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle—where its termination still oddly enough gives the name to our *Wall's-end coal!*—to the border of the Solway Firth, on the northern skirts of modern England. There has appeared within the last few months a new and comparatively popular account of this singular structure,* to which we would draw the attention of our readers, being convinced that it will amply repay a perusal. 'A dead wall,' says the historian, 'may seem to most a very unpromising subject. The stones are indeed inanimate; but he who has a head to think and a heart to feel, will find them suggestive of bright ideas and melting sympathies. A large part of the knowledge which we possess of the early history of our country has been dug out of the ground. The spade and plough of the rustic have often exposed documents which have revealed the movements, as well as the modes of thought and feeling, of those who have slept in the dust for centuries. The casual wanderer by the relics of the wall will probably get those vivid glances into Roman character, and acquire that personal interest in Roman story, which will give to the prosaic records of chroniclers a reality and a charm which they did not before possess.'

Such is the spirit in which we are invited to retrace the half-obliterated vestiges of the old barrier, and to seek to reanimate the Roman warder and his barbarian foe. We accordingly find, under such guidance, that much of historical and personal interest is recoverable, and we obtain glimpses of curious import into that old state of things which existed some fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago on the debatable lands afterwards so famous in Border legend and song. 'I confess,' says Horsley, 'that when I view some part of the country in the north of England, where the Romans had their military ways and stations, that question naturally arises which has been so often proposed—What could move them to march so far to conquer such a country? It appears wild and desolate enough at present, but must have been more so at that time, from the accounts the Roman historians have given us of it. I shall leave the Caledonian Galgacus, or Tacitus for him, to return the answer—If the enemy was rich, their covetousness moved them; if poor, their ambition. And when they added further desolation to a desolate country, this was their peace.'

Those, however, who have devoted most time and care to the study of the records treasured up in such archæological chronicles, are nearly unanimous in the conclusions they arrive at, that Britain was neither a very poor nor a very barbarous country at the period of its invasion by the Romans. 'There are few evils,' says Mr Bruce, 'in the fibres of whose roots the love of money will not be found. Gold was another secret but powerful cause of the hardships which the Romans themselves underwent, and of the countless ills which they mercilessly inflicted upon the miserable islanders. The British chiefs in general appear to have had considerable riches among them. Cæsar acquired a large booty in his two descents upon our shore. Prasutagus, the king of the Iceni, died possessed of very great wealth. To a few states in the south, and within a few years after their first subjection, the philosophical Seneca lent more than L.480,000 of our money upon good security, and at exorbitant interest; and Severus got a prodigious mass of riches in this land.' So, too, the abundance of gold relics; torcs, or collars for the neck, armillæ, and bracelets for the arms and wrists, and even breastplates and body-armour, all made of pure gold, and now from time to time brought to light, all attest the abundance of the precious metals in this country in early times, and add to the probability, which is confirmed by other evidence, that prior to the Roman era our islands abounded in native gold.

The contrast between the Roman and native relics is not the least remarkable and interesting feature in these investigations. The native relics consist of the weapons and implements of stone, bronze, or iron, and the personal ornaments of gold—interesting only as evidences of the progress in arts or military skill of those to whom they belonged. Their conquerors, on the contrary, have left us definite literary records, altogether independent of the classic histories which were written for the purpose of preserving a memory of these times. Along the whole line of the wall have been found inscribed tablets, columns, altars, and innumerable coins. Some of the sepulchral tablets especially interest us. One is dedicated to Anicius Ingenuus, physician in ordinary to the first Tungrian cohort—a curious and unique piece of evidence, so far as Britain is concerned, of the attachment of a medical staff to the Roman army. Another is dedicated, by a bereaved

* The Roman Wall: A Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Account of the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus, extending from the Solway to the Tyne. By the Rev. J. C. Bruce, M.A.

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husband, 'To his matchless wife, with whom he had lived twenty-seven years without a single quarrel!'—a couple whose incomparable fidelity may justly challenge comparison with the foremost of modern candidates for the Dunmow flitch of bacon.

Among the legends and traditions of 'The Wall,' not a few curious, though distorted memories of the old Roman supremacy, as well as of the lawless freedom which succeeded to them, may still be traced, though these are now rapidly fading before the march of the iron highway and the electric wires. Mr Bruce observes: '"There are no old people upon the wall now," as a man of threescore lately said to me when I was endeavouring to persuade him to gather up from his still more ancient neighbours the fireside lore of bygone times.' It is not a little singular, however, to find, as one of the most widespread traditions of this frontier line, the existence of an ingenious Roman substitute for the electric telegraph. 'In this wall,' says an old writer—Sir Christopher Ridley—'was theyr a trunck of brass, or whatever kynd of mettal, which went from one place to another along the wall, and came into the captaynes chamber, whereat they had watchers for the same, and yf theyr had bene stryfe or business betwyxt the enemies, and that the watchmen did blow a horn in at the end of the trunke, that came into the chamber, and so from one to one.' Nearly the same tradition exists at the present day along some portions of the line of the more northerly or Scottish Roman Wall, which extended between the Clyde and the Forth; and the clay-pipes and flue-tiles used for the stoves and baths of the old Roman villas are triumphantly produced in proof of its truth.

The traces of Roman and native civilisation along the line of the wall are of the most varied kind; but not less interesting to us is the evidence afforded of the changing influences on which the existence of the most important cities and stations depended. The Romans made it one of their earliest and most indispensable tasks in every new province, to construct great military roads, at the junctions of which, or on the most convenient stations along their course, were speedily established camps or military posts, which again, in many cases, became the nucleus of large towns, and gave rise to many of the chief modern cities; and it is a remarkable evidence of the sagacious policy of imperial Rome, that one of the very first steps taken by the English government after the northern rebellion of 1745, was the reconstruction of the old military way between Newcastle and Carlisle, almost precisely on the line of Hadrian's Roman road.

We have seen, however, in our own day, an entirely new system of roads introduced—namely, the railways; and already the most remarkable changes are resulting from it. Towns, such as St Albans, where formerly hundreds of stage-coaches, postchaises, and gentlemen's carriages used to change horses daily, are now utterly deserted and grass-grown. They are like sea-ports on a forsaken beach, or like towns along the bank of a river which has abandoned its course. Meanwhile the current flows abundantly in the new channel, and large towns are already springing up at Crewe, Blisworth, and others of the chief points of junction of the great trunk-lines. A precisely similar result seems to have followed the desertion of the old Roman Wall, and the abandonment of the great military roads which its defenders had maintained; and the curious antiquary now exhumes from beneath the wild heath, or the lone sheep-pastures, which seem to the common eye as if the hand of man had never disturbed them, evidences of wealth, luxury, abundant population, and all the appliances of domestic convenience which were familiar to the native of Italy in the second and third century.

'For the most part, the stations—cities which for centuries were the abodes of busy men, and which resounded with the hum of multitudes and the clash of arms—now present a scene of utter desolation. The wayfarer may pass through them without knowing it; the streets are levelled, the temples are overthrown, and the sons and daughters of Italy, Mauritania, and Spain, whose adopted homes they were, no longer encounter him. The sheep, depasturing the grass-grown ruins, look listlessly upon the passer-by; and the curlew, wheeling above his head, screams as at the presence of an intruder.' One can scarcely turn up the soil without meeting not only with bronze relics and personal ornaments, fragments of Roman pottery, and other imperishable articles, but also with the bones of oxen, the tusks of boars, deers' horns, and other animal remains; while as for Roman coins, we are almost tempted to fancy their owners must have sown them broadcast, they are met with in such quantities wherever the ground is disturbed.

'It is not a little remarkable,' says Mr Bruce, 'that the names of the stations, which must have been household words in the days of Roman occupation, have for the most part been obliterated from the local vocabulary. They are now only to be recalled, and that with difficulty, by exhuming the stony records of the past, and comparing them with the notices of contemporaneous geographers. The truth is, that military reasons dictated the choice of the stations—commercial facilities gave rise to modern cities. Long may the mere military outpost be consigned to the shepherd's use, whilst the wharf and the warehouse are beset by the busy crowd.' *

A very different transition-stage, however, had to be passed through before the military outpost gave place to the warehouse and thronging wharf, such as now crowd the site of the old Pons Aeilli, or Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Instead of the classic names of the *Notitia*, we stumble on such terms as Busy-gap, Boglehole, and the more ominous title of Bloody-gap. While yet Scotland and England were rival kingdoms, it was the policy of the governments of both countries to maintain on the Borders a body of men inured to arms, and to encourage a constant system of mutual aggression and wrongs. When the policy of Elizabeth and the accession of James to the throne of England allayed the national strife, the stern warriors of the Border degenerated into sheep-stealers; and instead of dying in the fray, or yielding their necks honourably to the headsman's stroke, they burdened by the score the gallows-tree at Newcastle or Carlisle. It is impossible to imagine the desolation and misery occasioned by such a state of society. Bernard Gilpin, the 'apostle of the north,' was esteemed a brave man, because he annually ventured as far as Rothbury, to preach the gospel of peace to the lawless people of the vale of Coquet. Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, though ardently desirous of examining the wall, durst not venture in their progress eastward beyond Carvoran. 'From thence,' says the illustrious author of the 'Brittania,' writing about 1580, 'the wall goeth forward more aslope by Iverton, Forsten, and Chester-in-the-Wall, near to Busy-gap, a place infamous for thieving and robbing, where stood some castles (Chesters they called them), as I have heard, but I could not with safety take the full survey of it, for the rank robbers thereabouts.' Mr Bruce adds some curious evidence of the ill-repute of this same transmural region. In the sixteenth century, an act of the merchants

* In glancing along the map of the wall, and contrasting the old Roman names of the stations with the names now attached to them, or the spots which they once occupied, we can trace no resemblance whatever between *Segedunum* and Wallsend, *Condercum* and Benwell, *Vindobala* and Rutchester, *Hunnum* and Halton Chesters, *Procolitia* and Carrowburgh, &c. But at length, near the western limits of the county of Northumberland, there occurs a station which the Romans called Magna. Is not the modern name of this place, Carvoran, simply a translation of the original into the native British language?—Ed.

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of Newcastle forbids any guild-brother from taking as an apprentice any one born in Tyndale, Liddisdale, or any such like places, under a penalty of L.20; assigning as the reason a notorious fact, that the dishonesty and vice of these regions is hereditary, and propagated in the blood! 'The parties there brought up are known, either by education or nature, not to be of honest conversation; they commit frequent thefts, and other felonies, proceeding from such lewd and wicked progenitors!' Fully a century later, curious evidence exists to shew that the old prejudices against these Bordermen had in nowise diminished—a case of prosecution for defamation being on record so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, because a baker of Newcastle had styled a brother freeman '*a Bussey-gap rogue!*'

Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy' supplies abundant and familiar illustration of the strange lawless system that prevailed on the debatable lands lying between the two kingdoms long after Scotland and England had become one. It was quaintly remarked by a reviewer, after referring to some of the forays and cattle-raids of the old Border Scotts, that Sir Walter had been at more pains to trace his descent from thieves than most men would take to prove their ancestors honest men! We cannot spare room here, however, for following further the lively adventures of the Busy-gap Rogues, though they retained their hereditary character down to the reign of George III.

No less curious are the mediæval traditions that linger about the precincts of the old wall in the wilder districts of Northumberland. At Sewingshields, for example, is the locality of the familiar tradition of the renowned King Arthur, who, with his Queen Guenever, his lords and ladies, hawks and hounds, lie to this day enchanted in an unknown cave in the crags, under a spell, only to be broken when some one shall first blow a bugle-horn which lies near the entrance of the cave, and then, with the sword that lies beside it, cut a garter through which binds it to the wall. Some fifty years ago, so says veracious tradition, the farmer of Sewingshields discovered, under the ruins of the old castle, a subterranean passage unknown to him before. He entered, and made his way along a low vaulted arch, his courage sinking at every step as he trod amid toads and slimy lizards, and startled at the flight of dark-winged bats, disturbed by his intrusion. At length a dim light appeared before him, and following its guidance, the bold Northumbrian farmer stood under the fretted roof of a vast subterranean hall, strangely lighted by an unearthly glow. King Arthur, with his queen and court, slumbered on a circle of thrones and couches round the walls, and at their feet were thirty couples of gigantic wolf-hounds. On a stone-table in the middle of the hall lay the spell-dissolving horn, sword, and garter. The farmer seized the sword, and as he drew it from the scabbard, the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers opened. He cut the garter, and they sat up, and the dogs shook themselves from the sleep of centuries. But the courage of the intruder failed him—the sword slowly returned to its scabbard; and as the strange court sunk again back to their spell-bound slumbers, King Arthur exclaimed:

> 'Oh wo betide the evil day
> On which this witless wight was born!
> Who drew the sword, the garter cut,
> But never blew the bugle-horn!'

The farmer was so terror-stricken that he could never afterwards tell how he escaped, or find again the entrance to the enchanted hall.

Such is our modern version of the curious myth of the good King Arthur, who Merlin swore should come again to rule. In many forms it has survived through changing centuries, and is well worth considering for the truths it embodies under its quaint imagery. Meanwhile, however, it will suffice to shew how many pleasant topics may be suggested to the rambler along the course of the old Roman barrier, which once stretched its unbroken line of forts, curtain walls, and military way, from Segedunum, or Wallsend, near the mouth of the Tyne, to Bowness on the Solway Firth. To those who desire to become familiar with the history and antiquities of this remarkable monument of the military arts of ancient Rome, we recommend Mr Bruce's work, from which we have extracted some of the above passages. To the antiquary its attractions are great, abounding as it does with engravings of altars and inscriptions, maps, sections, and ground-plans of all that most command his study, and many of these being entirely new, and derived from the enthusiastic author's own personal observations. What we have said above, however, will suffice to shew that others besides the professed antiquary will find in the work matter to attract, to instruct, and to amuse; and we should think little of that mind which, amid all the stirring interest of the present, can spare no thought for that older state of being from whence the present has sprung, and to which it owes a reverence in some degree akin to that which is due to the parent from the child.

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

I HAD frequently remarked a neat little old woman, in a clean, stiff-starched, quilted cap, going to and from a neighbouring chapel, without however its ever coming into my head to ask who she was; until one day a drove of oxen alarmed her so visibly, that I opened the gate of my little garden, and begged her to remain there in safety till the cattle had passed by.

'Madame is very polite; she has no doubt been in France!'

'Yes,' answered I in her native language, 'I resided there many years, and perceive I have the pleasure of addressing a Frenchwoman.'

'I was born in England, madame; but at eight years of age went with my father to Honfleur, where I married, and continued to reside until four years ago, when my poor husband followed the remains of his last remaining child to the grave, and in less than a fortnight after died of the *grippe* himself. I had no means of living then, being too old to go out as a *femme de journée*, my only means of gaining a livelihood; so I returned to the place where I was born, and my mother's youngest brother allows me thirty-five pounds a year, upon condition that I am never more than a month out of England again.'

We soon became great friends, and by degrees I learned her history. This uncle of hers was a year younger than herself—a thorough John Bull, who hated the French, and ridiculed everything that was foreign. His heart, however, was kind and generous, and he no sooner heard of the destitute condition in which his aunt was left, than he hastened across the Channel for her, bought in her clothes and furniture, which she was forced to sell to enable her to satisfy her creditors, and then made her a present of them all again, offering to convey her to her native country, and settle upon her enough to enable her to live there decently; which allowance, however, was to cease if she was ever known to be more than a month out of England. 'Time enough for her to pray over her French friends' graves, poor benighted Catholic that she be! but I wont have more of my money spent among them foreign frog-eaters nor I can help.' The poor woman had no other choice; but it was several years before she reconciled herself to habits so different from those to which she had been so long accustomed; and to the last she preserved the French mode in dressing, eating, and manner. At the topmost storey of a high house she took

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two unfurnished rooms: the largest contained her bed, *secrétaire, commode, pendule, pric-dieu*, and whatever was best and gayest of her possessions. The room behind was *consacrée*, as she called it, to pots and pans, basins and baskets, her night-quilt and pillow, and whatever else was not 'convenable' to display to 'le mondo;' but the front apartment was where she lived, slept, cooked, ate, and prayed; and a nice, clean, cheerful, well-furnished room it was, and many a pleasant hour have I spent in it with the old lady, conversing upon cookery and politeness—two requisites she found the English quite deficient in, she said. I confess I am somewhat inclined to agree with her, especially as to the former; and those who agree with me in opinion will perhaps be glad to have her recipes for the inexpensive French dishes which fine cooks despise too much to print in cookery-books.

We shall begin with the pot au feu, in Mme Miau's own words:—'Get from the butcher a nice, smooth, pretty piece of beef, with as little skin, fat, strings, and bones, as possible: one pound does for me, but for a family we shall say three pounds. Put this into—not an iron pot, not a brass pot, not a tin pot—but an earthen pan with a close-fitting lid, and three quarts of filtered water, and some salt. This you must put, not on the fire, but on the top of the oven, which is heated from the fire, and which will do just the same as a hot hearth: let it boil up; skim and deprive it of all grease. When this is accomplished, take three large carrots, cut in three pieces—three, remember!—one large parsnip cut in two, two turnips, as many leeks as possible—you can't have too many; two cloves ground, and the least little idea of pepper, and onions if you like—I only put a burnt one to colour. Now cover up, and let it stay, going tic-tic-tic! for seven hours; not to *boil*, pray. When I hear my bouillon bubble, the tears are in my eyes, for I know it is a *plat manqué*. When ready, put the beef—what we country people call bouillie—which word, they say, is vulgar—never mind!—put it on a dish, and with tasteful elegance dispose around the carrots, parsnip, and turnip. Then on slices of bread at the bottom of a bowl pour your soup, and thank God for your good dinner.

'I sometimes tie the white part of my leeks in bundles, like asparagus, and serve on roasted (she never would say toasted) bread. Next day I warm the soup again, introducing rue, vermicelli, or fresh carrots cut in shapes, as my fancy may lead me, and eat the beef cold with tarragon vinegar. Mme Fouache, my sister-in-law, puts in celery, parsley, and a hundred other things; but that is modern—mine is the old, respectable pot au feu; and I never have nonplus, what all the Fouaches are so fond of, which is properly a Spanish, not a French dish, called *olla podrida*—very extravagant. Not only have they beef, but a fowl, a ham, or piece of one; a Bologna or Spanish sausage; all the vegetables named above; *pois chiches* (large hard peas), which must be soaked a night; a cabbage, a hard pear, and whatever they can gather, in the usual proportion of a small quart to a large pound of meat; and not liking oil, as the Spaniards do, Mme Fouache adds butter and flour to some of the soup, to make sauce. The fowl is browned before the fire, and served with pear, peas, celery, and the ham with the cabbage; the beef with the carrots, leeks, and parsnips; the sausage by itself; and the soup in a tureen over a *croûton*. This takes nine hours of slow cooking; but mine, the veritable pot au feu Français, is much better, as well as simpler and cheaper.'

'Thank you, Mme Miau,' said I; 'here it is all written down. Is that batter-pudding you have arranged for frying?'

'No, madame; it is *sarrasin*. It was my dinner yesterday, *en bouillie;* to-day I fry it, and with a gurnet besides, am well dined.'

'How do you cook it?'

'In France I take half a pint of water and a pint and a half of milk; but here the milkman saves me the trouble: so I take two pints of his milk, and by degrees mix in a good half pint of buckwheat-flour, salt, an egg if you have it, but if not, half an hour's additional boiling will do as well. This mess must boil long, till it is quite, quite thick: you eat some warm with milk, and put the remainder into a deep plate, where, when cold, it has the appearance you see, and is very nice fried.'

'And the gurnet?'

'I boil it, skin it, and bone it, and pour over it the following sauce:—A dessert-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth into a half tumbler of water; this you boil till it is thick, and looks clear; then take it off the fire, and pray don't put it on again, to spoil the taste, and pop in a good lump of Dutch butter, if you can't afford fresh, which is much better, and a small teaspoonful of vinegar; pour this over your fish: an egg is a great improvement. I can't afford that, but I sometimes add a little drop of milk if I have it.'

'I am sure it must be very good: and, by the by, can you tell me what to do with a miserable half-starved chicken that the dogs killed, to make it eatable?'

'Truss it neatly, stuff it with sausage and bread-crumbs; mix some flour and butter, taking care it does not colour in the pan, for it must be a white rout; plump your chicken in this, and add a little water, or soup if you have it; take four little onions, two small carrots cut in half; tie in a bundle the tops of celery, some chives, a bay-leaf, and some parsley; salt to taste, with a bit of mace—will be all you require more; cover close, so that all air is excluded, and keep it simmering two hours and a quarter: it will turn out white and plump; place the vegetables round it; stir in an egg to thicken the sauce, off the fire, and your dish will not make you blush.' I did as she directed, and found it very good.

I went very often to Mme Miau's, and invariably found her reading her prayer-book, and she as invariably put it down unaffectedly without remark, and entered at once into conversation upon the subject I introduced, never alluding to her occupation.

'I fear,' said I one day, 'I interrupt your devotions.'

'*Du tout*, madame, they are finished; I am so far from chapel I can only get there upon Sundays or on the very great saints' days; but I have my *good corner* here,' pointing to the *pric-dieu*, which stood before what I had always imagined shelves, protected from the dust by a green baize curtain; 'and you see I have my little remembrances behind this,' added she, pulling the curtain aside, and displaying a crucifix, 'the Virgin mild and sweet St John' standing by, her string of beads, the crowns of everlastings from her parents', husband's, and children's graves, several prints of sacred subjects, and a shell containing holy water.

Her simple piety was so sincere that I felt no desire to cavil at the little harmless superstitions mixed with it, but said: 'You must have many sad and solitary hours; but you know where to look for consolation I find.'

'Yes, indeed, madame. Without religion how could I have lived through my many sorrows? but God sustains me, and I am not unhappy, although wearing out my age in poverty and in a strange land, without one of those I loved left to comfort me; for if the longest life be short, the few years I have before *me* are shorter still, and I thank Him daily for the comfort I derive from my Christian education.'

She was too delicate-minded to say Catholic, which I knew she meant, and I changed the subject, lest our ideas might not agree so well if we pursued it much further. 'Pray, Mme Miau, what is the use of that odd-looking iron stand?'

'It is for stewing or boiling: the baker sells me the burnt wood out of his oven (we call it *braise* in France), which I mix with a little charcoal; this makes a capital fire, and in summer I dress my dinner. You see there are three pots, one above the other; this saves me the heat, and dirt, and expense of a fire in the grate, for it stands in the passage quite well, and stewed beefsteak is never so good as when dressed by it.'

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'How do you manage?'

'I make a rout, and put to it a quantity of onions minced small, and a bit of garlic, when they are quite soft; I add salt, a little pepper, and some flour and water, if I have no gravy or soup. Into this I put slices of beef, and let it stew slowly till quite done, and then thicken the sauce with polder starch. The neighbours down stairs like this so much, that we often go halves in both the food and firing, which greatly reduces the cost to both; and it keeps *so* well, and heats up *so* nicely! They eat it with boiled rice, which I never before saw done, and like very much; but I boil my rice more than they do, and beat it into a paste, with salt and an egg, and either brown it before the fire or fry it, which I think an improvement; but neighbour Green likes it all natural.'

'Oh, do tell me about *soupe à la graisse*; it sounds very uninviting.'

'I seldom take it in this country, where vegetables are so dear, and you must prepare your *graisse* yourself.'

'How do you prepare it?'

'By boiling dripping with onions, garlic, and spices; a good tablespoonful of this gives a nice taste to water, and you add every kind of vegetable you can obtain, and eat it with brown bread steeped in it. The very poor abroad almost live on it, and those who are better off take a sou from those who have no fire, *pour tremper leur soupe;* and surely on a cold day this hot mess is more acceptable to the stomach than cold bread and cheese.'

'You seem very fond of onions with everything.'

'Yes; they make everything taste well: now *crevettes*, what you call shrimps, how good they are with onions!'

'How! onions with shrimps!—what an odd combination! Tell me how to dress this curious dish.'

'When the shrimps are boiled, shell them, take a pint or a quart, according to your family; make a rout, adding pepper; jump (*sautez*) them in it, adding, as they warm, minced parsley; when quite hot, take them off the fire, and stir round among them a good spoonful of sour cream. *Pois de prud'homme* and *pois mange-tout* are dressed the same, leaving out the flour and pepper.'

'I don't know what *pois* you mean.'

'The *prud'hommes*, when they first come in, are like lupin-pods, and contain little square white beans. You do not shell them till they are quite old, and then they are good also, but not nearly so good or so wholesome as in the green pods. The *pois tirer* or *mange-touts* are just like every other pea—only as you can eat the pods, you have them full three weeks before the others are ready, and a few handfuls make a good dish: you must take the string off both, as you do with kidney-beans, unless when young.'

'I suppose you eat the white dry beans which are to be bought at the French shop here.'

'No, never: they don't agree with me, nor indeed are they very digestible for any but strong workers.'

'How should they be dressed?'

'Steeped from five to twelve hours; boiled till tender; then jumped with butter and parsley in a pan after draining well; and milk and an egg stirred in them off the fire, or what is much better, a little sour cream or thick buttermilk. They eat well with roast mutton, and are much more delicate than the red beans, which, however, I have never seen sold in this country.'

'Do you drink tea?'

'I would do so were I confined to the wishy-washy stuff people of my rank in England call coffee—bad in itself, and worse prepared.'

'How do *you* manage?'

'I buy coffee-beans ready roasted or not: a coffee-mill cost me 1s. 6d., and I grind it every now and then myself; but I always freshen my beans by jumping them in a clean frying-pan, with a little new butter, till quite dry and crisp—very easy to do, and the way to have good coffee. I do a little at a time, and use that small coffee biggen, which is now common even in this country: two well-heaped teaspoonfuls serve me; but were I richer, I should put three. Upon these two spoonfuls I pour a cup of boiling water, and while it is draining through, heat the same quantity of milk, which I mix with the clear coffee, and I have my two cups. Chiccory I don't like, spite of the doctor, who says it is wholesome. All French doctors preach against coffee; but I who have drunk it all my life am of opinion they talk nonsense. You may take it stronger or weaker; but I advise you always to make it this way, and never try the foolish English practices of boiling, simmering, clearing, and such like absurdities and fussings. I generally, however, breakfast upon *soupe à la citronille*, which is very nice.'

'Tell me how to make it.'

'You cut your citronille (pumpkin, I believe you call it) in slices, which you boil in water till soft enough to press through a cullender into hot milk; add salt and pepper, stir smooth, and give one boil, and it is ready to pour upon your bread as a *purée*. A little white wine improves it, or you may make it *au gras*, mixing a little white meat gravy; but to my mind the simple soup is the best, although I like a bit of butter in it I confess. Turnips and even carrots eat very well prepared this way many think; but I prefer the latter prepared *à la Crécy*, which you do very well in England.'

'You use a great deal of butter, which at one time of the year is very dear in England.'

'And in France also; therefore I buy it at the cheap seasons, put it on the fire, and give it a boil, skimming it well; then I let it settle, and pour off all that is clear into bottles and pots, and it keeps until the dear time is past, quite well for cooking.'

'And eggs?'

'Nothing so simple, when quite new laid: butter them well with fresh butter; remember if a pin's point is passed over, the egg spoils—rub it well into them, and place in jars, shaking over them bran or dry sand; wash when about to use them, and you would say they had been laid two days back only.'

'Do you eat your prepared butter upon bread?'

'I never do anything so extravagant as to eat butter upon bread: I prefer to use it in my cookery; but I don't think boiled butter would taste well so, though it fries beautifully on maigre days; and on others I use lard to my potato.'

'Does one satisfy you?' asked I laughing.

'Oh yes, if it is of a tolerable size. I cut it in pieces the size of a hazel-nut, dry, and put them into a common sauce-pan, with the least bit of butter, shaking them about every few minutes; less than half an hour does them; they are eaten hot, with some salt sifted over.'

'I suppose you often have an omelet?'

'Not often; but let me offer you one now.'

I had scarcely assented, when the frying-pan was on the fire to heat three eggs broken, some chives and parsley minced, and mixed with a little pepper and salt all together—Mme Miau throwing in a drop of milk because she happened to have it, in order to increase the size of the omelet, although in general she seldom used it—and flour *never*. It was thrown upon the boiling fat, and as it hardened, lifted up with two wooden forks round and round, and then rolled over, *never* turned—the upper part, which was still slightly liquid, serving for sauce as it were. This was all, and very good I found it. Another time she put in grated cheese, which was also excellent.

'I can't comprehend how you contrive to make everything so good at so little expense,' said I.

'There is no merit in making good things if you are extravagant: any one can do that.'

'No, indeed, not every one.'

'Cookery, in a little way,' continued Mme Miau, 'appears to me *so* simple. To fry well, the fat must *boil* before putting what you wish fried into it; and this you ascertain by throwing in a piece of bread, which should gild immediately: the colour should be yellow or light-brown—never darker. To *stew*, the only rule is to let your meat simmer gently for a long time, and keep in the steam, and all sorts should be previously sautéd in a rout, which keeps in the juice: the look, also, is important, and a burnt onion helps the colour.'

Mme Miau, however, could cook more elaborate dishes than those she treated herself to, and I shall subjoin

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some of her recipes, all of which I have tried myself; and if the preceding very economical but thoroughly French dishes please as a foundation, I may give in a future number *plats* of rather a higher description.

THE FIRST PRINT.

The art of the goldsmith, in our days limited to the fashioning of gold and silver into sacred vessels, table-ornaments, or utensils for daily use, was formerly not deemed unworthy of being exercised by the most celebrated hands. At the period of the revival of the arts in Italy, the goldsmiths were real, and often great artists in design, sculpture, carving, and engraving. With them originated the art of engraving on metals, and about the middle of the fifteenth century they introduced an ornamental kind on plates of silver or gold. When the design was engraved, the lines or incisions were filled in with a shining black compound made of silver and lead, so as to produce the effect of shadow; and as the plates thus cut and prepared were called *niello*—the Italian contraction of the Latin word *nigellium*—the goldsmiths were also known by the name *niellatori*. Amongst the most remarkable of these workers in *niello* is the Florentine, Jomaso Finiguerra, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century. He, in common with all the goldsmiths of the age, devoted all the resources of his genius and skill to the engraving, and afterwards inlaying with niello, a kind of small semicircular plates of silver, three or four inches in depth, to which the name *pax* was given, from the words 'Pax te cum' ('Peace be with thee') uttered by the officiating priest when, after kissing them himself, he presented them to be kissed by the other priests in attendance. Distinguished above all other productions of this kind, as well by its artistic merit as by its subject, is one pax, representing the Assumption of the Virgin; and though it bears neither name nor mark, yet there can be no doubt that it is the workmanship of Finiguerra, as in the city archives of Florence is to be found an entry of 'sixty-six florins paid to Jomaso Finiguerra for a pax, on which is engraved the Assumption of the Virgin.' This pax is still carefully preserved in the museum of Florence; and when we consider that the art was then in its infancy, it is saying not a little for the production, that eyes that have been feasting on the works of the great masters can dwell with complacency on it, as far surpassing anything of which that age could boast. But whatever may be its intrinsic merit, a discovery lately made is calculated to add to its celebrity amongst amateurs.

Vasari, in his 'Lives of Celebrated Painters,' relates that a woman having accidentally gone into Finiguerra's studio, and laid down upon a silver plate engraved in niello a wet cloth, was very much surprised, when she took it up again, to find the whole of the engraving stamped upon it. This incident, calculated to strike even an ordinary mind, must have made a deep impression on the vivid imagination of Finiguerra. It is but natural to suppose that it must have immediately occurred to the ingenious artist, that the impression of the engraving might as easily be taken on paper as on cloth, nor is it less likely that having tried several experiments with the same result as before, he persevered till he at last devised a mode of pressing by a cylinder a damp sheet of paper on the engraving, and thus discovered the art of taking a print from a metal plate.

All this, however, probable and natural as it is, would be but mere conjecture, and was only such till the end of the last century, when the learned Abate Zani discovered among the treasures of art in the Louvre, a proof-print of this niello of Finiguerra, printed with dark and indelible ink; and now the precious sheet, carefully separated from the other prints of the old Italian masters, and with a glass over it, is exhibited to the admiring gaze of amateurs, as the first print ever taken from an engraving.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

The greater part of the vegetables consumed in Mexico are cultivated in the Chinampas, called by Europeans floating gardens. They are of two kinds: some are movable, and frequently driven up and down by the wind; others firm, and fixed to the shore. The former only can be termed floating, but the number of these is daily lessening.

The ingenious invention of the chinampas is traceable to the end of the fourteenth century, and the idea was probably suggested to the Aztecas by nature itself. On the marshy banks of the lakes of Xochimilcho and Chalco, the waters, in their periodical swellings, throw up clods and mounds of earth, covered with grass and tangled roots. These masses, after floating for a long time up and down, the sport of every breeze, sometimes form into groups of small islets. A tribe, too weak and insignificant to establish any settlement on the mainland, took advantage of this portion of the soil thus accidentally placed at their disposal, and the possession of which was not likely to be disputed. The most ancient chinampas were only turf-mounds artificially joined, and then tilled and planted by the Aztecas. These floating islands are found in every zone. Humboldt describes those he saw at Quito, in the River Guayaquil, as being about twenty feet long, floating about in the middle of the stream, and full of the bamboo, the *Pistia stateotes*, and other plants, whose roots are knotty, and disposed to intertwine. They are also to be found in the small lake called Lago di Agua Solfa of Tivoli, near the Baths of Agrippa, composed of sulphur, of carbonate of lime, and of the leaves of the *Ulva thermalis*, and shifting from place to place at every breath of wind.

The industry of the Aztecan nation has brought to great perfection the idea suggested by the masses of earth broken off from the banks of the rivers. The floating gardens found by the Spaniards in great numbers, and many of which are still to be found in the Lake of Chalco, were a sort of rafts formed of reeds, rushes, and rough, prickly, tangling shrubs, and covered by the Indians with a layer of rich earth, impregnated with muriate of soda. This salt is gradually extracted from the soil by watering it with the water of the lake, and the ground is more or less fertilised, according to the more or less frequent application of this lye—for such, even when salt, the water becomes by filtration through the soil. The chinampas sometimes contain a hut for the Indian in charge of a group of these floating gardens, which can be towed or impelled by long poles at pleasure, from one side of the river to the other; but most of those now known by the name are fixed; and as this happens just in proportion to the distance of the fresh-water lake from the salt-water lake, many are to be found along the Vega, in the marshy soil between the Lake of Chalco and the Lake of Tezcuco. Each chinampa forms a parallelogram, three hundred feet long and about twenty in breadth, and is separated from its neighbour by a narrow dike. In these chinampas are cultivated beans, peas, capsicums, potatoes, artichokes, and a great variety of other vegetables, and the borders are generally edged with flowers, and sometimes by a little hedge of rose-trees. Indeed the

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beauty of the scenery altogether makes a boating excursion round them, especially those of Istacalco and Lake Chapala, most delightful.

GENTLEMEN.

Heralds used formerly to go round and enregister the arms of different families, but since 1686 the custom has been abandoned. The kings-at-arms every thirty years also used to register the births, deaths, and marriages that had occurred since their last visitation; and those who had usurped titles or dignities which did not belong to them, were obliged, under their own hands, to disclaim all pretence to them, and were publicly degraded in the nearest market-town. Sir T. Smith, who died in 1577, says —'*Gentlemen* be those whom their blood or race do make noble or known: the commonwealth of England is divided into three sorts of persons—the sovereign; the gentlemen, which are divided into two parts; the barony, or estate of lords, and those who be no lords, such as knights, esquires, and simple gentlemen; the third and last are called yeomen.' Nobility means notability: worthy of being noted or known. Nobility can be acquired; gentility must be innate—must take a long time to grow. James I. told his nurse he might make her son a duke, but could not make him a gentleman; although in manners and appearance the youth probably (as he had had a good education) more nearly resembled what we term a gentleman in these degenerate days than the worthy king himself. Among the gentry, not among the peers, with the exception of three or four families, must we look for the true *nobility* of England. There are upwards of 130,000 ancient nobility, and not much above 500 peers. The *old landed* proprietors are the ancient nobility. The old writers speak of the nobility named and unnamed—that is, titled and untitled. Those families whose names are the same as their estates are the noblest. Commoner means those who are amenable to common tribunals: peers are not commoners, being their own judges. This, however, is an exclusive privilege, but no proof of nobility; for many persons who have precedency over peers are subject to the common law: sons of dukes, marquises, even princes of the blood, before they are made peers, are amenable to common tribunals.

NATURAL WATER-PURIFIERS.

Mr Warrington has for a year past kept twelve gallons of water in a state of admirably-balanced purity by the action of two gold fish, six water-snails, and two or three specimens of that elegant aquatic plant known as *Valisperia sporalis*. Before the water-snails were introduced, the decayed leaves of the valisperia caused a growth of slimy mucus, which made the water turbid, and threatened to destroy both plants and fish. But under the improved arrangement, the slime, as fast as it is engendered, is consumed by the water-snails, which reproduce it in the shape of young snails, whose tender bodies again furnish a succulent food to the fish; while the valisperia plants absorb the carbonic acid exhaled by the respiration of their companions, fixing the carbon in their growing stems and luxuriant blossoms, and refreshing the oxygen (during sunshine, in visible little streams) for the respiration of the snails and the fish. The spectacle of perfect equilibrium thus simply maintained between animal, vegetable, and inorganic activity, is striking and beautiful; and such means may possibly hereafter be made available on a large scale for keeping tanked water clean and sweet.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE POORER CLASSES IN ENGLAND UNTAXED.

In no country in Europe is the peasant and artisan so free from all enforced taxation as in England. The French peasant pays a salt-tax, a *contribution personelle et mobilière;* a licence-tax; and, if he live in a town, the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. The German labouring man pays a poll-tax, a class-tax, a trade-tax, and sometimes a meat-tax; and in certain parts an *octroi* also. *The English working-man pays no direct taxes whatever.* He is taxed only for his luxuries [soap the only exception]; he pays only on the pleasures of the palate: if he chooses to dispense with luxuries, none of which are essential, and few of which are harmless, he dispenses with taxation too; if, on the contrary, he chooses to smoke his pipe and drink his glass, to sip tea from China, and sweeten it with sugar from Jamaica, he at once puts himself into the category of the rich, who can afford these superfluities; *he voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class,* and forfeits all title to sue or to complain *in formâ pauperis.* We are far from wishing to intimate that he should not indulge in all harmless luxuries to the utmost limit that he can afford; but most indisputably, in thus leaving it optional with him whether he will contribute to the revenue or not—and subjecting him to no actual privations if he decline to do so—parliament is favouring him to an extent which it vouchsafes to no other class in the community, and to which no other land affords a parallel. His earnings are decimated by no income-tax, like those of the clerk; his cottage is subject to no window-tax, like that of the struggling professional aspirant; very generally he does not even contribute to the poor-rate; he pays, like the rich man, to the state only when he chooses to imitate the rich man in his living.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A BRIDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MADONNA PIA, AND OTHER POEMS.'

A BRIDAL is a joyous thing—
A dancing pageant light and gay;
With loves and graces on the wing,
And all the heart's wild hopes at play!
The banquet glows, the goblet flows,
In every eye is happier light;
And e'en the loveliest maiden shews
More lovely in her bridal-white,
Alternate touch'd with either rose,
The crimson and the pale delight!

A bridal is a heartsome thing,
Where'er the clasping hands of youth
Image the clasping hearts that cling
Each unto each with tender truth!
The sunlight of the heart appears
On man and matron, maid and boy;
The father's mingling hopes and fears
Are spirits in the heart's employ;
The mother's and the sister's tears
Gush from the heart's deep wells of joy!

A bridal is a sacred thing,
Far seen and heard beyond the sky;
And angels stoop on brooding wing,
And Duty bends her awful eye:
The spirit of the future there,
With prescient glance of solemn claim,
And flashing hints of 'bear! forbear!'
Bids the wild breast its transports tame;
Hints of commingling dark and fair,
And cloud and sun, and praise and blame!

Oh, bride! young, beautiful, and pure!
Still braid the tress and plume the brow!
And Passion's every cherish'd lure
More fondly, sweetly, cherish now!
Oh, bridegroom! wheresoe'er hath rang'd
Thy heart before, in freedom bold,
Think, ere again 'tis chill'd or chang'd,
How many a lip this truth hath told,
The Nemeses of hearts estranged
Avenges Love a thousandfold!

J. G. GRANT.

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TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

CALF-LOVE.

It may be as well to observe at starting, that the slight, unpretending sketches I am about to jot down of a few rough adventures in the Preventive Service of this country, will present no fancy pictures of high-souled, dashing smugglers, such as I have seen spouting heroics at minor theatres—rollicking gentlemen, who abound in all the firstrate virtues of generosity, daring, gallantry, and skill, slightly clouded, if at all, by an irresistible propensity for defrauding the revenue—more, it is usually made to appear, for the fun and dash of the thing, or to rig out amiable sweethearts or devoted wives with expensive nick-nacks, than for any liking for the, in the main, idle and skulking life of the professional smuggler. I never ran athwart any such gentry; but then it is right to state that my experience was confined to about a hundred miles or thereabouts of the southern coasts of England, and those heroes, I fancy, are only to be found, if at all, in latitudes frequented by their relatives—the horse-marines. The fellows I now and then overhauled were of quite another stamp, and seldom sailors either, at least not of the true salt-water lick. Handy enough in a boat, no doubt, but with much better land than sea-legs, as many an unsuccessful shore-chase has but too frequently proved to my entire conviction. I am speaking of between thirty and forty years ago, at which time your genuine sea-dog but little relished such a hide-and-seek along-shore life, especially if anything better could be had; and it can, I should think, be hardly otherwise in these days of steam revenue-cruisers, admirably organised coast-guard, reduced duties, and, consequently, consumptive profits. Thus much hinted by way of warning to readers of a romantic taste, I proceed with the narrative of my first adventure in the revenue-service, prefacing it with a brief chapter of my earlier history, without which it would be nearly if not altogether unintelligible.

My name is Warneford—at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Itchen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from Southampton. How much nearer the, as I hear and read, rapidly-increasing town has since approached I cannot say, as it will be twenty-nine years next July since I finally quitted the neighbourhood. The village, at that time chiefly inhabited by ferry and fishermen, crept in a straggling sort of way up a declivity from the margin of the Itchen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear-Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land-and-water views the eye of man has, I think, ever rested upon. My father, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone would sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Itchen people—almost every one of whom was either a Dible or a Diaper—but he had been many years settled there, and Pear-Tree Churchyard contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half-pay, possessed an income of something above a hundred pounds a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or expensively educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior-age of fifteen, I was despatched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, however, before certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before noticed that the aborigines of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Diapers. Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about two years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners; which latter quality, by the by, must have come by nature, for but little education of any kind had fallen to her share. She was, it may be supposed, the *belle* of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twinkling, awestruck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk, which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, felt, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not be—which thus entranced me; for she seldom

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spoke, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables; but she listened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enchanting eloquence in my face as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is very possible I might have been sooner or later entrapped into a ruinous marriage—not by her, poor girl! she was, I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents, who were scheming, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and in his rough way dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and for ever.

The churchyard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, it used to be commonly said, was that in which Gray composed his famous 'Elegy,' or at all events which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible upon the flat wooden railing which then enclosed it, that the tradition had great likelihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Itchen rivers—bounded in the far distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses of varying light and shade, and on the left by the leafy woods, from out of which I often think the gray ruins of the old abbey must in these days look grimly and spectre-like forth upon the teeming, restless life which mocks its hoary solitude—were at the full of a spring-tide. It was just, too, the hour of 'parting day;' and as the sun-tipped spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked out, the curfew, mellowed by distance into music, came to us upon the light air which gently stirred fair Ellen's glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—for our walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine, while I repeated Gray's melodious lines. The Elegy was concluded, and I was rapturising even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail; for Ellen held me by the arm, and it was quite as much as I could do to keep my feet when I reached them. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry and sardonic countenance of my father. 'I'll have no more of this nonsense, Bob,' he gruffly exclaimed. 'Be off home with you, and to-morrow I'll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty minx,' he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely tie her bonnet-strings, 'I should think she would be better employed in mending her father's shirts, or darning her brother's stockings, than in gossipping her time away with a brainless young lubber like you.' I was of course awfully incensed, but present resistance, I knew, was useless; and after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy, and despair, we took our several ways homewards. Before twelve o'clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till after I had obtained, through the agency of my soft-hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made fervent vows of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated, at Ellen's suggestion, by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves—a moiety to be worn by each of us about our necks, as an eternal memorial and pendant protest against the flinty hearts of fathers.

This boyish fancy faded but slowly and lingeringly away with the busy and tumultuous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an almost useless sea-waif upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a lieutenant's half-pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister, whose chances of an eligible marriage had vanished with her comeliness, which a virulent attack of smallpox had utterly destroyed, though it had in nothing changed the patient sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle loving spirit that shone through all its disfiguring scars and seams. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, although, during the first months of separation, I had written to her many times; the reason of which was partially explained by a few lines in one of Jane's letters, announcing Ellen Dible's marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion—to a person of her own grade, and their removal from Itchen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries, and, Jane thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never afterwards alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle shore life soon became insupportable, and I determined to solicit the good offices of Sir Joseph Yorke with the Admiralty. The gallant admiral had now taken up his permanent residence near Hamble, a village on the river of that name, which issues into the Southampton water not very far from opposite Calshot Castle. Sir Joseph was drowned there about eight or nine years after I left the station. A more perfect gentleman, let me pause a moment to say, or a better seaman, than Sir Joseph, never, I believe, existed; and of a handsome, commanding presence too—'half-way up a hatchway' at least, to use his own humorous self-description, his legs scarcely corresponding in vigorous outline to the rest of his person. He received me with his usual frank urbanity, and I left him provided with a letter to the secretary of the Admiralty—the ultimate and not long-delayed result of which was my appointment to the command of the *Rose* revenue-cutter, the duties attached to which consisted in carefully watching, in the interest of His Majesty's customs, the shores of the Southampton river, the Solent sea, the Wight, and other contiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants and Dorset.

The ways of smugglers were of course new to me; but we had several experienced hands on board, and as I zealously applied myself to the study of the art of contraband, I was not long in acquiring a competent knowledge of the traditional contrivances employed to defraud the revenue. Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my novel command, except that by the sharpened vigilance of our look-out, certain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that Barnaby Diaper, the owner of a cutter-rigged fishing-vessel of rather large burthen, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then profitable practice of running moonshine, demurely and industriously as, when ashore, he appeared to be, everlastingly mending his nets, or cobbling the bottom of the smack's boat. He was a hale, wiry fellow this Barnaby—Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, surnames in those localities being seldom used—with a wooden stolidity of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a partner in the cutter, lived at Weston, a beautifully-situated hamlet between Itchen and Netley. A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and grandson—this last a smart, precocious youngster, I understood, of about sixteen years of age, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was, with occasional assistance, manned, sailed, and worked. Very rarely, indeed, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* observed to be engaged in her ostensible occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and always, we soon came to notice, on the nights when the *Rose* happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had missed her for upwards of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger we had chased without success a few nights previously would attempt to run a cargo at a spot not far from Lyming-

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ton, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down, and stood off and on, within signal-distance of the shore-men with whom I had communicated, till dawn, in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that we had been deceived; and on rounding Calshot Castle on our return, I had no doubt of it, for there, sure enough, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* riding lightly at anchor off Hamble Creek, and from her slight draught of water it was quite evident that her cargo, whatever it might have consisted of, had been landed, or otherwise disposed of. They had been smart with their work, for the summer night and our absence had lasted but a few hours only. I boarded her, and found Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight, and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting matters generally into order and ship-shape. The son a good deal resembled the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good-humoured expression; and the boy was an active, bold-eyed, curly-headed youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression apparently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped from his work on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed; and as I was in no humour for a profitless game of cross questions and crooked answers, I, after exchanging one or two colloquial courtesies, in which I had by no means the advantage, returned to the *Rose* more than ever satisfied that the interesting family I had left required and would probably repay the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the same day the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished: a fortnight slipped by, and she had not reappeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the north-west of the Wight, went into Portsmouth harbour to be examined. Some of her copper was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. This interval I spent with my sister. The evening after I arrived at Itchen, Jane and I visited Southampton, and accompanied an ancient female acquaintance residing in Bugle Street—a dull, grass-grown place in those days, whatever it may be now—to the theatre in, I believe, the same street. The performances were not over till near twelve o'clock, and after escorting the ladies home, I wended my way towards the Sun Inn on the quay, where I was to sleep—my sister remaining for the night with our friend. The weather, which had been dark and squally an hour or two before, was now remarkably fine and calm; and the porter of the inn telling me they should not close the house for some time longer, I strolled towards the Platform Battery, mounted by a single piece of brass ordnance overlooking the river, and pointing menacingly towards the village of Hythe. The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glanced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless autumn sky. My attention was not long absorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the *Blue-eyed Maid* had returned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have but just brought up; for the main-sail, three new patches in which chiefly enabled me to recognise her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—though from the distance, and the shadow of the dark background of woods in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost; and fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off Weston—an offer which they eagerly accepted; and I was soon speeding over the waters to her. My uniform must have apprised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their vessel, two figures, which I easily recognised to be Old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but at a point considerably farther up the river, towards Itchen. There appeared to be no one left on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and the shore-confederates of the smugglers did not shew themselves, conjecturing, doubtless, as I had calculated they would, upon my having plenty of help within signal call. I therefore determined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, excited by the chase, pulled with a will, and in about ten minutes we ran alongside the Barnabys' boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwale with brandy kegs.

'Fairly caught at last, old fellow!' I exclaimed exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. 'And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the *Blue-eyed Maid*, or I'll run you through the body.'

'Pull her head round yourself,' he sullenly rejoined, as he rose from the thwart and unshipped his oar. 'It's bad enough to be robbed of one's hard arnings athout helping the thieves to do it.'

His refusal was of no consequence: the watermen's light skiff was made fast astern, and in a few minutes we were pulling steadily towards the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out, of his pea-jacket; his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern whistling the then popular air of the 'Woodpecker' with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back towards them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke-oarsman suddenly exclaimed: 'What are you at with the boat's painter, you young devil's cub?' The quick mocking laugh of the boy, and the words, 'Now, grandfer, now!' replied to him. Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding the painter or boat-rope, which he had detached from the ring it had been fastened to, in his hand, jumped over the side; in another instant he was hauled out of the water by Old Barnaby, and both were seated and pulling lustily, and with exulting shouts, round in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase; and as the wind, though favourable, and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some precious minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting underweigh, neither jib nor foresail being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily laden as the boat was, we were beginning to slip freely through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick that the Barnabys had played us. Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigences of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned towards the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the Barnabys, replied to of course by the furious but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly; and we were still about a hundred yards from the shore when we found ourselves splashing about in the water, which fortunately was not more than up to the armpits of the shortest

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of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plumping us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her glide gracefully through the water as she stood down the river, impelled by the fast-freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.

There were no means of pursuit; and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discomfiture towards Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along; knocked up the landlord of a public-house, and turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, beneath the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon sound asleep.

Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds—the tide was quite gone out—for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished utterly: the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap, and the loss of the watermen's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a bad business certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, soothed but very slightly their sadly-ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and, after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.

This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I had begun to think that the *Blue-eyed Maid* had been permanently transferred to another and less-vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My plan was soon formed. I caused it to be carelessly given out on shore that the *Rose* had sprung her bowsprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the *Rose* soon after noon slipped her moorings, and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton River. The night was as black as pitch; and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning, no object more than a hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up abeam of Hythe without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of Hamble River, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the *Blue-eyed Maid*, lying-to under the lee of the north shore, and it may be about half a mile ahead of us. Unfortunately she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as way could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterwards was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to leeward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the Channel by the Needles passage; but nothing daunted, she held boldly on without attempting to reduce an inch of canvas, although, from the press she carried, fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course she was steering, the *Donegal*, a huge eighty-gun ship, was riding at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who, I could discern by his streaming white hairs, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well to windward of us as possible, determined, I suppose, to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line-of-battle ship. Unfortunately, just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her jib as if it had been cobweb; and, pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, meeting the *Donegal* as the huge ship drove back from a strain which had brought her half way to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cry of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and although we threw overboard every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid could avail them in that wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves, as they leaped and dashed about the leviathan bulk of the *Donegal*, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peered over the surface of the angry waters. The *Rose* then stood on, and in little more than an hour afterwards was safely anchored off Hythe.

The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterwards, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in the last trip made by the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held me morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently. One of the officers of the shore-force received information that two large luggers, laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey, were expected the following night on some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that as the cargoes were very valuable, a desperate resistance to the coast-guard, in the event of detection, had been organised. Our plan was soon arranged. The *Rose* was sent away with barely enough of men to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell, took up a position a little above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast-guard were posted along the shore at intervals of about a mile, all of course connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and from this circumstance, as well as from the state of the tides, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends, should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied, from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard; and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rullocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently-expected order; we all emerged from our places of concealment, and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the by this time busy smugglers. The two luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon kegs, with which they speeded off to the carts in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Batley, a fine, athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side,

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suddenly turned, and raising a pistol, discharged it at my head. He fortunately missed his mark, though the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby! It was not a time for words, and hastily consigning the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A bootless one it proved. Favoured by their numbers, their perfect acquaintance with the hedge-and-ditch neighbourhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the luggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the carts.

The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so that after the two wounded seamen had been carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boats, only two men remained with me. The body of John Batley was deposited for the present in one of the luggers, and then the two sailors and myself moved forward to Itchen with the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.

The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse; but when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defying expression. First ordering the two men to drop astern out of hearing, I said: 'You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it.'

'Hanged!' he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone; 'hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man! You know that; or perhaps,' he added with a kind of hysterical cry, 'perhaps you want to kill me as you did father.'

'I have no more inclination, my poor boy,' I answered, 'to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill-will?'

'Why should you? Oh I know very well!'

'You know more than I do then; but enough of this folly. I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt. But I think if you could put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape.'

The lad's fine eyes perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation: 'Turn informer!' he exclaimed. 'Betray them that loved and trusted me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!'

I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Abbey ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears, said: 'I should like to see my mother.'

'See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?'

'No, we have sold off, and moved to Aunt Diaper's, at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where mother's father's brother lives, and I was to have been 'prenticed to the captain of a Greenlander; but now,' he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, 'Jack Ketch will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only 'prenticed to the gallows.'

'Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?'

'Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!' exclaimed the lad with a renewed burst of passionate grief; 'and surely you would not kill *her*!'

'It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I have never seen her.'

'Oh yes—yes, you have!' he sharply rejoined. 'Then perhaps you do not know! Untie or cut these cords,' he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper; 'give me a chance: mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible!'

Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.

'God of mercy!' I exclaimed, as the momently-arrested blood again shot through my heart with reactive violence, 'can this be true?'

'Yes, yes—true, quite true!' continued the boy, with the same earnest look and low, hurried speech. 'I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance for mother's sake, wont you?'

A storm of grief, regret, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued fixed with fevered anxiety upon my face.

At last I said, gasped rather: 'I cannot release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be'—— The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale. 'You shall see your mother,' I added. 'Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley.' This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.

'Come this way,' I said, after a few minutes' reflection, and directing my steps towards the old ruined fort by the shore, built, I suppose, as a defence to the abbey against pirates. There was but one flight of steps to the summit, and no mode of egress save by the entrance from whence they led. 'I will relieve you of these cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt at escape.'

Ten minutes had not elapsed when the mother, accompanied by Johnson, and sobbing convulsively, appeared. Roberts hailed her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but hasty feet, to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.

The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to some one at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upwards to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad darted out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waistbelt, but at a gesture from me put it back. 'He cannot escape,' I said. 'Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence.' Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low, narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumbling, winding steps, from which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall, some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in terrible anxiety, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so within a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly towards him, and as I neared him he fell on his knees, threw away his hat, and revealed the face of—Ellen Dible!

I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralysed. Doubtless the mellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have imprinted on her features; for as I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her upturned, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which

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an hour before I could not have believed possible. The men hailed repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer: their shouts, and the young mother's supplicating sobs — she seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her—sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering, chaotic dream. She must have gathered hope and confidence from the emotion I doubtless exhibited, for as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say: 'You will save my boy—my only son: for my sake you will save him?'

Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. 'Ay, ay,' I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.

'Which way—which way is he gone?' I asked as the seamen approached.

She instinctively caught my meaning: 'By the shore to Weston,' she hurriedly answered; 'he will find a boat there.'

The men now came up: 'The chase has led us astray,' I said: 'look there.'

'His mother, by jingo!' cried Johnson. 'They must have changed clothes!'

'Yes: the boy is off—to—to Hamble, I have no doubt. You both follow in that direction: I'll pursue by the Weston and Itchen road.'

The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of 'Bless you, Robert—bless you!' I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and flaming pulse hurried homewards. The mother I never saw again: the son at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is the captain of a first-class ship in the Australian trade, and a smarter sailor I think I never beheld. His mother is still alive, and lives with her daughter-in-law at Chelsea.

A BIBLIOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY.

Publishers in this country are very much in the habit of congratulating themselves on the magnitude of their undertakings. We do not disparage the efforts of this class of tradesmen, but it is proper they should know that not one of them has produced works of such grandeur as have issued from foreign houses. A very remarkable exemplification of continental enterprise, such as we have never been able to match, is found in an Atlas published by the Bleaus of Amsterdam about two centuries ago; and of this now rare and curious work we desire to offer some account.

Bleaus's Atlas is a collection of maps of a large folio size, comprehended in fourteen volumes—think of an atlas in fourteen volumes folio, Mr English mapseller! —and these volumes, bound in old vellum, profusely but tastefully gilded, usually occupy the lower shelves in some little-frequented part of public libraries. Few libraries, indeed, can boast the possession of a Bleau; for much of the original impression was unfortunately destroyed by fire in the premises of the publishers, and few sets of this great work reached this country. The British Museum has probably one; that which we have seen rests in an obscure nook of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, not discovered by ordinary visitors.

This marvellously fine old atlas consists not exclusively of maps, but combines a system of geography and topography which, according to the knowledge of the period, left little to be desired. The extent and minuteness of the information conveyed, along with the finish and accuracy of the maps, fill us with admiration of the industry and enterprise of the Dutch publishers of the seventeenth century. The Bleaus were great men of their day. They were two in number, father and son; the former named William, the latter John, Bleau—or as the name is Latinised, Blavius. William Bleau was born in 1571, and died in 1638, leaving but a small part of his great work completed. It was continued by his son, who issued the last volume, containing the general cosmography, in 1665. Like the Elzevirs and other Dutch publishers of that day, the Bleaus were great scholars, and took a leading share in the literary department of their works, surrounding themselves with a band of able assistants. Their geography and science are both, it will readily be believed, imperfect enough when measured by the modern estimate. But it was not the fashion then to stick to pure scientific details. Writers gave out all that could be said, and sometimes all that could be imagined, on any subject discussed by them: so the geographical details of this eminent work are filled with notices of national manners and customs, and of superstitions; with anecdotes of distinguished personages, curious events in history, and the like—all told in a Latinity which varies in its purity with the various authors who had to compose the separate parts. We know scarcely any work where an investigator of curious legendary lore is more likely to be repaid.

It may be questioned whether it may have been favourable to the student of geography in those days, but it is very amusing to the lounging investigator of the present, to study the groups of allegorical figures which surround the maps. The Dutch, if it be denied that they reached the higher developments of the fine arts, could never tolerate positively bad art. All the drawing and colouring is therefore well executed, some of it of at least a high, though not the highest, style of art; and so we have group after group of venerable bearded men, or of chubby Dutch babies, and comely but perhaps hardly elegant Dutch women. With a ring of such personages, with angels and mythological beings interwoven, the first geographical map of the series—the two hemispheres—is surrounded. It surprises the observer by a closer resemblance than he is prepared to expect to the maps of the world in the nineteenth century. The general *contour* is so like, that it would require considerable geographical knowledge to note the discrepancies. America, for instance, appears to be quite accurately laid down; but on close inspection it appears that California is an island, and the outline is shadowed off as it approaches the Oregon territory. The outline of Australia is not completed, and the end merely of Van Diemen's Land is seen in the far ocean, shaded off into vagueness; but for a century afterwards it was not better represented in our maps, and it surprises one that in so early a publication any faint image of New Zealand should be given—an indistinct line of coast with the name Zelandia Nova.

In the same volume, commonly placed as the first of the series, there is an extremely curious set of plates, all the more interesting that they have scarcely a legitimate place there. They are connected with the lonely island of Hwen, and the observatory which Tycho Brahé, by the munificence of his prince, was enabled to erect there. The elder Bleau was a pupil of Tycho, worked with him in his observatory, and seems to have been led by a feeling of reverence to commemorate the master and the scene of his triumphant labours. The edifice was called Uraniburg, or the City of the Stars; and from the views and elevations preserved by the geographer, it may be seen that it was truly a palace. The inner building consists of a cluster of towers and pinnacles in that mixture of Gothic and classic which we see in Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and the Fredericksborg Palace in Denmark. Indeed, the building has a striking resemblance to Heriot's Hospital, and one could imagine it to be designed by the same artist,

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whoever he may have been. The style seems, curiously enough, to have been peculiar to Scotland and Denmark. From the four corners of the edifice four avenues pass through rich garden-grounds, all in symmetrical patterns, which occupy the nearest space round the palace of science. Next after these come shrubberies, with quaint and highly-decorated little edifices in them, which might be supposed to be pleasure-houses, but probably were devoted to some of the scientific purposes of the establishment. Outside of all, and including apparently a wide area, is a great strong wall with bastions. Surely the illustrious astronomer did not require to be fortified from external attack while he read the stars? It is probable that the fortification, like the sentinel at some great official person's door, was intended to impose awe, and mark the high respect of the monarch for the philosopher. Such, as exhibited to us in these magnificent plates, is the character of a building of which we believe some mouldering fragments still remain. But the most interesting of all these illustrations shews us, by a panoramic view of the interior, the philosopher himself in the middle of his labours. Perched in their several departments, the assistants are grouped together, making observations with the instruments, or preparing reports, while Tycho, as the lord of all, sits on a chair of state in the centre—calm, majestic, magnificently attired, but with the greater magnificence of commanding intellect in his countenance. The age of forty is that at which the artist professes to represent him; but the grizzled beard and deep furrows on the brow and cheeks would indicate a more advanced period of life.

A very interesting volume of this great work contains the plans of cities, chiefly in the Netherlands and Northern Germany. They are very full and minute, but they have an interest even beyond their topographical importance in the curious representations of local and domestic customs. The Dutchman's garden is laid out before us to the minutest tulip. Here is a game at bowls, there a party assembled in the lusthaus or pleasure-house. The human figure is represented in every variety of the costume of the age; and as if the artist desired to give us an opportunity of knowing everything, he spreads before us the contents of a bleaching-green. Clean linen was scarcely at that time known throughout the rest of Europe, but there we see spread out, just as they might be at the present day, the shirts, great and small, of the several grades of the family. In all domestic arrangements the Netherlands have been a century in advance of the rest of the world; and it is perhaps to their pride in this civilisation that we may attribute the disposition of the Dutch to make the world so well acquainted through art with their domestic habits. Philip de Comines tells us, that when the Count Palatine of the Rhine visited the Duke of Burgundy at Brussels, 'the duke's servants upbraided the Germans for their nastiness and incivility in laying their dirty clothes and their boots upon these rich beds, and accusing them of want of neatness and consideration.' And thence, according to the chronicler, arose a national quarrel.

Scotland would not at that time have so easily borne a minute exposition of its domestic arrangements; yet perhaps the volume dedicated to that country is the most interesting department of Bleaus's Atlas. It contains a series of maps, partly in counties—as Forfar and Aberdeen; partly in provinces—as Teviotdale, Lennox, &c. They are extremely full and minute, affording a store of topographical knowledge of the most valuable kind, enhanced by a very copious letterpress description. The names of places are professedly given in Latin, and the manner in which the translation has been effected is in some instances rather curious. Thus we have Godscroft transformed into *Theager*, Horsburgh into *Hyppocastron*, and Smithfield into *Fabricampum*. This department of the Atlas was committed to the charge of a Scottish gentleman distinguished for his birth as well as his abilities—Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch. It was a time when art and literature lived much by royal patronage and distinction, and Bleau applied to Charles I. to appoint a proper person to superintend the Atlas of Scotland. The king appointed Gordon, issuing a rescript to this effect: 'Having lately seen certain charts of divers shires of this our ancient kingdom, sent here from Amsterdam to be corrected and helpit in the defects thereof, and being informed of your sufficiency in that art, and of your love both to learning and to the credit of your nation, we have therefore thought fit hereby earnestly to entreat you to take so much pains as to revise the said charts, and to help them in such things as you find deficient thereintil, that they may be sent back by the direction of our chancellor to Holland; which, as the same will be honourable for yourself, so shall it do us good and acceptable service; and if occasion present, we shall not be unmindful thereof. From our Palace at Holyrood House, the 8th October 1641.' So important were his labours deemed, that Gordon was specially protected by both parties during the wild times of the civil wars, and was by a truly marvellous generosity excused from taking a side. A special act of parliament was passed to exempt him from subsidies and quartering of soldiers, and many orders were issued to protect him from the rapacity or tyranny of the commanders of troops. Thus in the midst of this wild turmoil the geographer and statist quietly went on with his work. He preserved his strict neutrality; and perhaps he was all the more successful in doing so after the ascendancy of the Covenanters, since he was at heart a Cavalier. There are many curious antiquarian inquiries in Gordon's portion of the Atlas. He is the author of a history of his family, and it was for some time understood that he had left behind him the history of his own times. A manuscript in two folio volumes, in the Advocates' Library, was long believed to be the identical work, and stands lettered on the back 'Straloch's MS.' It was since discovered, however, that this was a compilation by a writer named Man, the editor of an edition of Buchanan's History, who had intended to publish it as a history of the great civil war. It had so far a connection with Gordon of Straloch, that it was chiefly compiled from a manuscript left by his son Thomas Gordon, parson of Rothiemay. A manuscript of Thomas Gordon's own work has been discovered, and it has been printed for the Spalding Club, under the title, 'History of Scots Affairs from 1637 to 1641.'

To return to the Atlas. We have stated that the Scottish maps are very full and minute. Their history is curious, and goes farther back than Gordon's connection with the work. Timothy Pont, of whom little more is known than that his father was a judge of the Court of Session, and that he was an enthusiast in topography, left behind him a quantity of maps and draughts of various parts of Scotland. Sir Robert Sibbald, a man of kindred habits and acquirements, in a notebook about Scottish authors left among his manuscripts, states that Pont took long pedestrian journeys to acquire his topographical information. Bishop Nicholson says of him, that 'he was by nature and education a complete mathematician, and the first projector of a Scotch atlas. To that great purpose he personally surveyed all the several counties and isles of the kingdom, took draughts of them upon the spot, and added such cursory observations upon the monuments of antiquity and other curiosities as were proper for the furnishing out of future descriptions. He was unfortunately surprised by death, to the inestimable loss of his country, when he had wellnigh finished his papers.' Pont's original draughts are carefully preserved in the Advocates' Library. In the days of the Ordnance Survey, it is interesting to observe these labours of one enthusiastic

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and laborious man. They are extremely minute and precise, and give one the idea that they have been the fruit of an enormous amount of personal exertion. It is scarcely possible, indeed, to believe that one man, by actual survey, could have accomplished them. They are of course very valuable as topographical relics, and in one point they are extremely curious, in shewing many places in the Highland districts to have been inhabited which are now deserted. Thus there are many names of farms and villages now unknown, the inhabitants having so long left them that there was none to hand down the name.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE PIEMAN?

A PENNY for a pie! In the records of our individual experience, this is probably the most ancient species of barter — the first gentle and welcome induction to the dry details of commerce, and one eminently calculated to impress upon the infant minds of a trading population the primary principles of exchange, of which a *quid pro quo* forms the universal basis. We had imagined, upon the first view of our subject, that the fabrication and consumption of pies must have been a custom as ancient as cookery itself, and have ranked among the very first achievements of the gastronomic art. Upon careful investigation, however, we find ourselves to have been mistaken in this idea. We have not been able to discover among the revelations to which the Rosetta Stone surrendered a key, any authority for supposing that among all the butlers and bakers of all the Pharaohs, there ever existed one who knew how to prepare a pie for the royal banquet. No; it was reserved for the Greeks, the masters of civilisation and the demigods of art, who brought every species of refinement to its highest pitch, to add the invention of pies and pie-crust to the catalogue of their immortal triumphs. Their ἀρτύσιας (the word passed unchanged into Roman use) was an aggregation of succulent meats baked in a farinaceous crust, probably somewhat resembling in form a venison pasty of the present day, and was the first combination of the kind, so far at least as we know, ever submitted to the appetite of the gourmand. We have no intention of pursuing the history of this great discovery from its first dawn in some Athenian kitchen to its present universal estimation among all civilised eaters. We must pass the pies of all nations, from the monkey-pie of Central Africa, with the head of the baked semi-homo emerging spectrally from the upper crust, to the *patés* of Strasburg, the abnormally swollen livers of whose tormented geese roam the wide world to avenge upon gluttonous man the infamous tortures inflicted upon their original proprietors: we must pass, too, the thousand-and-one ingenious inventions which adorn the pages of Mrs Glass and Rumbold, by means of which dyspepsias are produced *secundum artem*, and the valetudinarian is accustomed to retard his convalescence according to the most approved and fashionable mode. The great pie of 1850, prepared by the ingenious Soyer, at the cost of a hundred guineas, for the especial delectation of municipal stomachs at York, is, likewise, altogether out of our way. Our business is with the pie that is sold for a penny, and sold in London. Let us add, moreover, that we treat only of the pie which is fairly worth a penny, leaving altogether out of our category the flimsy sophistries of your professed confectioner.

From time immemorial the wandering pieman was a prominent character in the highways and byways of London. He was generally a merry dog, and was always found where merriment was going on. Furnished with a tray about a yard square, either carried upon his head or suspended by a strap in front of his breast, he scrupled not to force his way through the thickest crowd, knowing that the very centre of action was the best market for his wares. He was a gambler, both from inclination and principle, and would toss with his customers, either by the dallying shilli-shally process of 'best five in nine,' the tricksy manœuvre of 'best two in three,' or the desperate dash of 'sudden death!' in which latter case the first toss was destiny—a pie for a halfpenny, or your halfpenny gone for nothing; but he invariably declined the mysterious process of 'the odd man;' not being altogether free from suspicion on the subject of collusion between a couple of hungry customers. We meet with him frequently in old prints; and in Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' there he stands in the very centre of the crowd, grinning with delight at the adroitness of one robbery, while he is himself the victim of another. We learn from this admirable figure by the greatest painter of English life, that the pieman of the last century perambulated the streets in professional costume; and we gather further, from the burly dimensions of his wares, that he kept his trade alive by the laudable practice of giving 'a good pennyworth for a penny.' Justice compels us to observe, that his successors of a later generation have not been very conscientious observers of this maxim. The varying price of flour, alternating with a sliding-scale, probably drove some of them to their wits' end; and perhaps this cause more than any other operated in imparting that complexion to their productions which made them resemble the dead body of a penny pie, and which in due time lost them favour with the discerning portion of their customers. Certain it is that the perambulating pie business in London fell very much into disrepute and contempt for several years before the abolition of the corn-laws and the advent of free trade. Opprobrious epithets were hurled at the wandering merchant as he paraded the streets and alleys—epithets which were in no small degree justified by the clammy and clay-like appearance of his goods. By degrees the profession got into disfavour, and the pieman either altogether disappeared, or merged in a dealer in foreign nuts, fruits, and other edibles which barred the suspicion of sophistication.

Still the relish for pies survived in the public taste, and the willing penny was as ready as ever to guerdon the man who, on fair grounds, would meet the general desire. No sooner, therefore, was the sliding-scale gone to the dogs, and a fair prospect of permanence offered to the speculator, in the guarantee of something like a fixed cost in the chief ingredient used, than up sprung almost simultaneously in every district of the metropolis a new description of pie-shops, which rushed at once into popularity and prosperity. Capital had recognised the leading want of the age, and brought the appliances of wealth and energy to supply it. Avoiding, on the one hand, the glitter and pretension of the confectioner, and on the other the employment of adulterating or inferior materials, they produced an article which the populace devoured with universal commendation, to the gradual but certain profit of the projectors. The peripatetic merchant was pretty generally driven out of the field by the superiority of the article with which he had to compete. He could not manufacture on a small scale in a style to rival his new antagonists, and he could not purchase of them to sell again, because they would not allow him a living

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margin — boasting, as it would appear with perfect truth, that they sold at a small and infinitesimal profit, which would not bear division.

These penny-pie shops now form one of the characteristic features of the London trade in comestibles. That they are an immense convenience as well as a luxury to a very large section of the population, there can be no doubt. It might be imagined, at first view, that they would naturally seek a cheap locality and a low rental. This, however, is by no means the universal practice. In some of the chief lines of route they are to be found in full operation; and it is rare indeed, unless at seasons when the weather is very unfavourable, that they are not seen well filled with customers. They abound especially in the immediate neighbourhood of omnibus and cab stations, and very much in the thoroughfares and short-cuts most frequented by the middle and lower classes. But though the window may be of plate-glass, behind which piles of the finest fruit, joints, and quarters of the best meat, a large dish of silver eels, and a portly china bowl charged with a liberal heap of minced-meat, with here and there a few pies, lie temptingly arranged upon napkins of snowy whiteness, yet there is not a chair, stool, or seat of any kind to be found within. No dallying is looked for, nor would it probably be allowed. 'Pay for your pie, and go,' seems the order of the day. True, you may eat it there, as thousands do; but you must eat it standing, and clear of the counter. We have more than once witnessed this interesting operation with mingled mirth and satisfaction; nay, what do we care?—take the confession for what it is worth—*pars ipsi fuimus*—we have eaten our pies (and paid for them too, no credit being given)—*in loco*, and are therefore in a condition to guarantee the truth of what we record. With few exceptions (we include ourselves among the number), there are no theoretical philosophers among the frequenters of the penny-pie shop. The philosophy of bun-eating, of which an epitome was given in a former number of the Journal, may be very profound, and may present, as we think it does, some difficult points; but the philosophy of penny-pie eating is absolutely next to *nil*. The customer of the pie-shop is a man (if he is not a boy) with whom a penny is a penny, and a pie is a pie, who, when he has the former to spend or the latter to eat, goes through the ceremony like one impressed with the settled conviction that he has business in hand which it behoves him to attend to. Look at him as he stands in the centre of the floor, erect as a grenadier, turning his busy mouth full upon the living tide that rushes along Holborn! Of shame or confusion of face in connection with the enviable position in which he stands he has not the remotest conception, and could as soon be brought to comprehend the *differential calculus* as to entertain a thought of it. What, we ask, would philosophy do for him? Still every customer is not so happily organised, and so blissfully insensible to the attacks of false shame; and for such as are unprepared for the public gaze, or constitutionally averse from it, a benevolent provision is made by a score of old play-bills stuck against the adverse wall, or swathing the sacks of flour which stand ready for use, and which they may peruse, or affect to peruse, in silence, munching their pennyworths the while. The main body of the pie-caters are, however, perfectly at their ease, and pass the very few minutes necessary for the discussion of their purchases in bandying compliments with three or four good-looking lasses, the very incarnations of good-temper and cleanly tidiness, who from morn to night are as busy as bees in extricating the pies from their metallic moulds, as they are demanded by the customers. These assistants lead no lazy life, but they are without exception plump and healthy-looking, and would seem (if we are to believe the report of an employer) to have an astonishing tendency to the parish church of the district in which they officiate, our informant having been bereaved of three by marriage in the short space of six months. Relays are necessary in most establishments on the main routes, as the shops are open all night long, seldom closing much before three in the morning when situated in the neighbourhood of a theatre or a cab-stand. Of the amount of business done in the course of a year it is not easy to form an estimate. Some pie-houses are known to consume as much flour as a neighbouring baker standing in the same track. The baker makes ninety quartern loaves from the sack of flour, and could hardly make a living upon less than a dozen sacks a week; but as the proportion borne by the crust of a penny-pie to a quartern loaf is a mystery which we have not yet succeeded in penetrating, we are wanting in the elements of an exact calculation.

The establishment of these shops has by degrees prodigiously increased the number of pie-eaters and the consumption of pies. Thousands and tens of thousands who would decline the handling of a scalding hot morsel in the public street, will yet steal to the corner of a shop, and in front of an old play-bill, delicately dandling the titbit on their finger-tips till it cools to the precise temperature at which it is so delicious to swallow—'snatch a fearful joy.' The tradesman, too, in the immediate vicinity, soon learns to appreciate the propinquity of the pie-shop, in the addition it furnishes to a cold dinner, and for half the sum it would have cost him if prepared in his own kitchen. Many a time and oft have we dropped in, upon the strength of a general invitation, at the dinner-table of an indulgent bibliopole, and recognised the undeniable *paté* of 'over the way' following upon the heels of the cold sirloin. With artisans out of work, and with town-travellers of small trade, the pie-shop is a halting-place, its productions presenting a cheap substitute for a dinner. Few purchases are made before twelve o'clock in the day; in fact the shutters are rarely pulled down much before eleven; yet even then business is carried on for nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four. About noon the current of custom sets in, and all hands are busy till four or five o'clock; after which there is a pause, or rather a relaxation, until evening, when the various bands of operatives, as they are successively released from work, again renew the tide. As these disappear, the numberless nightly exhibitions, lecture-rooms, mechanics' institutes, concerts, theatres and casinos, pour forth their motley hordes, of whom a large and hungry section find their way to the pie-house as the only available resource—the public-houses being shut up for the night, and the lobster-rooms, oyster saloons, 'shades,' 'coal-holes,' and 'cider-cellars,' too expensive for the means of the multitude. After these come the cab-drivers, who, having conveyed to their homes the more moneyed classes of sight-seers and playgoers, return to their stands in the vicinity of the shop, and now consider that they may conscientiously indulge in a refreshment of eel-pies, winding up with a couple of 'fruiters,' to the amount at least of the sum of which they may have been able to cheat their fares.

Throughout the summer months the pie trade flourishes with unabated vigour. Each successive fruit, as it ripens and comes to market, adds a fresh impetus to the traffic. As autumn waxes, every week supplies a new attraction and a delicious variety; as it wanes into winter, good store of apples are laid up for future use; and so soon as Jack Frost sets his cold toes upon the pavement, the delicate odour of mince-meat assails the passer-by, and reminds him that Christmas is coming, and that the pieman is ready for him. It is only in the early spring that the pie-shop is under a temporary cloud. The apples of the past year are wellnigh gone, and the few that remain have lost their succulence, and are dry and flavourless. This is the precise season when, as the pieman in 'Pick-

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wick' too candidly observed, 'fruits is out, and cats is in.' Now there is an unaccountable prejudice against cats among the pie-devouring population of the metropolis: we are superior to it ourselves, and can therefore afford to mention it dispassionately, and to express our regret that any species of commerce, much more one so grateful to the palate, and so convenient to the purse, should periodically suffer declension through the prevalence of an unfounded prejudice. Certain it is that penny-pie eating does materially decline about the early spring season; and it is certain too, that of late years, about the same season, a succession of fine Tabbies of our own have mysteriously disappeared. Attempts are made with rhubarb to combat the depression of business; but success in this matter is very partial—the generality of consumers being impressed with the popular notion that rhubarb is physic, and that physic is not fruit. But relief is at hand: the showers and sunshine of May bring the gooseberry to market; pies resume their importance; and the pieman, backed by an inexhaustible store of a fruit grateful to every English palate, commences the campaign with renewed energy, and bids defiance for the rest of the year to the mutations of fortune.

We shall close this sketch with a legend of the day, for the truth of which, however, we do not personally vouch. It was related and received with much gusto at an annual supper lately given by a large pie proprietor to his assembled hands:—

Some time since, so runs the current narrative, the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which, after much difficulty, he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and throve so well, that a speculating baker on the opposite side of the way made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop; and acting on the principle universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. 'Ho, ho!' said her friend, 'that 'ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade agin, there aint no snakes, mark me—that's all!' So saying he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance: 'Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring t'other four to-morrer arternoon!' With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighbourhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the floor was seen covered with hastily-abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large demand for 'goes' of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations not purely grammatical were not merely audible but visible too in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring 'the balance of trade.' The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.

SOUTHERN GATES OF EGYPT.

There is scarcely any place in Egypt more picturesque in appearance, or more interesting, than what may be called its Southern Gates—the whole neighbourhood of the first Cataracts. I have read many descriptions thereof executed with great skill, but not one appears to me to convey a correct idea at the same time of the general characteristics of the scene and of the minuter details. It may be that success is impossible, or it may be that travellers have hurried on too rapidly to other classical sites. This last supposition is not unlikely to be true. I have known people 'do' the whole district in twenty-four hours. For my own part, during the period I remained there, new objects of interest, new points of view, seemed perpetually presenting themselves; and when I took my departure, it was with the impression that had I remained twice as long, no yearning for fresh excitement would have arisen.

We had passed through a narrow defile of rock the previous evening, and moored at Akâbah, a village celebrated for its dates. The morning came bright and sunny, but cool. A gentle north wind filled the sails, and soon wafted us against the rippling current to within sight of Essouan, or rather of the hills and ruins that overlook it, for the town itself was concealed by palm-groves. A white-walled palace standing alone on the eastern bank, and a great ruined convent half way up the sandy declivity to the west, were the first buildings that appeared near at hand. A slight turn brought us in sight of the point of Stephantine, its woods and thickets sparkling in the sun, the approach seemingly impossible by reason of the huge black rocks piled as if fragments of a ruined dike across the river. To the right a winding branch strewed with boulders appeared to lead away into the desert; but to the left a long line of boats indicated the mooring ground. The great sail was soon got in; and the foresail flapping took us quietly along between two enormous rocks, covered with hieroglyphics and figures of ancient kings and heroes, into a kind of lake or harbour, defended by breakers on the north; the sandy bank covered with old boats, and backed by trees, on the east; the island on the west; and closing in to the south, so as to leave only a narrow passage between an eminence topped with Saracenic ruins, and the great shattered wall of hewn stone supposed to mark the site of the Nilometer.

There was bustle on the beach: our friends coming to salute us, and point out a convenient place where to 'peg up;' boatmen exchanging salutations; donkeys, with real civilised saddles, and very uncivilised drivers, crowding down for employment; shipwrights hammering; fifty men, with a measured grunt, hauling a boat ashore; further on, a large space covered with bales of merchandise, sheds, and groups of travellers—so that the border town of Egypt, which, by the way, was still not visible, promised to be at least a lively place of halt. It turned out to be so in fact; and I should have no objection to go back and spend a month or so there, breathing the purest air in the world beneath the finest sky.

Every one knows by report that there are two famous islands in this vicinity, separated by several miles of rapids: one above, called Philæ; and one below called Stephantine. The latter, as I have said, now lay opposite to us, just allowing the white hilly Libyan desert to appear through its groves; but our curiosity was chiefly directed towards the former, and we could scarcely refrain from imitating the native travellers, and hurrying off at once to explore it. There was plenty of time before us, however; and restraining our impa-

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tience, we resolved to persevere in our old method of making ourselves at home in a place ere we went in quest of its neighbouring objects of attraction.

The modern town of Essouan contains some four or five thousand inhabitants. A principal street, as usual, is devoted to the bazaar—not very remarkable for the richness of the goods exposed for sale. In the neighbourhood, especially to the north, are a variety of dusty-looking gardens divided by dusty lanes; but the general effect is that of barrenness and desolation. To the south is a city of ruins — the ancient Arabic Essouan, with its remains of elegant arched buildings stretching far and wide; and beyond, where the ground rises, the commencement of a vast cemetery. Our first walk was in this direction; and we had soon got clear of the new town and the old, and were in the midst of tombs and black rocks, here and there bearing inscriptions. On the summit of the hill are two mosques—one ruined, and one glaring with fresh whitewash. The latter is sacred to the Seventy-seven Sheiks, and is regarded with peculiar respect both by the residents and all true Moslem travellers. From its neighbourhood a fine view is obtained of the winding course of the Nile to the north; of the desert rising into crags on either side; of the town and its dusty groves; and above all, of the great black valley along which runs the land-route to Philie. The whole breadth of this valley is covered with shattered mausolea and an infinity of head-stones, generally in good preservation, with long mysterious-looking Cufic inscriptions. Further on to the south, it seems encumbered with isolated rocks that, thickening in the distance, at length close up the view. On the most conspicuous heights around, tombs of saints, ancient and modern, are perched like watch-towers.

We returned through part of the new town, detecting fragments of ancient buildings in the walls of several of the houses; and coming down to the river north of our mooring-ground, examined an old Roman bath that projects like a mole into the water. From this the road or path goes through trees, beneath a huge piece of rock, covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions and figures, not of very finished workmanship, and probably recording the visits of mere travellers like ourselves. It could not but strike us that these ancient pilgrims surpassed in taste the moderns. They chose the face of precipices, the naked sides of water-washed boulders, whereon to write the enduring memorial of their visit. But their more civilised successors chose the most conspicuous part of the most elegant and ornamented monument, and are not content unless the name of Smith defaces an oval, or destroys the expressive touches which mark the countenance of Isis or Osiris.

Next day we resolved to extend the circle of our wanderings, and started again southwards. This time we traversed the whole length of the cemetery along the centre of the valley, gazing with admiration at the elegant cupolas, finely-turned arches, and graceful pillars, which, though now all broken and deserted, testified amply to the taste that had presided over their creation. One of the innumerable headstones that dot the ground appeared recently shattered by a musket-bullet. There was a story pat to the purpose: A Turkish soldier, in a fit of drunken impiety, had fired at the stone; but even before the missile had sped to its mark, he had fallen down dead, slain by the spirit of the buried sheik—for none but holy men lie in this ground. A friend explained that the story had its origin in a true occurrence, of which the hero was a Frank traveller. He had fired last year at a crow, broken the stone by accident, and his gun bursting, he lost the use of his hand. This matter-of-fact statement would have satisfied me, but I find that in reality the anecdote is an old one, being mentioned by writers twenty years ago.

Having got beyond the tombs, we found the country become more wild and savage at every step. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a lichen met the eye. All was black, crumbly rock on every side. Beneath our feet was sand. The hills, broken into fantastic shapes, formed hollows, ravines, valleys, winding away in inextricable confusion. We seemed to have got into the extinguished crater of a vast volcano. Yet there was nothing horrid in the scene, because the unclouded sun was there, streaming down its dazzling light on every object, and imparting, as it were, life to desolation. A vulture now and then sailed heavily from crag to crag; two or three hawks ascended in their spiral flight; a dozen or so of glossy black crows looked pertly at us from boulders bearing the names of the Pharaohs, or strutted with an air of assumed gentility on the ground; and some small black and white birds, with sparrows and desert larks, fluttered in busy idleness about.

We turned off at length to the right into a rugged ravine that seemed to lead nowhere. But after scrambling along for some time, we actually saw the tops of some waving palms rising, it seemed, out of a fissure in the earth; and presently getting to the summit of the pass, came in full view of a little village of little houses, surrounded by little gardens, nestling in the midst of horrid inky rocks, on the borders, we thought, of a little lake that dazzled our eyes with its brightness. We went on, surprised and silent, and soon got into the clean streets, formed by the neat garden mud-walls and the still neater fronts of the houses, and could scarcely believe that we were in Egypt. It was some time before our fancies were persuaded that we were in a Shellabe village on the banks of one of the winding branches of the Nile.

The name of the place was Mahatta. It was inhabited, we learned, entirely by that peculiar race of people called Shellabes, from Shellal, the Arabic name by which the Cataracts are known. They are evidently of Berber or Nubian descent, but intermingle very little with the parent stock, and seem to me superior in personal appearance and intelligence. They depend entirely for their living on work connected with the Cataracts—as tracking up or taking down boats, transporting merchandise, &c.—and seem to make a good thing of it. I admired their taste in selecting this lonely spot as the site of their village, although there are but a few basketsful of earth in the neighbourhood. There never was a more romantic situation. Opposite rises a lofty desolate island; behind is a lofty desolate ridge. North and south barren rocks close in the view. The current of the river is scarcely perceptible to the eye, unless you stoop over the slippery rocks which lead down from the village; but it sparkles so gaily in the sun as to supply the place of almost all the other elements of beauty in a landscape.

In passing through the village, we saw only a few women, some of elegant form and agreeable features, standing in the streets; but when we had sat down on a great rock overlooking the stream, a crowd of little chattering children came round us, all offering something for sale. The parents were wise enough to know that these pretty urchins would make better bargains than themselves. One had a couple of spears with long blades and light handles, covered with the skin of the *warran*, or great water-lizard; others had sticks of hardwood fancifully ornamented with leather and brass wire. They sat around, talking with us in a very independent manner—at least such as could speak a little Arabic—the others chirping among themselves like birds, I believe in a dialect of the Berberi. Mighty curiosity, to the forgetfulness of all ideas of gain, was excited by the sight of a watch; and when they were permitted to listen to the ticking, there was actually a moment of awestricken silence. But they soon returned to the charge, urging us to buy their curiosities,

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not at all in an importunate tone, but in a half-manly half-childish way inexpressibly amusing. Of course we felt bound to comply, and went away at last with many kind wishes for our safety. Even in the villages where the children have been taught, as in some parts of Egypt, to assail the travellers for *backshish*, they bless you before you give, and indeed whether you give or not. A little fellow came up to me, holding out his hand. 'If it please God, mayst thou go on thy way in peace!' 'If it please God!' said I, pretending to misunderstand him. He ran along by my stirrup with the same gesture and the same indirect form of asking. 'Why should I give thee anything?' inquired I. He smiled at the absurdity of the question, and repeated: 'If it please God, mayst thou go in peace!' I was deaf to his demand. He became more earnest, still sticking to the same form. My donkey began to go. He thought that as I had spoken I must relent, and followed. Finding me, however, obdurate to the last, he dropped behind, still murmuring, though with a disappointed tone: 'If it please God, mayst thou go on thy way in peace!' Next time I passed he kept aloof and remained silent, looking, however, benevolently at me. I called and gave him something, and was rewarded by his stereotyped good wishes for a prosperous journey in a very energetic tone. As he never went beyond these words, perhaps he knew no more of Arabic; but this polite and winning way of begging is general.

The donkeys used by travellers at Essouan generally belong to the respectable people of the town, who let them out incidentally when they do not happen to want them. You seldom get the same two days following, but you get the same boy and the same saddle. Some of the boys are intelligent, but others are sadly stupid. There is a man who affects to be a guide, and entertains travellers who employ him with long speeches about his honesty and tenderness of conscience. Going through a field of clover one day, he interrupted a very flowery speech on this subject, by saying to the donkey-boy: 'See, first, if nobody is looking, and then gather an armful of that *burseem*.'

'Ho! ho!' quoth his employer, 'is this your honesty?'

The man was taken aback for a moment, but recovering, said: 'The owner of that field is my particular friend; and if I were to ask him for the whole crop, he would give it me.'

At Mahatta, as I have hinted, there is nothing to tell of the neighbourhood of the Cataracts. I do not remember that, even as the hush of noon came on, the roar of struggling waters reached our ear. It was some time subsequently that I went to view them from the shore. The road from Essouan was the same as that before described, only we had to push further on; and on turning off again to the right, found ourselves in still more rugged defiles. We were obliged to dismount, and scramble up on foot. Evening was drawing nigh; we wished to see the sun set, and made great exertions to reach the summit in time; but when we came almost at a run to the crest of the ridge, and saw the horizon, that had retreated to a vast distance, nothing but waves of purple light remained to greet us. I defy the world to produce a grander spectacle; but my pen has not the cunning to describe it. Indeed, I could not get to understand the secret of its grandeur—of the wonderful impression it made upon the mind. Was it the very paucity of its elements—billows of black rock congealed, but here and there edged, it seemed, with golden foam—valleys of gloom, fading off on all sides, as it were, into stationary banks of smoke? Such was the huge setting of the picture. And what was the picture itself? A river—a mighty current of water coming out of one of the largest of these shadowy valleys, and then breaking up into a thousand torrents embracing a thousand islands, and meeting in a thousand eddying pools, with a hum, a buzz, a roar, that grew louder as the night came on; so that as we dragged along the precipitous path, our voices, hushed at first into a whisper by admiration of what we beheld, rose imperceptibly into a shout.

I know not why in this lonely place, where nought but the Cataracts and the wind are to speak at all—I know not why, I say, as the winds sink and go away murmuring to other regions, this tumultuous chanting of the waters should increase in potency—why they should seem to grow more restless when nought but the owl, and the bat, and the robber-wolf is abroad, when all else is welcoming the approach of sleep. Scientific men, eavesdroppers of nature, will no doubt find out some explanation in the disposition of different strata of the atmosphere; but at that time I could not help thinking that we had come upon some great meeting of the water-sprites—some parliament of demons engaged in supernatural debate. The light was rapidly fading away over the untrodden desert, and whole troops of thin shadows were coming playing towards us. Islands began to quiver like rapids, and rapids seem to grow solid like islands. A sad and silent black boy who came to us, I know not how, hurried us along from bab to bab. We might almost have fancied ourselves guided by a familiar of the place, had he not taken care at length to tell us that he was unwilling to be benighted in that lonely place. He wanted to go home. And where was his home? Behind that great isolated rock at the village of Korore.

We scrambled over the slippery rocks, whilst the moon gradually substituted herself for the sun. To our surprise, as we came upon a little bay above one of the babs or gates, we heard a voice, with a peculiar twang, singing out a queer couplet, the first line of which, I think, was—'Hail, Columbia, happy land!' An American, in trying to get too near this 'tarnation tempest in a teapot,' had slipped into the water, and presently we actually made out the stripes and stars over a little boat snugly moored along the bank. A few minutes afterwards we heard the barking of dogs, got into a grove of trees, then into the dreaming village of Korore, parted with our sable little guide, and went away under a magnificent moon in search of the valley-road back. The lads who were with us talked of hyænas and jackals, and sang with somewhat exaggerated boldness to scare them away; but we heard not a sound, not a rustle, and saw nothing but rocks and moonlight as we jogged quietly back to our boat.

DR JOHNSON AND MISS HANNAH MORE.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.*

Hannah More. I have scarcely seen you, sir, since the death of poor Mr Garrick. His loss makes London quite another place to me. I shall return to Bristol with a feeling of dejection hitherto unknown.

Johnson. Poor David! It is forty years and more since he and his brother George called me Master at Edial; and upwards of thirty since I wrote the Prologue with which he opened Drury Lane Theatre. The actor, madam, like the rest of us, does but

> 'Strut and fret his hour upon the stage,
> And then is seen no more.'

H. M. He did much, sir, to elevate the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

J. Both off and on the stage. He shewed the world that it is possible for an actor to embody grand conceptions in a grander form than that world has much idea of; and also to live respectably in society, and to fulfil decorously all the private duties of life.

* The matter of this dialogue is chiefly derived from the recorded sentiments of both the interlocutors.

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H. M. Did you not consider his declamation very fine?

J. Why, madam, Garrick was no declaimer at all. Properly speaking, he never declaimed.

H. M. I might have expected you to oppose me, sir; for it is said that you have always considered Mr Garrick your property, and will permit no one either to praise or to blame him in your presence.

J. Mighty well, madam! silly reports are often spread by silly people; but I am vexed to hear them repeated by wise ones. If people praise Garrick injudiciously, as they very commonly do, I don't know any law, civil or social, that requires me to acquiesce: and if I did, I should break that law, as being itself fundamentally unlawful. If they censure Garrick without a cause, or without a just discernment of the particular and pardonable foibles by which he was beset, I think it right to retort upon their ignorance. And so little is there of careful reflection on the part of those who criticise him, that I daresay I find more occasions of opposition than of agreement; and this, madam, may have given rise to the foolish, tattling observation you have repeated. It may be partially true, as I have just explained; but, taken generally, it is false, and certainly ill-natured. Garrick, I reiterate, was no declaimer, great actor though he was.

H. M. But is not good declamation a necessary quality in a great actor? Or what, in short, *was* Mr Garrick, if not a good declaimer?

J. The fellow that acted Rosencrantz to David's Hamlet, or 'first murderer' to his Macbeth, could have declaimed better than he. But what of that, madam? I never saw David's equal on the stage. His excellence was seen in a correct idea of the part he assumed, and in the natural manner in which he represented it.

H. M. Then do you think, sir, that declamation is out of place on the stage? It seems to my poor judgment that there, if anywhere, the art should be pursued as a study.

J. I only said that Garrick was no declaimer, which has very little to do with your question. Perhaps he neglected the art more than became him; but he wished, madam, to disenchant the public of their love for the declamatory, which had been for a long season preposterously indulged. Little actors imitate great ones; and accordingly the successors of Betterton and Booth tried, one and all, to catch their rhetorical style, and of course exaggerated it in their own versions. Because the chief performer of his age had excelled in impressive declamation, all the performers of subsequent eras must needs declaim too, or expect to be sneered at as inferior actors. Now, Garrick was impatient of this nonsense, and boldly struck out into the opposite course. His genius carried the town by storm; for all could see that, however wrong Garrick might be if judged by tradition, he was orthodoxy itself as interpreted by nature. You know the lines of that dog Churchill—

> 'Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
> And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
> But when perfections of the mind break forth,
> Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
> When the pure, genuine flame, by nature taught,

(a very bad line, madam, and only not worse than the next)

> Springs into sense, and every action's thought;
> Before such merit all objections fly;
> Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.'

H. M. Was Mrs Pritchard, then, the reverse of genteel off the stage?

J. Pritchard, madam, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; which gives force to what the 'Rosciad' says of her. She would speak of her gown as her *gound*; but when upon the boards, all trace of this coarseness left her; her recitations and gestures were all pervaded by judgment and elegance, or at least gentility.

H. M. If she disguised her vulgarity as completely as Mr Garrick made you forget his low stature, she must have been a great actor indeed. How sad to think that the time has come which applies to our late friend in earnest that epitaph which Dr Goldsmith anticipated for him in jest!

J. You allude to the verses in 'Retaliation'—

> 'Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
> An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;'

and so forth. It is a very suitable epitaph in many points, though not all. Garrick was, without doubt, a very good man. In society he was vastly to be admired, notwithstanding his vanity, which, after all, was very natural in a man of his position. A guest of Mrs Thrale's once attacked David in my hearing on the score of vanity. I told the gentleman, that for Garrick to be vain was the last thing that should excite wonder; and that the only wonder in the case was, that after so many bellows had blown the fire, he was not reduced to a cinder. The wonder is, how *little* Garrick assumed. Applause was his hourly pabulum; from a thousand voices it rang in his ears every night, as the 'well-graced actor left the stage.'

H. M. I protest it does vex me to hear persons who knew nothing about him cavil at him as an avaricious man. I, who have known him so intimately, have known few, very few, who come near him in liberality.

J. Right, child; perfectly right! There might be a little vanity in David's way of disbursing his money; but he proved that money was not his Great First Cause. I often repeat that he has given away more money than any man in England—in spite of Foote's malicious sarcasm.

H. M. What was that, sir?

J. Foote used to say that Garrick walked out with an intention to do a generous action; but that in turning the corner of the street, he met the ghost of a half-penny, which frightened him back again.

H. M. He was careful of expense at home in some respects; but never sufficiently so to justify such a libel as that. My own experience remembers nothing in that dear man but what was kind and generous.

J. And remember, my dear, that the money which David gave away so largely was not his by inheritance or gift. Every shilling of it he had laboured for; and in dispensing it, he dispensed the fruit of toil and trouble. He was, I grant ye, a grasping lad when he started in life. His father was a poor man—a half-pay officer—and the family had to study how to make fourpence do as much as fourpence-halfpenny did for their neighbours. But when David had once made a purse, he kept the strings very loose, and was continually dipping his fingers in it, transmuting the gold into charity.

H. M. Do you think, sir, Dr Goldsmith had any right to say that

> 'He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
> For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back!'

I, at least, never perceived any fluctuations in his friendship. Its tide was ever flowing, never ebbing.

J. Why, madam, an old Greek once said, 'He that has friends has no friend;' upon the import of which maxim I recorded, years ago, a few thoughts in an essay in the 'Adventurer.' Jack Wilkes told Boswell that Garrick was a man who had no friends; and the remark had more truth in it than Wilkes usually uttered. Garrick had the elements that compose friendship, and that in a signal degree; but they were allowed to cover too large a surface, and so ran to waste. He was every man's friend, but not this man's, or that. He had no bosom companion—no cherished intimate; and, in the absence of these,

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friendship itself, in its proper meaning, is absent also. You must know, madam, that Goldsmith and Garrick crossed each other's path many years since, and though they became pleasant companions, perhaps neither of them forgot first impressions — the tingle of which still irritated poor Goldy's thin skin when he sat down to write 'Retaliation.'

H. M. I suppose some literary squabble occasioned the original coolness?

J. Why, yes, madam; something of the kind. Garrick was lord of the stage, and was thought to exercise his lordship after a very tyrannical fashion. Goldsmith wrote an 'Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning,' wherein he expressed himself severely, and, as David considered, with rude personality, against theatrical despots. When Goldsmith sometime afterwards called on the great manager, and begged his interest in some official or professional capacity, he was roundly rebuked for making so free with one whom he had presumed to castigate without cause. Goldy denied that he had ever intended anything personal; but his suit was unsuccessful, and he set down our modern Thespis as an arrant foe. But then Goldy's temper was highly placable; and when we proposed to increase the number of members in the Literary Club, he zealously supported the election of Garrick, to which even I was at one time peremptorily opposed.

H. M. Opposed to the admission of such a man as Mr Garrick to the club?

J. Yes, madam; and not without reason. I was anxious to keep the club select, and, as you might say, exclusive. Such a man as Garrick would introduce a new feature in its character, and one that might injure, I feared, its legitimate design. For he was a rattle-brained fellow in conversation; full of light gossip; jumping from topic to topic.

H. M. I have at least good authority, sir, for calling him

'As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.'

J. I call him gay and grotesque in conversation. His talk was clever, but frothy, and had no solid foundation. It wanted depth and sentiment. Accordingly, when Hawkins proposed Garrick's admission, I said, 'No, he will disturb us by his buffoonery.'

H. M. That was a severe word, sir.

J. Why, David had vexed me at the time by his vanity in making *sure* of admission. He told Reynolds that he liked our club, and thought he would join it— as though the club had no voice and will of its own. 'He'll be of us?' said I to Reynolds. 'How does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language.' Poor Davy was mightily annoyed by his exclusion. But we relented at last, and many happy evenings have been made the happier by his presence. He was the cheerfulest man I ever knew.

H. M. Did you prefer him, sir, in tragedy or comedy?

J. In comedy. But he was a master in both. 'Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

H. M. I am glad to hear you speak so of dear Mr Garrick. I am sure, sir, he loved you very sincerely.

J. And I loved David with all my heart, and have felt his loss greatly. It is no light matter to lose a friend of forty years' standing and more. I have often been affected by a passage in one of Swift's letters to Pope—'I intend to come over, that we may meet once more; and when we must part, it is what happens to all human beings.' Death has sadly thinned the ranks of my acquaintance; and the older we grow, the faster they drop off, just when we can least spare them.

H. M. We can look forward with joyful hope to a reunion with our old friends in a better world, if our friendship has been worthy of the name.

J. Why, yes, madam, if we have formed virtuous and serious friendships, such anticipation is very consolatory. But many friendships are formed for merely gay and irreligious purposes, in a foolish and worldly spirit, and we cannot expect them to be renewed beyond the grave. Sometimes we seek intimacy with a man through a misconception of his character; here, again, future friendship is not to be expected, even though the intimacy continued to the very edge of the tomb; for after death we shall see face to face, and know as we are known.

H. M. But you have no doubt, sir, that the better sort of friendships will be perpetuated in a future life?

J. Either we shall be satisfied with a renewed intercourse with old friends, or we shall be satisfied without it.

H. M. I can hardly understand the latter clause, sir.

J. Nor I, madam; but I can believe it.

H. M. How fondly my heart assented to the hope, at Mr Garrick's funeral-service, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace!

J. You were present in the abbey, were you not?

H. M. Yes, sir; the bishop of Rochester was civil enough to send tickets for Miss Cadogan and myself; and we were accommodated in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could hear and see everything with painful distinctness. My heart sank within me as the great doors burst open, and the choir advanced to the grave, all in white surplices, and chanting Handel's solemn anthem. The very players, practised as they were in fiction, shed genuine tears for once.

J. Mrs Garrick seems to bear up bravely.

H. M. Yet she has that within which passes show. She checks with rare energy every outward symptom of anguish. I told her last week that her self-command amazed me; and her reply was, that groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn for a little while, but a sorrow, said she, that is to last for life will not be violent and romantic.

J. Poor thing! poor thing! It is a sore trouble, and grievous to be borne. We must pray for her, my dear child, that a yoke so galling may be made easy, and a burden so heavy be made light.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRALIA.

By a letter received from a correspondent in New South Wales, it appears that a great impetus has been given to the prosperity of that colony by the mining of coal and its export to California. Coal seams of great thickness are found on the Hunter River, and there mining has been commenced on a large scale. The following is our correspondent's account, dated October 1850:—

'A new trade has sprung up in this river (the Hunter) within the last few months, in the great demand for coal by ships from California. As many as eighteen or twenty sail of from 400 to 800 tons each are now waiting to be loaded at Newcastle (such being the name given to the harbour at the mouth of the river), and a number have sailed within these three or four days. Many others are daily expected to arrive. Besides all this, the export of coal to neighbouring colonies by means of small vessels is exceedingly brisk.

'You can form no proper idea of the vastness of our coal fields. The whole basin of the Hunter is one coal field, extending from the sea at Newcastle to the dividing range of mountains a hundred miles inland. At the present moment there are about twelve mines at work. The coal is generally procured with very little trouble, near and at the surface. A joint-stock coal company have, in consequence of this increased demand, lately extended their operations.

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They have just completed a railway of two miles from the harbour to a pit where the working of a seam of superior coal, eleven feet thick, is begun. This seam lies at the depth of only from twenty to twenty-five fathoms from the surface. A powerful steam-engine draws up the coal. The same company have two other pits and engines at work.

'Another coal field has lately been carefully examined, about forty miles to the north of this, and about twenty miles inland from the navigable harbour of Port Stephen. I am informed by a gentleman who visited it, that there is one seam of solid coal cropping out, thirty-four feet thick, and of very superior quality. What an immense amount of dormant wealth in this mass of fuel! Yet all our prodigious resources, mineral and agricultural, are of comparatively little avail, in consequence of a want of labour. We want an almost unlimited accession to our population by continued immigration.

'Nothing has lately been heard of Dr Leichhardt and his party, who went off on the perilous expedition of exploring the interior, across from New South Wales to Swan River. Fears are entertained that this enterprising traveller has fallen a sacrifice to the savages of the central unexplored region. Here, in an old-settled part of the country, we know little of the hardships encountered by explorers. There is one class of men to whom justice has never been done. I allude to the assistant-surveyors employed by government to explore and bring home correct accounts of unknown regions, for it is those occupying the position of assistants in the survey department on whom the hard work principally falls. I lately became acquainted with an assistant-surveyor, and gathered from him many curious details respecting his operations. His story may amuse your readers.

'James Burnett, who was born in Edinburgh, emigrated with his father (a son of the late Mr Burnett of Barns, in Peeblesshire) in 1829 to New South Wales, where he received an appointment in the surveyor-general's office, under the auspices of Sir Thomas Livingston Mitchell. In 1836 Mr Burnett was appointed an assistant-surveyor, and has ever since been employed in various parts of the colony. An assistant-surveyor leads the life of a pioneer amidst deserts, forests, and swamps; crosses rivers, scales mountains, and makes his bivouac in the neighbourhood of savages, snakes, and swarms of mischief-loving insects. Young Burnett had his fair share of these experiences in the bush. For some years he was stationed in Illawarra, and was there much employed in surveying tracts of low swampy land. For whole days his lower extremities were constantly wet, with a fierce sun scorching overhead. On one occasion, when engaged in surveying on the Richmond River, he found it necessary to proceed on a journey when the whole country was flooded. He rode one horse and led another, swimming them at every creek, and as there were no houses or huts by the way, he had to sleep every night in his wet clothes in the open air. His encampment was finally reached without accident.

'About the end of 1846, when in charge of the Moreton Bay district, and suffering from the effect of previous exposure, this active young man was despatched to accompany Captain Perry in his exploration of a river called the Boyne, from its head-waters down to the point where it became navigable. The party, disabled by bad weather, was compelled to retrace its steps, and Burnett was some time afterwards employed to complete the survey himself. This undertaking he effected by incalculable toil, amidst thick scrubs and swamps. Some important parts of the river towards its mouth remained yet to be examined, and he solicited permission to go on a new expedition along the coast by water. This being granted, he left Moreton Bay on the 5th of July 1847. Everybody considered this a hazardous enterprise. Burnett, with seven attendants, arms, and provisions, set out in an open whale-boat, to perform a voyage of 240 miles of ocean on a dangerous coast. The party was successful. It reached the mouth of the Boyne, and proceeded up the river considerably beyond the point formerly reached by land. On his way back, Mr Burnett made a survey of a fine river which he discovered disemboguing into Wide Bay, which the governor afterwards named the Mary. The country adjacent to the Boyne has since this period been settled: it is called the Burnett District, in compliment to its first explorer. Although still a young man, Burnett is much shattered in constitution by the privations to which his duties have exposed him. One day lately, on calling on him, I found him prostrated by rheumatism; but he was as cheerful as ever, and expected soon to be busy with fresh engagements. It is by such men that England opens up new fields for her emigrants. What should we do without a dauntless corps of surveyors?—and of this useful class of persons Scotland contributes her share. Should Leichhardt, the great explorer, cast up, the surveyor-general will doubtless be let loose on his track; and we may hope that at least a portion of the blank which disfigures the map of Australia may be filled up with names, and made geographically known.'

ECONOMIC VALUE OF PEAT.

Dr Anderson, professor of chemistry to the Highland Society, has published a report of certain investigations which he instituted for the purpose of ascertaining if peat was capable of being turned to profitable account, either in the form of charcoal or by its conversion by distillation into products of commercial value. The result, we regret to say, is discouraging. The learned professor finds the selling price of peat-charcoal to be L.1, 15s. per ton. The expenses of the production in Ireland would be L.1, 8s. for the draining of the bog, and the cutting, packing, carrying, and burning of the peat. When rent for the bog is allowed for, it appears that a small profit may be looked for while the present price is sustained. In Scotland, Dr Anderson calculates that the process would cost, at the lowest estimate, L.1, 10s. 6d., but more probably L.1, 13s. 8d. It evidently, therefore, could scarcely become a profitable manufacture in Scotland. Dr Anderson gives another blow to the hopes of certain speculators, by shewing that peat-charcoal, by itself, is not a manure, and that its theoretical utility as an absorbent of ammonia, so as to become a manure, has been vastly overstated. The experiment grounded upon was performed under peculiar circumstances, which could not be generally followed economically. In ordinary circumstances, it has very little power of absorbing ammonia; and even when it extinguishes odours, that result is not found to have taken place to any important extent. The professor says: 'The absence of absorptive power in peat-charcoal led me to inquire whether or not peat itself possesses this property in any greater degree—a matter which it is of some importance to determine, as that substance is so commonly added to the manure heap as an absorbent. The experiments were made on an excellent peat from Dargarvel, Renfrewshire, where it occurs in considerable depth. That which I employed was taken from the surface, and from depths respectively of 2½, 3½, and 4½ feet. The result shewed that no less than from 1½ to 2 per cent. of ammonia were absorbed; and the experiments were sufficiently varied to demonstrate that it is not only capable of absorbing, but of retaining a large quantity of ammonia, under what may be considered very unfavourable circumstances.

'Although this per-centage may appear small, it must be recollected that it is more than three times as much as is contained in farmyard manure of ordinary quality,

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and that the addition of even a small proportion of peat to the manure-heaps would be likely to retain, in a completely satisfactory manner, any ammonia which existed there in a volatile condition.

'I need scarcely say, however, that we must be prepared to find that all samples of peat will not be equally efficient as absorbents: the peat which is most porous will absorb more ammonia than that which is dense. As it is customary to employ clay or dry earth as an absorbent of the waste matters of the manure-heap, it is well to contrast their value for that purpose with that of peat. A specimen of a wheat-soil was experimented upon, but was found to have absorbed in 2000 grains of soil only 0·17 grains of ammonia.'

With regard to the plan of distillation, the learned professor alludes to the proceedings of a company by whom the process is carried on. In the calculation issued by the company, 'the expenditure for the peat, wages, wear and tear of apparatus, &c. is estimated at L.11,717; whilst the produce, consisting of sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine, volatile and fixed oil, is estimated at L.28,625.

'It must be distinctly understood, however, that this estimate is not the result of the actual manufacture, but of an experiment made upon two tons of peat; and the result on the large scale might, and would probably yield very different results. Little satisfactory information can, in fact, be drawn from an experiment of this sort; because of course it has been made with care, and by men of intelligence, who have attended to every step of the process, while matters are very different when in the actual work we come to depend upon common workmen. The apparatus used is no doubt very ingenious; but, as far as I can understand it, appears to leave the process very much at the mercy of the workmen, whose carelessness would greatly diminish the amount of products obtained.

'As far as the value of the product obtained goes, the company appear to have in many cases overrated them. Should any of these products prove unsaleable, of course the 100 per cent. profit which the estimates shew will be greatly reduced. It would be further diminished by increasing the expenditure, which appears to me to be greatly under-estimated. So far as I have been able to ascertain by inquiries of the expense of distilling wood, and of purifying the products of coal-tar, I am led to infer that the cost of peat-distillation, and the conversion of the products into a marketable condition, would be much greater than is estimated. The manufacture of sulphate of ammonia, for instance, is an expensive operation, and extremely destructive to the apparatus, so that for this alone a very large sum must be put down in the shape of wear and tear. The amount of labour required is also, as I think, much underrated, and no allowance is made for the large capital which must be invested in apparatus and buildings for carrying on the operations.

'From a careful consideration of all the circumstances of the manufacture, I have come to the conclusion that it is quite impossible that the large profits alleged are ever likely to be realised, and I question much whether any remunerative return is at all likely to be obtained. On this, however, I am unwilling to express a definitive opinion; because I do not believe it possible to do so in the present state of our information, although the previous want of success of similar experiments seems to confirm it. Of thus much we may be certain, that even if it returns one-fourth part of the expected profit, in no long time the manufacture will be taken up in all parts of the country. There is, however, one matter of no little importance, which must be considered, and it is the absolute certainty, that with the greatly-increased production which would be occasioned by the extension of the manufacture, the prices of the products would be considerably reduced. The salts of ammonia, for which the demand is at present scarcely equal to the supply, would soon fall in price, as well as several of the other products, to the inevitable extinction of such profits as are now obtained.

'I may sum up the results at which I have arrived by simply saying:—1*st*, That the value of peat-charcoal as a manure and absorbent of the valuable constituents of manures, is not such as to justify the farmer in employing it, or to encourage us in attempting its introduction into Scotland; 2*d*, That dry peat is a valuable absorbent of ammonia, and, as such, deserves the attention of the agriculturist to a greater extent even than it has yet done; 3*d*, That the profits of the distillation of peat appear to be greatly exaggerated, and although they cannot be definitely estimated at present, the failure of all previous attempts should teach us great caution in examining the experiments of theorists.'

LIFE'S EVANGELS.

SILENT upon the threshold of life's portal
Sits the veiled Isis of the FUTURE—all
That time has yet of bitterness and sorrow
Lies hid beneath that dark, unlifted pall.

Behind us sadly stands a mournful maiden
With an enchanted mirror in her hand;
Cypress and violets on her brow are blended,
With daisies ever fresh from childhood's land.

The shadowy PAST glides o'er the changeful mirror,
Like sunny tears and clouds o'er April skies,
Or lit by avenging lightnings that have smitten
The heart with agony that never dies!

Thus the accusing and the unknown haunt us—
The hidden woe and the remember'd pain;
But FAITH and DUTY in the orbèd Present
With angel pinions hide the phantoms twain.

SUTHERLAND.

NIGHTINGALES—A CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The principal dealers in these noble birds reside in the classic region of the Seven Dials, London; and as there is much trickery practised here, I will pave the way for plain-sailing. In order to make a great show of business, some of these dealers—one in particular—always collect together a number of nightingales' cages, at least ten days before the birds arrive amongst us! These are placed on high shelves, after being artfully papered up in front with tissue paper, so as to make people believe that each cage contains a nightingale. When folks express their surprise at the birds coming over so early, they are told 'the birds are very wild, and must not be looked at for at least ten days. At the end of that time they will be quite tame, and in full song.' This bait is generally swallowed by *parvenus*, who keep on calling till at last they *do* hear a nightingale sing! *Perhaps* there are two *real* birds among the whole of the papered-up cages! A little caution and a little common prudence after this intelligible hint, will put a novice on his guard, and enable him to appear a knowing one. He cannot speak too little; but he had need be all eye and all ear.—*William Kidd, in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

PLANTS.

Plants vitiate the air of a room at night, *not* because they part with carbonic acid, and inhale oxygen—for a human being would vitiate it more in this way—but from their powerful odour, which has a most violent effect on the nervous system of some persons.

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RIDICULE AS A WEAPON.

IT is particularly necessary that a sound discretion should be exercised in the use of ridicule as a weapon. Its power of offence and defence is enormous. The stoutest and the most sacred cause can scarcely withstand it. Argument often sinks abashed before it. Often, where unable to accomplish the victory, it will at least take away all zeal and fervour from the other side, and thus gain its point by creating indifference. The basis of this power is the universal love of a jest, and the comparative rarity of clear judgment and sound principle. Hence let the most admirable things be brought forward and speculated upon, men will in general listen with reluctance; but let some wag throw in a jet of ridicule, the majority are instantly off in a fit of merriment, from which it is not easy to recall them to the subject in its proper aspect. One could almost suppose that men felt a jealousy regarding grave and important things, and were for that reason happy in an opportunity of turning out their ridiculous sides. Or perhaps it is only the contrast between the solemn and portentous aspect of these things, and their ludicrousness in the eye of levity, which renders them such favourite topics for mirth. However it is, certainly philosophies, pomps, formalities, dignities, have at all times been peculiarly liable to the travesties and burlesques of the profane. Now this very delicacy in the status of such things calls for a tenderness on the part of those who are prone to the use of ridicule.

It should be always kept in mind, that ridicule is not necessarily truth or justice. It may be employed, doubtless, on that side; and we have seen it so employed with vast effect in some remarkable instances. But certainly there is no necessary connection between ridicule and truth. Let us take, for instance, Peter Pindar's jocular poems on King George III. The descriptions given by the poet of the monarch's style of speaking, and even the reports of some of the particular expressions used by him, are probably not far from the reality; but will any man undertake to prove that the general effect of these pasquinades is to leave a just or correct view of the life and conversation of the king? It is at the best but a part of the truth, and that so set forth as to tell untruly. So also take Peter's really amusing poem descriptive of Sir Joseph Banks's hunt after the Emperor of Morocco butterfly. Grant this were true as an isolated fact, the effect of the narration is nevertheless false. The respectability of natural history as a study is sunk in the ludicrous circumstances attending one of the means necessary for prosecuting it. The self-devotedness of the great naturalist, which led him all over the world for the acquisition of knowledge, is lost in the view we have of him flying over Cockney suburban gardens, and through mires and brakes, in chase of a humble insect. We may laugh; but the injustice of the whole picture towards both Sir Joseph and a science which, rightly studied, is a kind of religion, must be manifest to every reflecting mind.

There are few things which the light-headed part of the community seem to enjoy more than the detection of any mistake made by the votaries of the speculative sciences. The exquisite drollery of the situation of Jonathan Oldbuck on his Roman Camp, when Edie Ochiltree claimed to have been present at the making of it, has perhaps been relished more than any other single scene in the Waverley novels. So also Fielding has created one of his most effective pictures, by placing a certain philosopher in a situation violently exceptive to the tendency of his doctrines. We should, however, keep in mind, that such circumstances might happen in the actual world, and yet only be exceptions to general rules. Although one antiquary may have mistaken an old sheepfold for a station of Agricola's army, it does not in the least invalidate the facts that Agricola conducted the Roman arms through Britain, and that Roman camps are actually in existence in pretty nearly their original lineaments throughout the country. It would, therefore, be the greatest possible mistake if, on being asked to go to see Ardoch, which is perhaps the most entire of these structures in Britain, we were to decline from incredulity raised through the case of Oldbuck and his Kinprunes. We should in that case be allowing a jest to swamp, as far as we were concerned, a fact, and a very interesting and important one—namely, that there you may see to this day the walls and gateways within which the conquerors of the world rested seventeen hundred years ago, when attempting to complete the subjugation of the British people.

Not many months ago, a party of scientific students and amateurs were conducted to see some of those smoothed and polished rocks which are supposed to be the memorials of the passage of ice over our country in what geologists call the pleistocene era. Several veritable instances were shewn; but, unluckily, there came in the way a surface falsely supposed to belong to this class of phenomena, having a certain shade of resemblance to the true examples, but wanting all the essential characteristics—in fact, only a tolerably flat specimen of trap surfaces at what had been a joint or fracture in a mass of that kind of rock. While the party was examining this phenomenon, a person present very candidly mentioned that he had often observed boys sliding down this rock, seated; and he had no

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doubt that its peculiar shining smoothness was partly at least owing to that cause. This of course produced a general merriment; and such was the effect of the new spirit thus engendered, that not without considerable difficulty could the guide of the party obtain any degree of candid attention, much less of faith, for the true examples which he afterwards shewed in situations where such a cause was not presumable, and where the characteristics were true and unmistakable. Now ridicule was clearly at issue with truth in this instance. With its usual fascination, it raised a prejudice regarding the phenomena which were in the course of being studied. Many to whom the alleged facts were a novelty felt their original scepticism confirmed. Others less ready to give up results so largely vouched for, were yet cooled down into a fear that many mistakes had been made. The result was, that an opportunity of acquiring some experimental knowledge of an exceedingly curious passage of the history of the globe was in some measure lost, the chance of obtaining fresh minds to the investigation was diminished, and those already engaged in it were discouraged. Contrast with this effect what might have been expected to take place if the cicerone of the party had been allowed quietly to point out the difference between the false and the true examples. He would have shewn that the similarity was only superficial and trivial, and that when a close and minute inspection was made, the former exhibited certain undulations not traceable on the latter; that it shewed none of the furrowings in one direction seen there; and that there were abruptnesses rising near it which were totally irreconcilable with the idea of ice in any form having swept across it. Above all, he would have shewn that though a true example had chanced to be brightened up a little by the sliding of boys, there were numberless others perfectly identical which no boys could have used in that manner; so that the modern accident went for nothing. Here would have been a philosophical lesson on evidence, and an opportunity of impressing the great lesson that the detection of differences, not of resemblances, is the first business of science; and the party would have gone home rationally improved and edified—instead of which there was only a vapid laugh, and a forenoon spent to comparatively little purpose. It is perhaps expecting too much of the angelic from men to suppose that they will resist a laugh at philosophers when it comes in their way; yet it may be well at least to point out that the laugh proves nothing, and perhaps prevents something from being proved.

Ridicule, on the other hand, has undoubtedly its legitimate uses, and we often see it do, in a short-hand manner, services which reason might fail with its utmost efforts to perform. How effective, for instance, was Don Quixote in correcting the taste for romance-reading in Spain! For the repression of Puritanic fanaticism Butler did more than king, lords, and commons could have effected. Sometimes a merry ballad will help on a revolution, and sometimes preserve a throne. The follies, and even the vices of individuals may be attacked by it with equally powerful effect. True; but there is a prerequisite—be sure of the justice of the cause in which ridicule is used. No matter for this, some one may say; a good cause and an estimable man will stand against ridicule, and not be the worse for it. With deference, I doubt this; at least I every day see good causes kept in check, and good men prevented from breaking through social slaveries, by the dread of ridicule. It is not a well-directed laugh only that is effective, for a jest well put, whatever be its moral merits, will always carry the multitude along with it. I deprecate the subjecting of even the best of causes to such a test. The effect may not be everlasting, but it is certain to be powerful for the time. Therefore, though I might be above courting the alliance of ridicule, I should always rejoice to see it fighting on my side.

It is, on the other hand, beyond question that even ridicule is the better of being on the right side. Give it reason as its basis, and a really noble end in its view, and see how transcendently successful are its blows compared with what they are under the direction of folly and emptiness. The perfection of this branch of rhetoric would undoubtedly be in its use for the advocacy of some lofty cause having large benefits to mankind in contemplation, and against which hosts of petty interests were arrayed. Let it lash only meanness and selfishness; let it pillory none but dishonest thinkers; let it strive to clear away from the path of the philosopher the triflers who delight to set briers in his path, instead of raising merriment at the expense of the philosopher himself, and we should see Ridicule take a place in literature and oratory which it has as yet scarcely pretended to.

THE CITY OF THE DECEIVED.

When the ancient city of Nuremberg, in times which were reckoned old by our fathers, stood high among German towns for manufactures, merchants, and meister-singers, the most notable and not the least prosperous of its burghers was Fritz Fusseldorf. Fritz was regarded as chief among the wise and prudent of his native city. There were richer men in Nuremberg, but few who had navigated the waters on which their lots were cast so safely, or kept the full freight of fortune, friends, and character, in such good condition as he, up to what in life's geography looms out as the headland of fifty.

In the course of that half-century Fritz had seen some changes, and heard much noise in the world around him, though his feet had never been a league beyond the walls of Nuremberg. The Augsburg Confession, the Council of Trent, the Thirty Years' War, and the Freewill Controversy, had each in turn disturbed the workshops and warehouses of that old trading city. There had been displacements in its convent cells and in its senate-hall; great houses had sunk, and small ones risen, through the change of creeds and masters, but that of Fusseldorf still stood firm, by a neutrality most difficult to practise in those times, in right of which its master had won his unrivalled reputation for prudence. Fritz sought for no office, and laboured after no distinction: every established power found him a quiet subject, and every fallen one a friendly passer-by. Indeed passing by on the other side had been the policy of his life when there was danger or trouble to be expected; but nobody charged him with party zeal, personal ambition, or unfaithfulness to any cause. Nature had done much for Fritz Fusseldorf in keeping him to this wisdom, for he was of a temper cold, calm, and calculating: but fortune had done something too, in making him the only son of a gaining and careful merchant, with three daughters, all married and portioned off in the lifetime of their father, who died leaving Fritz well advanced in man's estate and in mercantile

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practice, with the fair mansion he had built hard by the church of St Sebald, a fairer business in the Venetian trade, and the hopeful condition of a bachelor.

Fritz had kept these privileges and possessions yet entire, in spite of many a bold conspiracy against his peaceful solitude among his fair neighbours (for such practices existed even in the Reformation times), and many an eager hope among the increasing families of his numerous relations, as they read in fancy his last will and testament. There were those in Nuremberg who sincerely believed that his own judicious steering between these hostile interests was one prevailing cause of the number and steadfastness of Fusseldorf's friends; as from Legilend, the maiden sister of his neighbour the goldsmith, and the most renowned needle-worker within the ramparts, who had declared her intention of embellishing a noble piece of tapestry then in progress with his picture, to his eldest brother-in-law, who found consolation under the infirmities of seventy years by investing Christmas gifts in his legacy, Fritz was universally sought after and commended. Thus keeping aloof from the snares of his time and the cares of life, Fritz had applied himself steadily to business from his youth, taking little relaxation, except in observing the mistakes and follies of less prudent burghers, on which no man could make wiser remarks, and in the easy outskirts of letters as they were then known to Germany.

The city of Nuremberg was accounted learned in those days: besides the corps of artisan poets known as meister-singers, it was rich in doctors of law and divinity, and had a press yet famous with the collectors of old books for the quaint and curious folios it printed. Under favour of these opportunities the burghers cultivated taste in the fashion of their day, and became notable critics in poetry and sermons. Some also dipped into philosophy; others read accounts of voyages and travels; but by far the most generally accomplished was Fritz Fusseldorf. He had gone a little way into all the learning of his age, and his library already consisted of almost fifty volumes on every current subject, from the alchemy of Albertus to the moralities of Hans Sachs. Fritz used and exhibited that treasury of knowledge prudently, as became one who knew not what might be looked upon as heresy: but as his mercantile wealth and bachelor years increased, the fame of his acquirements grew also, till poets began to solicit his patronage, and poor doctors dedicated their works to the enlightened merchant. These honours Fritz at least thought merited, but he sustained them with his accustomed steadiness. The poets were patronised to the extent of giving himself little trouble and less cost, and the dedications received with some ready and well-turned compliments. Time and fortune had well rewarded his attention to their lessons—placing him in strong contrast to many an early acquaintance. He had remarked on the ruinous vanity of one and the needless parsimony of another; on a third's imprudent match and a fourth's ill-reared family; and thanked his good sense that he was like none of these. Yet the wise and wealthy merchant was not without aims in existence beyond the increase of his profits and the enlargement of his warehouses.

Fritz had an ambition of his own, though it was of the silent and provident sort. The vein from that point commenced with retiring from business, extended through far travels in the observation of men and manners, and closed with the authorship of a volume containing such sage remarks and maxims, as would make him the wonder of his own age, and the master of moralists to all times. After that achievement, Fritz had not quite determined on his line of march to the grave—whether it was to be enlivened by the presence of Gertrude, the goldsmith's daughter, who had learned obedience under her distinguished aunt, and whose youthful mind might be conveniently formed by his precepts, or to be magnified by the foundation of a college in Nuremberg, to be called by his name, and for ever subject to the reigning orthodoxy.

By way of beginning those mighty schemes, Fritz took an early occasion to inform his friends, and through them the city, of his retiring intentions; sold out his stock in trade to one of the wealthiest and least-hated Jews in Nuremberg; vested his capital in the city bank, then believed to be as strong as its imperial castle; and commenced poring over maps, in preparation for his travels.

He had been occupied all day in tracing his route from Nuremberg to the Emperor Charles's Spanish capital, though flowers had been strewn, and shepherds had danced in the streets, for it was Whitsuntide. The Franconian corn stood high and green, and the linden-trees were in full leaf round the old city's ramparts, as Fritz walked in their shade, still pondering on the distance and dangers of the journey. That was his accustomed walk down by the river just an hour before the shutting of the gates. The sun was setting, and he could hear the hum of the town grow faint behind him, while the cow-bells and the swineherds' horns sounded from neighbouring hamlets: but his path was unusually deserted; not a wayfarer could be seen along the banks of that smooth river except one man, who sat as if to rest on the broken wall of a long-ruined hermitage. His garments were in the fashion worn by the humblest artisans; his face was calm and thoughtful; but Fusseldorf's expectation of the customary reverence to his rank was disappointed by the stranger fixing his keen gray eye upon him as he said: 'Good-evening, brother. How call you yonder town that stands so fair in the sunset?'

'It is the ancient and famous city of Nuremberg,' replied Fritz with a true burgher's pride; 'renowned throughout Christendom for arts and letters. Whence come you, stranger, to be so near, and know it not?'

'I come from a still greater town,' replied the stranger. 'You are doubtless acquainted with Falsenberg—famous throughout the world for the tricks and cheats with which its inhabitants impose upon themselves.'

'I never'—heard of such a town, the merchant would have said; but he recollected half way that so full a confession of ignorance did not become his learned reputation, and therefore added—'met with any traveller from that city.'

'That is marvellous,' said the stranger, 'considering that so many come this way, which is indeed the most direct. I myself left Falsenberg in the morning, and am about to return thither.'

The soul of Fritz Fusseldorf was astonished. In all the books of travels he had read, from Marco Polo to Columbus; in all the maps and charts he had so lately explored, there was no mention of Falsenberg. The first impulse of his surprise prompted him to declare his utter ignorance, and request immediate information from the stranger; but his wonted prudence suggested that the particulars might be reached without that exposure.

'I had not suspected that your city was so near; but truly there is little mention of it in either map or volume,' said he, familiarly seating himself beside the blunt, honest-looking traveller, who smiled as he answered: 'The name of our Falsenberg is unknown to these geographers. They study but the upper side of the world, and it lies on the other; yet trust me the way is direct, and not a day's journey from this ruined hermitage.'

'Friend,' said Fritz, much relieved on the score of his own learning, but growing more impatiently curious at every word—'you may not know that I am a free burgher, and sometime a merchant of note in yonder town. My fortune is ample, for I inherited a large business and fair possessions from my father, the profits

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of which I have increased by a prudent and industrious life, carefully avoiding the vanities and follies into which I saw many of my neighbours fall, and giving up my leisure to the study of letters and general wisdom; till now, in the prime of my days, I have retired from trade, resolving to spend some time in travel and inquiry after the ways and wonders of the world, that I may leave the results of my knowledge and experience to posterity.'

'It is a noble design,' said the stranger, 'and well becoming a citizen of large fortune and liberal mind in this enlightened age. Poor artisans like myself cannot aspire to such great things; but as you may not know that I am a cobbler and a poet, with a stall and sundry printed ballads in the fair city of Falsenberg, I will mention that my father left me nothing but three little sisters to maintain, which I have done, and got them all well married; that I have cobbled shoes since my thirteenth year, besides composing a few songs and plays which are known to mountebanks and the frequenters of taverns; and that, with God's blessing, I expect to compose and cobble till the end of my days.'

'Friend,' said the merchant, 'I rejoice in your art, and have patronised many poets. The meister-singers of Nuremberg are doubtless known to you; but tell me something of your great town, for I am curious on such matters.'

'It has,' said the stranger, 'ramparts, trade, and churches, a senate-house, a citadel, and a place of execution, like most other towns. Armies have leaguered its walls, kings have feasted in its castle. Scholars have been born, and books published there; the sun shines upon it, and the rains descend; yet whether the cause be in the air, the water, or a spell which some ancient sorcerer laid upon its site, our divines and doctors cannot agree, but all the inhabitants live in the practice of deceits upon themselves, and believe, beyond persuasion, in the most palpable falsehoods.'

'It is strange,' said Fritz. 'But, friend, how are they generally deceived? Is it in matters ecclesiastical or civil?'

'Every way,' said the traveller. 'Man and woman, noble and artisan, each prepares cheats of his own. But two things are remarkable concerning them all: first, that every man clearly understands his neighbour's mistake, and will reason freely upon it; and, secondly, that he will never forgive any one who attempts to even suspect his own. It is also observable that this madness augments with their years. In childhood, the greater part believe only untruths which they are told, but in early youth they begin to trust in fair-speaking fancies; and ever after, through all the disproofs of time and the teachings of experience, their faith grows stronger in one falsehood or other, which no mortal credits but themselves. One of my neighbours in Falsenberg believes the whole city to be somehow so deeply indebted to him, that when his fortune is utterly expended—and he is striving hard for that end—the burghers will feel bound to maintain both him and his family. Another imagines that the more unkind and tyrannical he may be to his children, relations, and servants, the more abundantly will they respect his old age, and cherish his gray hairs. I know one who is convinced that without his eating, drinking, and sleeping, the world could not exist; a second, who believes himself born schoolmaster to the entire universe; and a third, who expects that fame, friends, and fortune will come in search of him where he sits with his pipe and tankard. Delusions no less singular prevail among the dames of our city. The lady of a goodly mansion close by my stall has an inward persuasion that she saves her husband from ruin by expending fifty florins a week in keeping the house in continual tumult; while her opposite neighbour expects that a certain quantity of gay-coloured silks and hungary-water will preserve her for ever young. Many live in the conviction, that neither the inhabitants of the town nor the strangers who visit it ever think or talk of anything but them; and others believe that they have done the community a signal service, and merited some public reward, by living like the wives of honest burghers.'

'Friend,' said the merchant, 'you spoke of doctors of philosophy as belonging to your town—has no treatise been written on this extraordinary madness?'

'None,' said the traveller; 'our philosophers have no time for the like. When they are not occupied with the categories and the predicaments, they are always engaged with the origin of matter, and the derivation of souls; besides, the learned doctors are subject to the prevalent insanity, and among many marvellous conceits I have always found them apt to fancy that words and science were the same thing, and that much talking was equivalent to proof on any subject.'

'Has no judicious traveller, then, observed and reported the wonders of your town; for in all the books I have collected and partly read,' said the merchant, 'I cannot recollect any account of Falsenberg?'

'Many travellers come from thence to your outer side of the world, but they write not of these things,' said the stranger; 'and few descend thither, because, as I take it, the light of our hemisphere is of a nature so different from yours, that no man might endure it except his eyes had been covered in the subterraneous passage.'

'Friend,' said Fritz, 'beginning to suspect at once his learning and his ears, 'I cannot rightly understand you. What is this lower hemisphere of which you speak?'

'The under side of the world,' said the stranger, 'according to that chapter in the fifth treatise of the learned Paracelsus, which declares, that "the lower side of the earth hath air and clouds, sun, moon, and stars of its own; that there are there mountains and forests, rivers and seas, and men dwelling upon it, with flocks, corn, and cities; that the ancients believed the dead went thither, and called it the realm of Pluto; because in their times there were certain passages leading right through the solid earth, which had been formed by immemorial fires or great water-courses. By one of these Æneas descended, as Virgil relates; so did Orpheus in search of his lost spouse; and some yet exist; but great peril must be in the descent, because of the central attraction." Certain moralising men have indeed imagined that Paracelsus conveyed a fabulous meaning in this chapter; others have said that wine was stronger than wit with him when it was written; but fault and parable finders abound on both sides of the world.'

'True,' said Fritz; 'but that region is your country, and there is one of those passages in this neighbourhood leading direct to Falsenberg?'

'Undoubtedly,' said the traveller. 'A scholar, as I perceive you are, must know that he who first built and dwelt in this hermitage was one of the architects of that unfinished cathedral in which the nations were to pray at Cologne—a brother of the order of free and accepted masons, who, in right of his art, understood many secrets, and among the rest that ancient passage, which he either discovered or read of in the Almagrist. Many a time, as I have heard them say below, the good man was making merry in a tavern yonder when the citizens here believed he was keeping vigil.'

'Come and shew me the passage, friend,' cried Fritz, springing from the broken wall.

'Take leisure, master burgher,' replied the stranger, as he leaned lazily back; 'that task is not quite so safe for me as you may think it. The senate of our town some centuries ago conceived a strong fear that Falsenberg might be overrun with troublesome strangers from the

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upper world; and therefore, though they allowed the citizens complete toleration in the matter of going up, they made it death without benefit of clergy to show your people the way down; and great peace they say we have had among us on account of that law.'

'Friend,' said the merchant, reseating himself, 'I commend your prudence; but as you are a poet, and instructed beyond the vulgar, I have confided to you that besides being a rich man and a scholar, I have a strong desire to see strange customs and distant countries, in order to write my travels for the benefit of posterity; and if you will guide me to your extraordinary town, I will cheerfully pay any reasonable reward you may ask, and doubt not that my discretion may be trusted.'

'I agree,' said the stranger, 'on three conditions: first, that you will meet me in this place two hours before the next daybreak; second, that you will consent to have your eyes securely bandaged, as I cannot consent to endanger any man's sight; and third, that on your return to your own house, you will send two dozen of the best Rhenish to the Cobblers' Tavern in Nuremberg, as your guide's reward.'

'It is small,' thought the merchant; but he added aloud: 'I accept the conditions; and be assured that the wine will be the best in Germany.'

'Good-night, then,' said the stranger: 'the gates of Nuremberg will be shut if you delay much longer. Remember, two hours before daybreak;' and with a spring over the wall he dashed away into the now darkening country.

There happened (and that was a rare case for those times) to be no war just then in Germany; the barriers of Nuremberg were therefore but slightly guarded, and the old watchman at the river gate considered Fritz the most liberal and enlightened of burghers, when he slipped a silver florin into his hand, with a hint that there was no necessity for strict looking up that night. The merchant had determined to see Falsenberg, though prudence suggested that some of the conditions were strange, and the traveller might be a robber. But he had never heard of robbers quoting Paracelsus; and as there was room for that and more in the faith of his age, a visit to the under side of the world, by the journey of a few hours, came so exactly up to his desire for achievement made easy, that Fusseldorf would have accorded some additional dozens of wine had his guide demanded them. His humble confidant, old Gretchen, who had kept his and his father's house for more than thirty years, was employed the greater part of the night in assisting him to select his best travelling gown, sword, and tablets for the journey; not to speak of a flask of the best Rostock and a bundle of strong sausages, safely packed in a well-concealed wallet, lest Falsenberg should afford no Christian fare. With these equipments, and an injunction to Gretchen to say he had gone to visit a relation in the country, the merchant, two hours before the breaking of the summer day, took his way through the river-gate towards the ruined hermitage. There, in the still starlight, sat the stranger, on the same broken wall where he had first found him; but by his side lay a strong, coarse napkin, with which, before Fritz had finished his salutation, he proceeded to bind up his eyes so securely, that the prudent burgher congratulated himself on absolute safety in that quarter. 'And now,' said he, taking him by the arm, 'friend, hold fast by me, and keep your feet steady, for we are about to descend, and the path is steep. I suppose,' continued the stranger, as they advanced a few steps further, 'you perceive the great declination of our way. We will soon be within the sphere of the downward forces, which hasten the progress of all bodies, and will make our speed exceed that of an eagle.'

Fritz had not at first perceived this astonishing declination, but he was far too judicious to manifest such dulness of apprehension; and as his guide continued to warn him of the steepness of the path, and the ever-increasing speed of their descent, both became apparent, and fear began to creep on the burgher's mind. 'We are now near the end of our journey,' said the stranger at length, to his great relief; 'and as you are a traveller whom it would not be safe for one to acknowledge in our town, I will take the liberty of conducting you to the very door of one well known as a rich and substantial man among us. In his house you will be sure to find entertainment; but let me warn you, that of all Falsenberg he has contrived to forge the most extraordinary deceits for himself. In the first place, I have been told that he imagines certain heaps of waste paper laid up in the corner of one's house is sufficient to make him a scholar; secondly, that mere dulness of life and thought are the very ingredients of wisdom; thirdly, that money will buy off all evils, in this world and that to come. But his fourth delusion has been variously reported, for some say it consists in a belief that all the city will obey him after his funeral, and some that it is a remarkable mistake in numbers, by which he is positive that eighteen will exactly correspond with fifty. Now, thank the stars,' added his guide, giving Fritz a sort of twirl, 'we are here on firm ground within the city gates; the towers and churches rise round us in the summer night; we pass by the dwellings of sleeping thousands; and yonder calls the watchman.'

Fusseldorf did indeed hear the long shout of the night-guard, and knew by other sounds that he was treading a city street.

'Here, friend,' said the stranger, pausing in the walk, 'you are now close beside our oldest church, and near the house of that most deluded citizen. I go home, for prudence' sake, you know, and when the clock strikes, pull off the bandage and find your own way.'

His words were almost lost in a run from the merchant's side, and the sound of a church clock chiming four. With the last stroke Fritz had pulled off the bandage, and found himself standing in front of his own house, hard by the old church of St Sebald, in the good town of Nuremberg, and in the early gray of a summer morning. The native of Falsenberg was gone. Fritz never saw him after, and most people agree that the greatest sign of his wisdom was given by making no inquiry on that subject; but with him seemed to vanish Fusseldorf's projected travels, his edifying volume, and his college scheme—at least the honest burghers heard of them no more; and the goldsmith, who had lately taken to consulting Fritz on family affairs, was particularly astonished at his serious advice to bestow Gertrude in marriage on his faithful apprentice and cousin's son Heinrich. For that counsel both daughter and apprentice promised to pray for him as long as they lived; but although it was eventually acted upon, neither tale nor chronicle has recorded how they kept their vow. The reputation of learning and prudence attended Fusseldorf to a good old age, though murmurs against it arose among his nearest relations when Legilend and her tapestry-frame took triumphant possession of his mansion, in the chief apartment of which was long to be seen the famous hangings, on which that mistress of the needle expended fifteen years in portraying the nine worthies of Nuremberg, with her husband in the van, marching to paradise under the conduct of the cardinal virtues. From the discreet and tranquil life which Fritz continued to lead even after his marriage, scholars have not found it easy to settle how the adventure of this tale was first published. Some say the manuscript was found among his papers; some that the story was revealed to old Gretchen in an unadvised moment, when restoring to her custody the flask of Rostock and the prepared sausages; and others are positive that the whole was related in one of the many unwritten moralities of Hans Sachs, the renowned

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poet-cobbler, and hence became traditional in Nuremberg, where old men still speak proverbially of the prudent merchant and his strange travels to the City of the Deceived.

ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION.*

The first application of steam power to the purposes of oceanic locomotion was made in the navigation of the northern portion of the Atlantic as early as 1819. In that year the American steamship *Savannah*, of 350 tons, crossed from New York to Liverpool in twenty-four days. During most of this period her engines were in operation; but their power was disproportionately small, and it is probable that the steamer was as much indebted for her progress through the deep to the influence of the wind upon her canvas as to the action of her paddle-wheels. As might have been expected, in the case of the first ocean steamer, the internal arrangements of the *Savannah*, so far as room for merchandise and passengers was concerned, were extremely defective. Her machinery and steam apparatus occupied so large a portion of the hull, that this, together with the space necessary for the stowage of coal, left scarcely any room for cargo. The construction of her paddle-wheels was peculiar: they were attached to an iron axletree passing through the sides of the vessel above the bends; and their parts were so arranged that, with the exception of two heavy arms of cast-iron, the whole propulsive apparatus could be taken to pieces, and packed on board the vessel.

Novelty and adventurous daring more than anything else have rendered celebrated this first experiment in ocean steam navigation. As a useful or profitable speculation it was a complete failure: nor can it even be said that the result of the attempt was at all indicative of eventual success. The carriage of a cargo insuring remunerative freights was impossible in the case of a vessel which could scarcely contain within herself the supplies requisite for a single voyage; and so incredulous of the powers of man's ingenuity and perseverance were even well-informed minds, that for years after the date of the experiment we have mentioned, many eminently scientific men declared impossible the removal of this fatal objection to ocean steam navigation. But, like many other prophecies which have been made regarding the limits of human performance, the one now referred to proved totally incorrect. The difficulties connected with this arduous undertaking, which in 1819, and for years afterwards, appeared so immense, and wellnigh insurmountable, were at length fairly and for ever removed by the successful transatlantic experiments of 1838.

The first English steamship which left this country for America was the *Sirius*. She had originally been intended for, and employed as a trader on, the east coast of the island. The *Sirius* left London for Cork toward the end of March 1838, whence, after some delay consequent upon an accident which she had received on her passage thither, she started for the commercial capital of the New World on the 4th of April of that year. She reached her destination on the 23d of the month—the same day as the *Great Western*, which had left Bristol four days after the departure of the *Sirius* from Cork. The time occupied by these two vessels in their voyages out was 18½ and 14½ days respectively. Although the duration of their passages was thus widely different, both vessels consumed as nearly as possible the same quantity of fuel—namely, 453 tons. The *Sirius* had exactly this quantity of coal on board when she left Cork, and would have entered New York harbour without a particle of this precious commodity remaining, had she not used, toward the end of her journey, as an equivalent for 28 tons of coal, 43 barrels of resin. The *Great Western*, now the property of the West India Mail Company, continued to sail on the route between New York and Liverpool for about ten years. Her voyages were on the whole performed with regularity; and she ever proved herself a good sea-boat in the many severe storms—in one case appalling tempest—which it has been her lot to encounter. Her average passage to New York occupied 15 days, and from New York 13½ days. Her shortest run westwards was, we believe, performed in 13½ days, and eastwards in 12¼ days. The *Great Western* is a vessel of 1310 tons burthen, with engines of 460 horse-power. She was built at Bristol, and measures 240 feet in length.

The two vessels now mentioned were the property of separate companies. Contemporaneously with them a third company was formed, who owned two other steamships—namely, the *Royal William* and the *Liverpool*, both of which in the same year (1838) commenced to ply between this country and America. The *Sirius* belonged to, or rather was chartered by, that company who, in the following year, built the *British Queen*, and subsequently the *President*: the *Great Western* to that company who constructed that leviathan screw-steamer—the *Great Britain*. The ports of departure of these three separate sets of transatlantic vessels was originally, and for some years, Portsmouth, Bristol, and Liverpool respectively; but latterly the superior advantages of the Mersey as a starting-point for American vessels became apparent, and Portsmouth and Bristol were deserted.

The *Great Western*, the *Royal William*, and the *Liverpool* were all built much about the same time. The first began to ply in April, the second in July, and the third in November 1838. Neither of the two last were so powerful as the Bristol steamer. The *Liverpool*, the larger of the two, was in extreme length 6 feet shorter than the *Great Western*, and her engines were by 10 horse-power of less force.

Of the performances of the Liverpool Company's steamships we do not possess very lengthened accounts. This is especially true of the voyages of the *Royal William*. After a careful search in several of the newspapers of that period, we have failed to discover any notices of her passages, or indeed any information regarding her posterior to January 1839. We are inclined to think that she must have been withdrawn from the station in the early part of the spring of that year. The average of the six voyages she made down to this date was 20 days for her outward, and 15 days for her homeward passages. The average of the eastward voyages of her sister vessel was the same, but that of the westward passages of the *Liverpool* was by three days lower. The last-reported trip by this steamer which we have been able to discover is one from the Mersey to New York in November 1839, occupying 18½ days. In the middle of December she again, and for the last time, we believe, left America for England. Shortly after her arrival here she was transferred to another station. When wrecked, as she was a few years ago, the *Liverpool*, or *Great Liverpool*, as she was then called, was the property of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

About the middle of 1838 there was laid down on the banks of the Thames the keel of a transatlantic steamer, whose gigantic proportions formed, for a long time after her construction, a theme of speculation and

* In No. 339 there is a less complete article on this subject, devoted chiefly to a description of the *Atlantic* steamship.

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general astonishment. The hull of the *British Queen*—for it is to her we now refer—was completed in the spring of 1839, when she was brought down to the Clyde, where her machinery was constructed by Robert Napier, whose celebrity as a marine engineer had been already established by the successful performances of numerous large coasting steamers, and whose name now stands associated with the most splendid triumphs in oceanic locomotion which the skill of the mechanician has ever yet achieved. From figure-head to taffrail the *British Queen* measured 275 feet—that is 35 feet more than the *Great Western*, the largest Atlantic steamer then existing. Her breadth of beam, exclusive of paddle-boxes, was 30 feet, and including paddle-boxes, 61 feet; her depth of hold was 27 feet; and her engines were of 500 horse-power. The *British Queen* started on her first trip from Portsmouth on the 12th of July 1839, with a full complement of passengers, a crew of 100 men, 800 tons of goods, and 600 tons of coal. There was said to have been afloat in her, when leaving the harbour, property to the value of one and a half million sterling. She reached New York after a good passage of 14½ days. Before the conclusion of the year she made five more voyages—two out and three home. The former were performed in 17 and 20½ days respectively; the latter in 13½, 13¾, and 22¼ days. Compared with those of the *Great Western* during the same period, the passages of the *British Queen* were not quite so good. This steamship is now the property of the Belgian government.

While the existence, during 1838 and 1839, of transatlantic steamers had unquestionably been the means of conferring great benefits on the mercantile classes both of England and America, yet neither the government of this country nor the public generally had derived from this means of international communication all the benefits which, with a little management, it was calculated to afford. From the route hitherto adopted, the practical distance between us and our Canadian possessions had not been much diminished, while, from the absence of method in the departure of the several steamers, arising principally, perhaps, from the rivalry and non-accommodating spirit more or less characteristic of all competing companies, there was awanting that faultless regularity in the despatch and receipt of intelligence, which, whether in matters of political or commercial information, is of the first importance. To secure this desirable object, and bring our colonial dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic as near as possible to the mother country, government proposed to establish a regular postal communication with Halifax and Boston. Motives of economy at once suggested the propriety of devolving, if possible, upon some private association the performance of this mail service. The Great Western Company were unsuccessful applicants for the contract; and the advantage of undertaking it was strongly urged by one or two sagacious individuals upon the capitalists of Liverpool. But the latter were reluctant to engage in the enterprise; and partly by interest, but principally by the advantageous terms they proposed, and the efficient manner in which they were ready to bind themselves to perform the service, a few merchants in Glasgow, represented in their deed of engagement by Messrs Samuel Cunard of Halifax, George Burns of Glasgow, and Charles M'Iver of Liverpool, obtained, in preference to all other competitors, the execution of the contract. Early in 1839 the preliminary arrangements were concluded; and in July of the following year the mail service was commenced by the *Britannia* steamer, which, including the detour to and a detention of 12 hours at Halifax, completed the voyage from Liverpool to Boston in 14½ days.

For the sake of brevity as well as clearness, we shall here anticipate in some measure the due course of our narrative, and present our readers with a tabular view of the vessels built by the Cunard Squadron down to the present date:—

Name.	When Launched.	Tonnage.	Length.	Horse-power.
Britannia,	February 1840,	1154 tons	204 feet	440
Acadia,	April 1840,	1135 ...	203 ...	440
Caledonia,	May 1840,	1138 ...	203 ...	440
Columbia,	September 1840,	1175 ...	205 ...	440
Hibernia,	September 1843,	1421 ...	218 ...	500
Cambria,	August 1844,	1423 ...	218 ...	500
America,	May 1847,	1826 ...	249 ...	650
Niagara,	July 1847,	1824 ...	249 ...	650
Europa,	September 1847,	1834 ...	249 ...	650
Canada,	June 1848,	1826 ...	249 ...	650
Asia,	January 1850,	2226 ...	265 ...	750
Africa,	June 1850,	2226 ...	265 ...	750

This fleet, forming without exception the most splendid array of ocean steamers ever possessed by one company, has been constructed on the Clyde, and engined by Robert Napier of Glasgow. Mr Steele of Greenock has been the builder of all the vessels excepting the *Acadia*, *Europa*, *Britannia*, and *Columbia*. Of these the first two were built by Mr John Wood, Port-Glasgow; the third by Mr Duncan of Greenock; and the fourth by Mr Charles Wood of Dumbarton.

Since the formation of the Cunard Company, there have been one or two alterations in the terms of their contract with government. Originally, their steamers were under engagement to carry the mails once, and shortly afterwards twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and *vice versâ*; some years afterwards New York was, every alternate voyage, substituted for Boston. About three years ago the government allowance to the company was increased to L.145,000 per annum; and they became bound to make throughout the year—except during the four months of December, January, February, and March—weekly instead of fortnightly trips to Boston and New York alternately, constantly calling at Halifax. The last change occurred in September 1850, when permission was granted to the Cunard Company to make the fortnightly passage to New York *direct*, instead of going, as formerly, by way of, and calling at, Halifax. The arrangements regarding the bi-monthly service of mails during a third part of the year, as above explained, still exists; and the present contract is to remain in force till 1858.

Contemporaneously with the first set of the Cunard Squadron appeared that ill-fated steamship the *President*. She was built and fitted up at Blackwall, and in general dimensions much resembled the *British Queen*. The *President* carried two funnels, and sat high out of the water. She made but three voyages across the Atlantic. Her first trip out to America was a tedious one. On her return passage, which commenced on the 2d November 1840, she encountered very severe weather; and after being out three days, during which time she had consumed a large portion of her coal, and made but very little way, she was obliged to return to New York to obtain a fresh supply of fuel. On the second attempt she made Liverpool after a rough and protracted passage of seventeen days. Her outward voyage to the United States in February 1841 was her last. On the 10th March of that year, with twenty-three passengers aboard, she left for Liverpool. Immediately on her departure she encountered a very severe tempest; and on the 13th instant was descried by a packet-ship labouring very heavily, and evidently making but little progress. This, we believe, was the last time she was ever seen. Her fate will ever remain a mystery.

In the case of the steamers hitherto mentioned, wood was the material of which they were constructed, and paddle-wheels the mechanical contrivance by which motion was imparted to them. We have now to allude to a transatlantic steamship which, in addition to her enormous proportions, was built of iron, and propelled by means of an Archimedean screw: this was the *Great*

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Britain, a vessel of 1000 horse-power, and 3444 tons. She was built and engined at Bristol, and in extreme length measures 322 feet. The *Great Britain* was released from her long and ludicrous durance in Cumberland Dock, Bristol, toward the beginning of 1845. She made but two passages across the Atlantic; and in neither of them did she realise the expectations which had been formed regarding her speed. The last departure of the *Great Britain* for America took place on the 22d September 1846, when she had on board 185 passengers and a very considerable cargo. She cleared from the Mersey under the most propitious circumstances. The wind was favourable, and her screw, which had lately undergone repairs, was in excellent working order. But, unfortunately, these propelling agents, which it was supposed were hastening her onward to New York, were only enabling her to make an inglorious run across St George's Channel. At half-past eight o'clock evening, when all was mirth and merriment on board, the passengers were alarmed by a sudden shock, the cause of which, as a little observation served to shew, was that the vessel had run ashore in Dundrum Bay. She lay there for 339 days. Toward the close of last year the *Great Britain* was purchased for the sum of L.18,000, and is now being refitted, and prepared for active service.

In transatlantic steam navigation—for the case of the *Savannah* can scarcely be held to form an exception to the remark—the Americans took no active part until 1846. In that year an association was formed, with the view of establishing an intercourse, by means of steamers, between Bremen, Southampton, and New York. It assumed the title of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, and the monthly service commenced by it in September 1847 still continues. The steamers belonging to this company are the *Washington*, *Hermann*, *Franklin*, and *Humboldt*, which last is not yet finished. The first two of these steamers, launched in 1847, have not turned out so well as the *Franklin*, launched last year. Instead of proving swifter vessels—as it was confidently predicted by their owners they would—than those of the Cunard Squadron, the latter steamers usually beat them by two days—sometimes even by four—in their passages across the Atlantic. Indeed, so inferior were the two steamships now mentioned to the Boston and Halifax mail-packets, that the former have never, properly speaking, proved themselves rivals of the latter at all; and however creditable, as a first effort in oceanic steamship building, the construction of these two vessels may have been, the vessels themselves, compared with those with which they were designed to contend, were decided failures.

But failure does not damp the enterprise of the American people. Their motto is, 'Try again.' Acting upon this principle, they have tried again; and in their second attempt have probably as much surpassed our anticipations respecting their oceanic achievements as in their first attempt they fell short of their own.

The United States Mail, or as they are otherwise more laconically styled, the Collins Steamers, are the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. The four first are finished; the fifth is now in progress. All of them have been built, engined, and equipped at the Novelty Works, New York. Their machinery is of 1000 horse-power, and their principal dimensions are as follows:—Length, 290 feet; breadth within paddle-boxes, 45 feet; depth of hold, 31 feet 7 inches; and tonnage, 3000 tons. The passenger-accommodation of these steamers is excellent. The cabins are very roomy, and the greatest attention has been paid to good ventilation. A perfect fortune has been expended in the decorations of the saloons; and the entire cost of each steamer is estimated at not less than L.115,000. A large proportion of the money with which they have been built is English capital; and in fulfilment of a condition annexed to the advance, all the Collins steamers are insured in this country.

With mention of the *Sarah Sands* and *City of Glasgow* our present sketch terminates. Both belong to a class of vessels now rapidly on the increase, and which promises soon—for certain tracks at least—entirely to supersede paddle-wheel steamers. This is the class of 'auxiliary screw propellers;' which differ from the principle of construction of the *Great Britain* only in this respect, that in their case the proportion of steam-power to tonnage is very much lower; and their screw is intended not as the principal, but as a subsidiary motive agent to the propelling influence of wind. The *Sarah Sands*—an iron vessel of 1300 tons and 180 horse-power—was built at Liverpool in 1846, and made, during the two following years, between that port and New York, nine voyages. The average of her passages outward was 18½ days, and homeward 16½ days. The *City of Glasgow*—likewise of iron—was built at Glasgow by Messrs Tod & M'Gregor in 1850. She measures 1610 tons, and is furnished with engines of 350 horse-power. For some time she was owned by her builders, to whom belongs the honour of having first established a regular steam-communication between the Clyde and America. Toward the close of last year she was purchased by a Liverpool firm, and is now engaged in the trade between that city and Philadelphia. Her success has been perfect; and both in regard to speed and carrying power she displays a marked superiority over her predecessor.

RAILWAY-TIME AGGRESSION.

THERE is an 'aggression' far more insidious in its advances than the papal one, and more wide-spreading in its effects, which is stealthily yet steadily progressing among us, and to whose impertinent attacks we would fain direct the indignant energy of our countrymen. Yes! Time, our best and dearest possession, is in danger. Old Time, beneath whose fingers tyrants tremble and empires crumble into dust, is now bearded—we had almost said successfully bearded—by a power whose age is but of yesterday. He who, during the 'flight of ages past,' has only deigned to 'measure his motions by revolving spheres,' is now obliged, in many of our British towns and villages, to bend before the will of a vapour, and to hasten on his pace in obedience to the laws of a railway company! Was ever tyranny more monstrous or more unbearable than this? It has not even the merit of a poetic grandeur to redeem its attendant evils, for it is essentially prosaic both in its aim and tendency, and, like all the baser tyrannies, it intermeddles with the domestic doings and social charities of life. Facts often speak more authoritatively than words. We shall therefore illustrate our meaning by the history of our own experience during a recent visit which we paid at a fashionable watering-place in the south of England.

On arriving at my friend's house, where I had promised to pass a few weeks, I found that a dinner-engagement had been made for that day, in which I was included. 'And,' said Mr Thompson, addressing his daughter, who was present, 'you must take care to be ready in time, as our good friends the Derings are, you know, very precise, and do not like their dinner to be delayed.' The young lady promised to be ready in proper time, and the dinner-hour being half-past six, we took care to drive up to Mr Dering's door a minute or two before that hour was indicated by our watches.

'We are in capital time,' observed Mr Thompson as he was stepping out of the carriage. On entering the drawing-room we found a large party already assembled, and although courteously received by our hosts, yet there was evidently a cloud resting on the brow of

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Mr Dering, who, the moment after we were seated, addressed his wife in an abrupt tone, saying: 'I think, my dear, we had better order dinner now; Mr Cumming is too young a man to have any right to keep people waiting for him; and,' added he in a lower voice, yet loud enough for me to catch the words—'as it is, the dinner will be spoiled.'

Just at this moment Mr Cumming was announced, and our host, while shaking hands with him, said, half-gravely, half-jocosely: 'Ha! my good friend, so here you are at last! You are too fashionable a fellow, I suppose, ever to think about the hour?'

'Indeed, my dear sir!' replied the young man, looking a little discomposed at this sudden attack, 'I flattered myself with being punctual to a fault to-day;' and so saying, he drew out his watch and shewed that its hands were resting precisely on the hour of half-past six.

'But that is not railway-time,' observed Mr Dering; 'and you know that since yesterday morning, when the town-clock was changed, we have set all our watches and clocks by London time; so,' added the old gentleman with evident self-complacency at his own correctness, 'it is now not far from seven o'clock.'

'Ah! this accounts for my misdemeanour,' said Mr Cumming good-humouredly; 'for I have been spending a few days in the country, where the clocks are so old-fashioned as to be guided by the sun instead of the railway; so I know nothing of your modish ways here.'

'I have not the same excuse for my ignorance,' observed Mr Thompson, who had listened to the discussion; 'for I have been almost within hearing of the town-clock, and yet know nothing of the change: so we came to dinner by the old time, and my friend here has, I daresay, set me down also as a fashionable, irregular sort of man.'

'Well, gentlemen,' replied Mr Dering, who had by this time recovered his good-humour, 'I can only say, that if the dinner is spoiled, you must lay it to the score of railway aggression, which will not suffer us to measure time, as our forefathers did, by the course of the sun.'

At this moment a spruce, busy-looking man approached the group of talkers, and begun to prove how advantageous it was that the whole nation should observe the same time; when fortunately dinner was announced, and a more welcome subject of discussion offered itself to the party than the comparative advantages of real and of railway time. It was not long, however, before this 'monster evil' presented itself again to my notice; for in the course of the evening, as I was sitting near the lady of the house, she called over her youngest daughter, a blithe, happy-looking child of seven or eight years old, and told her it was time for her to go to bed. The little girl, in the exuberance of her spirits, ventured to remonstrate against the command.

'You know, mamma, that whenever there is company, I am always allowed to sit up till nine o'clock, and it is not near that time yet.'

'You are mistaken, my love,' replied her mother; 'for I heard the clock on the mantelpiece strike just now; and if you go and look at it, you will see I am right.'

'Oh! *that* clock is all wrong. I heard Janet say so when she was dressing me this morning, and Miss Cooper found fault with our not being ready at eight o'clock for our lessons; and Janet said she could not be plagued about the new-fashioned time; so she wont be upstairs to undress me for a whole quarter of an hour to come. You see, then, mamma, there is no use in my going away yet, and I am so happy!'

The twofold argument was irresistible; and Rosa was suffered to rejoin the kind lady who had been amusing her. Mrs Dering, turning to me, said that it was rather amusing to hear of a feud between her governess and maid concerning the right hour of the day; 'And,' added she, smiling, 'Janet is so old a servant, and so important a person in our family, that Mr Dering will find it no easy matter to make *her* comply with any newfangled law; but I must try to win her over to submission.'

I sympathised with the good lady on the difficulties of her position; and two or three hours later, when I found myself alone, and recurred in thought to the social enjoyment of the past day, a vision of discomfort intruded itself into the pleasant remembrance, and I marvelled how it came that railway aggression should have so easily disturbed the equanimity of a friendly party, and created a feud within a quiet and well-ordered family.

Having taken care to set my watch by railway time, I retired to rest, and on the following morning rose early, to enjoy my usual quiet walk before breakfast. I strolled into the green lanes adjoining my friend's house, and the morning air was so full of fragrance and harmony—flowers and birds seeming to vie in the expression of praise and joy—that I went along without regarding whither the path might lead me; and on a sudden turn in the lane, was surprised to see before me an old gray church, whose tower rose up gravely from amid avenues of elms. The scene was so still and sober in its aspect, that on advancing towards the church I wondered to perceive a certain degree of stir and bustle near the door. Several men were lounging about, and one of them had an air of authority about him, which bespoke him to be either the parish clerk or beadle. I inquired of him whether there was early service in the church.

'No, sir,' replied he; 'but we are going to have a grand wedding here this morning; and as I am the beadle, it is my business,' added he with an air of importance, 'to prepare for it.'

'It is rather early in the day for a wedding, is it not?' inquired I of the hoary official.

'The gentlefolk usually come much later to be married, it is true, sir,' he replied; 'but this gentleman, I am told, means to take his lady a mortal way off to-day, so we have had notice that they will be here exactly at eight o'clock.'

'Then you may expect them immediately,' observed I, pulling out my watch, 'for it is now precisely eight o'clock.'

'You must pardon my boldness in contradicting you, sir,' said the old man, looking up towards the church clock, 'but it wants yet full twenty minutes to eight.'

'Oh, you don't go by railway then?' observed I, inquiringly.

'Railway time!' repeated the beadle, drawing himself up with a look of displeasure. 'No, indeed, sir; *we* leave those newfangled notions to upstarts and Radicals. The church keeps to the good old ways; and please God she will stick to them, in spite of her enemies.'

It was with difficulty I could refrain from smiling at this outburst of indignation at the ideal enmity of railway-time abettors to the church; but my attention was at this moment drawn to two carriages which were approaching; so I said to the beadle: 'Whatever may be the church's opinion on this subject, her members differ very much about it; and as a proof of what I say, here comes the wedding-party at three minutes past eight by railway time.' The old man, muttering to himself that 'they must wait for the canonical hour, otherwise it would be no marriage at all,' hastened to the western door to meet the bridegroom.

Let it not be imputed to mere vulgar curiosity that I followed him thither; for the fact is, that, although myself a confirmed old bachelor, I love to see young people look happy as they are wont to do at a wedding; and I like to look upon a fair bride in that hour of trembling hope and awe, when even an old man's prayer may be heard for blessings on her wedded life.

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On approaching the church I saw no impatient bridegroom issuing out of the carriage as I had expected. There first appeared a gentle, pleasant-looking girl, whose attire at once marked her as the observed of all observers—the bride. Her father offered her his arm, and they entered the church, followed by the mother leaning upon her son, and two youthful ladies who looked like bridemaids. The elderly gentleman addressed some questions, which I did not overhear, to the beadle, across whose features stole a smile of satisfaction as he replied in an audible tone, that 'neither the young gentleman nor the parson had arrived yet.' 'Very strange,' said the father; 'he begged of us to be here punctually at eight o'clock. There can surely be no mistake.' And he glanced at his daughter, whose cheek had suddenly assumed a deadly pallor.

I had entered the church, and quietly ensconced myself in the corner of a pew behind a pillar. The bridal party seated themselves in a square pew close to the altar. There was a deep stillness in the church. Minutes passed on. Doubtless they seemed to be hours in the estimation of some of those present. Once the door creaked, and I observed the young lady start and tremble, while a hurried glance towards the door betrayed her anxiety. Who can tell what visions of danger for the beloved one may have floated through her mind during this brief period of perplexity and suspense! My own heart began to beat with anxiety concerning the issue of the matter, when at length carriage wheels were heard approaching. The young lady's head seemed to droop as she caught the nearing sound. A moment later, and the clergyman came out of the vestry. I could scarcely forbear saying: 'Pshaw! is it only you?' But almost at the same instant appears a gentleman, who evidently was 'The Man.' His glance turned uneasily towards the pew, as if he were disappointed at being the last of the party. One of his attending friends whispered in the ear of the young lady's brother, who pulled out his watch. A smile and a nod were interchanged between them. The brother said a word to his sister, who looked up and smiled amid her blushes. I overheard the words 'railway time.' The whole mystery was explained. The bridegroom had arrived five minutes before the appointed hour, according to the old style of time, knowing that an earlier moment would have been without the pale of canonical hours, and consequently not suited for the marriage ceremony. The mistake was now, however, cleared up; and as the young couple stood before the altar and pledged themselves to a lifelong love of tenderness on the one side, and of obedience on the other, higher and happier thoughts must have crowded into their minds, so as to leave no room for the intrusion of petty disturbance; but I, during my homeward stroll, pictured to myself anew the intense anxiety which had been so perceptible in the face of the bride during those long, interminable minutes, until at last I wrought myself into impatient displeasure at the railway aggression, which, by disturbing the course of time, could thus trouble the most joyous seasons of life. On seating myself at the breakfast-table, I related my morning adventure, to the great amusement of my friend, who laughed heartily at my sudden fit of indignation against the modern encroachments upon time; but I was fully compensated for his merriment by perceiving that his daughter looked very kindly upon me when she found that I had sympathised so fully in the anxiety of the bride.

The following day was Sunday. I inquired in the morning at what hour divine service began. 'At eleven,' was Mrs Thompson's answer.

'Railway time, I presume?'

'Yes; at the church which we attend,' replied the lady; 'but at the other one, which is quite a Puseyite concern, they go by the old time.' Maria Thompson, colouring slightly, reminded her mother that the real time was observed at St Anne's, because, being a parish church, it was necessary to attend there to the canonical hours.

'They have always some excuse for their vagaries,' replied Mrs Thompson; 'but every one knows it is all mere Tractarianism—popery in disguise.'

Mr Thompson looked over his spectacles at the two ladies, and an incipient smile lurked around his lips, but he held his peace. A wise man!—and how often would these sparks of discord go out if they were not fanned into a flame by well-meant but officious interference! For my part, I felt sorely tempted to assure the good lady that popery had nothing whatever to do with the matter; but following my friend's example, I remained silent.

Here was a new phase of railway aggression and its attendant evils—one which I had not dreamed of before; evoking as it did party names in a parish, and lighting up a torch, or at least a taper, of discord in the bosom of an amiable and united family. My wrath was waxing hotter and hotter every moment against this monster evil of the day.

During the ensuing week the same subject was, in one form or other, continually brought before my attention. Some stanch conservatives complained that this change of time was effected by the progress party, and that they would not suffer it to continue without a struggle. On the other hand, many of the poorer classes said it had been done merely to please the gentry, who travelled about, and liked, for their own convenience, to know precisely what was the railway time. The result of this general ferment was a public meeting, in which many unwise and hard words were spoken on both sides, without any definite arrangement being made on the subject. The ladies, who could not speak in public, made ample amends by grumbling in private; and the inconveniences they complained of, although minor ones, were not the less annoying to them. One lady who belonged to the progress party told me, that having been asked to tea at eight o'clock, on entering her friend's house she saw the servants carrying in the dessert; 'so I had to wait half an hour alone in the drawing-room,' said she, 'where I found the clock had not been changed, as it ought to have been, to the London time, and I had to apologise to the lady of the house for my seeming vulgarity in having come so early.'

'A very mortifying incident in your life,' said I with composed gravity of countenance.

'And I,' observed a languid-looking lady, 'was nearly bored to death last night; for having invited a large evening party, nearly half the company arrived before my rooms were lighted, and it really made me quite nervous to be taken thus by surprise. They might have known my principles better than to suppose I would adopt newfangled plans all in a hurry.'

'Principles!' muttered I almost unconsciously to myself. The speaker did not overhear me, however, and went on to say that what provoked her most was, that all the dullest of her company remained half an hour later than the rest, on the plea that they had ordered their carriages by the real time. 'And so,' added she, yawning at the bare recollection of what she had undergone, 'I had such a long evening of it!'

Such were some of the miseries which were crowded into one short week by the tyranny of the Railway-time Aggression! And is it possible that this monster evil, with its insidious promises of good and its sure harvest of evil, will be tolerated by freeborn Englishmen? Shall it be said that they who cling so earnestly to the good old ways of their forefathers are the only people who suffer their earliest possession, their lifelong friend, to be thus cruelly outraged and set at naught? Surely not! Let us rather rally around Old Time with the determination to agitate, and, if needs be, to resist this arbitrary aggression. Let our rallying cry

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be: 'The Sun or the Railway!' Englishmen! beware of delay in opposing this dangerous innovation! No time is to be lost—

'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!'

LIBERIA.

The new republic of Liberia is one of the notable features of our singularly-progressive age. It is one of the things which the people of the eighteenth could have least expected to be produced by the nineteenth century. Yet it is probable enough that many not unintelligent persons in England never even heard of its name.

Liberia is a free negro Christian state, enjoying republican institutions, on the coast of Africa. Situated between the fourth and eighth degrees of north latitude, it occupies about 500 miles of what is called the Guinea coast—a country wonderfully rich in natural productions, but heretofore blighted by the accursed slave-trade. The proper citizens of Liberia are said to be little over 7000; but they have a quarter of a million of the native population under their protection. They are distributed through a chain of well-built towns, surrounded by well-cultivated fields; they have ports and shipping, customhouses, a president, and a national flag. Churches and schools everywhere give pleasing token of civilisation. The people in general seem to be animated by a good spirit. On the whole, Liberia is a thriving settlement, and its destiny appears to be one of no mean character.

The efforts to put down the African slave-trade by a blockade have, it is well known, been signally unsuccessful. Britain's share in it costs about three-quarters of a million per annum; and the money is spent not merely in vain, but to the increase of the inhumanities meant to be extinguished. Under the powerful temptations held out by the sugar-trade of Brazil, more slaves are now exported from Africa than ever—the only effect of the blockade being to cause the trade to be conducted under much more cruel circumstances than formerly. While this costly and mischievous mockery has been going on, a humble and almost unnoticed association of emancipated negroes from the United States has been doing *real work*, by quietly planting itself along the African coast, and causing, wherever it set its foot, the slave-trade to disappear. Strange to say, it has done this, not as a primary object, but as one only secondary and incidental to a process of colonisation, the prompting causes of which were of a different, and, as some might think, partly inconsistent nature.

The situation of the free negroes in the United States is well known to be an unpleasant one. They have neither the political nor social privileges of other citizens; and though matters were put formally to rights in this respect, it is to all appearance hopeless that the coloured should ever be admitted to a true fellowship with the white people. In these circumstances the man of African blood is like a small tree under the shade of a great one. His whole nature is dwarfed; his best aspirations are checked. The results are not over-comfortable for the white man either. Some American citizens, seeing and deploring these evils, were induced, about five-and-thirty years ago, to form themselves into a society, which should promote the return of emancipated negroes to their own quarter of the globe, where it was thought they might be able, to some extent, to introduce the intelligence, religion, and usages of civilised communities among their benighted brethren, and form the most effective of battalions for the repression of the slave-trade, their constitutions being able to endure climatic influences, under which the whites are sure to sink. The result has been this republic of Liberia. The whole movement has, we believe, from first to last been regarded with jealousy, if not hostility, by the Abolition party, who saw in it only the dislike of white for black, and shut their eyes to the religious and philanthropic objects, which were in reality alone capable of being promoted to any considerable extent; for of course a serious diminution of the coloured population of America by such means is not to be expected. We do not profess to know how far this was a reasonable feeling on the part of the worthy men who are standing up for negro rights in America; but assuredly, whatever were the motives of the Colonisation Society, the consequences of their acts are such as to give them no small ground for triumph. For anything that we can see, their settling of Liberia has been the most unexceptionably good movement against slavery that has ever taken place. Perhaps it has not been the worse, but rather the better, of that infusion of the wisdom of this world, which has discommended it so much to the Abolitionists.

It occurs to us that the Colonisation Society needs no other defence for its policy than to point to the spirit which has all along animated the black people who emigrated to Africa. One sentiment, that it was worth while to encounter all possible hardships and dangers on a foreign strand for the sake of *perfect freedom*, appears in the whole conduct of these men. They appear to have been generally persons of decided piety, and the missionary spirit is conspicuous at every stage of their proceedings. Not less important as a testimony to the same effect has been the energetic contention which the colonists have kept up against the slave-dealing propensities of the native princes. These men felt from the first that the Liberians were enemies to that traffic which gave them their most valued luxuries, and here lay the greatest difficulty which the settlers had to encounter. Their early history is a series of martyrdoms visited upon them by the slave-trade.

The first party of colonists landed in 1819 at Sherbro, and almost immediately were afflicted to a grievous extent by the diseases incident to the climate. Several white gentlemen, who acted as leaders, sunk in succession under the effects of fever. It was not till the spring of 1822, and after undergoing an immense amount of hardship, that the colonists obtained their first certain footing at Cape Mesurado, where they forthwith planted a village and fort. Almost immediately after having sold them the land, the barbarian King Peter resolved to extirpate them, being afraid of their interferences with his slave-dealing arrangements. Behold, then, thirty-five liberated negroes from Pennsylvania and Maryland perched on an African promontory, with their wives and children about them, and obliged to defend their position against a whole horde of savages! Sickness added to the terrors of their situation; yet they never felt in the least disheartened. They had fortunately an excellent commander in Mr Jehudi Ashmun; and two blacks of extraordinary intelligence, Lott Cary and Elijah Johnson, were of their number. To quote a small work of recent date:* 'Mr Ashmun, after taking a turn around the works, and reviewing his little force in the evening, thus addressed them with all the solemnity and impressiveness which their circumstances were calculated to inspire: "War is now inevitable," he said; "the safety of our property, our settlement, our families, our lives, depends under God upon your courage and firmness. Let every post and every individual be able to confide in the firm support of every other. Let every man act as if the whole defence depended upon his own single arm. May no coward disgrace our ranks! The cause is God's and our country's, and we may rely upon the blessing of Almighty God to succeed in our efforts. We are weak;

* Africa Redeemed; or the Means of her Relief illustrated by the Growth and Progress of Liberia. London: Nisbet. 1851. 18mo. Pp. 300.

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He is strong. Trust in Him." A stern silence pervaded the little band: the men were marched to their posts, where they lay on their arms, with matches lighted, during the long watches of that anxious night. It wore away, and no enemy appeared.

'The next morning Mr Ashmun aroused himself from the languor of sickness to make a more thorough inspection of the fortifications. It was with deep anxiety as well as regret that he perceived the western quarter of the settlement could be easily approached by a narrow pathway, where was only a nine-pounder, and no stockade to defend it from assault. The eastern quarter was also exposed, but the station was well guarded, and a steep ledge of rocks made the approach both difficult and dangerous. From bed Mr Ashmun issued his orders with thoughtful vigilance. He commanded all the houses in the outskirts to be abandoned, and every family to sleep in the centre of the village. Guards of four men were posted one hundred yards in advance of each station during the night, and no man was to leave his post *until sunrise*. Another night passed, and another day arose on the anxious few. It was the Sabbath. A few hours' sleep were hastily snatched by the weary men, while earnest prayers went up from many a brave heart to the God of all mercy for his protecting providence. Divine service was holden at noon, and Lott Cary addressed his little church under the most tender and affecting circumstances. Perhaps it was their last Sabbath on earth; death in its most cruel form was hovering around them; another Sabbath's sun might witness their little colony given over to butchery and plunder, and every vestige of industry and Christianity for ever blotted out.

'At this moment one of the scouts came running in, with the news that the hostile army were crossing the Mesurado River, only a few miles above the settlement. By evening the whole body had encamped to the west, little less than half a mile distant. Silently and sternly did each man march to his post, and you could read on every face, "Give me victory, or give me death." Another night went by, and no war-yell broke the stillness of the forest. The day dawns. The western guard, owing to misapprehension, or inadvertence, or neglect of duty, left their posts at day-dawning instead of sun-rising, as the order ran, and consequently before the fresh guards were in readiness to take their places. At this unguarded moment the savages, who had stolen with silent step to the very verge of the clearing, and were watching with fiendish anxiety every movement of the little band, were now stirring for action. An immense body suddenly issued from the forest, fired, and then rushed forward with horrid yells upon the post. Taken by surprise, several of the men were killed, while the rest, driven from their cannon, without time to discharge it, fell back in haste and confusion. It is a fearful moment! If the savages press on, there is no time to rally, and all is lost! Instead of following up their advantages, they pause, and surround some houses in that direction, to plunder and destroy. Several women and children, who, in spite of orders to leave, remained in their houses, are now shrieking in the hands of a savage foe. Mr Ashmun rushed to the scene of action, and assisted by the determined boldness of Lott Cary, rallied the broken forces of the settlers. Two cannons were instantly brought into action, double-shotted with ball and grape. They did a rapid and fearful execution. The enemy began to recoil. Fear seized their ranks. The settlers, seeing their advantage, pushed forward, and regained the lost post. Directing their cannon to rake the whole enemy's line, every shot took effect; while Elijah Johnson, at the head of a few musketeers, passed around the enemy's flank, and increased their consternation. A savage yell echoed through the forest, filling every soul with horror. As it died away, the horde fell back, and rapidly disappeared among the gloomy wilds. In thirty minutes the day is won! God be praised! At nine o'clock orders were issued to contract the lines, leaving out a fourth part of the houses, and surrounding the rest by a musket-proof stockade. As there was no safety until it was completed, the work was urged on with the utmost rapidity; for no one could tell when or where another attack might be made, and it was not until the next day that an hour could be spared for the burial of the dead.'

Such were the terrible struggles through which Liberia had to pass in order to obtain a footing in Africa. On the 2d of December the colonists experienced another and severer attack, which, however, they repelled after an hour and a half of hard fighting. The anniversary of this conflict is to this day the great holiday of Liberia, as the 4th of July is with the people of the United States. The troubles of the infant state were not yet ended; but from this time they gradually abated. Fresh colonists poured in; additional lands were bought; the native tribes were in time won over to see that industry and Christianity were things favourable to the happiness of mankind. In 1827 the early difficulties were past and nearly forgotten, and from that time there has been an almost unfaltering course of prosperity. It should be mentioned, that associated with Liberia was an agency of the United States government, similar to the British establishment at Sierra Leone—namely, for the reception of blacks rescued by blockading vessels from the slavers. Such redeemed captives formed no small accession of strength to the colony.

In 1839, when the various settlements were consolidated under one government, Monrovia and Bassa Cove were two neat towns, with churches, schools, and libraries; there were other seven smaller towns. The people were in general well-behaved, temperance principles having great sway over them. They appreciated the freedom they enjoyed, and no inclination was felt to return to the United States. They owned five hundred thousand acres of rich land, where the finest vegetables and the most delicious fruits could be cultivated to any extent. There were four printing-presses and two newspapers. The colonists had after this period a war with a powerful chief called Gotamba—all on account of the slave-trade, the suppression of which was the object of their unceasing efforts. At length they succeeded in utterly overthrowing the power of this savage monarch, who was thenceforth an outcast in the region once ruled by the terror of his name. The feeling, we are told, then began extensively to prevail, that in Liberia, and in Liberia alone, were the people secure from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery. 'The idea cannot be more touchingly expressed than in the reply of a poor fellow, from the river Congo, on being asked if he did not wish to return to his own country: "No, no," said he; "if I go back to my country, they make me slave. I am here free; no one dare trouble me. I got my wife—my lands—my children learn book—all free—I am here a *white man*—me no go back."'

In 1847 Liberia announced itself to the world as a free and independent republic, in which character it has been recognised by the governments of America, Britain, France, and others—a just reward for the unspeakable amount of service it has rendered to humanity in its efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade. Its president, Joseph Roberts, originally a Virginian slave, visited England in the ensuing year, and received many marks of respect from the worthy of the human species. Since then we have continued to hear good accounts of the country. The people are said to be turning their attention more to cultivation than formerly—there being some ground of hope that Liberia may yet be called upon to take a prominent part in supplying

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sugar, coffee, and cotton to the civilised nations which so largely demand them. Viewing it as the *point of the wedge* by which a Christian civilisation, if ever, is to be introduced into Central Africa, we accord it our sincerest good wishes, and most earnestly trust that its career of prosperity will meet with no further interruption.*

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

JUNE.

I MUST once more beg my readers to travel with me while *I* lead them over as lovely ground as they will find on any part of the boasted coast of South Devon. Again we go up the pretty village a little way, and then turning to the left by the hotel, pass the end of Cliff Terrace, and at once the broad bright sea flashes on our sight, and by its side we pursue our way. It is all alive with fishing-boats, and glowing with azure reflected from the mighty vault above. The hill is very steep, and the heat, though tempered by a light breeze, is great, so that as I have plenty of time I take it leisurely, rather wishing, however, for 'Jack' and George to aid me on my way. But Jack could not climb stiles, several of which lay on my route, so I was reduced to the necessity of making my way on foot.

On my way I find the pretty sea sandwort (*Arenaria marina*), a little plant of the *N. O. Caryophyllæ* with long succulent leaves like the ficoides, and pretty pale lilac blossoms, and also the hemlock crane's-bill (*Erodium cicatarium*), one of the *Geranaceæ*, exceedingly elegant, but so very fragile that I never could secure a specimen, the bright rose petals breaking off on the gentlest touch. From point to point as I ascended, I turned and delightedly gazed on the wide sea which lay below me, and the village nestling between the hills, and the cliffs beyond rising to the beetling crags above Landram; where the gulls, and cormorants, and choughs find capital shelves and ledges wholly inaccessible, and one above another on which to place their nests, whence their comical-looking young progeny peep down on the boats which pass below; and then again beyond these, a stretch of cliffs, the Peak above Sidmouth rising highest of all, with the island of Portland looming in the distance.

It is a fair scene, and long do I linger to study it. However, at last I reach the plain on the top, and here fresh objects of interest await me. The first thing I encounter is a man lying at full length on the ground, and diligently observing the sea through a telescope; a little farther on was another, and then a boy; and so from point to point. Smugglers expected, thought I; but no, that cannot be, for the men have not the coast-guard dress. Suddenly one of the watchers raised his hands to his mouth so as to conduct the sound of his voice downwards, shouted, and received a reply from one of the many mackerel boats which were lying a little off shore, all ready manned, but so still and motionless that they seemed as if empty. In an instant the men were at their oars, and the large black-looking boat dashed off in the direction indicated, the crew pulling with all their might, and in another minute or two they had reached the spot where a school (probably a corruption of 'shoal') of mackerel was playing, and were engaged in dropping the seine. Presently another shout arose from another quarter of the cliff, and another boat started off in an opposite direction, with equal speed, and I found that the men and boys above were engaged in marking schools, their position on the heights giving them facilities for so doing not enjoyed by those in the boats. I was for some time at a loss to make out how they knew where the fish were, but I soon learned, and became quite expert at detecting them when the water was still: when the sea is at all rough, it is not so easy. When the smooth surface of the sea assumes a black look at some particular part, as if a breeze had just touched its waters, watch it well, and even with the naked eye you will perceive a sort of rippling movement. This is caused by the motion of the mackerel, which come up in shoals of many thousands, keeping together in a dense mass, and all busy in leaping about after the little fish which are its prey.

I have once or twice passed through one of these shoals in a boat, and the effect is then beautiful; for though at a distance, and from above, you only see the movement like a cloud on the water, or the light ruffle of a breeze, when close to them you see the brilliantly-coloured shining fish springing about by thousands in all directions, and glittering in the sunshine, as they rise for a moment, and then fall back again into the waves below. I once watched in a boat the drawing in of a seine, and followed it up to the shore. The water was so clear that we could see the fish, at first unconscious that they were enclosed in the net, and in their usual state; and then as the net neared the shore, and they became conscious of their misfortune, getting into a state of great alarm, and plunging and dashing about, in the vain effort to disentangle themselves. I was disappointed, however, to find that they had not made a good haul; for though there were fish of all sorts and sizes, and among them a quantity of fine red mullet, which we secured and carried home, they had missed the school of mackerel, and only enclosed a few of the stray ones from the outskirts of the main body. Several of the boats that I had been observing from the cliff have, however, been more successful, and I was amused by watching the drawing of the various seines, as I rested from time to time in my progress. Every one who happens to be at hand is pressed into the service of landing the net. A long line of people is formed at each end of the net, and reaching all up the beach, among whom I have often seen gentlemen with their coats off tugging away like the rest. Their efforts are regulated and made simultaneous by their voices—the same sounds being used as in raising the anchor. It sometimes happens that four or five seines are being drawn at once, and the measured sounds rising on the air from below have quite a musical effect as they reach the ear at my elevated position. Each individual, man, woman, and child, who lends a hand, gets a fish as his or her guerdon—that is, of course, when there are any in the net. But though I have heard of 30,000 being enclosed at one draught, it not unfrequently happens that the net comes in empty, or nearly so, greatly to

* A small, but we trust a transient cloud has lately passed over the fair fame of Liberia, in consequence of an assertion by Commander Forbes in his work, 'Dahomey and Dahomans,' that the traffic in slaves was practised by Liberian citizens. He has since repeated the assertion, saying: 'That the citizens of Liberia are guilty of buying and holding slaves, I had ocular demonstration; and I know personally two Liberian citizens, ... , sojourners at Cape Mount, who owned several slaves, "in the general use of the term," but not in its legal sense as regards the treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade, as these slaves were what are termed domestic slaves or Pawns, and not intended for foreign slavery.' We can imagine the citizens of Liberia taking natives into their employment or care, under bonds similar to those which appertain to apprentices in our own country, and this may be a very good arrangement for all parties—possibly an unavoidable one in the case. There may also be such a thing as a Liberian citizen clandestinely breaking the law against slavery, which is held forth as an article of the fundamental constitution of the state, just as there are British citizens breaking the laws against homicide and theft among ourselves. Till more exact information reaches us, we shall continue to trust that such and no more is the extent of the guilt implied by Commander Forbes.

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the disappointment of those who have been reckoning their gains with eager anticipation.

And now I lose sight of the sea for a time, for my path lies across that wild bit of road where a landslip of former days has rent the cliff, and formed a deep ravine, down which rushes, in wet weather, and trickles in drier, a little moorland stream, which I cross by means of a rustic bridge which spans it, and reach the side of the heathy hill which is to bring me to 'the Beacon;' the highest point on that part of the coast, and one of the chief points of observation for the coast-guard. The gorse (*Ulex Europæus*) lies richly over the whole stretch of the hill, and a little of the purple heath begins to mix with it. The furze, gorse, or whin, all of which are synonymous terms, consists of but two species—*U. Europæus* and the dwarf furze (*U. nanus*)—the latter varying from the former only in being about a half smaller, and blowing later in the year. It is a papilionaceous flower, too well known to need much description; for its brilliant golden hue, and the rich fragrance, something like the smell of apricots, which it pours forth on the air, make it a general favourite. The young tops, which shoot after the old growth has been burnt, are occasionally eaten by cattle; and the whole plant, when cut and dried, makes a capital material for lighting fires or heating ovens; but wo to that baker or housemaid who ventures to handle it without a good pair of leathern gloves on! for most surely, like Duncan, his or her 'silver skin' will be 'laced with her golden blood;' for desperately sharp and penetrating are the spines wherewith it is armed.

I know nothing finer than the view from the top of the Beacon Cliff. The stretch of sea from Portland to Berry Head before me; to the right the beautiful river Exe, running by Mamhead and Powderham Castle in its way from the exquisite wooded country through which it passes on its way to the sea, and all round me, inland, are undulating hills—'brown with heath,' and cliffs

> 'That overtop the sea,
> Covered by sea-gulls, ships, and skiffs,
> That seem intent to be
> Each on its separate track of life,
> And each a mystery!'

But one of its greatest charms at this moment is, that it is near the point at which I descend to the thickets; so, leaving the higher ground, I go down a steep bit of rock, on which, later in the year, I shall find the elegant and rare little stonecrop (*Sedum Anglicum*) spreading its pink and white stars to the sunbeams; and crossing two sloping fields, find myself at the scene of action, and stop a moment before I pass through the gap in the hedge, and drop down the steep path, to gaze on the wealth of flowers before me. Thickets festooned with blue vetchs (*V. cracca*), clematis (*Clematis vitelba*), or old man's beard, as it is called from the white wig-like appearance it assumes when in seed; rose and honeysuckles; the ground below one casket of vivid embroidery of all hues; and a calm, solitary-like beach of the whitest shingle filling the little space which lies between the thickets and the waves which sparkle at its edge. There is a little trickling stream of water, too, which courses down the face of the lofty rock, and adds life and beauty to the scene as it glitters in the sunlight. But amidst all this beauty, there is one object which especially attracts my eye; and that is a rose lying far below me, and in one of the most tangled parts of the thicket: it is superior in height to any around it, and presents a richer glow of deep rose colour than any I ever saw before growing wild. This, then, is to be the main object at which I aim; so shaping my course accordingly, I let myself down the steep, steep path in the best way I can, half-sliding and half-helping myself forward by the twigs which offer themselves to my grasp, and soon find myself far down the cliff, and surrounded by as secluded and romantic a scene as painter's most imaginative pencil could portray—so very lovely, so dreamlike in its calm beauty, that often and often I have longed to find myself again seated in one of those precious little nooks, and feasting my eyes with the sweet scenes which there lay before me.

In my descent I found many varieties of the pea-tribe; but three among them were pre-eminent—the blue-tufted vetch (*Vicia cracca*); the elegant little rough-podded vetch (*Vicia bythinica*); and the wild everlasting-pea (*Lathyrus sylvestris.*) The first of these, *Vicia cracca*, is well known: it is that lovely purplish blue vetch which throws its flexile branches so luxuriantly, forming a graceful and brilliant drapery on the hedges, and climbing on the lower branches of the trees, whence its clustering flowers, of a most lovely lilac hue, depend in festoons and long wreaths. The second, the *Vicia bythinica*, is rare, and exceedingly elegant. I found it on the right hand a little way down the cliff, where it grows in large patches. The flowers are stalked, and generally solitary, composed of a purple standard (the large upper petal of the five, which form the corolla); the wings (which are the two smaller side-petals); and the keel (a sort of boat-shaped member), which is formed by the other two, being white. The stem is about eighteen inches long, and lies prostrate; the legumes are erect; the leaflets four, lance-shaped, and minutely pointed. It is a graceful little flower, and very proud was I of finding it; but not nearly so proud as when, a little farther on, I discovered the narrow-leaved everlasting-pea (*Lathyrus sylvestris*), with its branched tendrils and sword-shaped leaves, twining over the thickets of rose and honeysuckle, and promising a fine show of blossom. Only a few corollas were as yet open; but I did not fail to visit the spot a fortnight later, and secure an abundant supply of it. The wild and garden everlasting-pea closely resemble each other: there is the same winged stem, the same arrangement of blossom; and the pod is similar, as is the tendril: the blossoms are smaller, of a deeper and duller rose colour, but variegated in the same way with blue and green; and the petals, like those of the cultivated species, lose their crimson entirely before they drop off and yield to the pod.

The heat on the face of this southern cliff is intense, what little air there is being wholly warded off by the huge rocks which encircle the little cliff in which the thickets lie; so that not a breath visits me, and my courage begins to flag, and a belief in the stories that I have heard of this cliff being a muster-place for multitudes of vipers begins to grow on me, so that misgivings as to the prudence of having undertaken the adventure arise to my mind. But there is the great rose-tree in view, and 'nothing venture nothing have' is a true proverb; so I sit down in a shady spot, and taking off my bonnet and handkerchief, refresh my heated hands by laving them in a little pool from the rivulet of which I have spoken. And then as my body cooled so my mind warmed anew to my adventure, and a fresh glimpse of the crimson-tinted prize before me sufficed to make me start up with renewed life and energy, and again set forward. So on I rushed, my eye fixed on the landmark which was to guide me in my approach, and in an instant I found myself to my ankles in a deep slushy mire, the startling coldness of which recalled me from my fit of enthusiasm.

What was to be done? The stream from which I had refreshed myself flowed through a strip of bog, narrow, indeed, but enough to sorely perplex me, for the mud was very deep and black, and it lay directly between me and the rose; however, by a roundabout way, I at last crossed it. But now I had lost sight of my object, nor could I guess which way to steer. By pushing on at random through the most tangled part of the 'bosky bourne,' I at last discovered it close

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by me; and well was it worthy of the effort I had made to reach it. The unusual colour of the petals had first attracted me, but the *leaves* were now my wonder and delight. From every leaflet, as well as from the leaf-stalks, hung long silvery hairs; indeed it was so thickly coated with down in part that I fancied some of the fibres of the cotton-grass must have lodged on it; but none grew near, and I found on examination that they were the veritable growth of the tree itself. Then on gathering a branch, such a delicious odour was thrown out from it that I at once decided, though erroneously, that it was some kind of sweet-brier. The scent was quite of that character, and as powerful as that of any garden sweet-brier. It had evidently a running root, for many offsets had sprung up around, rivalling the parent tree in beauty and vigour—the leading shoots of all rising high, and arching somewhat at the upper part, and all armed with sharp and many prickles; those on the lower parts of the stem a little hooked, which tore my hands sadly, reminding me strongly of the inseparable union of *pain* with pleasure.

> But only in the fair primeval time,
> Without its piercing fence of bristly thorns,
> The crimson rose its tender petals spread.
> Then to the beauty of the lovely flower
> Sharp spines were added, that our pains might still
> Close to our pleasures lurk; and to our minds
> Recall the memory of that former sin
> From which (ah, well deserving!) was condemned
> The earth to bring forth nettles, thorns, and briers.

So speaks Torquato Tasso in his quaint but interesting little book, 'Le sette Giornate del Mondo Creato.'

One characteristic mark of my rose was the exceedingly bristly calyx and flower-stalk, and another its doubly-serrated leaves. I presented it on my return to a friend who was an eminent botanist, and she being herself unable to decide on it, sent it to two or three of the first botanists in Devonshire without success. I was, however, afterwards told by a botanical friend, that it was the downy-leaved rose (*Rosa tomentosa*): probably it was a variety of that species; but the tribe of wild roses is so varied and difficult that few will undertake to pronounce decidedly on them. The pretty 'bonnet-leaved rose' (*Rosa spinopipina*), with its lemon-tinted petals, and mild, snuff-like fragrance, is to be found in a similar locality on the cliffs of Babbincombe, near Torquay; but I never found it at Salterton, though I should think it very likely to be good in some parts of those thickets. I had certainly had a most successful day's sport; and no sportsman ever bagged his game with more self-satisfaction than I. I packed up my rose, and my *Vicia lythinica*, and my specimen of lathyrus. It was quite enough to compensate for all my heat and fatigue, as well as for my plunge into the mud; and even the vipers were quite forgotten. But my day's exploits were not yet all achieved. On my way back I found the grandest specimens of the spotted palmata orchis (*O. maculata*) studding the strip of bog by the side of the rivulet, and mixed with it beautiful and abundant spotted spikes of the marsh horsetail (*Equisetum palustra*), in fruit; and then, in a thicket a little farther up, I alighted on a tuft of the pyramidal orchis (*O. pyramidalis*), its conical clusters of crimson blossom rising on tall footstalks above the tangled vegetation around, and pouring out a stream of sweetness. But alas! it is a true though a trite saying, that 'the downhill path is ever easier than the uphill;' and so I found it now; and I would not advise any delicate person to invade these solitudes, for it is indeed an arduous undertaking; and it was with much thankfulness that I found myself safely landed on the top, and threw myself at length on the green-sward, to recover breath and strength for the long walk which yet lay before me. But things are generally worse in anticipation than in reality. The cool and genial air which, denied to the lower ground, was abundantly wafting over the hill, and laden with all sweet and pure odours from the heath flowers, soon refreshed me; and then from time to time I met a friend who, like myself, loved to linger on the hill, and observe the exquisite hues of the amber and rose-tinted clouds which now hung on the pale green of the evening sky, and were reflected on the expanse of sea, where the mackerel boats still lingered, and where now many little fairy-like pleasure-boats were flitting about in gay profusion—a little rest and chat on such occasions much relieved the fatigue I felt, and sent me on my homeward path with renewed vigour. Then another variety of the pea-tribe awaited me at one of my resting-places—the pretty yellow lady's finger (*Anthylli vulneraria*) which grows in dry pastures near the sea. This vetch has pinnated leaves, hairy underneath, with a terminal leaflet, and bears dense heads of yellow vetch-shaped flowers; the heads growing in pairs about a foot high. The blossoms, though generally yellow, are sometimes red or cream-coloured. The calyx and the flower-stalk are hairy, as are the large bracteis. Devonshire, Wales, and the south of Ireland seem to be its most usual localities, and some specimens of it formed a valuable addition to my already rich collection.

But even with all these pleasant things to allure me on my way, I was tired, and my spirits flagged long before I reached my home, so that I was glad to throw myself on the sympathy of a flower-loving friend, whom I found lingering on one of the seats half-way up the broad cliff, and to beguile the weary way with some chat. Exultingly did I display my treasures, and greatly did I find a little pleasant companionship aid me in conquering the rest of my journey; and not a little glad was I then, as I have often been since, that I lived not when

> 'The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
> Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
> Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
> Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength,'

but rather when I could enjoy that 'bliss reserved for happier day—the soft recumbency of outstretched limbs;' and truly I was glad that night to join the bard of Olney in his lay, and 'sing the sofa.'

EXTINCTION OF FIRE IN COAL-MINES.

Science has seldom been more usefully applied to ordinary purposes than in the recent remarkable case of fire-extinction in a Scottish coal-mine. An account of the case having appeared in various newspapers, we need do no more than refer to its more prominent features. A coal-mine of large extent, seven miles from Stirling, belonging to the Earl of Mansfield, had accidentally been set on fire about thirty years ago. The conflagration, which raged over twenty-six acres, was with difficulty kept from spreading by means of a surrounding wall, which was built at a cost of L.16,000. This wall was maintained at an expense of about L.200 per annum, and there was always a danger of the fire getting, by some accident, such as a fall of the roof, beyond its bounds, and spreading into extensive coal-fields below. All efforts to extinguish the fire having proved abortive, the proprietor called in the aid of Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, the inventor of the Bude light, and well known for his scientific acquirements.

Mr Gurney's plan of procedure was beautifully simple: it consisted in choking the fire with air deprived of its vital principle—oxygen. Arriving at the field of operation with all suitable assistance and appliances, he erected a furnace with a boiler to generate steam, near the mouth of a shaft leading down to the burning waste. With the boiler was connected an inch gas-pipe, sixty feet long, with a small cone

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for the high-pressure steam-jet at the end of it. This jet was placed at the proper striking distance from a cylinder of sheet-iron, one foot in diameter, and nine inches in length. The cylinder was the passage between a coke furnace and the downcast shaft; and by a simple contrivance it was arranged that either common air or air from the furnace could be blown down the shaft at pleasure. Everything being prepared, the mouth of the shaft was covered with iron plates and clayed over, so as to render it air-tight, and the choke-damp was turned on. That extinguishing gas was made by passing the atmospheric air through the coke fire in the furnace, which deprived it of all its oxygen, or rather the oxygen combined with the carbon of the coke, and formed carbonic acid, which gas, in mixture with the nitrogen left, was forced through the furnace, along the iron cylinder, down the shaft, and into the burning waste; the quantity of coke consumed being a sufficiently accurate measure of the quantity of air passed.

After blowing in about 8,000,000 cubic feet of choke-damp, it was found that the pit must be full of this extinguishing air; for it was discovered to be flowing out at the mouth of an upcast shaft, and running along the ground. It thus ran along the ground, from being heavier than common air. A light held in it was extinguished. The mine was kept full of the choke-damp for three weeks; and it being then judged that the fire must be pretty well out, a stream of cold spray, resembling a thick Scottish mist, was driven down the shaft by the force of the steam-jet. This process Mr Gurney thought very important, as he considered the difficulty of cooling the immense magazine of heat after the fire was extinguished, to prevent reignition on the admission of fresh air, to be the most uncertain part of the whole experiment. That he could extinguish the fire he had no doubt whatever, but to cool down the waste against the existing conditions of non-conduction and non-radiation he considered far more difficult.

Mr Edward Cayley of Westminster, who assisted in the operation, proceeds to say, in his published account, that 'when the temperature of the mine was sufficiently reduced, as indicated by the thermometer, so as to leave no fear of reignition, fresh air was blown in by the spray-jet, so as to pass through the mine charged with water, in order to cool it enough to allow of its being entered. After a time the action of the jet was reversed, and the air drawn through the mine in a contrary direction, so drawing out the air we had blown in charged with mist; and we continued drawing out mist or vapour for several days, which shewed that it had filled every part of the waste, and had remained suspended. The temperature of the air that was drawn out gradually decreased at the rate of about six degrees a day. After about one month's operations, the downcast-shaft was uncovered and descended, and found to be of a temperature of 98 degrees. The waste was examined by Mr Mather, who reported that falls had taken place so as to leave no passage to enable us to go any distance into it. A shaft was then sunk into the middle of the burning waste at the point where the fire was supposed to have been most fierce at the commencement of our operations. The roof was here found to have fallen, so that it was impossible to enter. The fire, however, was extinct. Several bore-holes have been driven into the waste at different points, and no fire can be discovered; and this mighty volcano is extinct.

'The vast amount of property endangered (in this case of the value of near L.200,000), and the frequency of the occurrence of these kinds of accidents, give a great public interest to this operation. It is but two years ago that the proprietor of the Dalquarren coal-mine in Ayrshire lost in half an hour L.1200 a year by a fire breaking out in one of his pits, which led to the total abandonment of the seam in which it occurred. It has burned and destroyed the wood on the surface, and extended over fourteen acres, but is now undergoing extinction by the same process, with every prospect of success.'

RESIGNING.

'Poor heart! what bitter words we speak
When God speaks of resigning!'

Children, that lay their pretty garlands by
Most lingeringly, yet with a patient will:
Sailors, that when th' o'erladen ship lies still,
Cast out her precious freight with veilèd eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never reach the wished-for shore:
Thus we, oh Infinite! stand Thee before,
And lay down at Thy feet, without one sigh,
Each after each, our lovely things and rare—
Our close heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flowers would die,
And the long-voyaged hoards be found all dust;
So take them, while unchanged. To Thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure;—Thou art just!

PANAMA.

A few weeks ago we gave a short account of a journey made across the Isthmus of Panama, terminating at Chagres, on the Gulf of Mexico; and occasion was taken to shew the superiority of this line over every other for ready communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. We are glad to see, from the communications of a correspondent of the 'Athenæum,' that the route above indicated is in the course of being adopted for a railway, and that the line is actually preparing. It is stated that the American company who have entered on the undertaking have chosen Navy Bay, near Chagres, for a terminus, in consequence of its preferable harbour. In going up the Chagres River, this writer mentions that the operations are visible at the distance of five miles. 'It was interesting and stirring,' he says, 'to turn a reach of the wild solitary river, with dense forests on each side, and see all at once the red embankment of earth, the trucks running along full and empty, while workmen with spades and wheelbarrows, and a little steamer lying alongside the cutting with implements and rails lumbering her deck.' This intelligent writer, whose letters in the 'Athenæum,' April 26 and May 3, we recommend for perusal, is decided in his opinion, from personal observation, that the route selected is the best. The line of railway is to be open for traffic in two years; at the end of which period, by means of this and other channels now in progress, a flood of communication will be poured in this direction to and from the Pacific. The great line of transit for passengers and mails to Australia and New Zealand, China and adjacent regions, will be by Panama; and as steam will be largely employed, it is pleasing to know that there will be no lack of fuel at either end of the line.

HINDOO BEGGAR.

We once knew a beggar who had a house his own property, and supported two families by his profession, and two others who were money-lenders, and in both the lines carried on a prosperous business. All these three persons were blind, and took up begging as a way of gaining their livelihood, just as others do weaving or carpentering, or any other trade. They were looked on by all their neighbours as most respectable members of society, and none of the feelings we associate with the idea of pauper ever entered their minds. A Brahman who begs is considered a much more respectable character than one that keeps a shop or holds a plough.

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THE RUDIMENTAL.

The state of society in which we live at present is commonly said to be *artificial;* but this, we suspect, is a misapplication of the term. If the present state of society be a natural development of powers and tendencies inherent in human nature, it is as natural as the condition of savagery itself. It would be as proper to say that the child is a production of nature and the man a production of art, when the fact is, that the one is the natural extension or *maturisation* of the other. A more just view regards the savage as a human being in a rudimentary, and the civilised man as one in a comparatively complete or perfect state. The true peculiarity of the latter is, that, by social combination, by checking here and expanding there, by looking to the past and future as well as the present, he effects results far beyond what the savage man can even attempt; yet all he does in this way he does under impulses inherent in his nature, and the doings of the barbarian are in no respect different.

It is the province of history to unveil the process by which nature works upwards in the development of the human race; but the historian usually views his subject, so to speak, with civilised eyes, and thus, in estimating characters and actions, employs a criterion calculated only to confuse and mislead. Even in the spectacle now passing before us, in the Pacific, of savages growing visibly into civilised men, we find no materials for judging of the ordinary process of nature. The Sandwich Islands, which were discovered little more than threescore-and-ten years ago—the life of an individual—are now governed by a constitutional sovereign, with a house of nobles and a house of representatives; and the grand-daughters of those interesting savages who swam out to meet their European visitors, are described as elegantly dressed and ladylike women, sitting in their boudoirs at handsome writing-tables, with the Gospel before them, printed in their own language. Such is obviously the result of forcing, not of natural growth. 'Surrounded, coaxed, grappled by European policy,' as this humble pen has elsewhere said, 'the little barbarian state was in a perfect hotbed of civilisation, and grew like a mushroom bedded in manure.' But if an individual specimen of humanity could be found, perfect in mind, yet so organised as to be incapable of imitation, and thus shut up to a great extent in a world of its own, might we not obtain a view of at least the rudiments of what we call our nature? Still these, it must be confessed, would only be the rudiments of beings in our present stage of development; and in estimating them it would be necessary to make allowance for the fact, that considerable differences of character naturally exist even in children of the same parents, reared under the same influences. We could only arrive, in short, at an approximation.

A specimen of this kind does actually exist. Many years ago we described to our readers the case of the interesting pupil of the Massachusetts Institution, Laura Bridgman, 'for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, the flowers no colour and no smell,' and who of course is likewise destitute of speech. She is now recalled to our memory by being made the subject of a philosophical inquiry; and although this is confined to the rudiments of language traced in her vocal sounds, the paper* leads the thoughtful mind into a variety of other channels suggested but not explored by the author. Of these we shall presently notice one or two of the most interesting; but in the first place we shall describe in a few words the theory of language he advocates.

The first element of all phonetic language is the interjection. Every emotion, by quickening the respiration, causes an oppression of the chest; and this seeks relief in a way that gives birth to our sighs, laughter, moaning, and the exclamation of ah! eh! oh! which gradually become alas! helas! ototoi! &c. in different languages. Laura Bridgman, from whom most of Mr Lieber's illustrations are taken—since, being blind, deaf, and dumb, she could at first have no other teacher than nature—was accustomed to express great wonder by the sound Ho-o-ph-ph! 'and the actor of broad farce accompanies his assumption of stupid surprise with the same exclamation.' Such sounds, expressing any kind of emotion, are as natural to us as growing pale or wringing the hands; and they come even from refined and educated men with the passion and spontaneity of poor Laura's uncouth cries. When urged by her teacher to restrain these disagreeable sounds, she replied in expostulation: 'But I have very much voice—God gave me much voice;' although afterwards, when she felt an irresistible impulse, she shut herself up in her closet, and indulged 'in a surfeit of sounds;' or when deeply grieving, in unrestrained weeping. Laura, although obedient, gentle, modest, and affectionate, is so imperfectly organised that she is unable to hear her own voice, or to taste her own tears! We may add here, that the ordinary nod for affirmation and shake of the head for negation are as natural to her as the sounds in which she revels.

Mr Lieber's second class is the imitative word—such

* A Paper on the Vocal Sounds of Laura Bridgman, the Blind Deaf-Mute, at Boston; compared with the Elements of Phonetic Language. By Francis Lieber. Forming a portion of the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.

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as mutter, whiz, splash, &c. Out of the interjection there arises a third—such as the words formed from the sharp exhalation of the sound *f*, by which all men express disgust or contempt. This sound becomes fie, *fien* (to hate, in Low German), fiend, pooh, &c. It must be observed that even imitative words are not the same in all languages, but differ according to the genius of the people—the French, for instance, giving the sound of the drum by rataplan; the Germans by brumberum; and the English by rubadub. The fourth class proceeds from the imitative words—as, for instance, in the case of the English word sly, which, although it means cunning, is derived from the root of the word sliding. Another class resembles the interjectional. Flash is given as an example, expressing rapidity as well as brightness. Another class is illustrated by the English word mum! the interjection for silence, itself said to be founded on another interjection. 'When we address erroneously a deaf-mute, or a person unable to hear and speak, and he desires to make us understand that he cannot speak, he compresses his lips and breathes strongly against the palate (so decidedly does thought or feeling animate the organs of respiration, and so phonetic or sound-sending is the nature of man.) This produces a humming sound—*um* or *mum*.' Here we think our author is not so happy as usual. The interjection, mum! for silence, is obviously the sound produced when the flow of words is suddenly checked. Ma, or mama for mother, is found in nearly all languages, and is the first articulate cry of the child produced by the alternate opening and closing of the lips upon the simplest of all vowel sounds, a (pronounced as in ha.)

'All other words are probably formed by composition, contraction, expansion, repeated transformation, and certain changes which gradually come to designate a general or peculiar relationship subsisting between certain ideas, or between the forms of words themselves in a purely grammatical point of view, the whole being essentially affected by the peculiar formative spirit with which a tribe shapes its words—whether, for instance, it is analytical; whether monosyllabic, as with the Chinese; or holophrastic, as with the American Indians. While these changes are going on with the formed words, their meaning alters according to the endless association of ideas, real or imagined affinities, the gradual expansion of the mind, the constant generalisation and abstraction, or a retrogressive degeneracy; and many other causes, mental and physical. It will have been observed that I have spoken only of the origin of words and of their phonetic formation. The meaning which they acquire constitutes a different subject, which demands attention to all the laws of psychology—of the gradual progress of civilisation—to the laws of intellectual and philological degeneracy (for this has its laws, like all disintegration or corruption), to the changes of history—and, in short, to all the altering conditions and relations which take place within, under, and around man, individually and collectively, by tribes and nations, by concentration and tribal separation, by mixture, fusion, and by emigration—in politics, religion, the arts, and every advancement and debasement.'

Such is the theory of language which Mr Lieber studied in the hardly-articulate sounds of a being without the faculty of speech, and destitute of three out of the five senses!* By the sense of touch alone is Laura capable of holding any communication with the external world, and her innate perceptions, therefore, form a most interesting subject for inquiry and reflection. In her we see the human mind in what may be said to resemble the interjectional state of language, and we are surprised to find that much of what we have been accustomed to consider artificial in ourselves belongs in reality to nature.

A deaf-mute communicates by means of ocular signs, which have no phonetic value for him; but Laura, being blind as well as mute and deaf, traces her words on the palm of the hand of those she converses with. It seems hardly credible that her teacher, Dr Howe, could have triumphed over such extraordinary difficulties; but Laura does not merely converse in this manner—she writes letters to her friends, correct both in spelling and composition. Nature, however, was her first teacher, and in her language we recognise our own. 'When Laura is astonished or amazed, she rounds and protrudes her lips, opens them, breathes strongly, spreads her arms, and turns her hands with extended fingers upwards, just as we do when wondering at something very uncommon. I have seen her biting her lips with an upward contraction of the facial muscles when roguishly listening at the account of some ludicrous mishap, precisely as lively persons among us would do.' These phenomena she could never have seen or felt by the touch; they are therefore not imitative but instinctive. In like manner, when speaking of any one, she points to the spot where she had last conversed with him, as if he was there before her mind's eye. 'When Laura once spoke to me of her own crying, when a little child, she accompanied her words with a long face, drawing her fingers down the face, indicating the copious flow of tears; and when, on New-Year's Day of 1844, she wished in her mind a happy new year to her benefactor Dr Howe, then in Europe, she involuntarily turned toward the east, and made with both her outstretched arms a waving and blessing motion.' These motions are all spontaneous, like an expression passing unconsciously over the face. She has no purpose in making them, for she does not know what sight is, and does not know that they can be observed and interpreted by others.

Laura blushes and weeps, laughs and smiles, and stamps upon the ground in a transport of joy. 'When I read your last letter to her, she laughed and clapped her hands.' When she is merry, she often sings; and when she says a humorous thing, she is not satisfied if the person addressed does not laugh heartily. She once dreamed 'that God had taken away her *breath* to heaven'—a common conception of the human soul, breath and spirit being synonymous in many languages.

We come now to Laura's innate modesty, delicacy, or sense of what is commonly called propriety. The fact of such a feeling existing in her proves that it is natural, although it does not necessarily follow that it is primitive. There are many savage tribes that are disgusting in their habits, and few if any that are pleasing; but the nature of a human being would seem to change in new developments, like the perfume of a flower. If Laura had been the child of savages, delicacy would not perhaps have been one of her characteristics.

Her general goodness, amiability, and generosity are likewise natural in the present stage of being, and do not, we think, belong to her merely as an individual. The baseness of civilised man does not come from nature but from circumstance. In our waking dreams, when the mind is abstracted from the actually-existing world, none of us are bad: we are all charitable, generous, and high-minded; and even the deadliest revenge we act in imagination has a character of justice, however wild and stern. This is our nature, however different it may seem when we are in contact with the circumstances of life. There the agitation and unequal pressure overturn the equilibrium of our minds, our bad qualities assume the ascendancy, and our actions belie our thoughts. Such a process could not have taken place with Laura. This object of the most uniform and tender solicitude has never been

* We might almost say four out of the five, her sense of taste being very defective.

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roused from her dream. Her mind is in its state of nature, where she breathes and feels only an atmosphere of love. Her thoughts have no injuries to dwell upon, but are full of benefactions. 'Laura said to me, in answer to a question why she uttered a certain sound rather than spelled the name: "I think of Janet's noise; many times when I think how she give me good things, I do not think to spell her name." And at another time, hearing her in the next room make the peculiar sound for Janet, I hastened to her, and asked her why she made it. She said, "Because I think how she do love me much; and I love her much."'

If Laura was not naturally amiable, instead of these beautiful and grateful feelings, her solitude would be disturbed by envy or acquisitiveness. Let it not be supposed, however, that this amiability partakes in the slightest degree of weakness: Laura, on the contrary, has much character, and her love of power and strong will are only controlled by her sense of right. This helpless being requires to know *why* she should do such a thing, and it is not till she is satisfied with the explanation that she obeys. Laura, moreover, is inclined to vanity, and to the use of grandiloquent expressions; but her teachers, who did not educate her as a philosophical experiment, but for her own sake, have taken care to keep out of her way everything that could strengthen her foibles.

We have now to mention a curious and interesting circumstance connected with this imperfectly-organised being: it is her æsthetical feeling and sense of beauty. In former articles on this subject we endeavoured to explain Mr Hay's theory, in which he appears to demonstrate that in nature there is a science of beauty as well as of music, both being based on geometrical principles. The song of birds, and every other beautiful sound in nature, are composed on these principles; and so likewise is the Venus de Medici and every other beautiful object. Laura is a powerful evidence on this question. She cannot see: she is not seduced by colour or expression into calling that beauty which is merely lovesomeness; form is the only thing of which her senses can take cognisance; and of symmetry she judges with a severe and classical taste. The perception of beauty, therefore, is innate like the perception of harmony; and the blind, deaf, and dumb, who can form no conception of the blush that mantles on the cheek, or of the expression of the plastic lip or kindling eye, may be thrilled with the beauty of form. Let us add that Laura's sense of beauty is wholly distinct from her sense of lovesomeness. She is perfectly capable of love, although the sentiment is not inspired by colour or expression, but by manifestations of kind and generous feeling. This may receive some illustration from the beautiful picture given by Mr Lieber of the companionship of Laura. 'I have often seen her,' says he, 'seated by the side of a female friend, her left arm around the waist of her companion, and her right hand on the knee of the other, who was imprinting with rapidity on Laura's open hand what she was reading in a book before them. They thus formed the personification of the great achievement which Dr Howe has gained over appalling difficulties, never overcome, and scarcely attempted to be overcome, by any one before him—the picture of a communion of minds in spite of the enduring night and deathlike silence which enwraps poor Laura—an example of the victories in store for a sincere love of our neighbour, combined with sagacity, patience, resolute will, and what Locke calls, sound round-about common sense.'

'While I am writing these words,' says Mr Lieber, 'a tuneful mocking-bird is pouring out its melodious song before my window. Rich, and strong, and mellow as is the ever-varying music of this sprightliest of all songsters of the forest compared to the feeble and untuned sounds which Laura utters in her isolated state, yet her sounds are symbols of far greater import. She, even without hearing her own sounds, and with the crudest organs of utterance, yet has risen to the great idea of the Word. She wills to designate by sound. In her a mind is struggling to manifest itself, and to commune with mind, revealing a part of those elements which our Maker has ordained as the means to insure the development of humanity. The bird, with all its power of varied voice, remains for ever in mental singleness; Laura, in all her lasting darkness and stillness, and with that solitary thread which unites her with the world without—the sense of touch—still proves, in every movement of her mind and urgency of her soul, that she belongs to those beings who, each in a different indestructible individuality, are yet fashioned for a mutual life, for sacred reciprocal dependence and united efforts.'

We have now seen the complicated language in which civilised men clothe their thoughts traced to its emotional rudiments, and (with the limitation stated above) we have obtained a glimpse of the skeleton of the human character stripped of the tissues woven around it by circumstance in the progress of ages. At first view the spectacle may seem anything but flattering to our pride; but examined more closely, we think it is full of encouragement. It represents man as a progressive being, whose destinies are now only in the course of development; and it shews that he has his fate in a great measure in his own hands; the powers and capacities of thought and feeling with which he is furnished by nature being, like the talents of Scripture, the materials wherewithal he is to build up his fortune. What we have called Circumstance is not the 'unspiritual god' of Byron, 'whose touch turns hope to dust,' but something that may be fashioned and controlled by Education and Reflection—the teachers who work upon our spirits, instinct, like that of the gentle Laura, with good impulses in predominance over the evil. If the mind of this blind-deaf-mute be not a *lusus naturæ* as well as her organisation, we may collect from it that the impulse to vice and crime is received from without, and that we yield to it against the feelings and instinctive convictions within. We infer, besides, that innate qualities change in different stages of human development; and in our opinion, if history were only written and read under this conviction, it would no longer be the sealed book it is at present.

Having said so much about Laura, we may conclude by assuring our readers that this being,

'Sent into this breathing world not half made up,'

passes a life of tranquil happiness. Sometimes, when endeavouring to comprehend the mystic faculty of sight, she regrets her inability 'to see this beautiful world;' but she finds lovelier things within her—kindly thoughts, warm affections, and high and holy aspirations; and so the poor girl thanks God for her lot, and frequently exclaims: 'I am so happy that I have been created!'

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly but powerfully made, with a hardy, weather-beaten, yet handsome face, strong, indefatigable, and a crack shot, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like the beasts he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came, with a pretty young wife, to settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who would have to lead such a solitary life; whilst others said: 'If she was fool enough to marry him, it was her own look-out.' For nearly four months Tom remained at home, and em-

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ployed his time in making the old hut he had fixed on for their residence more comfortable. He cleared and tilled a small spot of land around it, and Susan began to hope that for her sake he would settle down quietly as a squatter. But these visions of happiness were soon dispelled, for as soon as this work was finished he recommenced his old erratic mode of life, and was often absent for weeks together, leaving his wife alone, yet not unprotected, for since his marriage old Nero, a favourite hound, was always left at home as her guardian. He was a noble dog—a cross between the old Scottish deerhound and the bloodhound, and would hunt an Indian as well as a deer or bear, which Tom said, 'was a proof they Ingins was a sort o' warmint, or why should the brute beast take to hunt 'em, nat'ral like—him that took no notice o' white men?'

One clear, cold morning, about two years after their marriage, Susan was awakened by a loud crash, immediately succeeded by Nero's deep baying. She recollected that she had shut him in the house as usual the night before. Supposing he had winded some solitary wolf or bear prowling around the hut, and effected his escape, she took little notice of the circumstance; but a few moments after came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring from her bed, throw on her clothes, and rush from the hut, was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted what the hound was in pursuit of. Fearful thoughts shot through her brain: she called wildly on Nero, and to her joy he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew nearer she saw that he gallopped heavily, and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain reeled; she felt a cold and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and of horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she recovered herself, just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion; she placed her hand on his little naked chest; the heart within had ceased to beat—he was dead! The deep marks of the dog's fangs were visible on the neck, but the body was untorn. Old Nero stood with his large bright eyes fixed on the face of his mistress, fawning on her, as if he expected to be praised for what he had done, and seemed to wonder why she looked so terrified. But Susan spurned him from her; and the fierce animal, who would have pulled down an Indian as he would a deer, crouched humbly at the young woman's feet. Susan carried the little body gently in her arms to the hut, and laid it on her own bed. Her first impulse was to seize a loaded rifle that hung over the fireplace, and shoot the hound; and yet she felt she could not do it, for in the lone life she led the faithful animal seemed like a dear and valued friend, who loved and watched over her, as if aware of the precious charge intrusted to him. She thought also of what her husband would say, when on his return he should find his old companion dead. Susan had never seen Tom roused. To her he had ever shewn nothing but kindness; yet she feared as well as loved him, for there was a fire in those dark eyes which told of deep, wild passions hidden in his breast, and she knew that the lives of a whole tribe of Indians would be light in the balance against that of his favourite hound.

Having securely fastened up Nero, Susan, with a heavy heart, proceeded to examine the ground around the hut. In several places she observed the impression of a small moccasoned foot, but not a child's. The tracks were deeply marked, unlike the usual light, elastic tread of an Indian. From this circumstance Susan easily inferred that the woman had been carrying her child when attacked by the dog. There was nothing to shew why she had come so near the hut: most probably the hopes of some petty plunder had been the inducement. Susan did not dare to wander far from home, fearing a band of Indians might be in the neighbourhood. She returned sorrowfully to the hut, and employed herself in blocking up the window, or rather the hole where the window had been, for the powerful hound had in his leap dashed out the entire frame, and shattered it to pieces. When this was finished, Susan dug a grave, and in it laid the little Indian boy. She made it close to the hut, for she could not bear that wolves should devour those delicate limbs, and she knew that there it would be safe. The next day Tom returned. He had been very unsuccessful, and intended setting out again in a few days in a different direction.

'Susan,' he said, when he had heard her sad story, 'I wish you 'd let' the child wheer the dog killed him. The squaw 's high sartain to come back a-seekin' for the body, and 'tis a pity the poor crittur should be disapinted. Besides, the Ingins will be high sartain to put it down to us; whereas if so be as they 'd found the body 'pon the spot, maybe they 'd onderstand as 'twas an accident like, for they 're unkimmon cunning warmint, though they a'nt got sense like Christians.'

'Why do you think the poor woman came here?' said Susan. 'I never knew an Indian squaw so near the hut before.'

She fancied a dark shadow flitted across her husband's brow. He made no reply; and on her repeating the question, said angrily—how should he know? 'Twas as well to ask for a bear's reasons as an Ingin's.

Tom only stayed at home long enough to mend the broken window, and plant a small spot of Indian corn, and then again set out, telling Susan not to expect him home in less than a month. 'If that squaw comes this way agin,' he said, 'as maybe she will, jist put out any broken victuals you've a-got for the poor crittur; though maybe she wont come, for they Ingins be onkimmon skeary.' Susan wondered at his taking an interest in the woman, and often thought of that dark look she had noticed, and of Tom's unwillingness to speak on the subject. She never knew that on his last hunting expedition, when hiding some skins which he intended to fetch on his return, he had observed an Indian watching him, and had shot him with as little mercy as he would have shewn a wolf. On Tom's return to the spot the body was gone; and in the soft damp soil was the mark of an Indian squaw's foot, and by its side a little child's. He was sorry then for the deed he had done: he thought of the grief of the poor widow, and how it would be possible for her to live until she could reach her tribe, who were far, far distant, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and now to feel that through his means, too, she had lost her child, put thoughts into his mind that had never before found a place there. He thought that one God had formed the Red Man as well as the White—of the souls of the many Indians hurried into eternity by his unerring rifle; and they perhaps were more fitted for their 'happy hunting-grounds' than he for the white man's heaven. In this state of mind, every word his wife had said to him seemed a reproach, and he was glad again to be alone in the forest with his rifle and his hounds.

The afternoon of the third day after Tom's departure, as Susan was sitting at work, she heard something scratching and whining at the door. Nero, who was by her side, evinced no signs of anger, but ran to the door, shewing his white teeth, as was his custom when pleased. Susan unbarred it, when to her astonishment the two deerhounds her husband had taken with him walked into the hut, looking weary and soiled. At first she thought Tom might have killed a deer not far from home, and had brought her a fresh supply of venison; but no one was there. She rushed from the hut, and soon, breathless and terrified, reached the squatter's cabin. John Wilton and his three sons were

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just returned from the clearings, when Susan ran into their comfortable kitchen; her long black hair streaming on her shoulders, and her wild and bloodshot eyes, gave her the appearance of a maniac. In a few unconnected words she explained to them the cause of her terror, and implored them to set off immediately in search of her husband. It was in vain they told her of the uselessness of going at that time—of the impossibility of following a trail in the dark. She said she would go herself; she felt sure of finding him; and at last they were obliged to use force to prevent her leaving the house.

The next morning at daybreak Wilton and his two sons were mounted, and ready to set out, intending to take Nero with them; but nothing could induce him to leave his mistress: he resisted passively for some time, until one of the young men attempted to pass a rope round his neck, to drag him away: then his forbearance vanished; he sprung on his tormentor, threw him down, and would have strangled him if Susan had not been present. Finding it impossible to make Nero accompany them, they left without him, but had not proceeded many miles before he and his mistress were at their side. They begged Susan to return, told her of the hardships she must endure, and of the inconvenience she would be to them. It was of no avail; she had but one answer: 'I am a hunter's daughter, and a hunter's wife.' She told them that knowing how useful Nero would be to them in their search, she had secretly taken a horse and followed them.

The party rode first to Tom Cooper's hut, and there having dismounted, leading their horses through the forest, followed the trail, as only men long accustomed to a savage life can do. At night they lay on the ground, covered with their thick bear-skin cloaks: for Susan only they heaped up a bed of dried leaves; but she refused to occupy it, saying it was her duty to bear the same hardships they did. Ever since their departure she had shewn no sign of sorrow. Although slight and delicately formed, she never appeared fatigued: her whole soul was absorbed in one longing desire—to find her husband's body; for from the first she had abandoned the hope of ever again seeing him in life. This desire supported her through everything. Early the next morning they were again on the trail. About noon, as they were crossing a small brook, the hound suddenly dashed away from them, and was lost in the thicket. At first they fancied they might have crossed the track of a deer or wolf; but a long mournful howl soon told the sad truth, for not far from the brook lay the faithful dog on the dead body of his master, which was pierced to the heart by an Indian arrow.

The murderer had apparently been afraid to approach on account of the dogs, for the body was left as it had fallen—not even the rifle was gone. No sign of Indians could be discovered save one small footprint, which was instantly pronounced to be that of a squaw. Susan shewed no grief at the sight of the body; she maintained the same forced calmness, and seemed comforted that it was found. Old Wilton stayed with her to remove all that now remained of her darling husband, and his two sons again set out on the trail, which soon led them into the open prairie, where it was easily traced through the tall thick grass. They continued riding all that afternoon, and the next morning by daybreak were again on the track, which they followed to the banks of a wide but shallow stream. There they saw the remains of a fire. One of the brothers thrust his hand among the ashes, which were still warm. They crossed the river, and in the soft sand on the opposite bank saw again the print of small moccasoned footsteps. Here they were at a loss; for the rank prairie grass had been consumed by one of those fearful fires so common in the prairies, and in its stead grew short sweet herbage, where even an Indian's eye could observe no trace. They were on the point of abandoning the pursuit, when Richard, the younger of the two, called his brother's attention to Nero, who had of his own accord left his mistress to accompany them, as if he now understood what they were about. The hound was trotting to and fro, with his nose to the ground, as if endeavouring to pick out a cold scent. Edward laughed at his brother, and pointed to the track of a deer that had come to drink at the river. At last he agreed to follow Nero, who was now cantering slowly across the prairie. The pace gradually increased, until, on a spot where the grass had grown more luxuriantly than elsewhere, Nero threw up his nose, gave a deep bay, and started off at so furious a pace, that although well mounted, they had great difficulty in keeping up with him. He soon brought them to the borders of another forest, where, finding it impossible to take their horses farther, they tethered them to a tree, and set off again on foot. They lost sight of the hound, but still from time to time heard his loud baying far away. At last they fancied it sounded nearer instead of becoming less distinct; and of this they were soon convinced. They still went on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, until they saw Nero sitting with his fore-paws against the trunk of a tree, no longer mouthing like a well-trained hound, but yelling like a fury. They looked up in the tree, but could see nothing; until at last Edward espied a large hollow about half way up the trunk. 'I was right, you see,' he said. 'After all, it's nothing but a bear; but we may as well shoot the brute that has given us so much trouble.'

They set to work immediately with their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter, when a dark object, they could not tell what in the dim twilight, crawled from its place of concealment to the extremity of a branch, and from thence sprung into the next tree. Snatching up their rifles, they both fired together; when, to their astonishment, instead of a bear, a young Indian squaw, with a wild yell, fell to the ground. They ran to the spot where she lay motionless, and carried her to the borders of the wood where they had that morning dismounted. Richard lifted her on his horse, and springing himself into the saddle, carried the almost lifeless body before him. The poor creature never spoke. Several times they stopped, thinking she was dead: her pulse only told the spirit had not flown from its earthly tenement. When they reached the river which had been crossed by them before, they washed the wounds, and sprinkled water on her face. This appeared to revive her; and when Richard again lifted her in his arms to place her on his horse, he fancied he heard her mutter in Iroquois one word—'revenged!' It was a strange sight, these two powerful men tending so carefully the being they had a few hours before sought to slay, and endeavouring to stanch the blood that flowed from wounds which they had made! Yet so it was. It would have appeared to them a sin to leave the Indian woman to die; yet they felt no remorse at having inflicted the wound, and doubtless would have been better pleased had it been mortal; but they would not have murdered a wounded enemy, even an Indian warrior, still less a squaw. The party continued their journey until midnight, when they stopped to rest their jaded horses. Having wrapped the squaw in their bearskins, they lay down themselves with no covering save the clothes they wore. They were in no want of provisions, as not knowing when they might return, they had taken a good supply of bread and dried venison, not wishing to lose any precious time in seeking food whilst on the trail. The brandy still remaining in their flasks they preserved for the use of their captive. The evening of the following day they reached the trapper's hut, where they were not a little surprised to find Susan. She told them that although John Wilton had begged her to live with them, she could not bear to leave the spot where everything reminded her of one to think

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of whom was now her only consolation, and that whilst she had Nero, she feared nothing. They needed not to tell their mournful tale—Susan already understood it but too clearly. She begged them to leave the Indian woman with her. 'You have no one,' she said, 'to tend and watch her as I can do; besides, it is not right that I should lay such a burthen on you.' Although unwilling to impose on her the painful task of nursing her husband's murderess, they could not but allow that she was right; and seeing how earnestly she desired it, at last consented to leave the Indian woman with her.

For many long weeks Susan nursed her charge as tenderly as if she had been her sister. At first she lay almost motionless, and rarely spoke; then she grew delirious, and raved wildly. Susan fortunately could not understand what she said, but often turned shudderingly away when the Indian woman would strive to rise from her bed, and move her arms as if drawing a bow; or yell wildly, and cower in terror beneath the clothes, reacting in her delirium the fearful scenes through which she had passed. By degrees reason returned; she gradually got better, but seemed restless and unhappy, and could not bear the sight of Nero. The first proof of returning reason she had shewn was to shriek in terror when he once accidentally followed his mistress into the room where she lay. One morning Susan missed her; she searched around the hut, but she was gone, without having taken farewell of her kind benefactress.

A few years after Susan Cooper (no longer 'pretty Susan,' for time and grief had done their work) heard late one night a hurried knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hour of the night. A few hurried words in Iroquois were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbarring the door. But on listening again, she distinctly heard the same voice say, 'Quick—quick!' and recognised it as the Indian woman's whom she had nursed. The door was instantly opened, when the squaw rushed into the hut, seized Susan by the arm, and made signs to her to come away. She was too much excited to remember then the few words of English she had picked up when living with the white woman. Expressing her meaning by gestures with a clearness peculiar to the Indians, she dragged rather than led Susan from the hut. They had just reached the edge of the forest when the wild yells of the Indians sounded in their ears. Having gone with Susan a little way into the forest her guide left her. For nearly four hours she lay there half-dead with cold and terror, not daring to move from her place of concealment. She saw the flames of the dwelling where so many lonely hours had been passed rising above the trees, and heard the shrill 'whoops' of the retiring Indians. Nero, who was lying by her side, suddenly rose and gave a low growl. Silently a dark figure came gliding among the trees directly to the spot where she lay. She gave herself up for lost; but it was the Indian woman who came to her, and dropped at her feet a bag of money, the remains of her late husband's savings. The grateful creature knew where it was kept; and whilst the Indians were busied examining the rifles and other objects more interesting to them, had carried it off unobserved. Waving her arm around to shew that all was now quiet, she pointed in the direction of Wilton's house, and was again lost among the trees.

Day was just breaking when Susan reached the squatter's cabin. Having heard the sad story, Wilton and two of his sons started immediately for the spot. Nothing was to be seen save a heap of ashes. The party had apparently consisted of only three or four Indians; but a powerful tribe being in the neighbourhood, they saw that it would be too hazardous to follow them. From this time Susan lived with the Wiltons. She was as a daughter to the old man, and a sister to his sons, who often said: 'That, as far as they were concerned, the Indians had never done a kindlier action than in burning down Susan Cooper's hut.'

SIR JAMES BALFOUR'S COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Sir James Balfour of Denmiln was a Scottish antiquary, and a collector of antiquities and manuscripts in the seventeenth century. He must not be confounded with that Sir James Balfour of the preceding century, who was concerned in the death of Cardinal Beaton, but was so little actuated by Protestant feeling that Knox, with his usual euphony, branded him as 'Blasphemous Balfour.' The subject of this notice was the son of a Fife laird with a numerous family, and he raised himself by his industry and capacity. The fertility of his race must have been such as no Scottish family possessions could have kept up with. If we believe Sir Robert Sibbald, the father of Sir James saw 300 of his descendants before he was committed to the earth, and a younger son, Sir Andrew, lived to see 600 descendants of his father alive. It is clear that the Balfours must have known how to make their own way in the world, and Sir James was not the only one of them who in his own generation was distinguished. He formed a literary acquaintance and association with many of the ablest Scotsmen of his day—such as Drummond of Hawthornden, Gordon of Straloch, Pont, Scott of Scottstarvet, author of 'the Staggering State of Scots Statesmen;' and the like. His own principal pursuits would scarcely have conferred literary distinction on him in later times—they were in the twin sciences of heraldry and genealogy—then enrolled among the noblest of sublunary studies. He obtained his reward by being appointed Lord Lyon King-at-Arms. It is rare that a person obtained at that period a high office through sheer study and zeal for his favourite subject, especially an office so intimately associated with the aristocracy of the country and their most cherished honours and distinctions. Their honours were, however, confided to true and zealous keeping. Doubtless many who have studied the arts which recommend them to the aristocracy have worked with their tongues in their cheeks, looking to the reward while they secretly despised the occupation. Balfour, however, it is evident, sincerely adored heraldry and genealogy. His sincerity is evinced by a long list of his works, left by his friend Sir Robert Sibbald, beginning thus:—'A Treatise of Surnames in General, but especially of those in Scotland;' 'A Treatise of the Order of the Thistle;' 'An Account of the Ceremonies used at the Coronation of King Charles I. at Holyrood House;' 'The Ceremonies used at the Coronation of King Charles II. at Scone, &c.;' 'An Account of the Coats of Armes borne by the Nobility and Gentry of Scotland.' Such is the mere commencement of a list which it would be a tiresome enough task to read through.

Balfour, in following out his genealogical researches, collected any letters and documents which might throw light on them. Though he wrote what he conceived to be a history of Scotland, and left annals of his own times, his chief service to the present day has been his collection of documents. Many of them have been doubtless dispersed; a circumstance to be regretted, if we may judge of their interest and value from those which have been preserved.

In the year 1698, the fragment of his collection of manuscripts remaining in the possession of Balfour's descendants was offered for sale: it was purchased by the Faculty of Advocates for L.150. This was so considerable a sum for that period in Scotland, that it is necessary to anticipate questions and say, that it was

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sterling, not Scots money. The collection is still in the Advocates' Library, forming a range of flexible sheep-skin covered volumes, the state of which does credit to their binder; for after having been consulted and tossed about for more than a century and a half, they appear in very good condition.

The contents of these volumes are so varied and curious, that it would occupy a considerable space to give a mere cursory view of them. There are not, so far as we know, any memorials of those who have been solely known as literary men in the collection. Among the multitude of memorials of the later days of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of James, we question if there is a word to throw light on the dramatic literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries; there is not even, we believe, any letter from the collector's own friend, the Scottish Petrarch. The collection contains, however, many letters by Lord Bacon; for Bacon was a peer and a lord chancellor, and therefore was illustrious according to the ideas of the Lyon King-at-arms. These letters may be found with others in the ample collection of all Bacon's known writings, edited by Basil Montagu. In looking over the originals, one is apt to smile on observing the pains taken to make the letters addressed to King James legible; while the others are written in the illustrious philosopher's ordinary careless manner. There is nothing wonderful, perhaps, in this difference taken by itself. It is a piece of natural etiquette to write distinctly to a person of superior rank. It is when the rank awarded to the two parties —Bacon and King James—by posterity is considered, that it becomes strange to look at the caligraphy of the author of the new philosophy.

There are specimens of King James's own sacred handwriting in Balfour's Collection: no doubt he thought them much more valuable than Bacon's. They are, in reality, very curious. It is seldom that the handwriting so closely represents the character. It is pedantic and feeble in the extreme; so much so, as to be very like the writing of a schoolboy just put into small text. He writes, to be sure, on some nervous matters of state: as, for instance, a paper called 'The true State of the Questioun whether Peacham's case be Treasoun or not.' Peacham was the poor clergyman who was condemned to death for having in his possession a sermon reflecting on King James: it was not preached, and it was never clear that he intended to preach and publish it. His condemnation was anxiously desired by the modern Solomon; and it was an object which created dissensions between the sterner supporters of the law and those judges who wished to favour the prerogative. King James took it as a personal matter, and it is perhaps to this that the extreme shakiness of his schoolboy text is to be attributed. He writes, in a more easy and manly way, in another letter in the same collection, which he concludes: 'From the castell of Croneburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryving our in the auld maner.'

This letter, which has been printed more than once, was addressed to Alexander Lyndsay of the Balcarras family, whom he afterwards made Lord Spynie. James was, when he wrote it, on the expedition to Denmark, which ended in his bringing home Queen Anne—an episode altogether out of the way of the ordinary routine and character of his history. The 'drinking and driving our' at Cronberg was probably deeper than any he had seen even in Scotland. The Danish prince came over with a train of jolly fellows to see his connection when he was king of the whole island of Britain. The drunkenness of the Danes, and the scenes exhibited at the court of Theobalds—never very decent—scandalised the British courtiers even of those days. Sir John Harington's account of a masque given on that occasion has been often quoted, but is amusing enough to bear repetition. He says: 'The entertainment and show went forward; and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down, wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress Hope, Faith, and Charity: Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble, that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joyned with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed. In some sort she made obeysance, and brought giftes, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given His Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick in the lower hall.'

This is not altogether inappropriate to the collection of papers left by Sir James Balfour, since there are among them many letters by King James's queen, Anne of Denmark. Historians have been puzzled about her character. On the whole, what is known of her is favourable; and any disagreeables have been explained by the view that she was a clever woman—at least clever enough to know the proprieties of her position, and be keenly alive to the ridiculous figure her husband sometimes cut—but not one with a powerful enough mind to command him and put him right. There are several autograph letters by this queen to her husband in Balfour's Collection. They are generally very pretty pieces of writing. The Italian hand, as it was called, was the favourite accomplishment of royalty in that age; and if one were judging from the mere lines and angles as they strike the eye, the queen's letters would be pronounced of a much later date than the other manuscripts in the collection, and might be attributed to a treasury clerk of George III.'s reign. Her letters are, on the whole, amusing. Here is one in which she is in anger; and it is blotted and interlined—a contrast to the formal neatness of the others:—

'Sir—What I have said to Sr Roger is trew—I could not but think it strange that any about your Matie durst presume to bring neer where your Matie is, or that had offered me such a publicke scorne, for honor gois befor lyfe, I must ever thing so. Humble kissing your Matie hands, I rest ever yours, Anna R.'

In her anger she writes *thing* instead of *think*—a natural enough occurrence. There were many little quarrels between her and the king, of which we may find light traces in the annalists of the period. She often complained, but in vain, of slights and affronts. James was generally disposed to look over these where it was only his queen who was concerned, and recommended her to make light of matters. It was so, for instance, when she wished him to visit upon Lord Marr his wife's pertinacity in retaining the custody of Prince Charles in spite of all court and state authorities. But though he was bitter enough when his own sacred person was assailed, he would not be at the trouble of quarrelling with any one for the sake of his queen.

Some of Queen Anne's letters in this Collection shew that she was a witty woman—as, for instance, this, which speaks for itself:—

'Your Maty's letter was wellcome to me. I have bine as glade of the faire wether as your selff. The last part of your letter you have guessed right—that I wold laugh. Who wold not laugh both at the persons and the subject, but more at so well a chosen Mercurie between Mars and Venus? You knowe that womene can hardlie keepe counsale. I humblie desire yr M to tell me how it is possible that I should keepe this secrete that have alreadie tolde it, and shal tell it to as manie as I speak with. If I were a poete, I wolde make a song of it, and sing it to the tune of Three fooles well mett. So kissing your hands, I rest yours, Anna R.'

There is something that can only be expressed by the foreign word piquancy in the sight of this actual letter, written in its pretty, sharp, angular Italian, on

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a small piece of paper, with the silk thread that bound it, and the little seal.

In the same thin volume there are other curious little memorials of King James and his family. All readers of history will remember how callously he was thought to have behaved to his daughter the queen of Bohemia. We might admire his character, if the interest of the people had prevented him from dragging those he governed into family quarrels; but in successively deserting his mother and his daughter, the world has judged that he thought entirely of himself. His daughter's letters have a pathetic, appealing tone. They are generally in French—one at least in Italian; but the following, in English, may be quoted as a fair specimen:—

'Sr—Being desirous by all the meanes I can to keepe myself still in your M remembrance, I would not let pass so good an occation as this bearer returning for England to present my most humble dutie and service to your M, by these beseeching your M to continue me still in your gratious favour, it being the greatest comfort I have to think that your M doth vouchsafe to love and favour me, which I shall ever strive to deserve, in obeying with all humbleness whatsoever whatsoever your M is pleased to command her, who shall ever pray to God with all her hart for your M happiness, and that she may be ever worthy the title, Sr, of your M most humble and obedient daughter and servant,

ELIZABETH.

Heidleberg, this 20 of October.
Au Roy.'

A letter from this queen of Bohemia's son to King James tells its own story only partially in print, since one would require to have before him the round, laboriously-constructed vowels and consonants, all put in a straight row, however, to feel how entirely boyish a production it is:—

'Sr—I kisse your hand. I would faine see yor matie. I can say Nominative hic haec hoc, and all 5 declensons, and a part of pronomen and a part of verbum. I have two horses alive, than can goe up my staires, a blacke horse and a chesnut horse. I pray God to bless your matie. Yor maties obedient grandchild,

FREDERICK HENRY.

To the king.'

Perhaps we may not unaptly associate with this a still more juvenile letter from a person of far more importance in our British world—the uncle of the Prince Palatine, and our Charles I. It, too, is addressed to King James, and it is brief, from the circumstance of the child's powers being evidently considerably exhausted in the effort:—

'Sweete Sweete Father—I learne to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing. i thank you for my best man. Your loving sone,

YORK.'

We cannot help coupling with this a letter to his brother, printed in Birche's Collection, in the same affectionate tone, but fuller and more kindly:—

'Sweet Sweet Brother—I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith: and I will send my pistolles by Maister Newton. I will give anie thing I have to you, both herss and my bookes, and my pieces and my cross bowes, or any thing that you would haive. Good brother, loove me, and I shall ever loove and serve you. Your looving Brother to be commanded,

YORK.'

It would be unpleasant, after these affectionate effusions, to notice some later and disagreeable indications of the character of King Charles, contained in the documents to which we have been so amply referring; and we shall close this article with a letter written when he was seventeen years old—half way between his happy childhood and his miserable maturity:—

'Sir—Not wiling to omit anie occasion to wryte unto your Mtie, I could not chuse but take hould of this occasion, by the going of Sr Hen Rich, to present my humble service unto your Mtie. I am sorie for nothing but that I cannot be with your Matie at this tyme, both because I would be glad to wait upon you, and also to see the cuntrie whair I was borne, and the customes of it, so fearinge to trouble your Matie too muche with my ydel letter, I rest your Maties most humble and obedient sone and servant,

CHARLES.

Greenwiche, the 28th of May 1617.
To the King's most excellent Majestie.'

JAMES SMITH OF DEANSTON.

THE world is not so grateful to its practical workers as might be desirable. While enjoying the benefit of their labours, it amuses itself with singing the praises of the brave or brilliant; till in a few years the origin of an invention that has perhaps given a new impetus to civilisation may become the subject of doubt and controversy. The world, however, is hardly to be blamed for an indifference which arises from an almost necessary ignorance; for only a few are capable of comprehending the principles of the invention, and it is natural that the many should by and by forget their benefactor in the indulgence of the fruits of his labours. A man was taken away from us last year, however, whom we should be sorry to see included in the list of the great forgotten; for he was a strong-hearted, earnest, practical man—a man who saw clearly what he had to do in the world, and who went through his peculiar functions with untiring energy and zeal. This man was James Smith of Deanston; a place which he found a barren wilderness, and converted by his science into a model farm.

James Smith was born at Glasgow on the 3d of January 1789. His parents were of the respectable middle orders of society, his father being a merchant, and his mother the daughter of a landed proprietor—Mr James Buchanan of Carston. To the brother of his mother, Mr Archibald Buchanan, may be traced the direction and development of his nephew's mental powers; for with him the family resided after the elder Smith's death, and by him the boy was early familiarised with those studies which were destined to give the man his rank and place in the country. Mr Buchanan, indeed, was the originator of some of the most important of the inventions which his nephew afterwards carried to perfection and gave to the world. He had been a pupil of Arkwright, and is characterised by James Smith as 'a man of singular genius, sound judgment, and great application and perseverance.'

Young Smith's qualifications for the work that was before him were an active mind, a robust body, and a sound practical education. Having acquired some considerable knowledge of mathematics, chemistry, and mechanics, and finished his studies at the university of Glasgow, he was appointed, at the early age of eighteen, to the situation of manager of the Deanston Cotton Works, which his uncle had filled in early life before his connection with James Finlay and Co. He had subsequently been established at Ballindalloch, from whence he had now removed to the works at Catrine. The Deanston Works had now become the property of the eminent firm to which his uncle belonged, and of which another

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of the partners was the distinguished merchant Kirkman Finlay; and at an age when young men of the day were usually employed in that peculiar department of industry known as the sowing of wild oats, James Smith found himself engaged in regenerating a vast business that had fallen into dilapidation, and in assembling, training, and controlling a body of about eleven hundred workpeople. For such duties he was fitted by the three qualifications we have mentioned, the absence of any one of which would have been fatal to his usefulness; and the same hardy, intelligent, and instructed youth, who pried with a reforming eye into the mysteries of the works, and regulated the education, manners, and morals of the human machines, engaged during his earlier years in athletic games with his men, followed the grouse over the moors, and shared liberally in the gaieties and socialities of the country side.

In No. 371 of the first series of this Journal will be found a comprehensive account of the works, and of the handsome village which sprang up in connection therewith, and under Mr Smith's direction, in this vale of the Teith, in the southern part of Perthshire. The manager was not satisfied with dictating the laws of the community. He knew every inhabitant by name, person, and character; visited at the houses; and by encouragement, reproof, or instruction, kept all to their duty. Drunkards were turned out as useless members, and other offenders were punished either by temporary banishment or entire expulsion. That everything was done in a wise and kindly spirit is demonstrated by the fact, that a turn-out of the men was unknown at the Deanston Works even in those years most distinguished for anarchy, and in spite of deputations sent by Glasgow to induce them to revolt. But Mr Smith did not merely secure the affections of his people, and elevate them in comfort and respectability—he likewise obtained from them, for the benefit of their employers, the maximum of work.

His inventions in tool-making and machinery, and his achievements in engineering, are important, although it is not on them his reputation rests. His self-acting mule, however, may be mentioned as being of special value. It was not tried first at Deanston, but came rapidly into general use, Mr Smith making a considerable sum by the patent. His contrivance, likewise, for completing and rendering secure a bridge, the foundations of which had been laid in a deep quagmire, spread his fame as an engineer far and wide; and the principle of the well-known Deanston salmon-ladder was applied to weirs of a similar kind in many other rivers. The ladder consists of two longitudinal beams placed along the sides of any large sloping channel in which the current is too strong to be overcome by the fish. Cross-beams or steps are fixed to those sides, and extend alternately about two-thirds of the distance across; thus forming pools or eddies, in which the salmon rest on their journey upwards.

Agriculture, however, is the field in which Mr Smith became best known; and in the midst of his multitudinous avocations he always found time for visiting the farms in his neighbourhood, and for gathering and exchanging knowledge on the subject of the cultivation of the earth. His machine for cutting corn attracted great attention; but practically it was found unfitted for general use, since its efficiency depended on the ground being perfectly level, without ridges or furrows. In land-draining and deep-working of the soil, however, he was eminently successful, and he demonstrated the correctness of his theories on these subjects by experiments on one of the most unpromising farms that could have been selected. 'The land,' says a writer in the 'Farmers' Magazine' of September 1846, 'consisted chiefly of the drifted débris of the old red sandstone, and of various texture; some parts of the subsoil consisting of hard compact soil with stones, and some in the hollows of sandy clay, composed of the soil which had been washed for ages from the higher parts of the ground: the whole was very much interspersed with large boulder-stones, some of them very near the surface. The active soil was in general very thin, in many places not exceeding four inches. Most of the surface was studded with rushes and other water plants, whilst the higher knolls were covered with heath, furze, and broom.' This stubborn piece of land, consisting of about 200 acres, he determined in the first place to subject to thorough-drainage; believing, as he had been taught by his uncle, Mr Buchanan, that a dry condition of the soil is essential in our country to all good husbandry.

Few of our readers would be interested by a minute account of the system of drainage; but we may explain that the deep cross-drains formerly in use served only to carry off the under-water, while the furrow-drains of the flats of Stirlingshire dealt only with the rain-water. It was Mr Smith's idea to combine both; and he carried over the whole field in parallel lines a series of drains, about twenty feet apart, and thirty inches deep. This proved to be one of those great conceptions which, however simple in appearance, are destined to be the foundation of all improvement in the art to which they apply; but the invention of the subsoil-plough (described in No. 262, first series) was not only supplementary to this, but in itself a prodigious achievement. Common ploughing stirs only the active soil, which deep ploughing in the common way would deteriorate by intermixing with it the inactive subsoil. An instrument, however, which stirs the subsoil without bringing it to the surface would gradually, by the admission of air and water into the inert mass, confer upon it the principle of activity, without interfering in any way with the already active soil. On these two inventions —thorough-draining and subsoil-ploughing—all subsequent agricultural improvements rest; and by this means the wilderness we have described exhibited in a few years the cultivation of a garden, with an active soil no longer confined to a few inches, but sixteen inches in depth.

In 1831 Mr Smith published in a local channel a paper on Thorough-draining and Subsoil-ploughing, in which he states that by these means, together with an improved system of cultivation, the agriculturists of this country would be enabled to compete successfully with those of any other country in the world. It was not till the parliamentary inquiry, however, into the agricultural distress of 1834, that general attention was called to the subject. Mr Smith was examined by the committee; and the chairman, Mr Shaw Lefevre, in a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, referred to his evidence as pointing to the only plans likely to promote the general improvement of agriculture, and help the farmers out of their dilemma. Deanston now became a show-farm. A pilgrimage thither was essential to the aspiring agriculturist; and strangers from all parts of the British islands, the continent, and America, flocked to the vale of the Teith. Here they not only found a farm of 200 acres under garden culture, but a scene in other respects, as a journalist says, 'as pleasing to the eye as it was interesting to the intellect and the heart. The fields were conveniently laid off, kept very clean, and fenced generally with pretty white-thorn hedges, or when the situation required it, with ornamental belts of thriving plantations, which afforded protection to the crops and shelter to the flocks. Water for the supply of the fields and for the cattle was obtained from tanks fed by the drains, and pumped into the water-troughs by an ingenious but simple arrangement; and there was not an open ditch on the whole farm. The crops in the season were usually luxuriant—a thorough and uniform dryness having been

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acquired over the whole surface by the new system of working.' Among the improved implements, the invention of Mr Smith, to be seen in operation, were the web-chain harrow and turn-wrist plough, by the latter of which his fields were worked in one uniform surface, without ridge or furrow. In manures and other matters connected with cultivation his experiments were incessant. In addition to all these avocations, this remarkable man was one of the most active magistrates of the county, and for more than twenty years he commanded a troop in the yeomanry cavalry of the district.

If strangers from all countries resorted to Deanston as to a school of agriculture, it may be supposed that the effect upon the neighbourhood was in the highest degree beneficial. The surrounding proprietors adopted many of the improvements of this model farm, and the result of well-drained fields, well-ordered farm-steadings, and well-manured soils, was earlier, heavier, and better crops. Then came the social triumphs of Mr Smith. Dinners were given in his honour, and speeches made in his praise, by the rich; while the poor not only esteemed him as a benefactor, but loved him as a friend. 'Those who have visited him,' says the same writer we have last quoted, 'will recollect with interest the lighted-up faces which constantly marked his appearance at the works—the smiles and curtsies which were showered upon him from cottage doors as he drove past—and, above all, the quick, bright glance of recognition and kindly nod with which such greetings were invariably acknowledged and responded to. No "monarch of all he surveyed" was ever, indeed, more thoroughly and deservedly popular; for none, while conferring the substantial benefits which attend industry, order, and mechanical ingenuity, has better understood and practised the kindly acts of lightening the burden of toil to the labourer by a due interposition of pleasure and amusement, and of softening its pain by the constant exercise of a humane and generous sympathy.' This intelligent writer adds—and he speaks from intimate personal knowledge—that the affectionate simplicity and cordiality of his domestic intercourse; 'the unwearied activity, industry, and energy of the man, with his many hearty sociable qualities; his cheerful, buoyant spirit, and keen relish of existence—all combined to make the very atmosphere in which he lived as healthful and bracing as it was genial and everyway delightful.'

The time, however, at length arrived when Mr Smith was to relinquish the management of the Deanston Works, and to remove from a place which he had such good reason to regard as a home. Much unnecessary mystery has been preserved by his friends upon this point, which appears to us to be perfectly simple. At the time it occurred, in 1842, the great company, of which he was the local manager, and which had liberally assisted him in all his experiments and improvements, had lost Mr Kirkman Finlay and Mr Archibald Buchanan; and the severe depression in the national trade, which had then continued for four or five years, rendered it proper for the surviving partners to devote themselves exclusively to their own business. Under such circumstances it may well be conceived that a person of such large and various views, and incessant activity of spirit, must have found himself gradually in a hampered position; and likewise that the company, while honouring the manager and loving the man, must have been compelled to see, as he did himself, that a separation was unavoidable. However this may be, the parting was as cordial as the companionship had been useful and agreeable; and Mr Smith, bidding adieu to his beautiful Deanston, went southward to 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

In Manchester chiefly the patents he had taken out for machinery were in operation; but London was the place naturally chosen by Mr Smith for his residence; and here, in Whitehall Place, he took up his abode with his widowed sister, Mrs Buchanan, and her daughter. A letter he now addressed to Sir John Gladstone of Fasque, 'On the Profitable Employment and Comfortable Subsistence of the Increasing Population of Great Britain,' received wide circulation. The object, of course, was to illustrate the leading idea of his life—that an improved system of agriculture will double the produce of the land. Soon after his arrival in London he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the sanatory condition of large towns; and his labours suggested to him an idea, the working out of which is still one of the most interesting of all the problems that occupy the minds of projectors and engineers—the application of the waste sewerage waters to agricultural purposes. His plan was to convey the liquid manure to the necessary distance by means of pipes; and John Martin, the well-known artist, adopted this as an improvement on his magnificent scheme for cleaning and beautifying the Thames. Mr Smith's paper on the sewerage was published in the Appendix to the 'Report of the Health of Towns' Commission.'

Mr Smith now busied himself, and to some extent successfully, with introducing the Deanston system of agriculture into Ireland, and on various occasions he received the thanks of the Irish Agricultural Society. He was less successful in Sir James Matheson's island of Lewis, where he and the benevolent millionaire attempted—we fear in vain—to improve both the land and the savage population. During the railway mania he was fully occupied as an engineer in examining and estimating the land over which the lines were proposed to be carried. Simultaneously with all this labour his busy brain was teeming as usual with inventions. Plans for the 'dip of sheep' instead of smearing with tar, for improvements in farm-steadings, for housing cattle, for watering in droughts, for a new application of his salmon-ladder, and for many other objects, were flitting before him, some in embryo, and some completely formed.

He was now sixty-one. The quarry of his mind had only been worked deeply enough to shew that it was inexhaustible; and although not free from the partial ailments incidental to advancing years, his elasticity of mind seemed to promise him length of days to confer new benefits upon the world, and to reap the fruits of his genius. It is worth while to pause here, to observe what manner of man this was in his external appearance. His person hardly, if at all, reached the middle height. He was broad-chested and muscular, like one who could plant his foot upon the ground and receive the shocks of fortune like a rock; yet his quick, earnest eye and active limbs shewed that his strength was for advance, not resistance; that when obstacles came in his way he would not stand still in endurance, but push boldly through them. He was, in fine, a man who had a hopeful and courageous look, sanguine yet practical, whose very physical bulk seemed formed to contend with those material elements wherein lay his business on the earth.

Now, this man, at the time we have arrived at, proceeded to Scotland on his affairs; and, accompanied by his gentle and loving niece, went to visit his cousin, Mr Archibald Buchanan, at Kingencleugh in Ayrshire. Here he was in his element, and a score of years younger, no doubt, from the associations that rushed upon his heart. One day—it was in the evening of the 9th of June 1850—he went to bed apparently in his usual health. What waking dreams may have flitted before his eye ere he slept—what new ideas he may have caught at in their flight to garner them up for the morrow—what projects may have chased each other through his restless brain—it is impossible to tell: but that was his last night in the world. Without previous illness, and without pain, James Smith passed suddenly away, leaving behind him the memory

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of a kindly, amiable, earnest man—a man who had performed zealously the work intrusted to him by God, and whose labours will long be felt in their influence upon the progress of the human kind.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

June 1851.

The Exhibition continues to be an absorbing subject in more ways than one, as most of our west-end shopkeepers have found out by the exiguity of their exchequer. In the supereminent attractions of the Crystal Palace minor considerations appear to be lost sight of: mercers complain that silks and satins remain unsold on their shelves in consequence of the grander display in Hyde Park; cabinetmakers mourn over undiminishing stocks of chairs and tables; chemists aver that pharmacy was never less in request; and empty benches are seen at theatres to a much greater extent than is agreeable to managers. How can it be otherwise? After spending their money and their time in the Great Exhibition people are too economical and too tired for any other pursuit of business or pleasure; and while the commissioners are taking their thousands daily, there is so much diverted from the pockets of retailers. Yet with all this flow towards the Industry of the Nations, our streets, at the time I write, are far from being overthronged, as was predicted. In such traffic as there is, however, the preponderance is decidedly westward, and shewn by the presence of well-dressed pedestrians on the footways, evidently more intent on pleasure than business. At present, expectation is uncommonly lively as to what the Whitsun holidays will produce. If realised we shall then have an overwhelming influx; but, as I hear, the railways cannot well bring more than twenty thousand per day.

I was at the Exhibition from the opening to the close on the third of the shilling days, when more than forty thousand people were in the building. What an extraordinary scene of life and movement they presented! To stand at the angle of the transept gallery and look down on the animated multitudes passing in all directions in the grand central avenue was in itself a spectacle of an astonishing character. The buzz of countless voices, the tread of thousands of feet on the cleanly-swept floors, the plash and play of the fountains, with an occasional distant blast from the organs, or a roulade on the pianos, formed a combination of sound overpowering in its vastness and continuity—such as impresses you with a feeling half of awe, that the idea of a concourse of nations has been fully realised, and makes it difficult to leave the contemplation for the more active business of examination in detail.

A general glance having been taken of the contents of this wonderful place in No. 387 of the Journal, I can only venture further upon a curiosity. No need now to go to Constantinople to see a Turkish bazaar, for here is one with its awning of striped purple and white, its stalls studded with stars and crescents, and displaying manufactures of such exquisite fabric and workmanship as to elicit an unqualified expression of surprise and admiration. I heard a lady lament that she had not been born in Turkey, that she might have worn the dainty and decorated slippers, the brilliant silks and brocades, and magnificent shawls which hung so temptingly around her. It was something to convince yourself by ocular demonstration of such taste and skill on the part of the Mussulmans. And yet when one looked at their rude agricultural implements placed by themselves in a corner, and contrasted them with the highly-wrought manufactures but a few feet away, it was scarcely possible not to draw a fair inference as to the social condition of the people by whom they were produced. There needed but little imagination to fancy yourself really on the shores of the Bosphorus; for an old, gray-bearded Turk, wearing a fez and loose garments, sat grave and cross-legged in the midst of his goods, surrounded by three or four younger compatriots similarly attired.

The pendulum experiment is still a subject of discussion, still argued *pro* and *con* with different qualities of logic. Briefly stated, the question now stands thus: Professor Baden Powell gave his lecture on the phenomenon, as I told you in my last; but he admitted that the subject was 'beset with difficulties,' and but few of his audience were able to comprehend his reasoning. Mr Wheatstone endeavoured to explain the difficulty by something still more difficult—namely, a stretched spiral wire which, if made to vibrate vertically, changed the direction of its vibrations to horizontal immediately on the frame to which it was attached being turned half round. Then, again, the experiment has been tried at the Institution of Civil Engineers, and succeeded beautifully—too well, in fact, for the pendulum got through as much of its work in three-quarters of an hour as it ought to have done in six hours. Further, several of our most able mathematicians still deny *in toto* the hypothesis on which the whole argument is based—the immutability of the plane of vibration. If this be disproved the whole theory tumbles to the ground. We are promised, however, that the question shall be set at rest by a paper which will come before the Royal Society and the British Association. We are then to learn that neither the wire nor the bob of the pendulum rotates as hitherto supposed; that both are as independent in this respect as if suspended from a point unconnected with the earth; that the side of the bob facing the south at the commencement of the experiment will still face the south at the end. Those who may desire to try it will do well to remember one important fact—which is, that the longer the wire of the pendulum the more accurate will the results appear to come out, while in reality the error will be greater than with a short wire. Still, as a mathematical formula has now been constructed for the elimination of the error, an experiment even with a long wire, if faithfully conducted, may help towards a solution of the difficulty. Believers in the theory say, that before long the experiment will become a familiar one in class and lecture rooms.

Astronomers are talking about the total eclipse of the sun which is to occur on the 28th of July next, and preparations are being made by the sky-explorers in England, the United States, and other countries, for a trip to those parts of the continent in which the obscuration of the great luminary will be complete. A line drawn from Norway to the Caspian Sea will indicate the line of greatest darkness; and within this, at various points, it is hoped that many trustworthy observations of the interesting phenomenon will be obtained. The astronomer-royal has given a lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution, in which the appearances to be more especially noted, and the importance attaching to them, were stated with his usual ability. Another matter that has come before them is the name for the new planet recently discovered by Mr Hind; the one proposed satisfies both the ancient mythology and present philosophy. It is to be Irene (Peace), and represented in astronomical tables by the symbol of a dove with an olive-branch. Some people will be gratified at knowing that Mars meets with a counterpoise even among the planets. And last, concerning sidereal topics, is the fact that Leverrier, in an able memoir recently laid before the Académie, disputes the assumption that bolides or meteors are minor satellites of the earth, and disproves it by proof derived from the laws of mathematics and of motion.

To refer again to our Institute of Civil Engineers: they have been debating about railways in Egypt, and a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Mr Robert Stephenson, who has lately paid a visit to the land of

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the Pharaohs, talks about its engineering capabilities in a way which provokes much lively discussion among those who write M.I.C.E. after their names. Should it lead to the formation of one or the other line of travel, overland voyagers will not rebuke them for talking. As far as can be predicated, it seems pretty certain that if a speedy traverse of the American isthmus is to be effected, the African one will soon be rendered similarly available.

Apropos of America: the Royal Mail Company are about to add two new steamers to their New York and Boston line; and instead of sailing but twice a month as heretofore during the winter, will run a vessel weekly throughout the year: Holyhead to be their port. Storms and bad weather will have to give in to the spirit of enterprise. The project, too, for the grand Atlantic and Pacific Railway across the American continent is again talked of, on this as well as the other side of the ocean. Mr Whitney, the proposer of the scheme, offers, if Congress will grant him a strip of land sixty miles wide all across the country from Lake Michigan to the bay of San Francisco, to construct the line without the aid of money-grants from government or of public companies. His plan is, supposing the land made over, to lay down the first ten miles of road, which being done, will render the lands on either side valuable. These, for a breadth of fifteen miles, are then to be sold, and a second ten miles of rail laid down with the proceeds; and so on, selling and road-making, until the whole shall be complete, when the surplus lands and overplus of funds, if any, are to belong to the projector and his heirs. The line would commence at the southern extremity of Wisconsin, from whence to New York—more than 1000 miles—there is already abundant means of communication by railway and steamboat; which leaves 2030 miles of new road to be laid down. The first 800 miles comprise prairie grounds, well suited, it is said, for agricultural purposes; then come the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and the descent into California. The project is certainly a magnificent one; and such is the pushing nature of the American character, that no doubt is entertained of the possibility of accomplishment by the means proposed. If carried out, it will form a short route to our Chinese and Australian possessions; and should Congress refuse their consent, it is thought that England might undertake the enterprise, as the possibility of constructing a railway from Quebec to Vancouver's Island has more than once been talked about.

Having on former occasions called your attention to what was doing in America in the matter of the electro-magnetic locomotion, I must now give you a few 'latest particulars,' which several of our engineers and mechanicians regard with no little interest. Professor Page has been running an engine on a short line of railway from Washington to Bladensburg. The locomotive, as he states, with the battery fully charged, weighs ten and a half tons, and with a load of seven passengers he made it travel nineteen miles an hour, notwithstanding that, being new, the engine worked stiffly; that the battery-cells broke, owing to the imperfect nature of the clay of which they were composed; and that there was 'a want of insulation in the helices.' These are defects which time and experience will doubtless overcome: meanwhile we must remain content with the professor's account of the trial. He says: 'The running-time from Washington to Bladensburg was thirty-nine minutes. We were stopped on the way five times, or we should have probably made the run in less than thirty minutes. Going and coming there were seven stops and three delays—that is, the engine was backed three times, but without entirely losing headway. It is a very important and interesting feature of this engine, which I demonstrated some years since, that the reversing power is greater than the propelling power: it is nearly twice as great. When the engine is reversed, the magneto-electric induction is in favour of the battery-current, and augments its effects. The trouble growing out of the oscillating motion of the car can all be obviated by using rotary instead of reciprocating engines.'

To finish with a few miscellaneous items: the citizens of Boston, United States, now have the true time flashed to them daily at noon from the Cambridge observatory, four miles distant; by which the clocks of the city may be regulated, and the captains of vessels lying in the harbour may rate their chronometers.—A philosopher in Philadelphia, who has made a series of microscopical examinations of the hair of the ancient Peruvians, and compared it with that of the present races of Indians, comes to the conclusion that they all belong to the same species.—Electro-magnetic clocks are about to be fixed in various parts of Berlin for the public service, the communications to be effected by means of the wires already stretched to signalise the breaking out of fires.—According to the returns of the Easter book-fair at Leipsic, 3684 works were printed in Germany in the preceding six months, and 1136 were in press—more than 800 a month; not too many, if knowledge be really increased.—Sir John Richardson is at work on a narrative of his overland journey in search of Sir John Franklin, from 1847 to 1849.—Mr Thackeray is adding to his literary fame by his able lectures on the English Humorists of the last century.—Manchester is about to erect a statue in honour of Dalton, the author of the atomic theory.—Mr Wyld's great globe exhibition is open.—And last, though not least, the *twopenny* admission-fee is abolished at St Paul's!

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DUTCH POET.

The name of Wilhelm Bilderdyk is scarcely known beyond the boundaries of his own country; and yet those who are conversant with the Dutch language place him in a very high rank as a poet. The publication of his first poem, 'Elicus,' formed quite an era in the history of Dutch literature: it was speedily followed by a faithful and spirited translation of the 'Œdipus' of Sophocles, and versions of other Greek writers. Besides his imaginative pursuits, he engaged with ardour in the study of geology, and almost rivalled Cuvier in his acquaintance with natural history. War and invasion, however, interrupted the labours of Bilderdyk. He quitted Holland, travelled through Germany, crossed over to England, and finally spent some time amongst the Scottish Highlands, where he employed himself in translating Ossian's poems into Dutch verse. He then went to the principality of Brunswick, and there composed a very extraordinary work, 'The Maladies of Wise Men'—a poem whose mild, lofty sublimity, unearthly interest, and grasp of gloomy thought, entitle it to rank with the 'Inferno' of Dante.

Bilderdyk at length was able to return to his country. Louis Napoleon, who then reigned at the Hague, chose him as his instructor in the Dutch language, and named him president of the second class in the Institute of Amsterdam. About this time he married a beautiful and talented girl, named Wilhelmina; and for several years they enjoyed together as perfect happiness as this world can give—she occupied in domestic and maternal duties, and he adding to his fame and fortune by the publication of several works. But at length death visited their dwelling, and removed within a brief space three lovely children. Their loss was commemorated by their mourning father in two poems—'Winter Flowers,' and 'The Farewell.' Not long afterwards, public misfortune came to aggravate his private sorrows. Louis Napoleon left Holland, and Bilderdyk took refuge at Groningen, where he stayed for some time, and then, rejecting a liberal offer of

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employment made him by William of Orange, he set out for France, accompanied by his wife.

When they entered the diligence they found it occupied but by one person, a young female of mild and engaging appearance. No sooner did the heavy machine begin to move than she began to scream, and testified the most absurd degree of terror. Public carriages then were certainly far inferior, both in safety and accommodation, to those of modern times; yet the probable amount of danger to be apprehended did not by any means justify the excessive apprehension manifested by the fair traveller. On arriving at Brussels, the lady was so much overcome that she announced her intention of stopping some days in that city to recruit her strength before venturing again to encounter the perils of a diligence; and taking leave of Bilderdyk and his wife, she gratefully thanked the latter for the kind attention she had shewn her during the journey. The two Hollanders proceeded on their way to Paris, laughing heartily from time to time at the foolish cowardice of a woman who saw a precipice in every rut, and a certain overturn in every jolt of the wheels.

Arrived at their journey's end, the travellers took up their abode in a humble dwelling in the Rue Richelieu, and commenced with the utmost delight visiting all the wonderful things in Paris. Bilderdyk soon found himself completely in his element. He breakfasted with Cuvier at the Jardin des Plantes, passed his afternoon at the Bibliothèque Richelieu, dined in the Faubourg St Germain with Dr Alibert, and finished the evening at the play or the opera. One day he and his wife were given excellent places for witnessing the ascent in a balloon of a young woman, Mme Blanchard, whose reckless courage enabled her to undertake aërial voyages, despite the sad fate which befell Pilastre de Rosiers, her own husband, and several other aëronauts. Our Hollanders amused themselves for some time with watching the process of inflating the balloon, and following with their eyes the course of the tiny messenger-balloons sent up to ascertain the direction of the upper currents of wind. At length all is ready: the band strikes up a lively air, and Mme Blanchard, dressed in white and crowned with roses, appears holding a small, gay flag in her hand. With the most graceful composure she placed herself in the boat; the cords were loosed, and the courageous adventuress, borne rapidly upwards in her perilous vehicle, soon appeared like a dark spot in the sky.

When he returned to his lodging, Bilderdyk composed a poem in honour of the brave woman who adventured her life so boldly, rivalling the free birds of heaven in her flight, and beholding the stars face to face. Next morning he hastened to get his production printed; and without considering that Mme Blanchard most likely did not understand Dutch, he repaired to her lodgings with a copy of the poem in his hand, intending to ask permission to present it to her. He was courteously invited to enter the drawing-room, and there, to his great amazement, he found himself *tête-à-tête* with the silly, frightened lady, whose nervous tremors in the Brussels diligence had afforded so much amusement to him and his wife.

Surprised and disconcerted, he was beginning to apologise, when the lady interrupted him.

'Monsieur,' she said, 'you are not mistaken. I am Mme Blanchard. You see how possible it is for the same person to be cowardly in a coach and courageous in a balloon.'

A good deal of conversation ensued; the poem was timidly offered, and graciously accepted; and the fair aëronaut accepted an invitation to dine that day with Bilderdyk and his wife.

In the course of the evening Mme Blanchard related to them some curious circumstances in her life. Her mother kept a humble wayside inn near La Rochelle, while her father worked in the fields. One day a balloon descended near their door, and out of it was taken a man, severely but not dangerously bruised. Her parents received him with the utmost hospitality, and supplied him with all the comforts they could give. He had no money wherewith to repay them; but as he was about to depart, he remarked that the mistress of the house was very near her confinement, and he said: 'Listen, and mark my words. Fortune cannot always desert me. In sixteen years, if alive, I will return hither. If the child who will soon be born to you should be a boy, I will then adopt him; if a girl, I will marry her!'

The worthy peasants laughed heartily at this strange method of paying a bill; and although they allowed their guest to depart, they certainly built very little on his promise. The aëronaut, however, kept his word; and at the end of sixteen years reappeared at the inn, then inhabited by only a fair young girl, very lately left an orphan. She willingly accepted Jean-Pierre Blanchard as a husband, and for a short time they lived happily together; but during an ascent which he made in Holland, he was seized with apoplexy, and fell to the ground from a height of sixty feet. The unhappy aëronaut was not killed on the spot, but lingered for some time in frightful torture, carefully and fondly attended by his wife, whom at length he left a young and penniless widow.

Marie Madeleine Blanchard, despite her natural timidity, resolved to adopt her husband's perilous profession. Pride and necessity combined do wonders; and not only did she succeed in maintaining perfect composure while in the air, but she also displayed wonderful presence of mind during times of danger. On one occasion she ascended in her balloon from Nantes, intending to come down at about four leagues from that town in what she believed to be a large meadow. While rapidly descending, the cordage of the balloon became entangled in the branches of a tree, and she found herself suspended over a vast green marsh, whose treacherous mud would infallibly engulph her. Drawn to the spot by her cries, several peasants came to her assistance, and with considerable difficulty and danger succeeded in placing her on terra firma.

On the day following the one on which she dined with M. and Mme Bilderdyk, Mme Blanchard left Paris, promising her two friends, as she bade them farewell, that she would soon return. Time passed on, however, and they heard nothing of her. They were preparing to return to Holland, when some of Bilderdyk's countrymen residing in Paris resolved to give him a banquet on the eve of his departure.

The entertainment took place at a celebrated restaurant situated at the angle formed by the Rue Cauchat and the Rue de Provence. While enjoying themselves at table, the guests suddenly perceived the windows darkened by the passing of some large black object. With one accord they rose and ran out: a woman lay on the pavement, pale, crushed, and dead. Bilderdyk gave a cry—it was Mme Blanchard! In what a guise to meet her again! Encouraged by the constant impunity of her perilous ascensions the unhappy aëronaut (the word, I believe, has no feminine), finding a formidable rival in Mlle Garnerin, resolved to surpass her in daring by augmenting the risk of her aërial voyages. For this purpose she lighted up her balloon-car with coloured lamps, and carried with her a supply of fireworks. On the 6th of July 1819, she rose from amid a vast concourse of spectators. The balloon caught in one of the trees in the Champs-Elysées; but without regarding the augury, Mme Blanchard threw out ballast, and as she rose rapidly in the air she spilled a quantity of lighting spirits of wine, and then sent off rockets and Roman candles. Suddenly, with horror the mass of upturned eyes beheld the balloon take fire, one piercing shriek from above, mingled with the

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affrighted cries of the crowd below, and then some object was seen to detach itself from the fiery globe. As it came near the earth, it was recognised as the body of the ill-fated Mme Blanchard.

Weeping and trembling, Bilderdyk aided in raising the disfigured corpse, and wrapped it up in the network of the balloon, which the hands still grasped firmly. The shock, acting on his excitable temperament, threw him into a dangerous illness, from which, however, he recovered, and returned to his native country. There he published an admirable treatise, 'The Theory of Vegetable Organisation,' and a poem, entitled 'The Destruction of the Primeval World.' A French critic has placed this latter work in the same rank with 'Paradise Lost,' and says: 'Old Milton has nothing finer, more energetic, or more vast in his immortal work.' An English critic, however, would probably scarcely concur in this judgment.

Bilderdyk died in the town of Haarlem on the 18th December 1831.

WHEN FISH ARE IN SEASON, AND WHY.

The period for fish being in season is dependent upon laws as simple as they are universal. In land animals of the genus mammalia, the circumstances of the period of reproduction, and the care and attachment they manifest for their young, have the effect of so seriously deteriorating their structures, that a considerable time elapses before these regain their normal state. The cause of this in the land animals referred to is obvious, for the nourishment which had previously gone to support their own organism now goes to build up and nourish the structures of the young which are in process of development, and thus the mother becomes enfeebled, and her flesh unfitted for the use of man. With the fish of which we propose to treat, the reason for their being out of season is the same, although the circumstances are somewhat different. In the fish, the nourishment, besides supplying the necessary waste in the system of the female, goes at certain seasons to the production and growth of the innumerable ova with which she teems, and in the male to the development of the milt or soft roe, which is indispensable to the conversion of these ova into living creatures. And first of the salmon, the king of our river visitants:—

The proper abode of the salmon is the sea. It is ascertained that the seas around Great Britain, as well as those bordering on the north of Europe, and extending to Asia, form its true habitat. While in the highest state of health, however, the salmon is seldom if ever to be caught in the sea, even at the mouths of our great rivers. It is not until forced, by the instinctive necessity of spawning, to seek a place of safety, that it makes for fresh water; and when this occurs, the scales begin to lose their silvery lustre, the flesh to become soft and pale, and the marine insects which adhered to the bodies in the sea to drop off and die. Thus in addition to their inferior flavour when caught in our rivers, we have manifold evidence of the deterioration and comparatively unhealthy condition of the salmon at such seasons.

The salmon begins to ascend the rivers of Great Britain sooner or later in the spring or summer months. In rivers issuing from large lakes it is to be found early in spring, their waters having been sooner purified by deposition in the lakes. Rivers, again, swollen by melting snows in the spring months, are later, for the fish only begins to ascend them when the lake rivers are beginning to fail. Hence all the rivers in the north of Scotland are earlier than those in the south, or the English rivers. The Tay, the Earn, the Don, the Dee, and all the rivers to the north are earlier supplied with salmon than the Forth, the Esk, the Tweed, the Humber, the Thames, and others farther south.

In ascending our rivers the salmon is exposed to numerous difficulties, which it must necessarily overcome before it reaches its destination. The strong currents, the shallow and exposed portions of the stream, the various falls which occur in our rivers, are all calculated to impair their strength, and add to that deterioration of structure which infallibly takes place in fresh water. The nervous and muscular energy thus expended enfeebles still more their diminished strength, and assists in increasing that deterioration which their exposure to fresh water had begun. Thus the salmon, by the time it reaches its spawning ground (a considerable way up some small stream), is much exhausted, and the subsequent exertion completes its deterioration, and reduces it to the mere skeleton of what it was when it first entered the mouth of the river. Thus, by the combined operation of these causes, a process of deterioration takes place in the fish from the first moment it enters the fresh water until it returns to the sea, where it speedily recovers its healthy appearance—its muscles increasing in size and strength, a deposition of fatty matter taking place, and its scales recovering their brilliant silvery lustre.

After the young fry reach the sea they are entirely lost sight of for about ten weeks; and we can only infer the rapidity of their growth during this short period, by their then returning to our rivers, weighing from 2½ to 4 pounds, when they are known as the grilse or salmon-peal. After remaining a short period in fresh water they lose their silvery lustre, their fins assuming a dusky appearance. In the ensuing winter most of these grilse spawn; after which they again return to the sea to recover their lost strength, and in the following year attain a weight of from 10 to 15 pounds, and are now first-year's salmon.

The period during which the salmon is in highest condition thus somewhat varies, according as it is early or late in ascending our streams; but, as a general fact, the fish is found in greatest perfection in the sea, at the mouths of our great rivers, before commencing its ascent. Previous to this, indeed, it is believed to be in a still higher state of health; but it is then in deep water, and not to be caught by any bait or process at present known. But, speaking generally, the salmon is finest in quality in February, March, April, May, and June, and continues tolerable during August and September. After it spawns it is thin and lank; its flesh pale and of an insipid flavour; and it is decidedly unwholesome as an article of food.

Cod.—The cod is exclusively an inhabitant of the sea, never even visiting fresh-water streams. It is found only in cold or temperate climates. It does not exist in the Mediterranean, or any other inland sea whose entrance is nearer to the equator than the fortieth degree. It appears, indeed, to be confined to the northern parts of the world, although few have been taken north of Iceland. It abounds, however, on the south and west coasts of that country, and likewise on the coasts of Great Britain and Norway. The cod uniformly keeps in deep water, and never approaches the shore excepting for the purpose of depositing its spawn. The general weight of the cod is from 14 to 40 pounds. The largest cod ever found on the coast of Great Britain was taken off Scarborough in 1755, and weighed 78 pounds; its length was 5 feet 8 inches, and its girth round the shoulders 5 feet. As indicated by the size of its mouth, stomach, and bowels, it is extremely voracious. It preys upon small fish of every description, and the herring and sprat are its favourite food. The cod, however, is far from particular in its choice, for it likewise feeds on worms, mollusca, and crustacea. From thirty to forty small crabs, about an inch and a half in breadth, have

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been taken from its stomach, and the gastric juice of that organ is so strong that the shells and hardest portions are speedily dissolved by it.

The intense voracity of the cod renders it, even in deep water, a more easy prey to the fisherman than almost any other native of the deep. Hence it is that for considerably more than a century well-boats have been constructed for preserving alive fish, principally cod, caught at sea. The cod of commerce is fished, at a depth of from twenty-five to fifty fathoms, by lines and hooks baited with any of the smaller fish or crustacea. Thus it is obtained for our markets in better season than the salmon, for it is caught while in the highest condition of health and strength, long before the muscular fibre of the fish is deteriorated by the development of the roe or milt. This fish is in best season as an article of food in the months of December, January, and February. It begins to deposit spawn in May and June, and for this purpose it frequently ascends the Forth, or other estuary, for upwards of twenty miles. From July to the end of October the large cod are observed to be long and thin, particularly those found on sand-banks or in shallow water, being then of very light colour, with flesh soft, unwholesome, and insipid to the taste.

Haddock.—The haddock likewise inhabits northern and temperate latitudes. It is found in great abundance all round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. The largest haddocks have been taken in the Bay of Dublin and neighbourhood. In all their migrations, they haunt together in immense shoals. They are not uniform in frequenting the same spot or locality, but change their haunts, not seemingly obeying any determinate law. This probably proceeds from a natural timidity of disposition, for the same characteristic is shewn in their retreating into deep water during stormy or boisterous weather. During such seasons, indeed, the haddock conceals itself among the sea-weed at considerable depths, and is not then to be taken even with hooks baited with its most favourite food, but it returns immediately to its former haunts upon the subsiding of the storm. These habits of the haddock sufficiently account for the necessity of keeping this fish in salt-water tanks, in order to supply the demand at such seasons, and the consequent high prices which are then demanded for it in our markets.

This fish migrates in larger shoals than any other of the finny tribe, with the exception of the herring, and while in season is procured in great quantities. It begins to be in roe in the middle of November, and so continues until the end of January. During this period it approaches our coast in immense shoals to deposit its ova, when it is caught by our fishermen. It is consequently in best season about the commencement of this period. From the beginning of February, when its spawning is completed, till the end of May, this fish is slender in body, and thin-tailed, and is not wholesome as food. From the beginning of June till the end of September it retreats into deep water, where it gradually recruits and recovers its strength. The haddock ranges in weight from 1 to 14 pounds, for it has seldom or ever been found more than the latter weight. The haddock caught on the Irish coast is said to be the finest in flavour, and is highly appreciated by the epicure.

Whiting.—The whiting is a fish so closely assimilated in character and habits to the haddock, that, with the exception of not being so timid during stormy weather, the same general remarks apply to it. The whiting is in highest condition in November, December, January, and February; and during this period it is recommended to invalids, to whom flesh appears nauseous and sickening. The whiting, when about a foot long, is best adapted for the table; and while in season, is extremely delicate and nutritious, the fish feeding principally on the mollusca and crustacea.

Halibut.—The halibut or holibut is exposed in large quantities in the markets of Great Britain; and from the large size of the fish, is sold by weight. It is only found in the northern seas, and is much used by the natives of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland. It is said by naturalists that holibut have been caught weighing nearly 500 pounds. In 1828 a holibut was exhibited in the Edinburgh market, measuring 7 feet 6 inches in length and 3 feet in breadth, and weighing 320 pounds. It had been caught on the coast of the Isle of Man, and was the largest specimen obtained in Britain within the memory of any person living. This fish resembles the turbot a good deal in flavour, and is even preferred to it by some persons. In the Firth of Forth it inhabits deep and rocky places. It is frequently taken of large size near Inchkeith, or the Bass Rock. It is in best condition in June and July, and continues in tolerably good season till about the end of February, when it spawns. During the following months of March and April it is unwholesome, and unfit for use.

Turbot.—The turbot is well known in our markets as one of the largest of our flat fishes, and is justly prized both for the delicacy of its flavour and its nutritious qualities. It is found in large shoals; and although not capricious in regard to its haunts, it appears, in frequenting certain localities, to be influenced mainly by the presence of the small fish on which it preys. Turbot are caught in considerable quantities on the coasts of Durham and Yorkshire with lines, in a similar manner to cod; but the most extensive turbot-fisheries are those of the Dutch, which commence about the end of March, and are pursued during the months of April and May, and continued till the middle of August, when the fishing is dropped for the year. The produce is principally transported in boats to the London market. From some peculiarity in its organisation, the muscular fibre of the turbot is not so much deteriorated during the growth of the milt and roe as in other fish, and if it could be caught, would be longer in season; but like most of the finny tribe, it is only to be procured when frequenting the coasts which it has selected as its favourite spawning-ground. The turbot spawns in August, after which it becomes feeble and is out of season; but it speedily recovers its strength, and retreats into deep water.

Sole.—The common sole, probably from the comparative smallness of its size, is seldom if ever caught by bait, but only by the trawling-net. Soles are found in great abundance on the coast of England, from Sussex to Devonshire, and on the shores of various counties of Ireland. The sole is full of roe in February, and approaches the shore to spawn about the end of that month or the beginning of March, after which it is extremely soft and watery, and unfit for use. After spawning the sole retreats into deep water, and in the course of six weeks or two months recovers its strength. Like the rest of the finny tribe, its flavour is finest when caught in deep water, before the roe or milt is much developed; but in consequence of being rather shy of bait of any kind, it is not then easily taken. This fish thrives in fresh water, and is there said to grow to double the size of the salt-water sole. It is in good season throughout the entire year, with the exception of the months of February, March, and April.

Skate.—Naturalists describe nine species of skate, all of which are easily to be recognised by their flat rhomboidal form and cartilaginous skeletons. The skate approaches our shores and spawns in the end of July or the beginning of August, after which it retires into deep water, and in the course of two months recovers its strength. As an article of food it is extremely rich and nutritious.

Herring.—The herring, the staple food of the poor in Scotland, and, when in high condition, no less a favourite with the rich, demands our special attention.

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It was formerly held by Pennant and the older naturalists that the herring migrated to the coasts of Britain from the arctic seas; but more recent and accurate observation has discovered the fallacy of this notion, for few or none of the British species are to be found in the northern regions; and the fact that the herring frequents different parts of our shores at totally different seasons, has given rise to the belief that they merely retreat into deep water near our coasts, either for a more abundant supply of food, or for some other purpose connected with their recovery. Shoals of herring appear on the coast of Shetland about the middle of June, when the Dutch fishing commences. About the same period the herring appears in great quantities off the shores of Orkney and Caithness, and even so early as May a small species are caught off Thurso. These latter fish are full of roe and milt in August. Herrings in good season, too, are caught between the coasts of Caithness and Orkney about the end of December. Along the coasts of Sutherland, Inverness, and Argyleshires, herrings appear in great shoals about June, and they approach close to the shores in July and August. On these coasts, too, winter herring make their appearance in November, and continue till about the middle of January. The lochs of the West Highlands of Scotland are all more or less frequented by the herring, but their appearance is far from regular or certain in any of them. They are caught about the beginning of June in Loch Fyne and Loch Long; and it is maintained by experienced fishermen that they may be caught in the former loch throughout the entire year. The herring of Loch Fyne have long been celebrated for their superior quality, occasioned, it is supposed, by the peculiarly nutritious description of their food. Off the rivers Tay and Forth, a few miles from the coast, the Dutch fishermen procure excellent herring in the months of July and August. In the Solway Firth the usual fishing time is in September. On the west side of the Isle of Man it commences about the beginning of September, and the fish are said to be equal in quality to those of Loch Fyne. The coasts of Ireland are visited by immense shoals.

The herring in fact visits the coasts of the islands or of the mainland of the north of Europe at all seasons of the year, and is not influenced by any great general law in its migrations other than that obeyed by the other fish we have mentioned. As a general fact, the herring is in best condition, as an article of food, when it is just approaching our coasts—probably four or five miles off. The roe and milt are only then in process of development, and have not subtracted largely from the strength of the muscular fibre. The healthy condition of the fish, indeed, is easily to be recognised from the firmness of its back and the moderate size of its belly, combined with the size and brilliancy of its scales; for when out of season, these scales drop off, and the body becomes pale and livid. Even after being cured, persons acquainted with herring select those having large and brilliant scales, being a uniform sign of the healthy condition of the creature when caught. The mere outward appearance indeed of most of the finny tribe forms a clear index to their condition and state of health, and their consequent fitness for the use of man.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Go seek for infant beauty in the field
  Where summer flowers their morning fragrance fling;
  The solitary gadfly on the wing
Welcomes it there; and with a shining shield
The bee salutes it, passing. Arums wield
  Their scarlet sceptres, glowing 'midst a ring
  Of spicy avens, that sweet tribute bring
To scent the couch where Nature, sun-revealed,
  Cradleth it tenderly with gentle grace!
On mountain and by stream, in woods, where'er
  The dewy steps of Flora man can trace,
Be sure that infant beauty nestles there:
  The beauty that is born without a sound,
Starting in colours bright from every flower around!

BOWING IN ENGLAND.

In general the English approach ladies without bowing, with the hat thrust on the back of the head, almost down to the neck—and they unceremoniously offer their hand. This constitutes cordiality, and replaces our French politeness. On the part of the ladies this way of meeting is very pretty; but it is grossly rude on the part of the men—they have the air of accosting a lady as they would approach a horse. In relations with the vulgar, you lower yourself by being polite. If you take off your hat on entering a shop, you are served last, and with bad grace. Sometimes even you are taken for a beggar, and are turned out of doors, or have a penny offered you. That actually happened to me in a glove shop in Regent Street. —*Jules de Prémary.* [M. Jules de Prémary must be a very miserable-looking Frenchman; for we English are not charitable enough to give a penny to a bow unsupported by other symptoms of distress.]

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THE WOODS!

HALF a century ago there prevailed an extraordinary mania in Scotland for planting trees. The general bareness of the country, the want of shelter for newly-broken up lands, and the desire for ornamenting estates, offered a sufficient reason for going largely into arboriculture. But other causes conspired. Foreign timber was heavily taxed, and wood of even ordinary kinds was enormously expensive. Wood, therefore, as a growing crop, was believed to be one of the best sources of revenue to landed proprietors. Whether for these or other reasons, planting was carried prodigious lengths in various parts of the country, vastly to the improvement of the climate, and also of general amenity.

Considerable success in a commercial sense, as is well known, attended the efforts of the Duke of Athol and other great planters in the north; and this very success led to still wider enterprises. Thirty years ago—twenty years ago—planting was taken up by the lesser proprietors as a species of duty. It was the fashion to plant, and everybody planted. No sooner did a gentleman purchase an estate than he made arrangements with nurserymen to plant his hill sides, and these were in time duly laid out with fantastically-shaped clumps and belts of trees. Sir Walter Scott, on purchasing Abbotsford, went strongly into this craze for planting; and on various occasions in his writings—more particularly in an article in the 'Quarterly Review'—recommended every man who had the means and opportunity to set trees a-growing on his property. The result, we again say, is a great addition to the beauty of the country. Scotland has been made quite another thing by the operations of its gentlemen planters. We thank them for what they have done, and hope that their example will be followed in such situations as still stand in need of shelter and decoration.

While, however, commending the generally disinterested efforts of planters, the time seems to have come when it may be inquired how their enterprises are likely to prove profitable. One thing we distinctly admit: shelter from plantations has greatly advanced agriculture; and where this is the case a good and proper end has been gained. Beauty, also, is worth not a little. But beyond these two elements there is reason to believe that plantations in many situations will turn out a dead loss and cruel disappointment. In an excellent practical treatise on planting,* the author, a planter by profession, goes into some lengthy statements to prove that trees, on a calculation of sixty or a hundred years, will be an infinitely more profitable crop than anything else, supposing that the land, for ordinary purposes, is worth only ten shillings an acre per annum. He mentions that in one place an acre of land produced L.144 in sixty years from trees, while it would have given only L.30 by renting it to a farmer. And so on with various other calculations. It does not escape the notice of this clever planter that the value of wood varies according as the locality may or may not be conveniently situated as regards a ready market for the sale of timber. But a leading and serious defect in his production consists in a want of deliberate advice on this important point. Some little acquaintanceship with trees in the way of property induces us to supply that species of admonition which the work in question, like most other treatises on planting, has unfortunately omitted.

In reading accounts of Canada and other uncleared parts of America, one is apt to be not a little surprised at the valuelessness of the growing timber. Forests of the finest tall trees are spoken of as a general nuisance. Magnificent trees which in this country we should look upon with respect, are viewed with detestation by settlers, and are felled, dragged together in heaps, and burned. The land, in fact, is not of any value till the timber is got rid of. In these extensive transatlantic regions trees are for the most part only of use for firewood, or for limited local purposes. It may be doubted whether, if taken altogether, they are worth so much as a single farthing each. A tree four feet thick worth no more than a farthing! A similar worthlessness of timber is experienced in Norway and Sweden. Travellers in these countries speak of the finest large trees being obtainable for a penny to threepence each—trees which in London would probably be sold for three or four pounds. This worthlessness of timber in Canada and in Norway of course arises from the want of local demand corresponding to the supply, and also the high cost of transit to suitable foreign markets. Overplanting has placed various parts of Scotland in a position, as respects trees, analogous to Canada and Norway. In those districts traversed by railways, or which are in the vicinity of large towns or seaports, or that are the centre of mining operations, wood of smaller and larger growth can be disposed of pretty readily at paying prices; but in situations possessing neither of these advantages, trees of any size are barely worth the cost of cutting down. Larch, fir, ash, elm, oak—all are nearly alike useless—positive encumberers of the soil. We shall, for example, take a forest situated at the distance of about thirty miles inland from a large town. In that length of road there are six toll-bars, and the

* The Forester. A Treatise on the Planting and Management of Trees. By James Brown, Arniston. Blackwood: 1851.

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cartage of a load of timber occupying two days will be not less than twenty shillings—a sum double the freight of a ton of goods by sea from St Petersburg. Now, when to this expense of land-carriage are added all other charges—planting, rearing, fencing, thinning, and cutting, with rent of land for a series of years—a price per load is made up which cannot in the circumstances be realised. A few well-grown and peculiar trees may be made to pay; but we are speaking of hundreds of acres of trees, not small quantities of a highly-recommendable quality. In short, the landowner who has a forest on his hands, and is cut off from the world by half-a-dozen toll-bars, may almost as well have as much extent of bare rock so far as direct profit is concerned.

That facts of this nature are beginning to be painfully felt by the sons and grandsons of many great planters there can be little doubt. The hallucination of covering lands with an unsaleable article is in the course of explosion, much to the distress of families who had reckoned on a different result. To aggravate the hardship of extensive tree-owners, ploughs, harrows, and some other agricultural implements which were formerly made of native hardwood, are now constructed of iron; so that, in the situations to which we refer, an ash or elm tree, unless of vast age and size, is probably of no more worth than one of fir or larch. Larches of moderate size for what are called 'country purposes'—that is, for making palings or hurdles—are indeed the only things saleable, but at prices which it seems a burlesque to mention.

In the course of last summer it was our fortune to cut down and try to sell sixty thousand trees in order to thin certain woods. Larches, Scots firs, and oaks were those principally cut. All were about twenty-five years' growth, and generally they were about the thickness of a man's leg; some smaller, where they had been too crowded. The larches were cut and peeled by contract for 27s. per 1000, and the Scots firs were cut for 15s. per 1000. The cost of cutting the sixty thousand was L.63, 3s.; and adding the charges for cartage, and all other expenses, the entire outlay was L.79, 5s.

How to dispose of the great loads of trees that lay scattered about among the woods was now the difficulty. There the fallen timber lay; and as we looked at the unconscious heaps of trees that lately bloomed in all their leafy honours, we felt as if we had done a cruel thing. However, the question was now how to sell these murdered innocents. Our factor, a shrewd man of business—every laird, great and small, must have his factor—recommended an auction. 'Roup them,' said he; 'public competition is the thing.' Accordingly, on a day in June, a roup was called by means of bills on every kirk door within a sphere of ten miles; post letters were despatched to farmers; and in the nearest burgh town the roup was announced by tuck of drum. The great day came, and with it a crowd of some thirty to forty persons at an appointed place among the woods. As we advanced to the spot the scene that presented itself was picturesque and original. Men in gray plaids were seated on mossy banks talking gravely of country matters; here and there lay a shepherd with his dog; two or three rural carpenters were inspecting the lots; and the factor's clerk, with book and pen in hand, and an inkhorn at his buttonhole, stood ready for business. At our approach the auctioneer, a tall, aged carle, who had gone through hundreds of things of the kind, called out that the roup was going to begin; and to shew that time was up, he appealed confidently to a silver watch as thick as a moderate-sized turnip.

All gathered themselves slowly to their legs; two or three mouths interchanged stumpy tobacco-pipes, and several noses took snuff. There was a general screwing up to business. At this important crisis, the auctioneer winked, as a signal for us to have a private word with him.

Speaking low: 'Have you got the whisky?' said he.

'What whisky?'

'Why the whisky for the drams to be sure! Unless each get a dram and a biscuit, nothing will be done!'

'Never heard of such a thing,' said we; 'the people come to buy wood, not to drink.'

'Well, well, do as you like,' replied the rustic Nestor; 'only I can tell you this, that unless they are primed they wont fire. Many of them want to buy, but they have not got their blood up; and unless they have a little spirits to warm them, they will hardly be brought to give a bode. I ken the lads doon hereaway fine.'

A pretty fix this! We must either make the people half-tipsy, or see the loads of timber remain undisposed of.

To cut the difficulty, the onus of the transaction was thrown on the factor. He might do as he liked. The factor judged it prudent to supply 'refreshment;' some of the audience had come ten miles, and were a good deal tired—it was such a warm day, &c. A gilly was despatched for a few bottles of spirits and a batch of biscuits. The intelligence, loudly announced, that refreshments were coming, acted like magic. The master of the ceremonies lifted his staff, which acted the part of a hammer; and the bidding began. A shilling for that lot—eighteenpence—two shillings. Here a pause.

'What are you waiting on now, gentlemen—go on!' said the auctioneer coaxingly.

'You have not told if there is to be any discount for ready money,' cried a voice briskly.

'Oh, I forgot that!' was responded. 'There is to be sixpence a pound discount for cash.'

There was a murmur of approbation, and half-a-crown was twice bidden. 'Going to be a brisk sale,' whispered the auctioneer to us encouragingly. One lot after another was knocked down; and if little money was going, there was no deficiency of jokes.

'Aih, Charlie, that's a capital lot; ye'll hae nae want o' parritch sticks.'

'I wadna wonder, Tam, but ye're gaun to set up as a grand timber-merchant; there will be nae speaking to ye.'

'Come, Sandie,' cried the auctioneer, 'here's a lot for you; what d'ye say—a shilling to begin with?'

Sandie mustered courage to bid a shilling.

'I'll gie ye a ha'penny mair,' said a smart little man.

'Houts,' said the auctioneer, laughing heartily, 'keep that for the brode* the morn. We canna take a bode under a penny!'

From heap to heap the company straggled on, ascending the hill, and pausing ever and anon to chat, laugh, snuff, and do a little in the way of purchasing. At length having come to a steep part of the road, which was cut roughly through the woods, a discussion broke out on a matter of serious concern. Amidst the murmur of voices that reached us through the trees, one was heard louder than the rest: 'I'll no buy another bawbee's worth unless you lend me the slype.'

'Weel, weel, Charlie,' replied the old auctioneer soothingly, 'ye'll get the slype, I'se warrant. Where is he himsel'?'

Perceiving that we were in request, we made our appearance.

'Will ye lend the slype?'

'The slype!—what's the slype?'

'The slype!—no to ken the slype, and you have got such a gude ane too!'

'Then be so good as explain what it is.'

'Losh, sir, no to understand what a slype is!'

There were looks of extreme surprise all round. We

* Collecting-dish for the poor at the church door.

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were evidently held to be very small for our ignorance of woodland affairs. The factor, as in duty bound, came to the rescue.

'The slype,' said he, 'is a kind of sledge for bringing timber down from high places on the hills, where a cart with wheels could not be taken.'

'But I do not know that I have a slype.'

'Yes, you have one, lying somewhere in the farm-offices: shall I promise the loan of it?'

'By all means.'

Pacified respecting the slype, the sale went on, and came to a finish when still a good way from the top of the hill.

'A capital day's work this, sir,' said the auctioneer as we walked home part of the way with him. 'The clerk tells me the sales will come to at least twenty pound, and a' as gude as paid!'

Thereabouts, certainly, was the sum-total. There were one hundred and seventeen lots disposed of, consisting, in the aggregate, of twenty-three thousand trees, cut and ready for putting on cart or slype. After paying all expenses, the auction hardly realised the outlay. But the history of the affair is not ended. Despite the strong temptation of sixpence per pound discount, many of the lots were never claimed. The sale took place in the middle of June, and at Christmas the snow fell on various unremoved masses of timber—a melancholy exhibition. Of course, there might have been legal prosecution. But who would worry himself about such a trifle? The result, one way and another, satisfied the sentiment. Any more sales of wood by auction was out of the question; and the remainder of the lots were disposed of privately, some in barter, and others for money. The creditor side of the account was considered by the neighbourhood as exceedingly favourable. It shewed for sale of wood and bark L.104, 14s. 6d.; leaving a balance over outlay of L.25, 9s. 6d., besides a lot of trees retained for home use.

'You may think yourself well off,' said every one. 'A penny a piece is considered a good price for trees in this quarter; and if you clear the expense of cutting them down and removing them, it is reckoned a great matter.'

A great matter certainly! Our eyes were opened to the grandeur of arboriculture. As many trees as a horse could draw on a cart were sold for eighteenpence, though, to do the transaction justice, some cartloads brought as high as half-a-crown and three shillings. The whole affair was amusingly absurd, and presented a fine instance of the fiddle-faddlery in which country gentlemen usually busy themselves. To see how far the joke might be carried, we invited a country carpenter, who wanted some good firs, to inspect a lot of upwards of forty years' growth. Capital tall sticks they were—not your thinnings. The offer which this judicious artisan made for them was—threepence to sixpence each. Had he cleared the two acres of land which they covered, we should probably have pocketed somewhere under thirty shillings. 'Why, you do not mean to say that threepence is all the worth of that tree?'

'Yes, I do,' replied the dealer in timber; 'there is little demand for wood of that kind here, and so much of it can be had that the prices going are a mere trifle.' Exit carpenter, and no sales.

Such are the experiences of a tree-owner, who should be glad to know what he is to do with a hundred and twenty acres of as 'fine thriving timber' as ever graced an advertisement, or formed the subject of eulogy of a reporter on plantations. There are the trees, green, beautiful, the embellishment of the landscape. Growing and growing, year by year they are seen adding to their bulk, towering on the hill-sides, and offering a choice of solitary walks, deliciously fragrant and cool in the summer heats. But how is the primary and continued cost of these fine woods to be realised? Thirty miles from a market! Six toll-bars! No sophistry, no poetry can get over these hard truths. Far beyond the legitimate demands for shelter and ornament, these pleasant woods, the pride of the wild, are valueless—a miserable consequence of that imprudent taste for planting which a number of years ago knew no limit but the power of satisfying it.

THE BARONESS PAFFZ.

We found ourselves doomed to the unpleasant task of lodging-hunting at a peculiarly unpropitious season for those who desired to combine economy with comfort and respectability; the monster Exhibition having extended its influence even to the quiet, far-away regions of Bloomsbury. The notifications of 'Apartments to let' in the windows of houses in the almost grass-grown streets of that once-fashionable locality far exceeded any number within the memory of 'the oldest inhabitant;' evincing how the anticipations of a harvest of unusual profit, arising from the expected influx of visitors to the metropolis, had contagiously spread. In the course of our progress we turned down a short blind street, where the houses were few, of moderate size, and more cheering outward aspect than the larger and dingier mansions of the immediate neighbourhood. We singled out one whose windows looked bright and clean, and where the announcement of accommodation was displayed on a small card in very minute characters—so minute as scarcely to be decipherable, and causing us to hesitate before making application at the door with the usual question, 'Can we view the apartments?' However, our doubts were speedily dispersed by a neat young handmaiden, who replied to our timid summons with considerable alacrity, inviting us to walk in, and to walk up to the first floor. This we did, and found ourselves in what was of course denominated the drawing-room—and what a tale we read by scrutinising the contents of the room! I turned over these sad pages of reality, which interested me much, for I saw we were in the abode of faded gentility, and not in a regular lodging-house. There was scant antique furniture, preserved with the utmost care and scrupulous cleanliness; touching attempts at decoration and embellishment; fine muslin curtains, so exquisitely darned that the darning stood in the stead of embroidery; and all presided over by an air of poverty indescribable, which made one shiver and feel cold at the bare idea of becoming an inmate. Ancient annuals were arranged methodically on a far more ancient table, and in the midst stood a splendid china bowl, evidently the pride and glory of the house. It was indeed a beautiful thing, while a solitary card reposed in its depths; and shall I confess that we had the curiosity and impertinence to peep at this bit of pasteboard? It had been so often cleaned with India-rubber that the printing was beginning to be obliterated; but still fairly distinguishable were the letters which formed the words—'Sir Thomas Crumpton, Crumpton Court.'

I had just returned this honoured relic to its painted nest, when an individual rapidly entered the apartment, talking in an equally rapid, excited manner, without once stopping to take breath, and requesting us to step down to the dining-room, 'where aunt was, and also a fire.' The individual alluded to, whose quick motions we now followed down the stairs we had so lately ascended, was a small-sized female, apparently about fifty years of age. She had remarkably fine dark eyes; but otherwise the pinched, meagre, not to say starved expression of her countenance, was absolutely painful to contemplate. Her dress was formed after the obsolete mode, when waists were just under the arm-pits, and four breadths of silk were reckoned the allowance

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for a full, handsome skirt! But her headgear—what words may describe that? What fashion, what country, what age, did it belong to? She wore no covering save her own hair—and but few gray ones were perceptible—but that was all braided on the crown of the head, to resemble a basket containing flowers—artificial flowers of foreign and antique manufacture. The flowers were faded; the dress was darned, like the curtains; the gloves were mended—oh! so well and beautifully mended!—and yet the little, odd lady *looked* like a gentlewoman, and we felt convinced was one to all intents and purposes. She chattered without ceasing in the easiest, most confidential way, and introduced us to her aunt as if we had been familiar acquaintances instead of strangers seeking for London lodgings. The aunt was twin-sister in appearance to the niece, notwithstanding a score or so of years' seniority; the dining-room was twin-ghost of the drawing-room, save that there was no china bowl; but to make up for the deficiency, a spinet—surely 'the first of the spinets'—stood in one corner: it was open, too, as if recently played upon; and a mere handful of coal smouldered in the brightly-polished grate, originally of moderate dimensions, but confined into a handbreadth space by false back and sides. 'They wanted society; we were the very parties they desired to have'—flattering and embarrassing to us—'they had never let lodgings before'—of that we felt sure—'but seeing so many others put up bills, and people of high respectability, too, they thought that, just by way of a little variety, they, too, would try their luck at letting part of their house—a house they had occupied for nearly thirty years.' Aunt and niece spoke both at the same time; and to our half-uttered sentence: 'We fear the apartments will not suit us,' exclaimed in chorus: 'We shall be delighted to receive you; we do not doubt your giving us unexceptionable references; pray do not apologise.' And we had some difficulty in making the poor old souls comprehend that we must search farther before coming to a decision; but when they named an exorbitant sum for even handsome rooms in a good situation, and named it, too, as a nominal rent, in the simplicity of their hearts—'for the sake of being beneath an unexceptionable roof,' exchanging a rather mysterious glance, we thought it better to plead inability to meet it than to wound their feelings. But it would not do: they had taken a fancy to us, it was clear, and, for the sake of such pleasant company, would meet us in any way! Aunt and niece whispered together for a few moments; and then the elder lady, drawing herself up majestically, said, with an air of dignity and importance that was never surpassed: 'Sir Thomas Crumpton of Crumpton Court is a relative, though a distant one, of ours, and I am the Baroness Paffz; though, since I lost my husband thirty years ago, and left a magnificent west-end mansion to reside here and bring up my orphan niece, I have dropped my proper title, and am recognised by the humble and commonplace one distinguishing the mass, even as plain Mrs Paffz.'

We bowed to the baroness, and really endeavoured to throw all the respect we could into our demeanour, for we had no inclination to laugh, or to hold up to derision the antiquated gentlewomen, who took *our* respectability on trust, and so unintentionally flattered our self-respect by their perfect confidence. We could not get away from them—we must see the bedrooms. Alas! for winter weather with those shreds of blankets, curtains, and carpets! We must test the powers of the 'instrument,' once so famed. They doted on music, and it should always be at our command. Then they told us how they had lived here for thirty years—thirty long years—visiting no one, and being visited by nobody—(yes; Sir Thomas Crumpton *had* called upon them once!)—seeing no sights save the high wall opposite, over which the apple blossoms towered *now*, but hadn't when they first came; never walking out save to church—they were bad walkers: no books, no papers; only this old spinet to enliven their solitary, monotonous lives. They never hinted at poverty or privation, though the baroness sighed when she spoke of former splendours. At length we made our escape, though only by promising to call again, and give our final answer, 'Which we *do* hope—oh, *so* much!—may be in the affirmative!' exclaimed both aunt and niece, as we warmly shook hands, and parted like old friends. The great wonder to us was, how they had ever brought their minds to let lodgings; but as our acquaintance ripened, the facts of the case became more fully divulged.

The Baroness Paffz, in the days of her prosperity, had undertaken the sole charge of a destitute orphan nephew and niece, when she suddenly found herself a widow in reduced circumstances (the Baron Paffz held a diplomatic appointment, and lived up to his income.) Her nephew Desmond at that time was still at Harrow school. He was a high-spirited, handsome lad, equally the darling of his sister Clarissa and his fond aunt. Sir Thomas Crumpton was the only influential relative they had; but when reverse of circumstances overtook them, he looked coldly on those whose friendship he had formerly courted. However, he appropriated one of his freehold houses, at a low rent, for the use of the baroness and her niece: she would accept nothing more; nor was she aware, as we afterwards found, that twenty pounds a year were remitted by the niggardly baronet on the rent. He also articled Desmond to a lawyer; and Desmond brought home every day to the blind, dull street his bright anticipations, and a spirit pining for freedom. Poor fellow! it could not last; he could not endure the confinement and monotony of such an existence, for he had been a pampered, spoiled boy, and promised by the deceased baron a commission in the Guards!

He at length disappeared; and months of torturing suspense passed over, the two lone women hearing nothing of his fate. They thought not of his selfishness in thus deserting them; they only pitied and loved him the more. Sir Thomas Crumpton was indignant in the extreme at young Desmond's conduct, and took this opportunity of 'washing his hands' of his poor connections. At length a letter came from the truant, and with trembling hands and streaming eyes the sister and aunt thankfully received it. Desmond was in India; he had worked his way thither on shipboard, and his prospects were brightening, after intense suffering and privation. Another letter, and another, each more hopeful and cheering than the last: Desmond was in the high road to fame and fortune, and in a few years would return to them a rich nabob! Fond dreams—illusive anticipations! The letters ceased, they heard no more, and for twenty-three years these patient souls had existed on hope. 'Desmond *must* be still alive.' No tidings could they gather of his death in those distant regions; still he would return to them, wealthy and powerful—for what were twenty-three years after all? Clarissa was still a girl to Aunt Paffz, and the baroness lived on memories of past happiness. Changes went on around them, but there was no change in them. A room was kept in constant readiness for Desmond's return, but the moth and decay *will* make themselves heard; and how fervently they wished for means to redecorate *that* chamber. The same idea had struck them both, though it was a long while ere they found courage to communicate it to each other—the idea of imitating the example of their neighbours, and putting up a bill signifying that part of their house was to let. The Baroness Paffz was the landlady, Sir Thomas Crumpton was their relative, and select and aristocratic must be the inmates they received! The emolument arising from this proceeding was to be entirely

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devoted to the reparation and embellishment of Desmond's chamber—Desmond, the anxiously and daily looked for!

Clarissa still warbles the songs which Desmond admired when he was a boy, for he will like to hear them again, she says; she wears the headdress in which *then*, he proudly said, his pretty darling sister looked still prettier. Each knock at the door causes her to dart to the window and peep through the blinds to ascertain who it is; and often she says to Aunt Paffz, that she *almost* trusts their boy may not come just at this juncture, as he mightn't like to see the ticket up, and she would like to have his room fresh and nicely done up for him.

Poor things! my heart throbs in sympathy as I listen to their oft-repeated anticipations, for we are great friends, and I often refresh myself by going to see these out-of-the-world women. In their case, hope deferred has not made the heart sick — not unhealthy, or feverish, or even impatient. They are inured to waiting; they literally feed on hope; and when it is withdrawn, they will speedily fade and wither doubtless. But will it ever be withdrawn? Will they not depart this life with the hope yet warm in their yearning hearts that Desmond and they are surely about to meet again? It has sustained and cheered them in adversity, and who would wish to destroy the innocent hallucination? It is not, indeed, impossible — such things have been heard of — and Desmond, after a twenty-three years' silence, may turn up! We have never regretted our labours of lodging-hunting, since they brought us into contact with these interesting old ladies; no other visitors penetrated so far as the retired street where they reside; and after a few weeks they decided on taking the modest card of 'apartments to let' from the casement, lest Desmond should return. When he does, we will promise to add a little supplement to this romance of real life; and, in the meantime, may we, under hopes deferred, prove as patient, faithful, and resigned!

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

'I CANNOT comprehend it,' exclaimed Monsieur Vieuxtemps, a French gentleman standing near the Crystal Palace on the 1st of May, as soon as the subsidence of the cheers which greeted the Queen permitted him to be heard. 'I am told—and I can readily believe it—that there are a million of human beings in and about this glorious park, and among them exiles, refugees, visitors of every nation and degree, and yet there are certainly not more than three or four hundred soldiers to be seen! Where shall I find the secret of this multitudinous homogenity — this grave enthusiasm — this order without force—this freedom without licence—this antique, hearty, but unservile loyalty; where seek the *mot d'enigme* of this marvellous riddle?'

As I happened to be one of a small group thus indirectly addressed, I said: 'You must not forget, Monsieur Vieuxtemps, that there is a reverse side to this gay picture—profound shadows, but the gloomier for the brilliant lights with which they are contrasted. In yon vast, half-deserted city, which has poured forth this multitude of well-dressed holiday-makers, there are hundreds of wretched homes and pining hearts'——

'Of course — of course,' broke in the impatient Frenchman; 'that must be the case, I imagine, in all competitive societies; and the only question appears to me to be—whether struggle, which is the life of a people, should, because of the frequent injustices which grow out of it, be exchanged for inert languor—moral death? But it was not of this I was either speaking or thinking.'

'You wish to know who built the Crystal Palace?'

'Nonsense,' rejoined M. Vieuxtemps, a little tartly. 'Everybody knows that Paxton designed, and Fox and Henderson erected it.'

'Technically correct; but who set the thing agoing, and now supports it? The multiform potentate who really does everything in England; and if you have a mind to see him in his representative form, I shall be glad to introduce you.'

'Let me go with you, and be brought face to face, also, with your parliament,' interposed one of the group, Herr von Blunderblast, fresh from Faderland.

This was agreed to; the hour and place of meeting arranged; and we separated.

'It will be a splendid building, no doubt, when finished,' said M. Vieuxtemps, when at the appointed time we met in New Palace Yard. 'A fitter residence for monarchs than to echo the boisterous clamours of a turbulent democracy. The façade on the river side, which I have seen, is very beautiful, and, I am told, nine hundred feet in length.'

'Yes: the czar of all the Russias when here is said to have called the work "a dream in stone." It is certainly a splendidly-enriched edifice.'

'And the cost already incurred is, I understand, enormous,' said Herr von Blunderblast; 'nearly two millions and a half sterling—a fabulous sum to any but English apprehensions.'

'When one reflects upon the gorgeous character and costly decorations of the building, both within and without; that it stands upon a bed of concrete fifteen feet thick, and covers nine acres of ground; that one of its massive towers, the Victoria, will reach a height of three hundred and forty-six feet, the two others not much less; that the octagon court or central hall alone contains two hundred and fifty tons of stone, fashioned into one roof—surprise at the magnitude of the bill of costs vanishes at once.'

'I think the style of architecture,' observed M. Vieuxtemps, 'is badly chosen. The Gothic is very well adapted for a cathedral, for a temple dedicated to the solemnities of religion, but a secular palace should be erected after the sublime models of classical antiquity.'

'I am sorry to say I must agree with you. The edifice is certainly not only in a wrong style of art, but is invested with a frippery in the way of ornament that is very toy-like and unsatisfactory. However, never mind the outside. Let us walk on. Now, we are in Westminster Hall, deeply interesting from historical circumstances. But let us hasten through it. We are now near the object of our search. Yon new and as yet unfinished archway at the further end of the Hall will form a portion of the lobby and entrance to the new Houses of Parliament; those doors on our right lead, as the letters on them indicate, to the supreme courts of law and equity. It is right, in pursuance of the task I have undertaken, that we should glance through them, for there can be no question that to the high character of the presiding judges, their perfect independence of the crown, the firm and impartial manner in which justice—costly, it is true, but still justice—is administered by them, under the check of freely-challengeable juries—the great writs of habeas corpus, mandamus, quo warranto, prohibition, with which they are armed—have greatly aided to produce that feeling of entire security, of individual right, without which the vast industrial energies of this

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country would never have reached their present development.'

'What odd costumes! The judges and counsel look like mediæval portraits just stepped out of their picture-frames.'

'Yes: this wig-and-gown costume always suggests a sensation of the ludicrous to strangers; but John Bull—a man half made up of habits, precedents, and traditions—is not one to discard a custom of antiquity merely because it may appear odd and out of place.'

'These high functionaries are doubtless of noble family and descent,' remarked Herr von Blunderblast sententiously. 'The English aristocracy are well-known to monopolise all dignities.'

'Not certainly in our courts of justice. Almost all our legal dignitaries have risen from the middle classes. The law in this country is a laborious and exhausting profession, and men are seldom urged to the exertions it exacts save by the sharp spur of necessity. The chief-justice in this court—Lord Campbell, a peer of parliament—is a Scotch gentleman who owes the eminence to which he has attained entirely to his legal acumen, unconquerable industry, and vast general talent. It is but a few years since he boasted to his Scottish constituents that he was still "plain John Campbell." The chief-baron of this next court—the Exchequer of Pleas—is a relative of the General Pollock, a soldier of fortune, whose Indian exploits you may have heard of. On his right sits Baron Parke, perhaps the ablest legist this country can boast of. The Common Pleas need not detain us—it is but a reflex of the others; nor this Vice-Chancellor Bruce's court—unless it be to remark, *en passant*, how difficult it is to believe, in the presence of the courteous gentleman and distinguished judge who presides, that Chancery can be the hateful and ruinous thing it is.'

'Vraiment!' observed M. Vieuxtemps. 'The tearing claw of equity does appear to be concealed beneath a smooth and very beautiful exterior.'

'This is the Lord High Chancellor's Court. You observe the judge?'

'Yes: a square-headed, decisive-looking man—his cerebral organisation indicative of indomitable energy and keen analytical thought.'

'That is Lord High Chancellor Truro, who began life as an attorney. He is now at the head of the administration of the law in this country, and, after the princes of the blood-royal, the first subject in the realm.'

'That appears to justify,' said M. Vieuxtemps, 'a remark I read some time ago in a speech of the British prime minister, which puzzled me a good deal at the time. It was to the effect that in continental countries the aristocracy is the despair, but in England the hope of talent.'

'A catching sentence, my dear sir, but to be taken with reservations. Talent in this country, with the exception of forensic, parliamentary, or military talent, has slight chance, I believe, of the peerage. But here we are in Westminster Hall again, and it is now quite time we were on our way to the committee-rooms of parliament. They are completed; but the present temporary entrance is in Abingdon Street, nearly opposite Westminster Abbey gate. We can go through by this last door on the right of the Hall.'

We soon reached the small archway in Abingdon Street, strode along the wooden passage, and ascending the seemingly interminable stairs, at last reached the long and splendid corridor in which the committee-rooms of both Houses are situated. Many of the doors were labelled with the titles of the committees, all of the Commons House, sitting within.

'Who appoints these committees, and what are their functions?' asked Herr von Blunderblast.

'They consist of a varying number of members nominated by the House, to inquire into and report upon the merits or demerits, technical and substantial, of private bills, which are usually passed or rejected according to their report; to decide upon petitions allegative of the undue return of members; and, in short, to inquire into and report upon all matters relative to the administration of the home, foreign, colonial, and financial affairs of the country which the House may choose to investigate. The House also deputes to them its own power of sending for "persons, papers, and records."'

'Do you mean to say,' exclaimed Herr von Blunderblast, 'that these House of Commons Committees can compel ministers, diplomatists, field-marshals, generals, to attend and answer questions relative to the affairs and secrets of their departments?'

'Certainly I do. There was a committee last year sitting to examine into the administration of affairs at Ceylon, and they have published a large "blue book," containing the result of their inquisition. Another is now occupied in investigating the conduct which the government have pursued towards the Cape of Good Hope. But look at the labels on the doors. What do you read?'

'Law of Mortmain; Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill; County-rate Expenditure Bill; Law of Partnership; Customs; Ordnance Survey (Scotland); Great Central Gas Company—— Why, all the affairs of the country appear to be regulated by this omnipotent House of Commons!'

'That is strictly the case. The business of the Commons has immensely increased of late years. One reason of this is, that in the Commons must originate all money bills—all bills levying rates upon the people for any purpose whatever; the Peers neither having the power to initiate or change such bills in the slightest degree; they must be either consented to or rejected *en bloc*. This practice necessarily results from the constitutional axiom, acquiesced in by the Lords after many struggles to avoid so great a surrender of practical power, that the Commons are the "granting," the Lords the "assenting" power. In 1671 the Commons passed a resolution that in them alone lay "the fundamental right" in the matter of taxes and supplies—"the measure and the time." There is no professional man who works harder during the session than an active member of the House of Commons.'

'What do they get for all this worry and work?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'Honour and distinction—nought else. The honour and distinction of writing M.P. after their names.'

'I shall never comprehend this money-grubbing, money-contemning, queen-shouting, freedom-loving people,' murmured Herr von Blunderblast, 'as long as I live—never!'

'This is No. 4 Committee-room. Let us go in; but mind you speak in whispers only when in presence of a fragment of the Honourable House.'

'Those everlasting horse-hair wigs again!' ejaculated M. Vieuxtemps.

'Those two gentlemen are counsel learned in the law, who appear for the supporters and opponents of the measure now under investigation.'

'What is the measure?'

'It is a private bill that has been petitioned for, and of no kind of interest. Let us rather go into this apartment, where a committee is sitting on a case of election bribery. You will perhaps be amused: the grief and shame belong to us alone.'

'Oh, *par exemple!*' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps when, after about an hour's attendance in the crowded room, we once more stood in the corridor. 'But this is scandalous.'

'The practice of bribery is a foul blot upon our electoral system; but, except in the spread of education, I know not where an efficient remedy is to be found.'

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'But the thing is childish and absurd. Here it is proved that needy electors receive a stipulated amount of gold from a person whose name is given; they are also seen swilling beer and spirits; they vote for a particular candidate; and yet the lawyers—the committee—declare that they have no idea, no legal idea, of where the money and the drink came from!'

'A very proper decision in the absence of legal proof.'

'But the overwhelming moral presumption!'

'Wo to the country which, in judicial investigations, discards the strict, inflexible rules of evidence, to be guided by overwhelming moral presumption! No instrument more potent than that, be assured, to let in the most tyrannous wrong and injustice. What, if such a rule obtained in these committees, would there be to prevent a candidate, certain of being defeated, from bribing, through an indifferent party, two or three electors to vote for his opponent, and thereby vitiate his election? But come, it is near four o'clock, and we had better take our places in the waiting-room to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons.'

'How shall we obtain admittance?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'Some of the members we shall find about the library will give us orders. I have never found any difficulty in procuring one.'

'I begin, I think,' observed Herr von Blunderblast, as we retraced our steps towards Abingdon Street, 'to comprehend something of this antique picturesque monarchy we saw the other day, with its heralds, knights, peers, banners, and devices; and your matter-of-fact, prosaic, and, I have little doubt, effective modes of controlling or neutralising its ancient prerogatives and attributes. Our people, it is already clear to me, have studied only the husk and shell of your system, not its inner and vital life.'

'You continentals certainly labour under some strange fancies respecting our monarchical system. You take us up too literally. We are a curious mixture. Notwithstanding the vastness of popular will, the wearer of the crown, as a centre of authority and fountain of honour, has still immense influence, and in no instance has it been, perhaps, more signally and beneficially displayed than in beating down the vast amount of sinister objection that was raised against the proposed and now triumphant display in the Park. But here we are at the outer door leading to the temporary Commons' House.'

The orders of admission were easily obtained, and we ascended the half-dozen steps on the left of the passage to the Commons, and took our seats in the waiting-room. 'Always,' said I, 'take this seat on the right, just at the head of the stair. The police of the House will only permit us to proceed to the gallery in the order in which we sit, commencing with me. We are therefore sure of a front seat, and the gallery altogether will only hold about sixty.'

'What is that painted on the door yonder?' asked M. Vieuxtemps, who was rather near-sighted.

'"Members' Smoking-room: no Strangers Admitted."'

'Ah, then, the Honourable House does smoke. Hollo! What's that—tinkle, tinkle? What does the bell mean?'

'That the Speaker has entered the House, and his chaplain commenced reading prayers.'

'There it goes again! What may it now betoken?'

'That prayers are over. If a House is made, the gallery will be immediately opened.'

'What do you mean by making a House?'

'If there be forty members present, the House will be constituted; if less than that number, it will be *ipso facto* adjourned. But we are called—it is all right.'

'What a shabbily-fitted House!' said Herr von Blunderblast as soon as we were seated—'with its plain straight rows of benches just rising one above the other, worn green leathern seat-cushions, and wooden galleries supported by rude square posts!'

'These are fittings erected since the fire, which you no doubt heard or read of; and as the new House will soon be completed, it has not been thought worth while to incur any great expense for a merely temporary purpose. The two long side-galleries are members' galleries. That at the farther end, behind and above the Speaker's chair, is assigned to the reporters for the press.'

'Then that gentleman with the great wig on, seated in the porch or chair, with the royal arms over it, is Mr Speaker?'

'Yes; and the gowned and wigged gentlemen sitting just before him at the table are principal clerks of the House.'

'On the table I perceive lies the mace which Cromwell bade his soldiers take away.'

'True. The House is getting full. There are in all 656 members, since the borough of Sudbury was disfranchised: 498 for England and Wales; 53 for Scotland; and 105 for Ireland. But it is rare that anything like the entire complement are present. The Ministerial side of the House is on the Speaker's right—the Opposition on his left; but there is much confusion in this respect just now, on account of the number of independent sections of parties into which the House is divided.'

'What are those two red boxes on the table opposite each other for?'

'They are placed there for the reception of papers necessary to the ministry and the leader of the Opposition. The first lord of the treasury, Lord John Russell'——

'Which is Lord John Russell?' broke in M. Vieuxtemps with vivacity—'that short, slight-made gentleman, with his hat pulled over his eyes, or nearly so, and with his legs crossed and arms folded?'

'Yes; and Sir George Grey, much taller, but not with a more intellectual face, is on this side of the noble lord. On the same form or seat there now happen to be sitting the secretary of state for Foreign Affairs, the chancellor of the Exchequer, and the first lord of the Admiralty. Over against them, and directly in front of the other red box, sits in what appears to be a profoundly meditative posture—the honourable member for Buckinghamshire, who'——

'Ah!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps, his dim historical recollections suddenly bursting forth—'John Hampden!'

'No—no—no, my good friend!' I said, hastening to correct so strange an anachronism amidst the suppressed titters of the persons around us; 'not John Hampden, but a very accomplished and brilliant debater, and now the recognised leader of Opposition—Mr D'Israeli.'

'Who is the gentleman standing behind one of the small green baize tables placed crossways on the floor, about a fourth of the way up the House?'

'Those tables on each side the gangway mark the *bar* of the House. The member speaking is reading a report to the House of one of the committees. They are always read there, and so are messages from the Queen when brought down by a minister.'

'But where is the tribune?' asked M. Vieuxtemps—'I do not see it.'

'There is none; the members speak from their places, merely taking off their hats when they rise; and if more than one rises at once, whoever is named by the Speaker, proceeds. The formality and fuss of a tribune would never answer in a House where there is such a mass of briefly-reported but important business-speaking going on in the early part of the sittings.'

'Who is that gentleman with the dress-sword at his

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side, just coming down the House?' asked Herr von Blunderblast. 'I saw that, like all the others, he bowed slightly on passing the Chair.'

'That is the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons. Armed with the Speaker's warrant, he arrests members or others accused of breach of privilege—holds them in custody, or conveys them, as may happen, to Newgate or the Tower. He can obtain any amount of force necessary for the execution of the orders of the House.'

'That is a formidable power in the hands of a popular assembly.'

'It is a necessary power, without which the functions of the House, as the grand inquisition of the realm, could not be carried on.'

'I observe,' said Herr von Blunderblast, 'that many members have a number of rolls of papers in their hands. What may they be—their speeches?'

'No—petitions, which they will in a few minutes present to the House, in the order in which the Speaker calls their names.'

'One gentleman with a very white head, on the right hand, about half-a-dozen seats above the bar, has a barrow-load of them.'

'He is one of the members for the city of Dublin, and Ireland takes a great antagonistic interest in the chief question for debate this evening.'

'What are they doing or saying?' whispered Herr von Blunderblast after a few minutes' silence. 'One of the clerks at the table hands document after document to the Speaker, who says something—then writes something on it, and returns it to the clerk. I cannot make out what he says except perpetual "ayes" and "noes," amidst the buzz of the House. The members are conversing with each other—not attending to the Speaker.'

'The business now going on is merely of a routine character. The documents handed to the Speaker are private bills essentially decided upon by the committees to which they were referred. They are merely now passing through *pro forma* stages. That last was a railway extension bill. The Speaker read its title, and then said in a breath: "The motion is that this bill do now pass those that are for it say ay against it no the ayes have it." He then writes, as you saw, the decision on the bills, and returns it to the clerk.'

'Yes; but those everlasting ayes and noes only come from the Speaker's lips. Nobody else says ay, and nobody else says no: how, then, can the ayes have it?'

'It is, as I told you, a matter chiefly of form. Did any member object, he would rise, state his objection; there would be a discussion, and perhaps a division. These bills, therefore, are really passing without a dissenting voice. But, see, they begin to present petitions. The member states the place from whence the petition comes, the purport of its prayer, and about the number of signatures attached; he then, as you see, walks up and places it on the table. Sometimes, on his motion, the prayer is read at length by the clerk.'

'Look, that centre clerk is pitching them all under the table at his feet as fast as they arrive,' cried Herr von Blunderblast in much too loud a tone, though fortunately unheard by the gallery official.

'He is cramming them into a large, dark-coloured bag,' I answered. 'See, here comes an officer of the House with one already full.'

'What, then, in the name of common sense, can be the use of petitioning? Nobody is listening: it is all buz—buz; and the petitions, placed one moment on the table, are the next crammed into a huge bag and carried out of the House!'

'They are referred to the Petitions' Committee, by whom the substance of the prayer, and the number of petitioners, are recorded and printed, with the votes and proceedings, for the use and information of the members.'

'What is that cross-firing now going on?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'Members putting questions of which they have given notice to the chiefs of departments, and the replies of the ministers.'

'Wh-e-e-e-w!' whistled Herr von Blunderblast, but fortunately not too loud. 'Then a ship-chandler who has contrived to get into parliament may badger and worry the first lord of the Admiralty, as that tall member yonder is doing now?'

'No doubt of it. Any M.P. is an exceedingly important personage; and this is one of the reasons the office, though unattended with a farthing of remuneration, is so eagerly sought after. Fancy the swelling importance, the immense delight of Mr Dobbs, who has by industry and integrity amassed a fortune, and obtained the suffrages of his fellow-townsmen, but is still perhaps at first rather shyed by the local aristocracy, finding himself questioning lords, snubbing right honourables, and possibly reading in the county paper a leader commencing thus: "The important information elicited, or rather, we should say, forcibly wrung, from the noble lord at the head of the Treasury by our talented and esteemed member, John Dobbs, Esq."'——

'Hallo!' interrupted Herr von Blunderblast, 'the Speaker has left the chair, and they are hiding the mace away under the table!'

'It has been moved and carried that the Speaker leave the chair, in order that the House should go into committee. When that is the case the mace is removed, and the House in committee sit under the presidence of a chairman: in this instance Mr Bernal, who has taken his place, you perceive, at the table, by the clerks.'

'What is the *rationale* of this curious proceeding?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'This: all public bills, except those relating to taxation or spirituals, which must be grounded upon a previous resolution of the whole House in committee, pass, if successful, through the following stages:—Leave is given to introduce the bill, and it is read a first time; after an interval of an indefinite number of days, it is read a second time; another delay occurs; and then, as to-night, the House goes into committee on the bill, with a view to its examination, clause by clause, line by line, word by word. In committee, a member may speak upon one question as often as he chooses; when the Speaker is in the chair, only once. When the business of the committee is terminated, it is moved that the chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again; which, if carried, has the effect of bringing the Speaker back to the chair. The House then resumes, as it is called; the mace is replaced on the table; and the business of the assembly goes on as before.'

'Those thundering "hears!" they are the "cheers" which I have seen marked in the journals,' observed M. Vieuxtemps. 'How stirring they are; and what a roar at times sweeps over the House!'

'Yes; an animated debate in the Commons is an exciting affair. Men who can take an effective part in these combats of giants seldom quit the arena unless compelled to do so. Do you mark how fine, how true, how ready the collective ear of the House is? The slightest trip, especially of an ambitious rhetorician, and what an instant explosion of derisive shouts! Dulness the House is often patient of, but inflation, vanity, conceit—never! It is a slippery and difficult floor to stand firm and erect upon, and requires very peculiar powers. Gentlemen, and there are a few, who speak well-reasoned, philosophic pamphlets, are the bores, the pests of the House. They cannot be laughed down, and the only remedy is to let them talk

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to empty benches. That which best succeeds is the conventional, but bitter personality—the polite, subdued virulence, which strikes the antagonist rather than his argument. There! It was nothing but a brilliant sarcasm, but with what effect it flashed across the House, awakening as it passed an explosion of exulting or indignant echoes!'

We remained silent for some time—the debate lulled, or rather was continued by less effective speakers, and presently Herr von Blunderblast nudged me sharply on the side. 'How's this?' he said; 'we seem to have just caught that white-headed old gentleman's eye, and he is ordering all strangers to withdraw.'

'The House is about to divide, and we must be off!'

Out we went—and the first out, foremost now, were ranged in due order for re-entrance by another door.

'What did they put us out for?' said Herr von Blunderblast, who was somewhat ruffled.

'The fact is, my good sir, we were not supposed to be there at all! No stranger has any right to be present during the deliberations of parliament.'

'Were they, then, not really members who gave us the orders?'

'Certainly they were; but the Speaker, in accordance with one of our numerous conventional fictions, is supposed not to be aware of the presence of strangers in the Honourable House; and should any member call his attention to the fact, they are at once ordered to withdraw.'

'What an utterly ridiculous absurdity this appears to be!' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'Appearance in this case, as in many others, is deceitful. The custom, absurd as it may appear, has its uses. The late Mr O'Connell, by its means, easily defeated a conspiracy on the part of the reporters to burke his speeches. He had them all regularly turned out every evening the House sat; and as the purchasers of newspapers *must* have the parliamentary reports, the gentlemen of the press were obliged to give in. There is another apparent absurdity and contradiction: a gallery is set apart for reporters, and yet it is a breach of privilege, punishable by imprisonment, to publish the debates. This seeming absurdity has also its uses. The understanding of course is, that the proceedings shall be fairly reported; that no one shall be libelled or ridiculed by the pretended report of a speech. Should such an offence be committed, the printer of the newspaper, as the law now stands, may be summoned to the bar of the House, and summarily punished, technically for publishing the debates, but really for the libel or slander. Were it otherwise, the Honourable House would have to pursue the offender in a court of law, to the manifest loss of its dignity and prestige.'

'I shall never comprehend it!' murmured Herr von Blunderblast once more. 'Never!'

We were soon in, and soon out again. Again we returned, and presently were again excluded.

'What is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed Herr von Blunderblast, who was getting very hot and furious.

'The minority—about forty to four hundred—will not permit the bill under discussion to be further proceeded with to-night; and are moving adjournment after adjournment.'

'Then why, in the name of common sense, do not the majority put an end to such obstruction?'

'To be sure!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps. 'Why do they not vote *la clôture*—the close of the discussion, or speech-making?'

'Simply because the majority have no power to do so; and God forbid they ever should have! Nothing more deplorably evinces the utter want of comprehension on the part of continental nations who have copied the externals of our representative system, than that precious *clôture* of theirs; a mode whereby a majority, not satisfied with outvoting their opponents, of enacting laws to which the people represented by the minority decidedly object, gag them into the bargain. M. Guizot, the year before last, gave his valuable opinion, before a committee of the House appointed to consider whether any means could be adopted of shortening the debates, grounding himself of course upon the great constitutional experience of France, that *la clôture* was a sufficient and quite unobjectionable remedy; whereas anything more dangerous, more likely to damage irretrievably the representative form of government, could scarcely be devised. It would not at all events do here. There is a tradition that John Lambton—Black Jack, as he was familiarly called in the north, afterwards Earl Durham—once moved that "fresh candles be brought in," as an amendment upon an obnoxious measure which the ministry of the day were endeavouring to hurry through the House—of course only the more emphatically to mark his determination that the matter should not be so hurried.'

'According to your doctrine,' rejoined M. Vieuxtemps, 'a minority might defeat any and every measure to which they objected.'

'Just as the Commons might upset all government by refusing the necessary supplies, the Lords refuse to pass any bill sent up to them, the Queen veto every measure concurred in by the two Houses. These extreme rights exist; and a government of legislative compromise—the safest of all modes of progress—is the consequence. The practical result of the right of the minorities in both Houses is to insure ample discussion; and you may be sure of this, that nothing is more politic than to allow a beaten party to have their full say. But, *allons!* it is useless to re-enter the gallery merely to be turned out again, and we had better be jogging homewards.'

'It is a piece of many-coloured patchwork this governmental system of yours,' said Herr von Blunderblast as we emerged into the street, 'which I can comprehend, though dimly as yet, may practically answer much better than more surface-perfect schemes. But you have not explained how the army—after all, the true force—is to be effectually controlled by speeches, votes, bits of parchment.'

'Oh, the Honourable House has a charming contrivance for that purpose: the Bill of Rights declares that standing armies in time of peace are illegal.'

'Illegal! Why, your standing army numbers upwards of one hundred thousand men!'

'Just so; because every session there originates in the Commons what is called the Mutiny Bill, which, first reciting the unquestionable illegality, enacts that, for various reasons, the crown may, *for one year only* from that date, levy, maintain, and martially govern regular troops. That act not renewed, the soldiers might walk off to their homes; the corporal, harshly dealt with, if so minded, might knock down his captain with impunity; and the entire army, in fact, would fall at once and utterly to pieces.'

'Then the Mutiny Bill is necessary indeed!'

'It is so; but you have yet much to learn. To-morrow, remember, we visit the Lords.'

'A picturesque and magnificent edifice,' said Herr von Blunderblast, looking, as we shook hands, at the new palace, but thinking, I could see, much more of its inner life than its exterior aspect; 'and yet many of the people who have erected and still maintain it deny that it possesses either beauty or excellence.'

'That is true; but it is not the Victoria Tower, nor the flowering capitals, nor the carved vaultings, which any of my countrymen in their heart of hearts object to: they are merely of opinion that the clustering columns which support the building should have more shafts. They may be right or wrong; but at all events

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the shafts, to be either safe or useful, should be in some degree prepared and fitted for the purpose. Good-by!'

THE BEAR-STEAK.

A GASTRONOMIC ADVENTURE.

THE Englishman's predilection for a beefsteak is almost proverbial, but we fancy it would take some time to reconcile John Bull in general to a bear-steak, however much we might expatiate to him on its excellence and the superiority of its flavour over that of his old-established favourite, however confidently we might assure him that the bear was a most delicate feeder, selecting the juiciest fruits of the forest and the most esculent roots of the earth for his ordinary nourishment. It might be supposed that this dislike to bear's flesh as an article of food arose from our national aversion to everything that is outlandish; but the following gastronomic adventure, related in the pages of a modern French traveller, proves that our frog-eating neighbours find it just as difficult to surmount their aversion to feeding on the flesh of Master Bruin as the most sturdy and thoroughbred Englishman among us.

M. Alexandre Dumas, after a long mountainous walk, arrived about four o'clock one fine autumn afternoon at the inn at Martigny. Exercise and the keen mountain air had combined to sharpen his appetite, and he inquired from the host, with some degree of eagerness, at what hour the *table-d'hôte* dinner was usually served.

'At half-past five,' replied the host.

'That will do very well,' rejoined M. Dumas; 'I shall then have time to visit the old castle before dinner.'

Punctual to the appointed hour the traveller returned, but found to his dismay that every seat at the long table was already occupied. The host, however, who appeared to have taken M. Dumas, even at first sight, into his especial favour, approached him with a courteous smile, and, pointing to a small side-table carefully laid out, said: 'Here, sir, this is your place. I had not enough of bear-steak left to supply the whole *table-d'hôte* with it; and, besides, most of my guests have tasted this bear already, so I reserved my last steak for you: I was sure you would like it.' So saying, the good-natured host placed in the centre of the table a fine, juicy-looking steak, smoking hot, and very tempting in appearance; but glad would the hungry traveller have been could he only have believed that it was a beef, and not a bear-steak, which now lay before him. Visions of the miserable-looking animals he had seen drowsily slumbering away existence in a menagerie, or covered with mud, and led about by a chain, for the amusement of the multitude, presented themselves to the traveller's eyes, and he would fain have turned away from the proffered treat. But he could not find it in his heart to be so ungracious as to express a dislike to food which the host evidently considered as the choicest delicacy the country could afford. He accordingly took his seat at the table, and cut off a small slice of the steak; then screwing his courage to the sticking-point, and opening his mouth wide, as if about to demolish a bolus, he heroically gulped the dreaded morsel. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* He had no sooner achieved this feat than he began to think that bear-flesh was, after all, not quite so bad a thing as he had expected. He swallowed a second morsel. 'It was really the tenderest and most juicy steak he had ever tasted.' 'Are you sure this is a bear-steak?' he inquired of the landlord.

'Yes, sir, I can assure you it is,' replied the good-natured bustling man as he hurried off to attend upon his other guests at the *table-d'hôte*. Before he returned to M. Dumas at the side-table, three-quarters of the steak had disappeared; and, highly gratified at finding his favourite dish was so much approved of, he renewed the conversation by observing: 'That was a famous beast I can tell you; it weighed three hundred and twenty pounds.'

'A fine fellow indeed he must have been,' rejoined the traveller.

'It cost no small trouble to kill him.'

'I can well believe that,' rejoined M. Dumas, at the same time raising the last morsel to his mouth.

'He devoured half the huntsman who shot him!' added the loquacious landlord.

Hastily flinging aside the loathed morsel which he had just placed within his lips, the traveller indignantly exclaimed: 'How dare you pass such jokes upon a man when he is in the middle of his dinner?'

'I can assure you, sir, I am not joking,' replied the landlord: 'I am only telling you the simple truth.'

The traveller, whose appetite for further food of any description whatever was by this time effectually destroyed, rose from table, and with a look of horror, begged that the host would acquaint him with the particulars of the tragedy which had now acquired in his eyes so painful an interest. The good man, nothing loth to hear himself talk, yielded a ready acquiescence to this request, and continued his story as follows:—

You must know, sir, the man who killed this bear was a poor peasant belonging to the village of Fouly, and named William Mona. This animal, of which there now only remains the small morsel you have left upon your plate, used to come every night and steal his pears, giving a special preference to the fruit of one fine pear-tree laden with bergamottes. Now it so happened that William Mona unfortunately also preferred the bergamottes to all other fruit. He at first imagined that it was some of the children of the village who committed these depredations in his orchard, and having consequently loaded his gun with powder only, he placed himself in ambush that he might give them a good fright. Towards eleven o'clock at night he heard a distant growl. 'Ho, ho!' said he, 'there is a bear somewhere in the neighbourhood.' Ten minutes afterwards a second growl was heard; but this time it was so loud and so near at hand that he began to fear he should scarcely have time to reach a place of refuge, and threw himself flat upon the ground, in the earnest hope that the bear would be satisfied with taking his pears instead of devouring himself. A few moments of anxious suspense ensued, during which the bear, passing within ten paces of the terrified peasant, advanced in a straight line towards the pear-tree in question. He climbed it with the utmost agility, although its branches creaked beneath the weight of his ponderous body; and having secured for himself a comfortable position, committed no small havoc among the luscious bergamottes. Having gorged himself to his heart's content, he slowly descended from the tree, and returned in tranquil dignity towards his mountain home. All this had occupied about an hour, during which, time had appeared to travel at a much slower pace with the man than it did with the bear.

William Mona was, however, at heart a brave and resolute man, and he said to himself, as he watched his enemy's retiring steps: 'He may go home *this* time, if he pleases, but, Master Bruin, we shall meet again.' The next day one of his neighbours, who came to visit him, found him sawing up the teeth of a pitchfork, and transforming them into slugs.

'What are you about there?' he asked.

'I am amusing myself,' replied William. The neighbour, taking up one of the pieces of iron, turned it over and over in his hand, like a man who understood such things, and then said quietly:

'If you were to own the truth, William, you would acknowledge that these little scraps of iron are destined to pierce a tougher skin than that of the chamois.'

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'Perhaps they may,' replied William.

'You know that I am an honest fellow,' resumed Francis (for so was the neighbour called): 'well, if you choose, we will divide the bear between us; two men in such a case are better than one.'

'That's as it may be,' replied William, at the same time cutting his third slug.

'I'll tell you what,' continued Francis, 'I will leave you in full possession of the skin, and we will only share the flesh between us, together with the bounty offered by government for every bear that is killed, and which will give us forty francs a piece.'

'I should prefer having the whole myself,' replied William.

'But you cannot prevent me from seeking the bear's track in the mountain, and placing myself in ambush on his passage.'

'You are free to do that, if you please.' So saying, William, who had now completed the manufacture of his slugs, began to measure out a charge of powder double in amount to that usually placed in a carabine.

'I see you intend to use your musket?' said Francis.

'Yes, of course I do; three iron slugs will do their work more surely than a leaden bullet.'

'They will spoil the skin.'

'Never mind that, if they do their work more effectually.'

'And when do you intend to commence your chase?'

'I will tell you that to-morrow.'

'Once more, then—are you quite determined not to let me share the chance with you?'

'Yes; I prefer managing the whole matter myself, and sharing neither the danger nor the profit—*chacun pour soi.*'

'Farewell, then, neighbour—I wish you success.'

In the evening, as Francis was passing Mona's dwelling, he saw the huntsman quietly seated on the bench before his door, engaged in smoking his pipe. He once more approached him and said:

'See, I bear you no ill-will—I have discovered the bear's track, therefore I might lie in wait for him and shoot him, if I pleased, without your help; but I have come once more to you, to propose that we should attack him together.'

'Each one for himself,' replied William, as before.

Francis knew nothing of Mona's proceedings during the remainder of that evening, except that his wife saw him take up his musket at about half-past ten o'clock, roll up a bag of gray sackcloth, place it under his arm, and leave the house. She did not venture to ask him what he was about; for Mona, in such cases, was apt to tell her to hold her tongue, and not trouble herself about matters which did not concern her.

Francis had really in the meantime tracked the bear, as he had said he would. He had followed its traces as far as the border of William's orchard, and, not liking to trespass upon his neighbour's territory, he then took up his post on the borders of the pine-wood which lay on the slope of the hill overhanging Mona's garden.

As it was a clear night, he could observe with ease from this spot all that was going on below. He saw the huntsman leave his house, and advance towards a gray rock, which had rolled down from the adjoining heights into the centre of his little enclosure, and now stood at the distance of about twenty paces from his favourite pear-tree. There Mona paused, looked round as if to ascertain that he was quite alone, unrolled his sack, and slipped into it, only allowing his head and his two arms to emerge above the opening. Having thus in a great measure concealed his person, he leaned back against the rock, and remained so perfectly still that even his neighbour, although he knew him to be there, could not distinguish him from the lifeless stone. A quarter of an hour thus elapsed in patient expectation. At last a distant growl was heard, and in less than five minutes afterwards the bear appeared in sight. But whether by accident, or whether it were that he had scented the second huntsman, he did not on this occasion follow his usual track, but diverging towards the right, escaped falling into the ambush which Francis had prepared for him.

William in the meantime did not stir an inch. It might have been imagined that he did not even see the savage animal for which he was lying in wait, and which seemed to brave him by passing so closely within the reach of his gun. The bear, on his side, appeared quite unconscious of an enemy's presence, and advanced with rapid strides towards the tree. But at the moment when he rose upon his hind legs, in order to clasp the trunk with his fore-paws, thus leaving his breast exposed, and no longer protected by his broad and massive shoulders, a bright flash of light illuminated the face of the rock, and the whole valley re-echoed with the report of the doubly-loaded gun, together with the loud howl which proceeded from the wounded animal. The bear fled from the fatal spot, passing once more within ten paces of William without perceiving him. The latter had now taken the additional precaution of drawing the sack over his head, and rested motionless as before against the face of the rock.

Francis, with his musket in his hand, stood beneath the shelter of the wood, a silent and breathless spectator of the scene. He is a bold huntsman, but he owned to me that he fairly wished himself at home when he saw the enormous animal, furious from its wound, bearing straight down upon the spot where he stood. He made the sign of the cross (for our hunters, sir, are pious men), commended his soul to God, and looked to see that his gun was well loaded. Already was the bear within a few paces of the pine-wood; in two minutes more a deadly encounter must take place, in which Francis was well aware that either he or the bear *must* fall, when suddenly the wounded animal paused, raised his nostrils in the air, as if catching some scent which was borne by the breeze, and then uttering one furious growl, he turned hastily round, and rushed back towards the orchard.

'Take care of yourself, William—take care!' exclaimed Francis, at the same time darting forward in pursuit of the bear, and forgetting everything else in his anxiety to save his old comrade from the terrible danger which threatened him; for he knew well that if William had not had time to reload his gun, it was all over with him—the bear had evidently scented him. But suddenly a fearful cry—a cry of human terror and human agony—rent the air: it seemed as though he who uttered it had concentrated every energy in that one wild, despairing cry—an appeal to God and man—'Help! oh, help, help!' A dead silence ensued: not even a single moan was heard to succeed that cry of anguish. Francis flew down the slope with redoubled speed, and as he approached the rock, he began yet more clearly to distinguish the huge animal, which had hitherto been half-concealed beneath its shade, and perceived that the bear was trampling under foot, and rending to pieces, the prostrate form of his unfortunate assailant.

Francis was now close at hand; but the bear, still intent upon his prey, did not even seem aware of his presence. He did not venture to fire, for terror and dismay had unnerved his arm, and he feared that he might miss his aim, and perhaps shoot his unhappy friend, if indeed he yet continued to breathe. He took up a stone and threw it at the bear. The infuriated animal turned immediately upon this new and unexpected foe, and raising himself upon his hind legs, prepared to give him that formidable hug, which the experienced huntsman well knew would prove a *last embrace*. Paralysed with fear, his presence of mind had wellnigh deserted him, when all of a sudden he became conscious that the animal was pressing the point of his

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gun with its shaggy breast. Mechanically almost he placed his finger upon the lock, and pulled the trigger. The bear fell backwards—the ball had this time done its work effectually. It had pierced through his breast, and shattered the spinal bone. The huntsman, leaving the expiring animal upon the ground, now hastened to his comrade's side. But, alas! it was too late for human assistance to be of any avail. The unfortunate man was so completely mutilated, that it would have been impossible even to recognise his form. With a sickening heart, Francis hastened to call for help; for he could perceive by the lights which were glancing in the cottage windows that the unwonted noise had roused many of the villagers from their slumbers.

Before many moments had elapsed, almost all the inhabitants of the village were assembled in poor Mona's orchard, and his wife among the rest. I need not describe the dismal scene. A collection was made for the poor widow through the whole valley of the Rhone, and a sum of seven hundred francs was thus raised. Francis insisted upon her receiving the government bounty, and sold the flesh and the skin of the bear for her benefit. In short, all her neighbours united to assist her to the utmost of their power. We innkeepers also agreed to open a subscription-list at our respective houses, in case any travellers should wish to contribute a trifle; and in case you, sir, should be disposed to put down your name for a small sum, I should take it as a great favour.

'Most assuredly,' replied M. Dumas, as he rose from the table, and cast a parting glance of horror at the last morsel of the bear-steak, inwardly vowing never again to make experiments in gastronomy.

WEOVIL BISCUIT MANUFACTORY.

A YEAR or two ago we gave a short account of the celebrated biscuit manufactory of Mr Carr at Carlisle, where machinery of an ingenious kind was made to do wonders in the way of turning out vast quantities of small fancy biscuits, which formerly were made only by hand. We have now the satisfaction of presenting a notice of the not very dissimilar process of biscuit-baking pursued at Weovil, in the south of England; a place known by public report through the frequent visits of Her Majesty in passing to and from Osborne House.

At Weovil are produced biscuits for the royal navy, and there, as at Carlisle, the motive power is a large steam-engine, whose agency is visible in all parts of the establishment. The services of this engine commence with the arrival of a cargo of wheat under the walls of the building; and we should have a very imperfect notion of the ingenuity displayed in the establishment if we did not examine some of the earlier processes. Let us, then, begin with the beginning; and having observed that the wheat is lifted by a steam-worked crane from the lighter to the uppermost floor, let us descend to the floor below, and examine the first process to which it is submitted — that of cleaning. The grain supplied from above flows in a continual stream into one end of a cylinder of fine wirework, about two feet in diameter and ten in length, which revolves steadily in a horizontal position. A spiral plate runs through the interior of this cylinder, dividing it into several sections, and thus forming a sort of Archimedean screw. The revolutions of this cylinder carry the grain onwards through its whole length, so that in the passage any particles of dirt that may have been mixed with it fall through the interstices of the wirework. The effectual character of this operation is exemplified by the quantities of dirt deposited from wheat which to all appearance was clean before entering the cylinder; the grain thus thoroughly cleansed, descends another stage to the grinding-room (for the wheat is ground on the premises), where ten pairs of millstones are worked by the same steam-power. There is nothing peculiar in the process of grinding; but the manner in which the flour is afterwards collected deserves notice. As it flows from the several stones, it is led into horizontal troughs, along which it is propelled by the action of perpetual screws working in each trough. The contents of all the troughs are brought to one point, whence, by means of a succession of plates or buckets revolving round a wheel on the principle of a chain-pump or dredging-machine, the flour is lifted to the storey above, where it is cooled, sifted, and put into sacks, for removal to the bakehouse. It is not long since we observed in a newspaper the announcement of an invention for collecting and saving the impalpable powder which flies off in the process of grinding corn, and which, containing the purest portions of the flour, has hitherto been wasted. This saving has not yet been effected at Weovil, as our whitened appearance on leaving the mill-room sufficiently testified; but, doubtless, the zeal and ingenuity that has introduced the improvements we are describing will not stop short while anything remains to be done.

We now arrive at the bakehouse, the principal theatre of Mr Grant's ingenuity. We are in a large room on the ground floor—it may be one hundred and twenty feet in length, lofty, and well lighted, the centre portions of which are occupied by machinery of no very complex aspect; and it may be a dozen men and boys, slipshod and barearmed, are moving here and there amongst it. There is no bustle, no confusion; and notwithstanding the unceasing movements of the machinery, very little noise. We are at once sensible that we are witnessing a scene of well-organized industry; but we can hardly persuade ourselves that we see the whole staff employed in converting flour into biscuit at the rate of one hundred sacks per day. In the midst of the general activity, the eye is caught by the figure of one man whose attitude of repose contrasts strangely with the movements going on all round him. He seems to have nothing to do but to lean listlessly with one or both of his elbows on the top of a sort of box or chest, much resembling an ordinary stable corn-bin, which stands against the wall at the left of the entrance; yet that occupation will not account for the mealy state of his bare arms: let us look into the bin, and see if we can discover anything. The bottom of it is filled with water, just above the surface of which, extending from end to end, we see a circular shaft armed with iron blades, crossing it at intervals of two inches apart, and protruding six inches or more on each side of the axle, at right angles with it, and with each other. In one corner of the bin is the mouth of a pipe, which, even whilst we look, discharges an avalanche of flour into the water; at the same moment some invisible power causes the shaft to revolve—slowly at first, that the light dust may not entirely blind us; then, as the flour becomes more and more saturated with water, rapidly and more rapidly, until the whole is thoroughly mixed up together; and in the space of four and a half minutes, one hundredweight of flour is converted into dough. The revolutions of the shaft now cease, and our hitherto inactive friend proceeds to transfer the contents of the bin to a board placed to receive them, in masses

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resembling in shape Brobdignag pieces of pulled bread. Again, we see that the surface which a moment since was free from mark or indentation, is now scored all over in hexagonal figures. The lower side of the plate, in fact, consists of a bed of sharp-edged punches of hexagonal form, reminding us in appearance of a gigantic honeycomb, which at one blow divides the dough into single biscuits, leaving no superfluous material except the trifling inequalities of the outer edges. Twenty-four whole biscuits, with a due complement of halves, are cut out at one stroke, each of which is at the same time impressed with the broad arrow of Her Most Gracious Majesty. We now see why the old circular form of the biscuit has given way to the hexagonal. The latter shape manifestly economises labour in the manufacture and space in stowage, while it is hardly more liable than the former to waste by breakage. When it is borne in mind that before the introduction of this machinery every single biscuit was separately kneaded, shaped, and stamped by hand, the extent to which the productive powers of the establishment have been increased may be imagined.

We have now arrived at the last stage of the process, and must for a time lose sight of the biscuits; but we will accompany them to the mouth of the oven. A range of nine ovens occupies one side of the building, but only four of them are ordinarily in use. We are informed that one man attends to two ovens. We notice that the fires by which they are heated are continually burning in one corner of them, even while the baking goes on; so that as soon as one batch of biscuits is withdrawn, the floor is ready for another. A light frame, on which are deposited the trays of biscuits as they issue from the stamp-office, is wheeled up to the oven: the trays are transferred by the baker to the mouth, and thence, by means of a long pole armed with a hook, pushed to the farthest recesses of the oven, where they are carefully ranged side by side, to the number of twelve, when the cargo is complete, and the door is shut upon them. Formerly it was the work of two men to charge the oven; one wielded the peel, which the other supplied with single biscuits; and we have watched with much amusement the unerring accuracy with which constant practice had enabled the latter to hit the mark from a distance of several feet. The new mode is perhaps more prosaic: but not only is the saving of labour great, but it is easy to conceive that the action of the heat can be regulated with more uniformity under it than under the tedious system of introducing and removing the biscuits singly. In fourteen minutes the baking is completed; and thus, in twenty-eight minutes from its first admixture with water, we have a sack of flour weighing one hundredweight converted into the like weight of biscuits, fit for immediate consumption. A subsequent exposure of two or three days to the high temperature of a room over the ovens, is all that is required to render them fit for packing and storing. We have stated that at present four only out of nine ovens are in use; and the hours of working are from 7 30 A. M. to 2 P. M. Even this limited amount of work is more than sufficient to keep up the requisite supply of bread for the navy; and it is frequently found necessary to stop on alternate days, to prevent the stores accumulating beyond what is desirable. If the whole force of the establishment were set in motion, it would easily, our guide informs us, supply 10,000 men with half a pound of meal and half a pound of biscuit per day. The quality also of the bread is improved, by the uniformity with which all the processes of making it are conducted under the operation of the machinery.

We do not know whether the apparatus we have been describing is in use in any other establishment: probably it is. There seems no reason why it should not be brought into general operation. Though few, if any bakeries can have to supply so large a demand as that of the Royal Navy, there must be many of sufficient extent to make it worth while saving labour at the cost of the machinery; and though at Weovil it is only applied to making biscuit, the principle of it would seem applicable to the manufacture of any kind of bread. The great labour of the baker is in kneading. The process that effectually kneads flour and water would work equally well if other ingredients were mixed with those primary elements. Due regard being had to the rights of the inventor, we would wish to see his machinery widely employed in private as well as public establishments. It might prove a powerful ally in the cause of cheap bread. It might also be worth the consideration of brickmakers whether the machinery here described might not be advantageously applied to the purposes of their business. There seems a sufficient similarity in the two processes to render such an application of it very practicable. We trust that Mr Grant, the ingenious inventor of this machinery, has received from the authorities some substantial acknowledgment of his valuable labours.

Our object has been to describe the process of making biscuit, as carried on at Weovil. There are many other objects of interest in that establishment, but this is the chief. An inspection of the whole, however, will well repay the curious visitor, and will satisfy him that whatever ground there may be for charging the administrators of our national means of offence and defence with ignorance, imbecility, and extravagance, in the important branch of the commissariat at least neither economy nor efficiency has been neglected.

JHELLÂBORE.

A PERUSAL of the adventures of Moran Shilclah in a recent number of the Journal has recalled to my Old Indian mind certain reminiscences of a creature who, although in many respects unlike the Irish idiot, closely resembled him in one point; namely, in the devoted and reciprocal attachment between himself and his teacher and protector. As he used to be an object of sympathy in his own town and neighbourhood, a short account of him may perhaps not be uninteresting to a British reader, although the residence of my poor hero was a far distant land.

Chinsurah, situated on the right bank of the Hoogly, and close by the ancient town of the same name, was once the seat of Eastern riches and grandeur; and at the time of which I speak there still existed many remains of decayed wealth and reduced Mogul aristocracy. But with this we have nothing to do, except in so far as Jhellâbore * (so the poor maniac was generally styled) was of Mogul descent; but who his parents were, or what their station in life was, I never then thought of inquiring; nor do I recollect that I ever heard his real name; and indeed, although he used to be an object of almost daily sympathy and consideration, I could never have suspected that after the lapse of so many years his image would remain so strongly impressed on my aged brain.

All I knew of Jhellâbore was, that he was an orphan, and that he had been placed by his father in charge of a respectable moollâh,† who kept a school, and with whom he resided when I first knew him. The moollâh had many scholars, but none like Jhellâbore: for a Mogul he was fair, and really a beautiful boy, with hazel eyes and curly locks, and slender and delicately made almost to effeminacy. He soon learned to read Hindostanee and Persian; and throwing away his primer and childish stories, he took to studying the beautiful and enthusiastic poets of the East. His mas-

* Signifies decked out. 'Braw' is perhaps nearer the meaning.

† Priest. These priests are kept by rich men to read the Koran daily in their family, and in case of sickness and trouble, at their bedsides.

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ter, who had the same taste, gave him every encouragement. Jhellâbore divided his time between reading his favourite bards and strolling in a neighbouring flower-garden. He might constantly be seen among the gorgeous and strong-scented plants of his sunny clime, reposing in arbours of chemêleis and bêlas, or tending the Persian rose or rich white ghonderaj (the king of odours), till the moon shone out in her silvery splendour; and oft would he stand as if transfixed, gazing on the spangled sky, and chanting sonorous and impassioned verses from Hafiz or Saadi.

Doubtless, the impassioned youth's ardent admiration of poetry and flowers, combined with his zeal as a scholar, occasioned his aberration of mind. His imagination was nurtured at the expense of his other faculties. He read and felt till he conjured up aërial visions, the most vivid of which seems to have been a female form of heavenly birth—a houri, with whom he was in love. He became, in short, an Oriental nymphalept. At last, when his reason was completely undermined, and he could no longer study—he was then about eighteen years of age—he used to wander about in his favourite garden, clean and tastefully arrayed, with his beautiful black hair hanging in ringlets. He never wore the Mohammedan dress, as he disliked long sleeves and thick clothing. His *dhotee** was of the most beautiful muslin, dyed of some fanciful hue, sometimes rose-colour, sometimes sky-blue, and a silver-edged handkerchief encircled his waist. Over his shoulders was thrown a scarf of the same materials, and dyed to harmonise with his dhotee. In all this, notwithstanding the unhinged state of his mind, he continued to shew much taste and refinement. The garlands of flowers round his neck and upon his breast were too numerous to be counted, but they were never faded or soiled. A yellow champaha flower stuck behind his ear contrasted well with his black locks, and a bouquet of roses or a punka† of *bêla* buds was in his hand; and a pair of neat buff-leather slippers completed his picturesque dress. He seldom walked out alone in the evenings, but had generally some young gay Mogul companions with him. With these he would enter into conversation, but would occasionally come to a stand-still, and exclaim, with eyes fixed on the heavens, 'Beautiful, rosy-lipped enchantress!—goddess of indescribable loveliness!—I greet thee!' 'Whom do you see?' was sometimes asked. 'It is my Peri—my beloved—ask no more!' was the answer.

The moollâh seemed to have regarded the orphan not only as a pupil but as an adopted child, and they had become strongly attached to each other. His death was deeply felt by Jhellâbore, and was probably unmixed with selfish regrets, though by this event he was left without support. But Jhellâbore was a general favourite, and his young friends took care to supply him with finery, flowers, and a little money; so his days glided on as before, and he never thought of to-morrow. The patron of the deceased moollâh had no doubt been an opulent man. The little dwelling and schoolroom had been his gift to the teacher, and after his death they seemed to have become the property of Jhellâbore, for there he continued to abide. Adjoining there was also an old-looking tomb—that of the patron, surrounded by a light open-worked trellis-wall, such as may be seen in white marble around the tomb of Momtâza, in the Taj Mahal at Agra. Within the enclosure was a vacant space for another grave, and here the moollâh was also buried, and a similar tomb built over him; and so, united in death, the rich and the poor, the protector and the protected, rested together near the scene of their earthly labours.

After the burial-ground had been neatly finished and decorated, a divan and carpet were placed in it by some charitable hand. Upon these Jhellâbore rested when weary, and there, three times a day, he read the Koran, and performed his devotions; and this, notwithstanding his derangement, he could do with propriety and solemnity. The former proprietor of the ground might have rested disregarded and forgotten but for Jhellâbore the maniac. There, for his sake, many a passer-by stopped to see the marks of his devoted love to his earthly benefactors and his God.

Many a copper coin was cast, many handfuls of cowries were scattered upon the two whitewashed graves, along with wreaths of sweet-scented flowers, while heaps of little horses* of baked clay lay piled up in one corner. Often have I and my dear old father contributed our adhêlah, or half rupee, at the *sainted* shrine (for such it had now almost become), and marvelled how *good* frequently accrued from *evil;* for in all this the Christian could not but trace the finger of God, whatever might be thought of it by the Moslem or Hindoo. As darkness came on, Jhellâbore lit his gay-coloured lanterns of talc and gilt paper; and at the head of his master's grave, under the hollow pillar surmounted by a turban, always blazed a cherang or lamp, with sweet-scented oil, while *lobân* or frankincense exhaled its odours around it, and there, during the warm season, Jhellâbore would fall asleep.

What became of Jhellâbore eventually I know not. Perhaps he was of too ardent and excitable a temperament to be long for this earth. I left the place, and other objects occupied my mind, yet the recollection of the youthful enthusiast is still fresh in my memory.

Before I take my leave of Jhellâbore, I may remark that his countrymen—many of whom are superstitious and illiterate—ascribed his insanity to the influence of supernatural beings. His wanderings among the flowers at eve was pronounced bad, very bad! Every plant and almost every flower in the East has a mythic or romantic tale attached to it, or belongs to some genius or deity. And to pluck flowers, or even to touch plants and trees at dusk, when all the good and evil spirits are supposed to be abroad, is always forbidden, especially to the young and beautiful.

* Dhotee—a piece of cloth without seam, about 10½ feet long and 6 feet broad.

† Fan.

MEMS FOR MUSICAL MISSES.

SIT in a simple, graceful, unconstrained posture. Never turn up the eyes, or swing about the body: the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliancy is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired: let it be always distinct, and however loud you wish to be, never thump. *Practise* in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer, and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. If you mean to play at all, do so at once when requested: those who require much pressing are generally more severely criticised than others who good-humouredly and unaffectedly try to amuse the company by being promptly obliging. Never carry books about with you unasked; learn by heart a variety of different kinds of music to please all tastes. Be above the vulgar folly of pretending that you cannot play for dancing; for it proves only that if not disobliging, you are stupid. The chief rule in performing this species of music is to be strictly accurate as to time, loud enough to be heard amid the noise of the dancers' feet, and always

* These horses may be seen near every mosque or shrine where a Moslem mendicant takes up his abode. They are typical of the Borâk, Mohammed's charger, and of the holy horse on which the faithful are to ascend to heaven at the day of judgment.

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particularly distinct—*marking* the time: the more expression you give, the more life and spirit, the better will your performance be liked: good dancers cannot dance to bad music. In waltzes the first note in the bass of every bar must be strongly accented. In quadrilles the playing, like the dancing, must be gliding. In reels and strathspeys the bass must *never* be running—always octaves—struck with a strong staccato touch; and beware of playing too quick. In performing simple airs, which very few people can do fit to be listened to, study the *style* of the different nations to which the tunes belong. Let any little grace be clearly and neatly executed, which is never done brilliantly or well by indifferent performers of a higher style of merit. Make proper pauses; and although you must be strictly accurate as to time, generally speaking, it should sometimes be relaxed to favour the expression of Irish and Scotch airs. Beware of being too sudden and abrupt in your *nationalities*—caricaturing them, as it were—which ignorant and sometimes indeed scientific performers often do, totally spoiling by those 'quips and cranks' what would otherwise be pleasing, and which sounds also to those who really understand the matter very ridiculous. Do not *alter* national airs: play them simply, but as *full* as you please, and vary the bass. In duets, communicate your several ideas of the proper expression to your fellow-performer, so that you may play into one another's hands—give and take, if I may so express myself; and should a mistake occur, do not pursue your own track, leaving your unfortunate companion in difficulties which will soon involve yourself; but cover it as well as you can, and the generality of listeners will perhaps never discover that one was made, whilst the more sapient few will give you the credit you deserve.

As regards singing, practise two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice, but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times; in the higher notes especially, open it to the ears as if smiling. Never dwell upon consonants. Be distinct from one note to another, yet carry them on glidingly. Never sing with the slightest cold or sore throat. Vocalise always upon A, and be careful to put no B's before it. Never take breath audibly. Begin to shake *slowly* and steadily. Practise most where the *voce di petto* and the *voce di gola* join, so as to attain the art of making the one glide imperceptibly into the other. The greatest sin a singer can commit is to sing out of tune. Be clear, but not shrill; deep, but not coarse.

When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give the proper expression. Let all your words be heard: it is a great and a common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Study flexibility. Practise both higher, louder, and lower than you sing in public; and when practising, open the mouth wider than it would be graceful to do in company. Do not change the sound of the letters; sing as like speaking as you can. It is better to sing *quite plain* than to make too many turns and trills: these, when attempted at all, should be executed very neatly. Study simplicity: it is better to give no expression than false expression. Never appear to sing with effort or grimace; avoid affectation and every peculiarity. Never sit when you sing, if you can possibly help it, but stand *upright*. Give more strength in ascending than in descending. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded to sing soon after eating. Accidental sharps ought to be sung with more emphasis than accidental flats. The Italian vowels *a* and *i* have always the same sound, but *e* has two different ones: the first like the *ai* in *pain*; the other like *ea* in *tear*, *wear*, or *swear*. *O* has also two sounds: one like *o* in *tone*; the other like the *au* in *gaudy*. Articulate strongly your *double* consonants when singing French or Italian. The voice is said to be at its best at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty, when the more you strain and try to reach the higher notes that are beginning to fail you, the quicker you hasten the decay of your powers. Children should never be allowed to sing much or to strain their voices: fifteen or sixteen is soon enough to begin to practise constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice; before that age, the middle notes only should be dwelt upon, or you run the risk of *cracking*, as it is termed, the tones. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell: many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

A SOLITARY KINGDOM.

On Sunday morning, the 9th December 1849, at three A.M., we made the island of St Paul's, the southernmost of those twin rocks which frown in solitary grandeur in the midst of the Indian Ocean. The order was given to get the pinnace out, and away we went, steering for a conspicuous sugar-loaf rock, some 150 feet in height, which marked the entrance of the harbour, or, more properly, the lagoon.

After pulling for about half an hour, we reached the entrance of the harbour, where we descried a flagstaff displaying French colours, and several wooden houses, the residence of the owner of the island and his crew. Having volunteered to act as interpreter, I felt rather 'unfrocked' at hearing a loud hail, in capital English, 'Boat ahoy!—keep well in with the shore, and come up to yonder wharf'—instructions which we followed implicitly, and soon jumped on to the dry land. We were received by three or four ugly-looking Madagascar negroes, who led us up to 'the captain,' whom we discovered surrounded with his lieutenants and people, apparently in grave deliberation. There was no mistaking his Gallic face, and I forthwith addressed him in French, stating the name of our ship and her destination, and requesting a supply of vegetables and poultry. He immediately invited us, with a certain rough *empressement*, into his house, and offered us breakfast, composed of Dutch cheese, potatoes, cold fowl, biscuit, and bad rum. The calls of hunger being satisfied, and a cursory inspection of the premises duly accomplished, we sallied out to explore the dominions of our new friend.

The island of St Paul's (for whose correct latitude and longitude I beg to refer to Horsburg) is merely the crater of an extinct volcano, extending ten miles in length and four or five in breadth. The crater now forms a circular lagoon, enclosed by steep and rocky walls from 600 to 700 feet in height, covered with a stunted vegetation of scrub, fern, and coarse grass. It is rarely visited by shipping, though lying directly in the track of vessels bound to Australia and the South-Sea fisheries. I did not learn how it first happened to be occupied; probably some freebooting adventurer was attracted thither by its merits as a fishing station. The lagoon forms a safe and commodious harbour for small craft, the bar at its entrance being covered at flood tide with ten or twelve feet of water. The present owner is a Frenchman, who had long been engaged in the trade between the Mauritius and Bourbon and the Cape of Good Hope; but having got into some trouble with the revenue officers, fled to the island in a small schooner of about sixty tons, manned by Madagascar slaves; and finding it occupied by a Pole named Mieroslawski (a brother of the Hungarian hero), he bought it of him for the sum of 2000 dollars; and forth-

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with hoisting the tricolor, set up a petty sovereignty under the protection of his native flag. Here he instituted a system of rigid discipline, by means of which he contrived to keep the command of his wild followers, and train them to regular work. His ability and energy enabled him to conquer the natural difficulties of his new abode, and he now derives a handsome money income from the produce of his fisheries, making three or four voyages annually to Bourbon or Port Louis, where his old scores had been effaced by the hand of time.

The French Revolution of 1848 brought some change in his calculations, inasmuch as his black slaves all became free, and he is now fain to hire, at stated wages (which, however, are moderate enough), the labour of those poor devils, who were his property before. I was surprised to see no women on the island; and inquiring of him how it came to pass, he told me he had brought some with him at first, but they were the cause of so much quarrelling, that he had found it impracticable to govern his kingdom so long as they were in it, and he therefore shipped them back to the place whence they came. The inhabitants of the Rock consisted therefore of himself and two mates, two other Frenchmen, a half-caste boy, and fourteen Nossibé blacks—the ugliest looking negroes I ever beheld. They seemed to lead a not unpleasant life, with plenty to eat and little to do—the luxuries of the island being biscuit and tobacco, which they cannot always procure. Cows, goats, and rabbits roam about the rocks; and the cheerful cackling of hundreds of fowls forms a homely feature in the otherwise wild and rugged *ensemble*.—*Abridged from 'The Empire,' a new Sydney journal.*

KEAN AND GARRICK.

Edmund Kean was a great favourite of Mrs Garrick, the widow of the celebrated actor. Whenever it was desirable that a new performer at Drury Lane should make a hit, the committee used to bring the venerable old lady out to her private box, to say he reminded her of David. She said so, and this went the round of the papers accordingly. In the case of Kean she spoke honestly. He did remind her of her husband, and was nearer to him by many degrees than any actor she had ever seen, although both agreed he could not play Abel Drugger. Once in conversation he complained to her that the papers made terrible mistakes as to his conceptions of character, readings, points, and other peculiarities. 'These people,' said he, 'don't understand their business; they give me credit where I make no effort to deserve it, and they pass over the passages on which I have bestowed the utmost care and attention. They think because my style is new and appears natural that I don't study, and talk about the sudden impulse of genius. There is no such thing as impulsive acting; all is studied beforehand. A man may act better or worse on a particular night from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theatres, and perhaps better, before I was recognised as a great London actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound never reached as far as London.' 'You should write your own criticisms,' replied the old lady; '*David always did so!*'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A HINDOO FAMILY.

It often happens, especially when there is a little property in a family, that what we would call a dozen families live together, and are esteemed by the Hindoos as one. We once knew a family of this kind which consisted of about sixty members. There was the old man, the patriarch of the family, his four sons and their wives, and ever so many grandchildren of both sexes. All these lived in one house, and had one purse and one table. One of the old man's sons was in government employ; another was a monshee, and taught English gentlemen the native languages; the eldest, as the father could not then attend to business, was steward of the family, made all the purchases, and received the earnings of the other branches of the family; another son was a hanger-on without employment. The grandchildren of the male sex were either writing gratis as candidates in government offices, or at school, or at home, according to their respective ages. Several of the eldest of these again were also married, and had their wives with them. Many such families as this are to be found still among the Hindoos, where European intercourse has not disturbed the natural course of native society.—*Indian Paper.*

'I AM WEARY—TAKE ME HOME.'

THE pageant was imposing, and the gay assembled throngs,
With plaudits loud and rapturous, rewarded siren songs;
The players donn'd their regal robes as mimic kings and queens—
Ah! gold is oft to tinsel changed when view'd behind the scenes!
I knew there was one sadden'd heart which made an inward moan,
In all that goodly companie—for that heart was my own.

A chord was touch'd—a nerve was thrill'd—yet 'twas no dulcet strain,
Awoke the spell old strains can weave—wild memories of pain;
But 'twas because a little child, a fondled child, was nigh,
That recollection wander'd back to scenes and days gone by;
Supported by a mother's arm, to rest her drooping head—
'I am weary—take me home,' the engaging prattler said.

No longer that gay scene I saw—the song I heard no more—
For I was bounding merrily across a greensward floor;
And angel forms that flew away in young life's happy hours,
Disported with me once again all garlanded with flowers:
But when the lambs were in the fold, when gloaming hour had come,
The whisper came as surely—'I am weary—take me home.'

The vision changed—I stood within a dear familiar room;
'Twas darkened, and I long essayed to penetrate the gloom:
With silent awe I recognised a white-robed suffering saint
Waning towards eternity, with scarce a mortal taint;
She spoke with patient sweetness (surely angels waft such sighs)—
'I am weary—take me home'—then on earth she closed her eyes.

I gaze upon the stage of life—I know its tinsel glare,
Its hollowness and falsity, its promises so fair.
Its scenes of misery I view with sympathising heart,
Yet in its bright illusions never more to play a part.
Life's day is short—I rouse from sleep—for gloaming hour doth come,
When the pleading prayer ascends—'I am weary—take me *home*.'

C. A. M. W.

FRUITS.

Fruits are more acid in the morning than in the evening, because the sun's rays decompose their carbonic acid, and make them part with their oxygen, of which they do not gain a fresh supply until night.

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TIME.

Time is the life of God. We speak of eternity as if it were something contradistinguished from time; but it is merely a term to express our inability to imagine a beginning or an end to time. We cannot indeed imagine time as otherwise than eternal. Sublime thought! and sublime also in no small degree is our connection with it, even limiting our consideration of that connection to the present form of our existence. We can look but a little way forwards or backwards, and find even in that restricted range of vision much obscurity and doubt. Yet how grand to be able to extend in any degree whatever our notion of merely passing time—that in which we happen to live! It is like extending our very life itself. Upon this depends most of the pleasure which men have in historical or antiquarian research, and also in the investigations of geology, which may be called the antiquarianism of the pre-human world. The animal knows and can learn nothing of such things. The ignorant man, who lives only for the day, and in the day, is in the like predicament. It is the privilege of the studious and reflecting man of an advanced civilisation to know them, and to feel how greatly they exalt and expand his terrestrial being.

A zealous scientific inquiry into the past is of such modern date that our retrospect cannot as yet be considered as very clear or precise. It would be rash to lay great stress upon any of its deductions. It is interesting, however, to find that the general tendency of the research is to shew mundane things as of much longer endurance than was formerly supposed. Geology has already seen at an end all objections to the vast chronology which it seeks to establish for the world before man became its ruling inhabitant. Each of its many formations represents an enormous portion of time. Take that of the coal strata alone. If it be true, as most geologists now believe, that each bed of coal is only the last form of a bed of moss—that is, a decayed forest—how great must be the space of time involved in the production of the entire coal series, which in many places is composed of scores of such beds! Look again to the phenomena of disintegration, or the wearing away of rocks. The forming of a cliff by the beating of the waves is a process which we may well see, from the slowness of the operation before our eyes, to involve a great space of time. The wearing back of the Niagara fall from Queenstown to its present position has been estimated as requiring not less than twenty thousand years. Yet these are but the operations of the yesterday of geology. They are only the minutes of its day. And as the science goes on, more and more of such minutes are continually being found, and inserted in the ever-increasing round. Well may the geologists talk of millions of years as involved in the history of that mere crust of the earth with which they deal!

To a perfectly corresponding purport is the voice of historical research. The commencement of the Egyptian monarchy, and consequently of a system of civilisation in that country, is now taken back many centuries before its former date. Some speak of nearly four thousand years before Christ, and none speak of fewer than four-and-thirty centuries. This is the result of an inquiry into hieroglyphical memorials. But that is not the only means by which we may supply the defect of expressly-written records. The scientific antiquary has dug into the earth for a chronicle of unlettered man, resembling that which geology supplies regarding the lower animals. He finds that all round the coasts of Europe, where civilised nations now dwell, there existed nations for a long series of ages prior to their getting either pens to write or iron wherewith to form implements of offence or of utility. Some came sooner to the use of these articles than others; it is, however, not less than three thousand years since, in some of them, that change took place. Now, in all of these countries there was a period when men, knowing not iron, made use of bronze (an alloy of copper) as a material for such implements. They could *found*, not inelegantly, but they only employed a comparatively unsuitable metal which chances to occur in a form much more suggestive of its useful qualities than iron. This Bronze Age was one of long duration, though till lately its very existence was unknown. It is a chapter which we have to add to the written history of all European nations; but it is not the only one. Previous to this age, which was one involving some refinement, at least as far as that may be inferred from the state of the arts, there was a ruder one—a lower and earlier formation, as it were—a still older palæontology of the human race. The European nations could then only fashion arrow-heads and war-hammers, knives and chisels, implements for war, the chase, and domestic conveniency, as well as ornaments for their persons, out of stone—the pebbles and flints which lay beneath their feet, and the first and readiest of all available materials. The series of events is most natural—the simplest labour and rudest expedients first; next something significant of an improved ingenuity and reflection. But what we have here to do with is the great and almost indefinite extension of human history by such means. The oldest of civilised nations appear to have had to pass through these prior stages, each expressing a long period. As

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to Egypt, in particular, the memorials of a Stone Period are traced in the knives of obsidian, and other mineral implements, which, with the characteristic perseverance of religious usages, continued to be employed in embalming after better implements had been obtained for other purposes. Now, add to Egyptian history first a Bronze Period, and then a Stone Period, and it must be seen that we take back the actual commencement of the business of humanity in that region to a point earlier than the most fabulous historians could have ventured to dream of. It is as likely to be ten thousand years ago as five or six. And, after all, was this the oldest group of people describable as a nation? That the human race has lived longer on the earth than even the last-mentioned sum would indicate is manifest from other considerations—as, for example, the slowness of the process of modification by which various sections of the human family become distinguished from one another. If all men have come from one centre and one type, the space of time which would be required for enabling them to put on those peculiarities of figure, style of visage, and, above all, complexion, which we see they have retained with so little change throughout our thirty or five-and-thirty historical centuries, must have been immense. On such a point we can only go by vague impressions; but it does not appear very irrational to suppose that two hundred centuries may have elapsed — if not more than even that—since first the Maker of man placed him upon the earth.

When the results of scientific research are presented in even this imperfect form, if they only suffice to extend the reader's ideas of the duration of this mundane frame of things, they will surely be admitted to make good our starting proposition. It was at first thought ill of that the world was represented as being older than six thousand years; but now that we have learned to think of it as so much older, how poor does the former idea appear! We must all feel that an ancient world is most correspondent to the Ancient of Days, by whom it was created.

While our contemplative connection with Time is made so grand by our sense of the antiquity of things, it must be admitted with a sigh that our actual or practical connection with it—still limiting our considerations to the present form of our being—is in some measure rendered disheartening by the same cause. When we think of humanity alone having lasted so long, and only advanced as yet to the point which we see, we become painfully aware of how small significance and efficacy is a generation of our race. The life of man was always seen to be a short-lived flower; but now it becomes proportionably much more so than ever. The most ardent seekers of reform and improvement are thus taught how little they can expect to accomplish in a lifetime, and how little of the results of their endeavours they can hope to look upon with earthly eyes. They take up the cause from others, and to others it must be resigned. This has always been, to a certain extent, known and admitted, and it involves some elevated views of human nature; for is there not something sublime in this zeal of working for results by which others are to benefit? To continue diligent in such working, when even more sensible of the shortness of individual life in proportion to the great movements of humanity, is so much the more grand. Not that men can justly be said to work on such a disinterested principle; but we know that in the very passions they obey in their efforts to advance in that indefinite improvability which forms the great distinguishing feature of our race, and which has so often been misdescribed as perfectibility, they are under the guidance of an Almighty Will which has arranged our destinies. Clearer knowledge as to the duration of time will never greatly alter the dispositions implanted in man. The individual coral polype works for the building up of the great fabric which it requires myriads of creatures like itself to complete. Man works in the same way with respect to the great ends appointed for his race by the Creator, whether knowing much or little of the proportion which his single handiwork bears to the great design.

Perhaps there is an error in our ordinary way of contemplating human life. The egotism of man makes the seventy years' span of the individual appear as of the first consequence, and he naturally deplores the brevity of the period, as with it begins and ends his concern with this world. But the succession of generations is a determinate arrangement attending organised things, for which there must have been powerful reasons in the councils of Omnipotence: continual renewal, it may be surmised, is necessary for the preservation of that portion of nature in a right and efficient condition. The single life appears on this view as an unimportant accident in the case. It might be more just to contemplate the life of a species, or even the life of all the species that were from first to last to occupy any particular planet—an idea at which we may well arrive after seeing it so amply demonstrated by modern science — had such instruction not been afforded through another channel—that both our own species had a beginning, and there was a time (much earlier) when this globe sustained no sort of living thing. Undoubtedly, if we remove our contemplation from the generation to the tribe or species, and think of each of these as one existence, and see how long that existence comparatively is, we must admit that the frail creatures tenanting the earth come into a more respectable relation to time than might have previously occurred to our minds.

While we may be allowed to indulge in such speculations—granting they be entitled to no better name—it is very certain, on the other hand, that man's chief business, as far as his present form of being is concerned, is with the term of individual existence. Let him stretch his soul backward into the farthest past, or forward into the remotest future, still to this little space on the Great Circle his thoughts must come home. Here really dwell his Interests and his Duties. Here must he approve himself a faithful servant of the great Master, if ever. It is most interesting to contemplate, as far as such a thing can be made objective, man going through this little space of time, busy with a thousand matters which seem to him of vast consequence, while viewed in relation to the whole of time they would sink into inappreciable trifles — overlooking all this their character in the grand relation, and rightly doing so, since otherwise the business of the world—the interests of the race at large—would be misconducted. Small, indeed, are the concerns of many: the tilling of an acre, the attending to some small part of a machine, doing some little piece of service to a superior, repeated in its trivial details every blessed day till the end; and yet how fitting and well that such little matters are not merely accomplished, but accomplished often with a gusto and a spirit that redeems them from commonplace! The humble creature feels as if he were doing great things for himself; and is he not really doing so, when he is clearly taking the part assigned by his capacity and the accidents of his birth in the great plan which God has willed? There are also touching views of time as regards the individual. It brings him domestic changes, many of them sorrowful. Sometimes he has a grief which he thinks can never be cured: Time lays on his soothing hand, and the wound closes. He cherishes a memory, and seeks to give it immortality: the stone, though outlasting the feeling, forgets its tale in twenty years, and no one can then say for what it was raised. And yet who would wish to assure a fellow-creature in the first burst of a righteous grief, that in a few months or years it would be forgotten?—or who would think of interposing to prevent that vain

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effort to commemorate one who is solely distinguished in the eyes of affection? Times without number has the grief been felt and the affectionate recollection expressed, and yet it is but in the few recent cases that anything has been preserved. When the mourners themselves have disappeared, who are to keep alive the loss and the grief? What a grave of once-felt woes and heart-breakings is the past! Still it is part of nature that these things should be; and God, we may be assured, looks with compassion on distresses of which he knows the evanescence, and which by and by none but himself will remember to have ever existed.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

THE SMUGGLERS' HOSTAGE.

Only one of the seamen wounded in the brush with the smugglers previously narrated recovered.* The other, James Norton, having been hit grievously on the left knee-cap, it was found necessary to take off the leg, and the poor fellow sank under the operation. The most energetic measures were, it may be supposed, immediately adopted to bring the guilty parties to justice. The government offered a large reward to any one—excepting, of course, those who fired the fatal shots—that would give information leading to the conviction of the offenders, and an active inquiry was at once set on foot, and vigorously carried on throughout the neighbourhood. The result was the apprehension of a number of persons to whom suspicion pointed, and the ultimate committal of five of them to the Winchester March assize on the capital charge. It was, however, very doubtful that we had secured one of the chief culprits. There was no evidence that the men in prison were owners of the goods attempted to be run, were armed at the time, or in any way concerned in the affair, save as temporary helpers; and even on this last point the proof with regard to two or three of them was by no means clear. From the blood-tracks leading to a considerable distance, discovered the morning after the affray, it was certain that the hurried and random shots of the seamen must have taken severe effect upon several of the fugitive contrabandists, but not one of these wounded men could be found; and it was greatly feared that the deaths of the two men would remain unavenged. Once during the preliminary investigation I thought we had a chance of letting daylight in upon the confused and foggy business. I was called out of the justice-room at Hamble, where the depositions were being taken before several of the county magistrates, to see a woman who said she had an important communication to make to me in private. This woman, a sightly person, with a clear, healthy, open English look, though now overcast with bitter grief, I had frequently seen before, and knew her to be the wife of one of the prisoners, Richard White by name, the youngest, and, as I thought, the least implicated of them all. They kept, I knew, a chandler's shop at Hythe, on the south shore of the Southampton River, and just on the skirts of the New Forest. But for one or two self-betraying words dropped in the flurry caused by his sudden apprehension, there was really nothing against him except that he had been seen in close, covert discourse with two of the other prisoners on the evening the unfortunate collision took place. His wife, I found, had been terribly scared by a remark of one of the magistrates, and the instant we were alone, she asked me with a hysterical whimper, if I really thought they would hang Richard.

'There cannot be two opinions about it,' I promptly replied, desirous of deepening the impression made upon her. 'In fact, morally speaking, I look upon him as half-hanged already.'

'Oh dear!—oh dear!' sobbed the woman. 'What, for mercy's sake, is to be done? Suppose,' she added hesitatingly—'suppose Richard to be willing, would he, do you think, be allowed to turn king's evidence?'

'He knows, then, who the rascals in chief are, where they are to be found, and'——

'I did not say that,' she hastily interrupted. 'I did not say that: I only meant supposing—suppose Richard'——

'Oh, never mind supposing!—don't think to bamboozle me with supposes!' I sharply rejoined. 'Persuade your husband to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time—if indeed it be not already too late,' I added, as the door of the justice-room opened, and the prisoners, handcuffed and strongly guarded, came out—'for both he and his companions are, I suppose, fully committed for trial.'

The wife screamed violently at the sight of her manacled husband—a youngish, meek-faced chap, looking as if butter would scarcely melt in his mouth—and endeavoured to embrace him, but was roughly pushed back by the constables. The examination, I found, had been adjourned till the next day, when the prisoners would be again brought up for the formal completion of the depositions.

Mrs White again approached me, as, after a few minutes' conference with the magistrates, I was leaving the place. She was yet paler than before, but had ceased whimpering; and there was a feverish light in her eyes which I thought indicated that she had taken a resolution, though seemingly a painful one.

'I worked, sir, as you are aware, many years for Miss Warneford before I married,' began the woman; 'and as she knows me to be honest and trustworthy, I thought perhaps you might be willing to help us through this trouble?'

'There is nothing like helping one's self, Mrs White, depend upon it,' I answered, 'in this as in every other trouble. Your husband can steer clear of the gallows without my assistance.'

'Are you sure, sir, that if Richard could point out where the men who shot Batley and Norton are to be found, he would himself get clear?'

'There cannot be a doubt about it, and pocket the reward into the bargain.'

'No—no. God forbid! We'll have no reward—no blood-money!' she added with a shuddering whisper; 'not if it was the Indies of gold! We'll sell all, and leave this part of the country. When can I see Richard?' she resumed after a brief silence—'see him alone, away from the evil companions who have brought this shame upon him. I can persuade him, I know, to save his own life and mine.' Without further preface I conducted her to the solicitor for the prosecution, and it was arranged that she should have an interview with her husband early on the following morning previous to the final examination of the prisoners.

I was early in attendance at the temporary court-house the next day, where I found Mrs White sitting alone in a small waiting-room in a state of fevered yet dumb anxiety and fear. It was already whispered that her husband was to be admitted evidence for the crown, and the wife had sought the concealment and refuge of the anteroom from the scowling looks and muttered threats of the numerous groups of people waiting outside for the appearance of the prisoners. It was clear to me that she herself wavered in purpose and resolution, and, but for the belief instilled into her that there was no other mode of saving her husband from the gallows, would at once have retracted the solicitations to which it was understood he had reluctantly yielded. The moral code of the amphibious inhabitants of the coast did not, it must be borne in mind, affix any very deep stain upon the act of shooting the two seamen. It was done, according to them, in hot blood and self-defence, and though to

* Journal, No. 389.

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be regretted for the victims' sake, was by no means to be looked upon in the light of a common or deliberate murder. This state of opinion of course branded the expected betrayal of his comrades by Richard White as a dastardly crime of the blackest dye; and when he was brought up, a yell of execration burst forth which completely unnerved him, and I greatly feared that the necessary disclosures would not be made. As he was passing the door of the waiting-room where his wife sat cowering with shame and terror, he stepped eagerly towards her, seized her almost fiercely by the hands, and exclaimed in a shaking voice: 'I cannot do it, Martha—I can't, and I wun't.' The poor woman burst into tears, and with a choking voice, as she clung round his neck, urged him, though falteringly, to save his own life—hers—that of their child. The pleadings of the wife and mother were again successful—the more easily, perhaps, that the hootings of the mob had ceased, or at all events could not be heard where he then stood. The prisoner was immediately conducted before the magistrates, and I went in at the same time. The chairman briefly assured him that if he should be the means of bringing the men who actually slew Batley and Norton to justice, there could be no doubt the king's pardon would be extended to him. White trembled very much while thus addressed, and his changing countenance plainly shewed how violent were the conflicting impulses by which he was alternately swayed and dominated. At last he spoke, but the first faint, husky words were interrupted by the vehement yet indistinct cry of a woman; and then his wife burst into the room, wildly exclaiming: 'No, no, Richard—don't—not a word, for God's sake—not a word!' The apparently frantic woman, before any one could interfere, reached, threw her arms round her husband, and whispered something, with rapid and smothered accents, in his ear, which it was immediately plain would deprive us of our witness. The woman's inflamed, disordered aspect was perfectly maniacal; and the moment she saw that White comprehended her meaning, away she flew out of the room with the same wild hurry she had exhibited on entering. The suddenness of the thing took everybody completely by surprise, and excused the fault of the constables in permitting her to approach the prisoner. After the lapse of a few minutes White was again asked if he had any statement to make: 'Only,' he doggedly answered, 'what I've said afore—that I am innocent of the sailors being shot, and mortal sorry for it too!' Nothing further could be got out of him. The angry and menacing warning of the chairman produced no impression; and finding both threats and expostulations useless, White was finally committed with the other prisoners, to take their trials at the Hampshire assize on the charge of wilful murder. The woman's extraordinary behaviour had been caused, it was conjectured, by a communication made to her by a seafaring man a minute or two after her husband had gone into the justice-room. She had instantly, on leaving the court-house, taken boat for Hythe.

Weeks wore away, and the month of January had arrived without bringing any additional fact to light in connection with the affair. In the meantime I had been zealous and active in my vocation, but although tolerably successful, not nearly so much so as I conceived the many sources of private information I had in various ways contrived to obtain, the carefully arranged and boldly-executed schemes I had devised, and the perseverance with which I followed them up, entitled me to expect. The smuggling fraternity proved keener hands than I had judged them to be, not unfrequently taking the wind suddenly out of my sails when upon the most ingeniously-contrived tack, and at the very moment I was hugging myself upon assured success. This remarkable sagacity in penetrating my designs, when just on the eve of fulfilment, gave rise to numberless hazy suspicions which I was exceedingly anxious to clear up, and it was not long before a very unexpected and remarkable opportunity of doing so occurred.

I was fond of wild-fowl shooting, and occasionally used to amuse myself with a duck-gun upon the Southampton Water, chiefly off Marchwood and Millbrook, up towards Redbridge, where tolerable sport was frequently to be found. One afternoon, when thus engaged, accompanied by one of the cutter's crew, in a small hired boat, it suddenly came on about half-past three to snow furiously. I had gone rather high up the river, and as the tide was flowing, the pull back to Southampton in such bitter and blinding weather was an unpleasant and laborious one. I took an oar just to keep myself from freezing, and we had reached off Cracknor Hard, near Marchwood, when I caught sight of a large boat, whose character and present occupation could not be mistaken. She was about to creep up, as it is called, a number of tubs sunk there under adverse circumstances perhaps, or in order to their being fished up and secured at the first favourable opportunity. There could be no doubt with respect to the business in hand, as I could distinctly see two men, about two hundred yards apart on the shore, waving their arms to shape the boat's course to the exact spot where the tubs had been deposited. The mode by which the contraband confederacy manage to place a precise and—the great point—an *invisible* mark, where a boat or larger vessel may find it prudent to sink her cargo, is simple and ingenious enough: two persons on shore, standing two or three hundred yards apart—the boat or vessel being about midway between them—first carefully mark the places on which they stand, and then each of them notes the object on the opposite shore in line with the boat and himself. It is obvious that the two men have but to stand again in the same places, and wave the boat into line with the distant object—to the point, in fact, where the line of sight of both meet and cross, and the exact spot will be ascertained and reached. If there be no opposite shore or distant fixed objects, the operation is more difficult and uncertain, but to clever and practised hands a star will suffice. This process in trigonometry was now going on; and considering that we were near the shore, and almost within call of assistance—that there were but five men in the boat, all probably unarmed, whilst we had a loaded duck-gun and a pair of double-barrelled pistols, which the frequently sudden exigencies of the service had taught me never to be without—and that, moreover, the Nelson school in which I had graduated instructed its pupils not to count adverse odds too curiously, I determined to make one amongst them—two, rather, if the man with me, who had only about a couple of months previously entered on board the *Rose*, should prove worth anything, as of course I supposed he would.

Our two oars were at once unshipped; and first ordering the man to take the gun and lie close in the bow of the boat, I seated myself at the stern, and sculled quietly stem on towards the smuggler. The atmosphere was so thick with the driving snow and fast-falling darkness, and we glided so noiselessly through the water, that I nothing doubted of closing unobserved with the busy and preoccupied smuggler, when that rascal Rawlings jumped suddenly to his feet, exclaiming in a loud voice: 'They have mizzled, sir; let me help pull!' and then seizing an oar without waiting for a reply, he made a circle with it through the air, and let it fall heavily into the row-lock. Sure enough they saw us plainly enough now, and were off in a crack, and at a speed which rendered pursuit both hopeless and absurd. Rawlings, unable to face me, kept his eyes fixed in the direction of the smuggler; and upon reflection I was rather glad he did so, as my first impulsive movement, with the half-formed intention of throwing him overboard, had thereby, I thought, escaped his notice. A

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few moments restored my habitual self-restraint, and I said as calmly as I could: 'They are off indeed, and it is quite useless striving to overtake them. Do you take both oars, and pull as quickly as you can to the near steps of Southampton quay.' He did so, and I presently bethought me of discharging the gun, since there was no longer the chance of a shot either at ducks or smugglers. It happened, I could not conceive how, that the mouth of the barrel had become choked with snow, and it consequently burst, about twelve inches down, scattering the fragments in all directions. I was unhurt, but Rawlings uttered a sharp cry of pain, dropped the oars, and clapped his hands to his forehead. A jagged piece of iron had struck him there, and the wound, though I could see not at all a serious one, bled profusely. He either was, however, or pretended to be in great pain, and I determined on landing at Cracknor Hard, and getting the hurt looked to. This was done. A Marchwood practitioner examined the wound, stanched the hemorrhage, and jestingly remarking how fortunate it was the iron had struck so slightly-susceptible a part as the head, pronounced the injury to be unimportant. This opinion the man did not at all coincide with. He still appeared to suffer greatly, and I agreed that he should sleep at the public-house —the only one there—for that night at all events, and if not quite restored, the next also; but to report himself on board on the day following at the latest. This arrangement effected, I walked to Hythe, and there took boat for the *Rose*, then lying about three miles farther down the river, very earnestly employed the while in running up various trifling matters previously logged against Rawlings to a certainly significant though still perplexing sum-total. There was, however, I did not doubt, a good time coming, and that I determined patiently and very watchfully to await.

I had arranged to dine the next day and spend the evening with my sister and a few friends; and accordingly, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I arrived at Pear-Tree Green. Important news awaited me. Mrs White had been there in a state of great agitation, to request that I would cross over to Hythe as soon as it was dusk, where, on landing, I should be met by a girl in a red shawl, who would conduct me to her. It was necessary, she left word, that I should be alone, and not in uniform, but well armed; and that it would be advisable a strong party of the cutter's men should be ordered to lie within hail off the Hythe landing-place. Fortunately the boat which had brought me to Itchen had not yet proceeded on its return, and I immediately sent for the coxswain, Tom Sawley, a man in whom I had entire confidence, and gave him directions in accordance with Mrs White's suggestions. I then swallowed a hasty dinner, changed my dress, crossed over the ferry, and it being quite dark when I reached the Southampton Quay, at once embarked in a wherry for Hythe. A girl in a red shawl was, I found, waiting on the Hard, and the instant I had landed, she walked smartly away. I followed, and she led on in the direction of Fawley. We had left the village about half a mile behind us, when the girl gradually checked her hitherto rapid pace till I had come up within speaking or rather hearing distance. She then, still continuing her walk, and without looking round, said: 'That whitewashed cottage yonder on the right, Captain Warneford, is the place where Mrs White expects you. Take no notice of me, and walk in without knocking. There may be people watching us now.' The cottage pointed out was about a couple of hundred yards ahead, and there was no other habitation that I could see near it. I walked on as the girl directed, lifted the latch, and there, sure enough, stood Mrs White alone, as pale as a spectre, and shaking with nervous agitation. It was a wretched place, with a clay-floor, and the only articles of furniture visible in the dull light of a penny candle were a crazy three-clawed round table, two broken rush-bottomed chairs, and a rusty iron fender and poker. This was not, be it understood, Mrs White's home.

'Now, then, Mrs White,' I said after a brief recognition, 'bear a hand, if you please, with whatever communication you intend to favour me with. I trust also,' I added, finding she did not answer so quickly as, in my impatience, I thought she ought to have done, 'that you will keep this time a steady, straightforward course, and not suddenly double and run off when least expected to do so. You know what I mean?'

'I do; and presently I will tell you why I acted so strangely. I have now to inform you that the men who are believed to have killed Batley and Norton are within two miles of this spot. They are four—though one, Tom Etheridge, need care little now for earthly kings or justices. He is dying, if not already dead. They were all wounded by pistol-shots. Three have been for some time recovered, and to-morrow night they quit the Forest, I think, for the Welsh coast, if you permit them to do so.'

'If it depend on me, my good woman, you may be sure that Winchester, not Wales, will be their destination.'

'One of the cutter's men, Sam Rawlings, is a confederate of the smugglers.'

'By Jupiter, I have thought so!' I interrupted. 'The impudent rascal! But never mind, go ahead.'

'The boat which he risked a good deal yesterday, he says, to prevent falling into your hands, is that in which they propose to take their departure, Rawlings with them, who is determined not to trust himself again on the deck of the *Rose*.'

'He is right: but go on—who are the others?'

'The chief of them is Daniel Squibb: you must have heard of him.'

'Frequently, and always as a hardened, reckless ruffian with whom the trade of smuggling is but an occasional, and, compared with others he indulges in, a respectable occupation.'

'That,' said the woman in a low voice and with a perceptible shudder, 'is, I believe, quite true. The others, besides Etheridge, are Harry Withers and William Stokes. You must also know them by name at least.'

'I do. And now what is to hinder us from summoning the men, who no doubt by this time are off the Hard, and securing the fellows—but two miles distant you say—at once?'

'That cannot be,' promptly rejoined the woman in a peremptory tone. 'That cannot be, Lieutenant Warneford. You must first meet those desperate men alone.'

'Alone! You must have lost your senses to propose such a thing!'

'It would be no wonder if I had,' she sadly replied; 'and I have no doubt that I shall do so if you fail me. I cannot think you will: you are known to be a daring man, and in a close hand-to-hand struggle must, I should think, from sheer personal strength, as well as frequent practice, be more than a match for any ruffian, however powerful.'

This very complimentary speech took me thoroughly aback. 'Why, what the deuce, Mrs White,' I cried, 'are you talking about? I am not certainly so likely to faint at the click of a pistol-lock or the flash of a cutlass as a school-girl; still I have by no means the enthusiastic love for close hand-to-hand encounters with desperate men which you appear to suppose.'

'I will explain,' said the agitated woman, 'as briefly as I can. You must recollect my little boy—you have frequently seen him at Miss Warneford's?'

'Ay—a little rosy-checked fellow, four or five years of age.'

'Yes,' ejaculated the mother with a spasmodic cry of grief. 'He, the light, and joy, and hope of my life, has been taken from me'——

'Dead!'

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'No, no; but worse—far worse I fear, but that I trust in you. You remember the morning my husband was to have told the magistrates where the men whose names I have mentioned might be found?'

'To be sure I do, and the fool's trick you caused him to play us and himself.'

'It was no fault of mine. The rumour that Richard intended to turn king's evidence was—how I know not—in everybody's mouth hours before he had promised me to do so. A minute after my husband entered the justice room with you, a man came to me and whispered that my child had been secured as a hostage, and was at that moment in Squibb's power, who had sworn to kill him should the hiding-place of the ruffians be discovered through my husband's or any other person's information. The villain would, I knew, keep his dreadful word were he certain of being hacked in pieces the next moment for doing so. I hastened home in a state almost of frenzy, to find the terrible statement true. The child had been wiled away, no one I dared question knew by whom, or how, or when. He is still in Daniel Squibb's power, and should they be attacked, the first victim would, I well know, be my child. I have since ministered to their necessities like a slave, in the hope that when they left the place my boy would be restored. Yesterday I was told by Squibb himself that he should, for fear of accidents, take the child away with them; and if he does,' exclaimed the unfortunate creature with a wild bitterness of grief, 'I should never see him more—never, except perhaps at the hulks, or the gallows, for which he would be fitly trained. Save me, Lieutenant Warneford,' cried the frantic woman as she fell on her knees and strove to grasp mine—'save me from that living death: my boy from the horrible fate which must else overtake him. You have faced death a hundred times for mere honour's sake, and will you now shrink back when humanity, compassion, generosity, pleading for a helpless, brokenhearted woman—for the menaced life, far more, the menaced soul, of an innocent child—implore your help?'

This was certainly a very delightful predicament to find one's self suddenly and unexpectedly placed in, and I must say that I was quite as much puzzled and confounded as excited and distressed. Here was a little woman, certainly somewhat, and yet not much above her class, all at once endowed with, and breaking into a strain of pathetic and reproachful eloquence for my especial benefit; and for the benevolent purpose, as it seemed—for I as yet hardly comprehended what she was exactly driving at—of inducing me to sacrifice my own life in order to afford her a chance, and a poor one, of saving her son's!

Still the woman's agony of grief affected me, and I said as I raised her up: 'If you can shew me, Mrs White, that there is a fair chance of success, it will be another matter. What is it you propose?'

'This!' she answered with great readiness. 'The girl you saw will go for the men. The instant they arrive you, I, and they will set out together. The sailors must stop at a spot within about three-quarters of a mile of Squibb's and his companions' hiding-place. You and I will go on. I shall enter the place with a message from Rawlings, whom I saw about three hours ago. They are without any light at nights; I can secretly introduce you into the building, and place you in concealment close to Squibb and the child. I will then return for the men. We will approach as silently and swiftly as possible, and when near you will hear this.' She whistled a bar of a popular tune. 'It is their private signal-whistle, and will not alarm them. When the rush takes place, Squibb will endeavour to seize and slay the child; but a brave and powerful man like you will surely be able to shield the boy, even against all three of the ruffians, during the very short time that will elapse before they are completely overpowered?'

'Upon my word, Mrs White,' I said, 'you have sketched a very pretty play, which I have no doubt would go off to the entire satisfaction of everybody except the person you propose honouring with the principal part. Why not let the seamen approach, in the first instance, within call of the fellows' hiding-hole? That would greatly diminish the risk.'

'That would never do,' she said; 'they would certainly be discovered, and the child would be at once massacred out of revenge.' In short, she had such a multiplicity of replies to all I could urge against the scheme, and was so vehement in her entreaties, that seeing that it was not an altogether desperate undertaking, and remembering how anxious the gentry at headquarters were to secure the slayers of the two seamen, which object could not be accomplished without Mrs White's aid, I at last agreed to try the venture.

'You give me your word of honour as a gentleman,' said Mrs White, 'that after I have shewn you where to find Squibb and his comrades you will not attack them in any other mode than that upon which we have agreed?' I gave the required pledge; the girl in the red shawl, furnished with the necessary credentials, started off to summon the men; and the instant they arrived we made silently, in a zig-zag direction, towards Fawley, keeping ourselves as much as possible within the shade of the forest trees. After about twenty minutes' march the men were halted, and Mrs White and I proceeded alone.

She stopped as we were about to emerge into a more open part of the forest. 'Look there!' she whispered. 'You see the farm building in the direction of the light beyond?' I nodded assent. 'It is there the men you seek are sheltered. The farmer to whom it belongs,' added the woman with a meaning smile, 'has never been near it since Squibb happened to find the key in the outer-door, and no one would think of suspecting so very respectable a man of harbouring smugglers. Now, Lieutenant Warneford,' she continued with great seriousness of manner, 'attend to what I say. There is a man always looking out from an upper loft. You see the hedge on the right: crawl along the further side of it, and make cautiously for the gable-end of the building. There is a small door there which I will gently open. A few feet within there is a ladder leading to the place where the men lie, but you will be concealed from them by a number of trusses of hay and straw: the seamen must rush in at the large gates, of which I have got a duplicate key.'

Having thus spoken Mrs White moved swiftly off, leaving me, I must confess, in no very enviable state of mind. Her scheme, ugly enough at first view, did any thing but improve upon more intimate acquaintance, and I had half a mind not to proceed further with it. There were, it seemed, *four* sturdy ruffians, including the look-out—now for the first time heard of—to contend with; and should I be discovered before the arrival of the seamen, the result could scarcely be problematical. Nevertheless, sustained by the professional contempt of danger in which I had been reared, the knowledge that I possessed remarkable skill with the pistol, and the recollection of many perhaps greater perils successfully overcome, I ventured on, and in about ten minutes found myself close by the door at the gable-end. So far all was well. I could hear a confused murmur of voices within, but nothing distinctly. At last the door gently opened, and Mrs White appeared at the aperture. She was, I saw, ghastly pale and trembling with terror now the moment of trial had come, bravely as she before talked of the business. Her finger was on her lip, and she motioned me to go in. I did so as softly as if I had been treading on eggs. The door closed behind me, and it was black as the inside of a tar-barrel. In a few moments my eyes became better accustomed to the darkness, and perceiving the ladder—a weak,

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slight affair—I placed my right foot softly upon one of the lower rungs, which, the instant my weight was fairly upon it, snapped short in the middle with a loud crack. 'What's that?' cried one of the fellows in a fierce voice, apparently a few inches only overhead. 'It's me,' promptly replied Mrs White, who was standing just without the door, listening in terrified silence. 'Do you want me?' 'Not I,' returned the surly savage; 'only mind you don't forget—for I don't like your looks, as I told you—that upon the first alarm I'll blow this young un's head off as sure as my name is Daniel Squibb. I say,' he again called out after a few moments' silence, 'what time did you say Sam Rawlings would be here?'

'About ten o'clock he said,' answered Mrs White. A grunt of satisfaction was the only reply. The door again closed, and I, with better fortune than before, noiselessly ascended the crazy ladder. A small corner of the floor, I found on reaching it, was partitioned off from the rest, as Mrs White had stated, by trusses of hay and straw, behind which I crawled, and after a while contrived to get a view of the amiable party to whom I found myself in such dangerous proximity. The moon shone brilliantly in upon them, and I could see their features distinctly. They were all dressed and armed with pistols stuck in their waist-belts. The great brawny figure of Daniel Squibb was stretched upon a heap of straw, covered by some dirty blanketing, and by his side lay a young child—fast asleep, I thought, judging by the natural ease and grace of his reclining posture. Two others, Stokes and Withers, were sitting half up in similar beds, and farther on lay a fourth. It required but one look at the white, rigid, pinched features, and open blindly-staring eyes, to recognise it as the recently-deceased, untended corpse of Etheridge, whom I had frequently seen. Excepting frequent pulls at the black bottles, one of which stood by the side of each of the living men, there was nothing done or said for some time. At last Squibb, happening to look in the direction of the dead body, said with a half shudder: 'Throw a blanket over the face, Harry; it ain't pleasant to look upon, 'specially just now.'

'It's a good thing though,' resumed Squibb, after another suck at the brandy bottle—'it's a good thing he's gone. We can be off now without any fear of leaving him to peach upon us. But for that we might have mizzled two or three weeks ago.'

'Ay, Matey,' replied Withers, 'that's true, but I misdoubt Mother White.'

'So do I; but this young fellow here will keep her within bounds. She don't seem to have any notion that we are off to-night.'

'I don't think,' said Withers; and the trio relapsed into silence, broken only by the *glug glug* of the liquor they swallowed, as it glided out of the necks of the bottles down their seasoned and unslakable throats.

Mrs White expected to return with the men in about half an hour; but that time had long past, and still they came not. I was becoming feverishly impatient, when the signal-whistle was heard, instantly replied to by the look-out in the loft above.

'Who can this be?' said Squibb. 'It's not time for Rawlings yet, according to Mrs White.'

The three fellows rose and listened anxiously, and I observed Squibb take a pistol from his belt and cock it.

The look-out man now made his appearance. 'It's only Rawlings,' he said.

'All right!' echoed Squibb, evidently greatly relieved, and returning the pistol to its place.

Presently I heard footsteps approaching by the way I had entered. The only thing apparently now to be done was to sell my life as dearly as I could, and I collected myself in the dark corner where I was shrouded for that purpose. The new-comer stepped briskly up; and without pausing to look round, made his way over the hay and straw to his friends.

'You are early, Sam,' remarked Squibb. 'White's wife said you would not be here till ten o'clock.'

'I wasn't going to tell her exactly when I was coming or we were going.'

'All right!' interjected Squibb with an approving nod.

'Dick Hessel's boat will be off Luttrell's Folly at twelve o'clock to-night precisely,' added Mr Rawlings.

'That's capital, Sam!' replied the chief of the gang. 'And you, I suppose, mean to shove off with us?'

'That I do indeed. The skipper smells a rat, and I shall be brought up with a round turn when least expected or desired if I don't make myself scarce, now I have an opportunity.'

'I should like to catch that Mr Warneford,' said Squibb with a bitter, venemous accent, and his blood-shot eyes, inflamed with drink, sparkled with deadly ferocity—'I should like to catch that fellow within a couple or so of yards of this little barker'—and he again drew forth and flourished a long pistol—'some fine night with nobody but ourselves within sight or hearing, and if I didn't drill a neat hole through his canister, it would be a pity, that's all.' The other fellows savagely coincided in Squibb's pleasant aspiration.

'It was a bold stroke entering on board the *Rose*,' continued Rawlings; 'but it's getting much too risky now, so that—— Hollo!—who's that, I wonder?'

It was a repetition of the signal-whistle, and, judging by the tremulous weakness with which it was given, I guessed by whom. The five fellows—for the look-out had not returned to his perch—became rigid and breathless with eager attention. The whistling was repeated. 'That's Martha White,' said Squibb: 'what but mischief can bring *her* here again?' He then grasped the little boy, who had been for some time awake, with fierce violence by the hair. 'Dare to whimper,' he said in low, deadly tones, 'or breathe louder than usual—only dare!'

'Lend me a back,' said one of the fellows, 'that I may look out at the window.'

'Hark!' cried Squibb. 'There is some one unlocking the front gate. Who should that be? Look over the stairs, Stokes—quick! quick! By all the devils, if it be, as I suspect, I will blow this imp's brains out whatever be the consequence—quick!' and the ruthless savage held the muzzle of the pistol within six inches of the head of the boy, who seemed dumb with terror.

I hesitated for a moment how to act. To shew myself, and rush upon the scoundrel, would in all probability precipitate the child's fate, Squibb now being at a distance of four or five yards from me. Adopting another expedient, in full reliance upon my oft-tried skill and coolness, I took deliberate aim at the ruffian's head, steadying my arm upon a haytruss, and waiting only to be sure as to who the new-comers were.

'Who is it?' again fiercely demanded Squibb. 'Speak, will you?'

'Betrayed!' shrieked Stokes. 'The coast-guard are upon us!'

As the first syllable left the man's lips I fired. The report was followed by a frightful yell from Squibb. The bullet had struck his right jaw and broken it. He whirled round with the sudden agony, and the pistol in his hand dropped harmlessly on the floor. The next moment all was uproar, confusion, and dismay—the loud shouts of the sailors, the frenzied screams of the woman, and the maledictions of the smugglers, who, after a vain show of resistance, essayed to escape by the way I had entered, mingling in deafening uproar and confusion. They were all secured except Rawlings, who contrived to escape; and very luckily for him that he did so, or unquestionably the reward for

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his share in the business would have been an hour's dangle at the yard-arm. The instant I shewed myself Squibb, though frightfully mangled, and for some moments stunned with pain, snatched another pistol from his belt, covered me, fired, missed, and I immediately grappled him. He was a burly, powerfully-framed man, but he was so enfeebled by drink, his recent illness, and present wound, that I pinned him to the floor almost without an effort; and as soon as the bustle was over he was properly secured, and carried off, foaming and blaspheming with rage. Mrs White hugged her child, so fortunately rescued, with convulsive passion, while incoherently pouring forth joy and thanksgiving to Heaven and blessings upon me.

The prisoners were tried and found guilty of the capital charge, Richard White being admitted as approver, but neither of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law. They were all, however, transported —three for life, and the others for varying terms. White and family removed, I believe, to London. They never claimed the reward.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

A BEAMING July day, which in many an inland place would have been far too hot to admit of exercise, but which was rendered delightful by the invigorating influence of the sea-breeze, was that which I selected for a view of the bogs in their summer beauty; yet although the said sea-breeze had wonderful effect in mitigating the heat of the atmosphere, I thought it wise to keep still during the early hours of the day, and not to start on my expedition until after an early dinner. I also considered that the pleasure of my ramble would be enhanced if I indulged myself with a donkey to take me to the scene of action, so that I might not arrive there fagged and heated by a rather over-long walk, and thereby in some degree unfitted for making the serious attack which I meditated on the treasures of the bog. Behold me, then, at about four o'clock, with my botanical case slung to the pommel of my saddle, and my donkey-boy armed with a basket and trowel, for the purpose of securing any roots I might wish to get, and with my mind full of cheerful visions of coming pleasure, setting forth on my expedition. I chose the shady lanes through Knowle, considering that by so doing we should be less exposed to the rays of the sun, and proposing to return by the heathy hills when the cool air of the evening would be streaming over them.

Our course lay through a succession of true 'Devonshire lanes;' lanes which are so devious, and lead into each other in such a manner that you may not unfrequently, after walking for an hour, find yourself at the very point from which you set out. We, however, were no novices, and made no false turnings. Passing through a deep cut in the red sandstone rock, high banks of which—clothed at intervals with hawthorns and other plants and flowering shrubs, and on which I am told the apple-moss (*Bartramia pomiformis*) grows—rising on each hand, and the sand lying so deep under foot as to make it difficult to get on, we at last entered on a verdant lane, and fell on the course of the most limpid of brooks, some five or six feet wide, along the side of which—but, alas! the side out of our reach—stood a rank of most noble foxgloves (*Digitalis purpurea*), hanging their spotted purple bells over the water, mixed with groups of elegant ferns, some erect, others drooping and feathering the edge of the stream with their graceful verdure, the whole array so beautiful that I could scarcely turn my eyes from it. And then the scintillations of light which glimmered on the waters as its bustling little waves caught the sunbeams breaking through the leafy trees above added new beauties to the scene; and as each little wave caught the light in its turn, and then hastened on into the deeper shade beyond, yielding the gilded passage to another, which as rapidly passed by, it read me a moral lesson on the fleeting nature of the brightest of earthly honours.

My first discovery of Daleage was merely accidental, for I had never heard that such a place existed. I was riding over the hill, when a sudden turn in the by-road I was pursuing brought the lovely little spot into sight. Just before me lay a small patch of richly-wooded ground, the trees in their full spring verdure, and under their shadow stood a group of picturesque cottages, with all the usual adjuncts of labourers resting at their doors, surrounded by their children—cows assembled for milking, &c. &c. It was quite a Gainsborough scene. Above the little orchard which flanked the cottages lay a sort of petty *tarn*, overhung by beautiful trees. I found, on a nearer view, that this was in fact merely the brook widened, and forming a milldam, around the edges of which wild-flowers had congregated, apparently undisturbed for ages. From this dam flowed the brook whose course I had been following, which, after passing through the village of Budleigh Salterton, eventually joined the sea just opposite my cottage. What a treasure is a clear-flowing brook? From its little spring-head, where the peasant fills his water-can, or waters his flock, on it flows over rock, bog, or plain, through wood and wild, to the fair meadows, which become fairer from its reviving presence. As it widens, it becomes perhaps a harbour for the speckled trout and other fish, which tempts the angler to linger beneath those noble oaks and elms which grace its border; and then it ripples in a slow shallow stream over the pebbles and stones which obstruct its course, forming a pleasant and safe place for the cottage children to dabble with their bare feet, and to swim their little boats. A little farther on it may extend itself into a dam, and turn the mill-wheel, thus benefiting the whole district through which it passes; and after affording to many a rustic family a bountiful supply of that element so needful to life and comfort, on it goes, its banks ever fringed with flowers, and its course marked by its fertilising influences, straight on its appointed course to the river or sea, which is its ultimate destination, exhibiting as it flows a striking emblem of the course of a quiet, healthy-minded Christian, walking in his appointed path, and striving to do good to all around him, his unobtrusive life noticeable only from the marks of usefulness and the kindly charities which flow out on all within the sphere of his influence.

The brook-side and the hill are all a maze of flowers, and the bog a perfect 'paradise of dainty devices.' So I leave Jack, my donkey, to browse among the fern leaves, and in defiance of mud, make my way down to the water's edge. But oh the disappointment I experience on finding that the flowers which looked so temptingly attainable are all ensconced behind an edge of black bog, mud, and water! There is the beautiful bog-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliatum*), with its great trefoil leaves, and lovely fringed blossoms by the hundred, all but within reach; but even with the aid of a crooked stick, and advancing till I get such a *taste* (as Paddy

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would say) of the black mud, that further care of my dress is superfluous, I cannot gather them myself! Like Cowper—

> 'With cane extended, far I sought
> To steer them close to land;
> But still the prize, though nearly caught,
> Escaped my eager hand!'

Alas! no water-spaniel had I to help me to get *my* water-lily; so making a virtue of necessity, I agreed that George, my donkey-boy, who had long been pressing such a step on my attention, should take off his shoes and stockings, and wade into the mud; and now nothing hindered me from the delight of possession, and large handfuls of the exquisite flower were safely landed, and stowed away in my tin-case. The bog-bean, or marsh-trefoil, as it is sometimes called, is of the natural order *Gentianeæ*, and contains throughout the plant that strong, *bitter* principle which makes some individuals of this species so valuable in medicine. The menyanthes itself is used among the peasantry, especially in the Highlands, for a tonic decoction, and is also not unfrequently employed as a substitute for hops. The flower is very elegant—its calyx is firm and sturdy, divided into five segments; as is the corolla, which is formed of one petal, and its disk covered with white, threadlike fibres, which look like a most delicate white fringe. The texture of the petal is like that of a lily, and its hue a soft flesh colour, tipped with red. The flowers grow in racemes—that is, numerous flowers, each on a separate footstalk, and arranged on a common flower-stalk—the stem rising from a sheath at the base of the leaf. The leaves are ternate, or divided into three leaflets, which are slightly toothed, and both in colour and texture, though not in form, resembling those of the common broad bean. The flower-stalks rise from ten to fourteen or sixteen inches in height, and the leaf-stalks are nearly as long, but not so upright in their growth. The plants are gregarious; and where they grow at all, they spread freely, forming large groups, the roots being so densely matted as even sometimes to render firm the ground of the bog where they grow. And this fact reminds me, that a little digression on the best means of safely effecting an inroad on a bog may not be amiss, and may save a young beginner in the art of bog-trotting sundry discomfitures. In the first place, then, *never* on such an expedition wear any attire which it would distress you to get well mudded. In shabby clothes you are above minding such trifles as a stumble or even a downright fall into the mire; but wo to the lady who ventures into a bog in a handsome dress! Her temper and spirits will surely sink even lower than her feet, and all the flowers she may gather will not compensate for her anxiety and loss of composure. Then make it a rule never to plant your foot on any spot which looks tempting, and presents a dainty carpet of moss and sun-dew: be sure that where the pale green and red are most brilliant, and the surface looks the most lovely, there lies below a deep pool of the blackest mud and coldest water, into which your foot will sink to a depth enough to reach your ankle, if not to plunge you forward, so that the other foot will follow the leader, and make you a spectacle to behold! and very likely you will not escape without leaving *one* of your shoes at least at the bottom of the mire. Now all this may be in a great measure avoided by carrying a good, strong, and long stick in your hand, and testing with it every place whereon you may think of stepping. Then take it as a rule, that those spots where the roots of rushes or ferns have been so long established as to make a sort of bristly hillock, will be safe footing; and if you place one foot on one of these, then, supporting yourself with your stick, draw the other carefully after it, and from thence feel for your next landing-place, you may traverse a great part of a bog, and come in contact with some of its richest treasures, without being much the sufferer; but, with all care, bog-work is and must be dirty work; and the only plan to feel at ease when bent on exploring, is to wear shabby clothes, and be provident enough by carrying with you some clean shoes and stockings, with which, in some cottage or thicket, you may replace your wet ones, to avoid all chance both of cold and discredit.

After we had sufficiently supplied ourselves with the coveted flowers, my boy George and I parted company—he to scour with his bare feet the less accessible parts of the bog, and I to pursue my more modified course how and as I could; whilst Jack, all exultant, enjoyed festival, and cropped the herbage round him. One of my first spoils was a delicate little yellow-blossomed flower, with soft, downy leaves, which was quite new to me. It had rounded leaves and creeping stems about six inches long—the whole plant prostrate and hairy. I found, on my return home, that it was the marsh St John's wort (*Hypericum elodes*), a plant by no means common even in bogs, to which it is entirely confined. The whole tribe of the Hypericineæ, of which I hope hereafter to give a general sketch, is very interesting to me; but the *Hypericum elodes*, though on examination evidently a true scion of the stock, does not at first sight seem to bear the characteristic marks of that tribe. One of my next discoveries was the pretty lesser scullcap (*Scutellaria minor*), which though by no means so handsome as its congener, *Scutellerius galericulata*, is an elegant little labiate plant, and by no means common. Its height is from four to six inches, the flowers of a pale-reddish purple, and the lower lip white, dotted with red. The *common* scullcap grows about a foot high, and the flowers, which are much longer than that of *S. minor*, are of a bright-purplish blue. It is exceedingly pretty. The concave form of the upper lip of both species, which much resembles that of the monk's-hood, seems to have suggested the trivial name, as that member of the corolla would form an elegant little cap or hood for some fairy's head!

I was now again following the course of the fair little brook, which, running from the hills above, trickled over the bog to the milldam—its very clear water imbibing a yellow hue and a brackish taste from the character of the soil which lay below it, and its banks inlaid with mosses, asphodel, bog pimpernel, and other bright flowers; and ever as I stoop to gather one of them, my sense of smell is regaled by the very peculiar, and to me pleasant, odour which rises from the watery earth, and clings to every leaf and flower that I cull from its bosom. Whether this odour proceeds from the earth or the water, or exhales from the plants, I know not: it may be the result of the decaying vegetable matter which lies below. But whatever it is, it pervades the whole ground, and everything gathered in a bog partakes in some measure of it. The evening was now getting on, for much time had been lingered away by the ferny brook, and in other ways; and the sun began to cast deeper and longer shadows from the trees, and the birds to pour forth their even-song of delight in fuller and richer strains; and as I stood there all alone, and surrounded by hills and trees, and water and flowers, I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming—

> 'Strange! there should be found
> Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
> Renounce the odours of the open field
> For the unscented fictions of the loom;
> Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,
> Prefer, to the performance of a God,
> The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!'

Though close to cottages and their inhabitants, the spot whereon I stood was like a mountain solitude, and long did I stand contemplating it, and neglecting the

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main business of the hour—that of collecting. But was I not collecting? I was indeed—not plants, but thoughts! treasures of thought on which to fall back at an aftertime; and pictures—not such as I could hang on my walls, but those which would adorn my mind and memory. I was collecting from the song of birds and the murmur of the water, from the scent of flowers and the beauties of sunshine and shade, of hill, and vale, and tree, rich hoards of thought, and grateful remembrance, which have since cheered and refreshed me.

But my reveries were disturbed by George, who came splashing through the morass at full speed with a huge bunch of heterogeneous articles flourished high in air, and his 'Here, ma'am, please what's this? and this?' soon recalled me to my botanical self. Among other things—some of interest, and others worthless—he displayed a noble handful of the beautiful and delicate butterfly orchis (*Habenaria bifolia.*) It was not my first introduction to this interesting plant, which is not confined to bogs, but may be found also in woods. But as many of my readers may not know it, and as it grew in this bog in greater profusion than is common, I will venture to give its characteristics; and in so doing I shall be obliged to enlarge a little on those of the whole of that wonderful and curious tribe, the orchideæ.

The leading peculiarity of the orchis tribe is, that its column consists of a stamen, a style, and a stigma, all grown into one solid body. The anther is formed of two vertical cells, in each of which is a mass of pollen; the style is thick and short; and the stigma a shining, moist depression in front, under or between the masses of pollen. The genera vary exceedingly in the structure of the different parts, but in the consolidation of the style and stamen they are agreed, and this forms the characteristic of the orchis tribe. The arrangement of the sepals of the calyx and the petals of the corolla are so very singular as to leave it doubtful to a common observer which is which; and these parts are in many of the species so disposed as to assume the form of some animal or insect. In England we have not above sixteen varieties of the true orchis; but the ophrys, which is of the same natural order, has many of the same peculiarities of form and character—the leading difference between the two genera being, that in the orchis the nectary is elongated into a tubular spur, of which the ophrys is devoid. Many of our most curious insectivorous flowers, which are called orchises, belong, in fact, to this genus. The beautiful bee orchis (*Ophrys apifera*), the fly orchis (*Ophrys muscifera*), the late and early *spider* orchises (*O. arachnites* and *O. aranifera*), and the *drone* orchis (*Ophrys fucifera*), all of which are more or less rare, belong to the genus ophrys; whilst the monkey, the lizard, and the frog (*Orchis tephrosanthus*, *O. hircina*, and *O. viridis*), belong to the orchis family. The *Aceras antropóphora*, or green-*man* orchis, though closely allied to the orchis, is not one. Its corolla when spread out closely resembles the human form, whence its name. Then there is the elegant little flower *Neottia spiralis*, the 'ladies' tresses,' which also ranks among this extensive tribe: this may be found in August and September, its straight and leafless stem rising abruptly from the earth, with its small, highly-scented flowers, of a greenish hue, disposed on short footstalks spirally along the upper part of the stem. The curious 'listeras,' or 'tway blades,' are congeners, and well deserving notice, as are many others of the tribe, which we cannot now notice specifically, but among which are some of the brightest ornaments of our fields and woods in spring and summer, and also some of the most lusciously-scented of those which regale our sense of smell. In foreign countries the orchis tribe is far more extensive and wonderful than in our own colder climate. In Europe, the species all grow on the ground in meadows or marshes, hills or woods; but in tropical lands these glorious flowers are seen in all their beauty; and, 'seated on the branches of living trees, or resting among the decayed bark of fallen trees, or running over mossy rocks, or hanging above the head of the admiring traveller, suspended from the arm of some monarch of the forest, they develop flowers of the gayest colours and the most varied forms, and often fill the woods at night with their mild and delicate fragrance.' Humboldt says: 'The orchideæ enliven the clefts of the wildest rocks, and the trunks of tropical trees blackened by excess of heat. This form, to which the vanilla belongs, is distinguished by its bright-green succulent leaves, and by its flowers of many colours and strange and curious shape, sometimes resembling that of winged insects and sometimes that of the birds, which are attracted by the honey vessels. Such is their number and variety, that to mention only a limited district, the entire life of a painter would be too short for the delineation of all the magnificent orchideæ which adorn the recesses of the deep valleys of the Andes of Peru.' Klotzsch reckoned 8545 species of this wonderful family as known at the close of 1848, and doubtless multitudes more have since been discovered. But though this tribe is so varied and attractive in form and scent, it possesses, I believe, but few species which are of the slightest use to man. One is the vanilla, which is used to flavour creams, &c. and which is a pod of a kind which, in the West Indies, creeps like ivy on walls and trees; and there is one other, the shoemaker plant (*Cyrtopodium Andersonii*), whose stems afford a gluten which the Brazilians use for sticking thin sheets of leather together. Still, the tribe is most interesting indeed.

The glowing descriptions which we meet with in books of this family of plants would almost be enough to lead one to abandon the comforts of home, and roam in distant lands for the mere purpose of realising such wonders. But even in England it is a glorious tribe. Though many of the species of the orchideous family may be more curious than that of which I first spoke, the *Habenaria bifolia*, there is, I think, none more truly elegant and attractive. By Linnæus and others it is called *Orchis bifolia*, but by Hooker and other modern botanists *Habenaria bifolia*. The root of this plant is an undivided tuber tapering downwards; the stem in general from twelve to eighteen inches high, though I have seen it in moist woods exceeding two feet: it has two root-leaves of a long-shaped oval, from between which rises a semitransparent stem, crowned with a long loose spike of large yellowish-green flowers of wax-like texture and very peculiar form. The lip of the nectary is lance-shaped, and not more than half as long as a threadlike tubular spur which hangs down behind the blossom, and gives it its peculiar character. The sepals of the calyx, which are of the same pale-greenish hue as the petals, spread downwards, and the complete corolla has somewhat the form of a small butterfly; its insectivorous appearance is not, however, so marked as that of the fly and bee orchises, some specimens of which might really deceive one into the idea that the blossom was a fly or bee pitched on a stalk. I never see the butterfly orchis without being reminded by it of some tall fair girl, whose growth has overshot her strength, and whose fragile form indicates a fear that she is not long for earth. Another of the characteristics of this sweet flower may tend to carry out the illusion, and happy for the fading girl if it is indeed found in her. When the sun goes down, and the shades of evening descend, this flower throws out from its pale blossom a fragrance so rich and powerful as to pervade the whole air for a considerable distance. So have I seen a fair young creature, when the shades of sickness were spreading round her, and the bright things of earth were fading from her sight, pour out from some hidden source a sort of moral fragrance in the

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atmosphere which surrounded her sick couch, making all who breathed it feel that she was more precious to them, and her influence more refreshing to their souls in those twilight hours of existence, than she had ever been in the bright sunlight of her more vigorous life—even as that sweet evening-scented flower has a greater value when its perfumes are poured forth on the night than when its daylight colours delight the eye. And whence comes this sweet influence? Whence the patience, and meekness, and gentleness, the spirit of love and holiness, which, like sweet dropping balms or Eastern gums, thus impregnate the moral atmosphere of the sickbed with soul-subduing fragrance? Surely it can only be from the influence of God's Holy Spirit dwelling in the heart, and imparting to it of the nature of Him whose very name is 'as ointment poured out!'

The rarer kinds of orchis are not to be found near Budleigh Salterton, at least I have never seen any of them there except *Orchis pyramidalis*, which is rare in some places. Those I have found are, *Orchis mascula*, *O. maculata*, *O. morio*, *O. pyramidalis*, *O. latifolia*, and *O. conopsea*. Nor have I found any other of the orchideous family there except the ladies' tresses (*Neottia spiralis*.) The bee orchis abounds on the more western parts of the coast, and I shall not soon forget the delight I have felt in seeing a whole hillside as thickly covered with this beautiful little flower as I have seen fields with cowslips. I had large handfuls gathered for me, and my vases filled with them for two or three succeeding summers, without seeming to lessen the multitudes which sprung up in every direction; but such profusion is not common, a scattered gleaning being all that can be had in any locality I at present know.

Before I left the bog, I found fine specimens of *Alisma ranunculoides*, the lesser water-plantain, with its pale, purple tripetalous blossoms, which is not common, and many other specimens of interest, but, warned by the lengthened shadows, I now bethought me of returning homewards. Setting my boy, therefore, to catch Master Jack, who appeared by no means to relish leaving his pleasant browsing, I retreated to one of the cottages, and after obtaining leave to change my bog-stained shoes and stockings for some dry and clean substitutes which I had brought with me, and obtaining a piece of brown bread and a cup of milk (from the cows whom I had seen assembled for milking) for myself, and another for George, I set forward on my homeward road; but not over the hill, as too much time had been already expended to leave sufficient for me to botanise its heaths and other produce. I therefore return by the lanes, only crossing the little rivulet, which now meets me again. I rejoin the high road at a point a little farther from the village than that at which I had left it; and in so doing I pass a little triangular spot of ground, presenting one of those strangely-arbitrary arrangements which all conversant with the habits of plants occasionally observe. This spot of ground is only separated from the little enclosure where I found the *Equisetum sylvaticum* (as mentioned in a former paper) by a mere belt of wood, and the soil, &c. appears to be exactly of the same character as in that enclosure; yet here, throughout the year, I find scarcely one flower similar to those which grow there: there are in it no orchises nor polygala—neither hyacinths, equisetum, nor potentillas; the only thing which abounds there is the lovely blue forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), a plant wholly unknown to the little enclosure where the above so enamel the ground! These arbitrary arrangements are very common, though to me wholly inexplicable. I have known rich banks of violets in one field, whilst in the next, apparently exactly similar in soil and aspect, not one was to be found; a circuit of fields golden with cowslips, whilst one poor, solitary field lay between, in which not a single root could be found; and so with other flowers. But I linger too long, and the rising moon admonishes me that it is high time to hasten forward and get home; so, sending Jack into something like a trot, I make my way down the village, now all alive with those just released from business, and seeking the sweet, cool evening air, and arrive safe, though tired, at my cottage door.

EMIGRANT SHIP 'WASHINGTON.'

In describing lately the excellent accommodations on board certain vessels bound for the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand, we alluded to the wretched treatment occasionally experienced in emigrant ships from Liverpool and other ports to America. It is proper to remove any doubts that may be entertained on this subject. A notion prevails that the government emigration officers—one of whom is stationed at each principal port—protect the interests of passengers, and generally save them from being ill-treated during their voyage. It is nevertheless clear, that in spite of the interference of these functionaries, and also in defiance of strict legal enactments, passengers of a humble class are on many occasions treated with extreme barbarity. It is indeed sickening to reflect on the discomforts, misery, pain, and even premature death, arising from no other cause than the brutality of officers commanding emigrant vessels. Unfortunately, the misconduct of these persons is in some instances beyond the jurisdiction of English law. They sail under a foreign flag, and can be proceeded against only in the courts of their own country: in which case there may be said to be a complete denial of justice; for what emigrant, on arriving at his destination, will take the trouble and be at the expense of waiting months, perhaps years, to prosecute a delinquent skipper?

One of the worst cases of this kind which has come into public notice is that lately detailed in a Return to the House of Commons, ordered 19th February 1851, respecting the emigrant ship *Washington*. Drawing our information from this parliamentary paper, the following is the account of the affair:—

Mr Vere Foster, a person of respectable character, who appears to be engaged in the shipment of emigrants, had heard numerous accounts of the improper treatment of passengers to America, and to satisfy himself as to their truth, took the extraordinary step of becoming himself a steerage passenger in a vessel sailing under the American flag bound for New York from Liverpool. The ship was the *Washington*—a remarkably fine vessel of 1600 tons burthen, with two good passenger decks, each between seven and eight feet high, and well-appointed in every respect. Her crew consisted of thirty-one men, three boys, and five officers—namely, the captain and four mates — and she had on board upwards of 900 passengers, whose sleeping berths were a shelf along each side of the whole length of the two decks, with low boards dividing the shelf into berths all of one size, and each containing from four to six persons. One end of the upper deck was divided off as a separate apartment, containing twelve enclosed cabins, each having two, four, or six berths, and each berth containing two persons. The passengers in this part of the vessel paid a somewhat higher price—namely, L.5 instead of L.3, 15s. or L.4. Mr Foster occupied one of four berths in a cabin of this kind. Each passenger in the ship had a contract-ticket, in which certain provisions were stipulated for, with a supply of water daily, and right of cooking. Some extra provisions, which cost 10s. 6d., were taken on board by Mr Foster and his companions in the cabin. All things being nearly ready for departure, the passengers were inspected by a surgeon, and ordered on board. We shall now allow Mr Foster to tell his own tale, which he does in a letter to Lord Hobart, dated 'Ship Washington, 1st December 1850:'—

'All the passengers who arrive at Liverpool a day or more before the sailing of an emigrant ship have to be

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inspected by a surgeon appointed by government, who will not allow any one to go on board who has any infectious disease of a dangerous character. I passed before him for inspection, which occupied only one or two seconds. He said without drawing breath: "What's your name? Are you well? Hold out your tongue: all right;" and then addressed himself to the next person. We were again all mustered and passed before him on board the ship while sailing down the river.

'There was no regularity or decency observed with regard to taking the passengers on board the ship: men and women were pulled in, any side or end foremost, like so many bundles. I was getting myself in as quickly and dexterously as I could, when I was laid hold of by the legs and pulled in, falling head foremost down upon the deck, and the next man was pulled down upon the top of me. I was some minutes before I recovered my hat, which was crushed as flat as a pancake. The porters, in their treatment of passengers (naturally), look only to getting as much money as they possibly can from them in the shortest space of time, and heap upon them all kinds of filthy and blasphemous abuse, there being no police regulations, and the officers of the ship taking the lead in the ill-treatment of the passengers.

'The *Washington* went out of dock on the 25th [Oct.], and anchored in the river. I went on board on the next day, and witnessed the first occasion of giving out the daily allowance of water to the passengers, in doing which there was no regularity: the whole 900 and odd passengers were called forward at once to receive their water, which was pumped out into their cans from barrels on deck. The serving out of the water was twice capriciously stopped by the mates of the ship, who, during the whole time, without any provocation, cursed and abused, and cuffed and kicked the passengers and their tin cans; and having served out water to about thirty persons, in two separate times, said they would give no more water out till the next morning, and kept their word. I gently remonstrated with one of the mates, who was cuffing and kicking the poor steerage passengers, observing to him that such treatment was highly improper and unmanly, and that he would save himself a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and win, instead of alienating, the hearts of the passengers, if he would avoid foul language and brutal treatment, and use civil treatment, and institute regularity in the serving out of the water, &c.; but he, in reply, said that he would knock me down if I said another word. I was happy to find, however, that my rebuke had the effect of checking for the moment his bullying conduct.

'Provisions were not served out this day, notwithstanding the engagement contained in our contract-tickets, and notwithstanding that all the passengers were now on board, the most of them since yesterday, and had no means of communication with the shore, and that many of them, being very poor, had entirely relied upon the faithful observance of the promises contained in their tickets, the price of which includes payment for the weekly allowance of provisions.

'While a steamer towed the *Washington* down the river on Sunday, 27th October, all the passengers were mustered on deck, and answered to their names as they were called over by the chief clerk of the agency-office at Liverpool. This formality was for the purpose of ascertaining that there was no one on board but such as had tickets. One little boy was found hid, having made his way on board, thinking to escape notice: he was sent ashore. On the 28th we were so fortunate as to have a most favourable breeze, which carried us out of the Irish Channel, being that part of the voyage in which we expected the greatest delay.

'On the 29th I went the round of the lower deck with the surgeon of the ship, observing him take down the numbers in each berth. These berths are constructed to hold four persons, and would conveniently hold five persons; some of the berths had four persons in them, and some as many as six. I observed that the doctor noted down in many instances persons between the ages of fourteen and sixteen as under fourteen—that is, as not adults, although it is expressly stated in our tickets that fourteen years of age constitutes an adult, and any one above that age is paid for extra as such. This was for the purpose of making a saving in the issuing of provisions, as half rations only are served out to passengers under fourteen years of age. The doctor remarked to me at the time, that as regarded the issuing of provisions, sixteen years of age was considered on board the *Washington* as constituting an adult.

'On the 30th October no provisions had yet been served out, and the complaints of the poorer passengers in the steerage were naturally increasing, as they had no means of living, excepting on the charity of those who had brought extra provisions. [At the request of the passengers Mr Foster drew up a letter to the captain, representing the ill-treatment from want of provisions. This letter, however, only produced a few savage words in reply, and the writer of it was called a rascal and a pirate for interfering. At length, on the 31st of October, provisions were issued; and Mr Foster, on weighing various rations, found them deficient.]

'On Saturday, 2d November, groceries were issued for the first instead of the second time to the passengers: the six persons in my cabin received all their provisions together. We got 6 oz. of tea instead of 12 oz.; nearly our proper allowance of sugar; and 1¼ lb. of molasses instead of 3 lbs.; and no vinegar. We have as yet received no pork, though we should have received our second weekly allowance of pork to-day.

'On Thursday, 7th November, flour, biscuits, oatmeal, and rice were issued in the same proportion as before, excepting that the flour was a little under the allowance. I was looking on during nearly the whole of the time, and could see that the quantities were the same to each person. The six persons in my cabin received—8 lbs. of oatmeal instead of 30 lbs.; 8 lbs. of flour instead of 6 lbs.; 8 lbs. of rice instead of 12 lbs.; 8¾ lbs. of biscuits instead of 15 lbs.

'On Saturday, the 9th November, an allowance of pork was issued for the first instead of the third time: the six persons in my cabin got 6 lbs. When one of the occupants of berth No. 180 came up for his pork, not knowing that another man from the same berth had just received for the whole of its occupants, the first mate instantly ran at him, and hit him with his clenched fist, and with a rope's end, about the face and head, and then added: "If any other —— annoys me, ———, I'll smash his head for him!" Whenever provisions are served out, a sailor stands by with a rope's end, and capriciously lays about him, with or without the slightest provocation. The captain never appears to trouble himself in the slightest degree about the passengers, nor even ever to visit the part of the ship occupied by them. The first and second mates, the surgeon, and the man specially appointed to look after the passengers, and the cooks—all these very seldom open their lips without prefacing what they may have to say with horrible oaths.

'I hear occasionally some of the passengers complain to the first mate or to the captain of the favouritism shewn by the passengers' cooks to those who give them money or whisky, and who consequently get five or six meals cooked daily, while those poor passengers who have not the money to give, or who do not give, are kept the whole day waiting to have one meal cooked, or can have only one meal cooked every second day. In my own case, on one of the first mornings of my being on board, the cook took up my kettle of water, which had been waiting one hour and a half to be put on the fire, and said to me: "What are you going to give me to cook that for you?" I replied

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that I intended to take my chances the same as the rest of the passengers, and was contented to take my proper turn in having my victuals cooked, for that if I paid for a preference in having them cooked, I should be monopolising a right which is common to us all at the expense of those fellow-passengers who were not able to pay. The cook then put down the kettle again, saying: "That —— fellow is not going to pay up, so his kettle may wait." The captain's cook cooks for those passengers who give him 10s. or 12s. each person for the voyage, and a great many do so. I did not, for I wished to place myself as much as I conveniently could in the same position as the general run of my fellow-passengers. I find now, that either in consequence of good words in my favour from some of those passengers whom I have had small opportunities of being of service to, or in consequence of an appreciation of my fairness in taking my proper turns—though I am well able to pay for doing otherwise—or of my aiding him by remonstrances to keep the galley (kitchen) from being too crowded, and to keep order, the cook now favours me as much as if I did pay him. Asked the third mate where we were, and received the same reply as usual—that he could not tell. No one knows the whereabouts of the vessel except the captain and first mate, and they keep that a profound secret from the ship's company and passengers. No groceries were issued, as they should have been this day.

'13*th November*.—I have spoken frequently with different sailors, asking them if this was the first time of their sailing in this ship. All answer yes, and that it will be the last; and some of them express an opinion that the first and second mates will get a good thrashing at New York.

'14*th*.—Provisions of oatmeal, biscuit, flour, and rice, were issued this day as usual. I weighed what was given to four adults and a boy occupying one of the steerage berths. They received 10¾ lbs. of oatmeal instead of 22½ lbs. due; 4½ lbs. of biscuits instead of 11¼ lbs. due; 4 lbs. of flour instead of 4½ lbs. due; 5½ lbs. of rice instead of 9 lbs. due.

'17*th*.—I heard the doctor say: "There are a hundred cases of dysentery in the ship, which will all turn to cholera; and I swear that I will not go amongst them: if they want medicines, they must come to me!" This morning the first mate took it into his head to play the hose upon the passengers, drenching them from head to foot; the fourth mate did the same a few mornings ago.

'18*th*.—A three-masted vessel in sight, going in the same direction as ourselves; this is the second vessel only that we have seen since leaving Liverpool. About noon a heavy squall came on, which split the fore-topsail and staysail.

'A delicate old man, named John M'Corcoran, of berth No. 111, informed me that on Sunday last he had just come on deck, and, after washing, was wringing a pair of stockings, when the first mate gave him such a severe kick as he was stooping, that he threw him down upon the deck.

'A passenger, having a family with him, told me that one of the first days after coming on board the doctor applied to him for a present, saying, that of course he was paid for his services to the passengers, but that to those persons who liked to give him anything, of course he should pay more particular attention: the passenger then gave him 2s. 6d. He applied in the same manner to Mr Homer, of cabin No. 8, who gave him 1s. The doctor then said: "And there was that glass of castor oil of the other day, for which you owe me 6d.," which Mr H. then gave him. The doctor has no right to charge for any medicines, but has, I am told, received a great deal of money on board in the same way. The first mate beat one of the sailors severely this evening with a rope.

'21*st*.—A violent gale commenced this evening.

'22*d*.—The gale became perfectly terrific; for a few minutes we all expected momentarily to go to the bottom, for the sea, which was foaming and rolling extremely high, burst upon the deck with a great crash, which made us all believe that some part of the vessel was stove in. The wave rushed down into the lower deck, and I certainly expected every moment to go down. Some of the passengers set to praying; the wind blew a perfect hurricane, so that it was quite out of the question to attempt to proceed on our proper course. We therefore scudded before the wind, having up the main-topsail close reefed and the fore-topsail staysail only. The water which had rushed upon the deck remained there to the depth of several feet; it was got rid of by breaking holes in the bulwarks with a hatchet. The whole sea was a sheet of foam. Towards nine P. M. the gale began to be less, though still violent, and moderated during the night.

'25*th*.—Another child, making about twelve in all, died of dysentery from want of proper nourishing food, and was thrown into the sea sewn up, along with a great stone, in a cloth.

'We passed some ships' spars this and the following day, belonging perhaps to vessels which may have suffered in the late gale.

'26*th*.—Tea and sugar issued to those who lost any during the late storm. I and my two mess-companions received our allowances together, receiving between us 2 oz. of tea and ½ lb. of sugar.

'30*th*.—The doctor came down to the second cabin in company with the first mate; and to display his authority, drew himself up and swelled himself out excessively tremendous, roaring out: "Now, then, clean and wash out your rooms every one of you!" adding the most horrible oaths.

'2*d December*.—A beautiful day and a favourable breeze; took a pilot on board.

'Many of the passengers have, at different times during the voyage, expressed to me their intention of making a public complaint respecting their ill-treatment on board this ship; so, to meet their wishes, I wrote a few lines, which were signed this evening by 128 persons.

'3*d*.—A few of the passengers were taken ashore to the hospital at Staten Island, and we arrived alongside the quay at New York this afternoon. The 900 passengers dispersed as usual among the various fleecing-houses, to be partially or entirely disabled for pursuing their travels into the interior in search of employment.

'6*th*.—I met this day with some friends of mine, who came out two months ago in the *Atlas*, with 415 passengers. They describe the treatment of the passengers on board that vessel by the officers as considerably worse than what I have related respecting the *Washington*.

'I have since met with passengers whom I sent out in the *Washington* on her previous voyage, and I learn from them that no provisions were served out during the first fortnight of her voyage, and that no meat was served out during the whole of her voyage: I have also met with passengers whom I sent in the *Wm. Rathbone*, whose treatment by the officers and as regards provisions was similar. It is one of the same line of packets.

'Here follows a comparison of the provisions due, and the provisions received by each passenger during our voyage of thirty-seven days, shewing a great deficiency.'

The foregoing statement, as has been said, formed the subject of a letter to Lord Hobart, the writer of it remaining in the meanwhile in America. Lord Hobart transmitted Mr Foster's letter to the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, who instituted inquiries at Liverpool through the government emigration officer at that port. The result, as it appears, was—that there could be no redress. Legal proceedings against the captain of the *Washington* at New York had been con-

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templated by Mr Foster; but he was dissuaded, on account of the delay and expense of doing so. Under these circumstances, the commissioners apprehend that nothing now can be done until at least the arrival of Mr Foster in England; and even if he should then be prepared to take proceedings against the officers of the ship, it seems very doubtful whether any English court would have jurisdiction in the matter.

Supposing Mr Foster's statement to be correct—and we have seen no cause to doubt its accuracy—it is evident that the humbler class of emigrants on board certain vessels are exposed to the grossest misusage without the slightest practicable remedy in law. On this account the press can but do its duty in spreading a knowledge of the fact, and in recommending emigrants to exercise all reasonable caution in arranging for their passage. One thing more might possibly be done: at each principal port a number of respectable and benevolently-disposed persons might form themselves into an association to investigate the trustworthiness of advertisements addressed to emigrants, and to recommend no emigrant to make an engagement with any shipping concern without previously communicating with the association. Some such organisation might perhaps bring refractory and selfish skippers to their senses.

SNAKES AND SNAKE-CATCHERS.

The snake with its tail in its mouth, in Egypt a symbol of eternity, is in India a simple fact. In that country the circle embraces both heaven and earth; it sweeps through the whole mythology, from Mahadeo, the god of the Serpent, and Doorga, his consort, decked with coils of snakes instead of chains and jewels, to the hundred-headed snake who bears the lord of the universe, and the monster whose task it is to churn the waters of immortality. This mythological series descends upon the mountains and forests to the north of India, where it becomes the Dhorah—a mighty reptile fifteen feet long, and thick in proportion, which our Old Indian has seen carried on the shoulders of several men in procession. Thence rolls the serpent-fold, in every kind of variety, over the fields and gardens, through the houses, in the bath, in the scullery and store-room, in the very bed, till it comprehends the whole circle of Hindoo life.

Well do I remember, quoth she, the commotion which the finding of a small snake's skin occasioned in our family circle. We children—alas! I was then a child—could not enough admire its transparent texture, the regularity of its scales, and its smooth and glossy appearance; and our wonder increased as we observed how dexterously the skin must have been slipped off, just as Juliet might have withdrawn from her smooth hand the glove that Romeo wished to be. Thus uninjured the shining skin lay before us—a small slit alone indicating where the wearer of this beautiful integument had crept out. After our excitement and admiration had somewhat abated, I perceived my dear old father's countenance become somewhat clouded.

'Miaghan,' cried he at last to the servant in waiting, 'call Hurreckchund Baboo;' an intelligent individual, who was often taken into our cabinet councils, and who was much esteemed for his urbanity and uprightness. 'Well, Baboo,' said my father, as soon as the old man made his appearance, 'do you know that I am harbouring a snake and these children under the same roof?'

'How is that, Sahib?' said the Baboo; 'this must have come to pass very recently.'

'Well, look at this skin; it was found early this morning before the door of our sitting-room. You know we constructed flues last year under the room to render it dry, and put bars before the open cavities to prevent vermin from taking possession of them; and now I see two of the bars have disappeared—a fact which, taken in connection with the appearance of the skin, is a sufficient proof that a serpent must have got in. I wish you to advise me how to get the intruder captured and killed.'

'Sahib,' replied the Baboo, 'I could do that readily enough; but allow your old servant, a worshipper of Sheeva, to intercede for an animal he holds sacred. I see very well that this is the skin of a kurait, comparatively a harmless snake. It has no stamp of the spectacles on its nose. That snake, Sahib, will prove a good genius: he came to seek your protection, and has laid his skin at your door to tell you so. Take me as bail for once, and rest assured that, instead of doing you harm, he will clear your room of those disgusting toads and frogs which sometimes jump upon your feet at dusk, and will devour the mice which eat Missy Baba's gingerbread, and kill also the musk-rats, of which she has such a horror.'

'Oh, papa!' cried I, looking imploringly in my father's face; 'think of those horrid musk-rats that go shrieking like evil spirits at night through our bedrooms, and spoil everything in our pantry and cellars—even the wine, which is carefully sealed with wax and rosin! Let us by all means leave the serpent alone, to deal with them as he pleases.' My father could not help smiling.

'Well, Baboo,' said he, 'I will for once take your bail, and also allow Christina's eloquent appeal to soften my heart—so let the snake live.'

We neither heard nor saw anything more of the intruder for about twelve months, but found, as the Baboo had prognosticated, a vast diminution in all the vermin kind; when another skin, prettier than the former, but nearly double its size, was found laid upon the same spot. The Baboo was sent for again in a hurry.

'Ah Sahib,' said he, addressing my dear father, 'my good genius, I fear, is now about to take his departure. He is grown restless, and is gone to seek for a partner; and as his old skin was grown painfully tight, he has slipped it off by making a rent on the top of his head. See how ingeniously he has hooked it against that slight roughness on one of those little iron bars.'

'I am glad,' said my father, 'to hear that you think the snake has taken his departure. We shall say no more about him then, and I shall have those bars replaced, to prevent any of his congeners from getting into his lodgings.'

This was done, and snakes were almost forgotten, except at such times as we looked at our pretty cast-off skins, until one morning our poulterer made his appearance with a woful countenance and a low salaam.

'Khodawund,' said he, folding his hands, 'the pigeons will not come down from their perches to-day to eat, and the rabbits have hidden themselves in their hutches.'

'And what is that owing to, my good man?' asked my father.

'Khodawund, I suppose a snake must have frightened them last night, and if you order an investigation, the sheitan' (satan)—for the poulterer was a Mohammedan—'will be found lurking about the premises. Suppose we get a real snake-catcher, and not one of those pagie (mean fellows), with their gourd flutes, and have peace restored in my department?'

'By all means,' replied my father; and a *bona fide* snake-catcher soon made his appearance.

Black as a coal was the skin, frizzled, woolly, and crisp the hair, and flat and ill-favoured the countenance of this Bugdee, obviously a man of the lowest caste. Such countenances are found in all the ancient Hindoo excavations, and they grin and goggle from the shoulders of all the gigantic idols of olden time. The present olive-coloured, straight-haired Hindoo seems to be of a different race from the excavators of the

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first temples, and the chisselers of the first graven images.

The snake-catcher came, provided with two implements, which served the same purposes as a spade and crowbar, although of rude manufacture. He seemed to set about his business in a very scientific manner. He inspected the ground all about him very carefully, looked if there were any traces of a creeping thing upon it, pried into every hole he came to, took a little of the earth in the palm of his hand, and even tasted the loam and smelled it. At last having come before a larger hole than we had yet seen, the entrance of which was very smooth, and looked as if some slimy stuff had dried upon it, he paused, and said:

'Sir, here we shall find the snake.'

'What is to be done now?' asked my father.

'We must dig, sir, if you have no objection.'

My father had none, and as he was anxious to have the enemy caught, operations were begun immediately. The hole was considerably widened, and after the man had dug about three feet deep, sure enough an immense gokhoorah (cobra de capella) was seen coiled up.

'Oh,' said the man, 'there he is! I know from his beautiful purple coat, shining scales, and his whole appearance, that he is the dhemorah (the gentleman snake.) Now, shall I seize him?'

As soon as he had uttered these words the snake, as if understanding to what his discourse tended, spread out his frightful head, with the well-known marks of spectacles, and made a dart at the man with his beak-like mouth. The Bugdee avoided the dart, watched his opportunity, and seized the snake by the back of the neck, upon which the monster coiled itself in many folds round and round his muscular arm.

'That water-jar—quick, quick!' cried the man. 'This fellow will paralyse my limbs. Away with him into the pot! I may not slay him, for if I did the gods would never allow me to capture another.' The snake disappeared in the pot, the mouth of the vessel was covered firmly with a piece of cloth, and a stone fitted close upon it.

'Now,' said the man, 'we shall dig a little farther, and no doubt discover the female, and find also either her eggs or her young.

And so it proved. A few strokes with the spade brought the female snake to light. She was of a much paler colour than the male, and not nearly so large. Having had a good feast on the pigeons during the night, she was rather sluggish, and sat brooding upon three eggs almost asleep. The snake-catcher pounced upon her as he did upon the other without much ceremony; and having squeezed her so tightly by the neck as to make her open her jaws, he displayed to us her horrible fangs. The eggs were of a dirty white colour; and upon being broken, they exhibited the same bloodshot appearance as a hen's when they have been sat upon for a time. We had scarcely flattered ourselves with so much success; so the Bugdee was handsomely rewarded, and dismissed, after he had obliterated all the traces of his, to us, wonderful feat.

'And now,' said my father, 'to-morrow, my dear girls, we shall see what those mock snake-catchers can do. The mourgy-wallah (poulterer) will bring us to-morrow one of the ogres with the gourd flutes.'

At ten o'clock, accordingly, the magician made his appearance. I could not but be struck by his savage looks, matted hair, ochre-stained dress, and the hieroglyphics of red and white paint which were neatly and carefully drawn on his forehead and arms. He looked wildly about, and asked if sahib had sent for him.

'To be sure I have,' was the reply: 'but what have you got there?'—pointing to his basket.

He lifted the cover with a curl of the lip. 'An empty basket of course,' was his reply.

'And are you alone?' asked my father again; 'and have you no snakes hidden about you?'

'I despise all human aid,' growled he, raising himself to his full height; 'and as for snakes, examine the fakeer's dress, and be convinced.'

But this was not done, for we saw we had offended the man; and my father contented himself with telling him in a conciliating voice to begin his work. And this was done by blowing a long protracted blast upon his flute, to the music of which we all marched towards the palanquin shed. There we came to a stand-still, and the magician said: 'Here, assuredly, is a snake: will you hear him?' We of course assented, but at the same time laughed at the idea of hearing a snake. Whether the work of ventriloquism or not, however, we certainly did hear something like the tones of the landrail. The man then stooped, took up a handful of dust, and assuming, if possible, a more savage air than he had before displayed, gave out some mysterious incantation which no doubt was in Sanscrit. I shuddered, but could only distinguish the word *bunsaum*, which means 'denizen of the wood.' As soon as this incantation was finished came a sort of 'crick—crick—crick!' The magician now began to wave his body, shake his head, and play on his flute what he fancied a most seductive blast, till, directing our attention to a heap of boards, we did actually see a pair of fiery eyes, and a sharp, forked, protruding tongue. The snake came forth by degrees, and advanced nearer and nearer to the sound of the flute, till his charmer, with great dexterity, seized him, and deposited him in the basket. Two other snakes were caught in nearly the same manner, the last being minus an eye, which of course attracted our notice.

'Snakes,' said the man, 'although they wound and slay other animals, are vulnerable themselves, and, even like man, they have their feuds and their enemies; for instance, the kite, the stork, and the subtle little neulah.'

We allowed him to slip all he captured into his basket, for not a scale of the snakes would he allow to be injured; and having handsomely rewarded him, we gave him leave to depart. Then only our magician became gracious, and he presented my father with a little greenish stone, which he assured him was a sovereign remedy against the bite of the snake.

'And now, sage mohunt,' said my father, 'as you are about to depart for ever, reveal unto us whether this be not all glamour? Have you not in some way contrived to deceive our senses?'

The magician grinned horrible a ghastly smile while he replied: 'If I have, I have done it cleverly; and no one is bound to bear witness against himself.'

We heard the next day that he had been at our missionary minister's, at the schoolmaster's, and at the music-master's, and that at each of the places he had caught three snakes, one of which was always *minus an eye!*

TELEGRAPH OF THOUGHT.

THREE literary productions have been sent to us this week from countries far apart—one from Italy, one from China, and one from New Zealand, which have all, we think, strong claims upon the interest of our readers.

The appearance at Florence of a new Italian journal called the 'Rivista Britannica,' appears to us to be a circumstance peculiarly worthy the attention of those who watch with interest the social progress of nations.* The object of this journal is to transfuse English thought into the veins of Italian society, with the view of promoting a freer and healthier circulation. The result sought after is not proposed to be obtained by

* Rivista Britannica, Giornale Mensuale, raccolta di Articoli tratti dalle migliori publicazioni Inglesi. Fascicolo I. Firenze: Tipografia Italiana, 1851.—[The British Review, a Monthly Journal, composed of Articles from the best English publications. London Agent, P. Rolandi, Berners Street.]

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translating books, but articles—by sending through the Italian mind that common current of reflection and information which is the very life of the English intellect. In the introduction the editors, one bearing an Italian, the other a Scottish name—the Chevalier Sebastiano Fenzi and James Montgomery Stuart—remark, that England alone has been exempt from the almost general fate of Europe—to struggle for freedom—to seem to win the fight for a moment—and then to fall back, having gained nothing more than a shadow. It seems to them that the achievement of liberty is useless without the capacity to enjoy it in an orderly manner; and that the best preparation Italy can make is to study the popular literature of a nation possessing so eminently this capacity, and offering so excellent a *point d'appui* for those who would develop the elements of Italian society.

Under these convictions, they propose that the new journal shall be composed of such translations from English periodicals as will give a faithful reflection of the existing state of art, science, literature, and social life in England; and they invite the sympathy and support of the Italian public to an undertaking which they believe will not only furnish a useful and agreeable volume, but serve to correct prejudices and remove antipathies. Their materials will consist of narratives, articles on physical and natural science, machinery, &c.; travels and geographical sketches, literature and art, &c.; besides an original review of English works relating to Italy. The contents of the first fasciculus now before us are as follows:—'Adventures in the Fiord,' by Harriet Martineau; 'Terrestrial Magnetism,' from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal; 'Foreign Reminiscences of the late Lord Holland,' from the Edinburgh Review; Herschel's 'Siberia and California,' from the Quarterly Review; and a review of Ogilvy's 'Traditions of Tuscany,' in verse, with poetical translations of the extracts.

This undertaking we think is worthy of all encouragement; and we are quite of the opinion expressed by the editors, that a free interchange of thought is still more important than a free commercial intercourse between nations.

The second work alluded to is published at Ningpo. It is of a narrow folio size, neatly stitched as a pamphlet, with a thin cover of yellow silk. It is entitled the 'Philosophical Almanac,' by D. J. Macgowan, M.D., and is printed in Chinese, with numerous diagrams, in the '48th year of the 75th cycle of sixty, or 4488, being the 1st year of the reign of H. I. M. Hien Fung.'

The main object of the work is to communicate to the Chinese a knowledge of the principles of the electric telegraph; and as an introduction to the subject—necessary to them—there are added essays on electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. But this indoctrination has no reference to the establishment of an electric communication with Peking; the benefit it seeks is intellectual, not physical; and the fluid of thought it conveys is intended to awaken the Chinese mind from the torpor of ages.

To this ancient people their ancestors are deities, to whom they pay divine honours; and it is necessary to prove to them that in the course of the last 2000 years the world has learned something, and that we of these last days are in some respects wiser than Confucius. This must be the foundation of all teaching in China, where at present it is unlawful for the human mind to advance one jot beyond the wisdom of their ancestors. The decomposing power of the galvanic battery is explained, the author tells us, 'for the purpose of shewing the fallacy of so much of the philosophy and mythology as is connected with the theory of the five elements: reference being also made to facts in astronomy, optics, chemistry, and anatomy, which in like manner scatter to the winds their notions relative to planets, colours, metals, and viscera, of which the Chinese enumerate five each.' The work, it will be seen, is conceived in a wise and healthy spirit, and if even tolerable in the execution, Dr Macgowan will deserve well of China and of mankind.

The third literary production is the first number of an English newspaper, published under peculiar circumstances at the antipodes. In September last, our readers are aware, four emigrant ships sailed from this country with the view of founding the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand. It was late in December before these pilgrim fathers arrived at their destination—an uninhabited bay surrounded by a desert; but here, on the 11th of the ensuing month—before twenty human habitations were in existence—appeared the 'Lyttleton Times,' a well-printed paper of twenty-four columns folio, with its page of advertisements, its leading article, its notices to correspondents, its shipping news, its local intelligence, its poets' corner, its market prices, and its police report. Formerly, it used to be said that wherever the English went, the first thing they did was to establish a tavern: now we have changed all that—the chief necessary is a newspaper, and the stirring character of the age demands, above all things, expression. We wish every success to the 'Lyttleton Times,' and to the settlement of which it aspires to be the organ.

CŒUR-DE-LION'S STATUE.

A COLOSSAL EQUESTRIAN BRONZE FIGURE, BY THE SCULPTOR MAROCHETTI; NOW PLACED OUTSIDE THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN HYDE PARK.

Richard the Lion-hearted! crown'd serene
With the true royalty of perfect man;
Seated above the blessing or the ban
Of half-articulate crowds that gaping lean
To trace what the out-of-date word 'king' may mean.
See there! What needs that iron casque's star-rim,
Defined against the sky, to signal him
A monarch—of those monarchs which have been
And are not! Read his mission'd destinies
In the full brow majestic, kingly eyes;
The strong, still hands, each grasping rein or sword;
The mouth in very sternness beautiful;
Behold a man who his own soul can rule!
Lord o'er himself—therefore his brethren's lord.

'O Richard! *O mon roi!*' So minstrels sighed;
The many-centuried voice dies faint away
In silence of the ages dim and gray.
We know not but those green-wreath'd legends hide
A coarse, foul truth, that soon had crumbling died
Beneath our modern times' serener air.
What matter! Giant statue, rest thou there!
Shadowing our Richard of chivalric pride;
Or if not the true Richard, still the type
Of the old regal glory, fallen, o'er ripe,
To rot amid the world's new blossoming.
Stand! imaging those lost heroic days,
Until our children's children come and gaze,
Whispering with reverent awe: 'This *was* a king!'

A NICE SUMMER DRINK.

Before my departure from Macon, I supped in the large room of the hotel. I had frequently observed the singular mixtures which many of the Americans make at their meals: I here observed that a gentleman, after calling for a glass of milk, deliberately shook a portion of the contents of the pepper-box into it, and having added a teaspoonful of salt, stirred the whole together, and drank it. There is certainly no accounting for taste, but this, among all the strange compounds which I met with in the United States, was the most extraordinary.—*Colonel Cunynghame's Glimpse at the Western Republic.*

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF ROSS-SHIRE.

MOST persons who speak of the Highlands of Scotland are thinking of Perthshire with its Trosachs, Taymouth, and Dunkeld, or at the utmost, of Inverness-shire and the Caledonian Canal, which places they may perchance have visited through the help of steamers, coaches, and droskies. These are familiar districts of Great Britain; but there are wilds beyond, which few penetrate—the vast sterile tracts of Western Ross and Sutherlandshire. Besides the English sportsmen whose enthusiasm carries them wherever a wing or a fin is to be seen, few know aught of that region beyond what they may have learned from a casual and indifferent glance at a map. Yet it is the district in which perhaps absolute wildness is the best exemplified in our island. Mountains most grand, inlets deeply intersecting the land, lovely lakes, and wide-stretching moorlands, mingle to form a haunt, one would think, for only the eagle and the roe-deer, but which, nevertheless, contains a large population of sheep and cattle, and also many human beings; more of the latter, indeed, than it is desirable to see in such a situation. The population, however, is in patches, generally where a mountain-skirt of green land is to be found. In many parts you may wander for a whole day and not meet a single person, or see the smoke of a cottage.

Led by curiosity respecting a point in physical geography, or I might more aptly say, superficial geology, I lately found my way past all the usual haunts of the Highland tourist. Loch Alsh and Loch Carron I had left behind as comparatively Lowland and southern districts. A mail car brought me to the head of Loch Maree, and there left me at the extremity, as it were, of civilisation; for it went no farther. Then I passed along the border of Loch Maree by a road only made last year out of the 'Destitution Fund.' A splendid lake it is, bordered by magnificent storm-scalped mountains, the lower regions of which presented me with what I felt to be the first purely natural wood of a picturesque character I had ever seen; and how admirable a thing is such natural wood! So harmonious with the scenery, so just enough and no more, so feathery, so well arranged—I never can again look on a 'plantation' with any patience! Then I came to Gareloch, which is part of the same range of beautiful country. Then to Polewe—a lonely village where fishing is carried on, and where I was induced to have recourse to a boat in order to get farther north. My boat adventure was in itself an odd one; but I must not dwell upon it. Suffice it to state that I was becalmed at sunset on the western ocean, and spent most of the night in Loch Broom, not reaching Ullapool till four in the morning.

I was now where I had desired to be—in the midst of a range of mountains which has heretofore engaged a good deal of the attention of geologists, on account of the very peculiar circumstances which have evidently attended their formation. From Queenaig in Sutherlandshire, southward, to Applecross in Ross-shire—a space of seventy or eighty miles—this line of mountains extends, each standing wholly apart, and very much separated also from any eminences in the general plateau from which they spring, most of them bold and narrow towards the west and north-west, and more sloping in the opposite direction, and all of them reaching to a height of from 2500 to 3500 feet above the level of the sea. Now the remarkable fact regarding these mountains is, that they are composed of sandstone strata, arranged horizontally, or at a slight inclination to the horizon, so that in their sides and ends they bear the appearance of a Titanic masonry, and one could almost imagine some of them to be enormous cathedrals or castles crumbling into ruin. It is perfectly evident that they are the relics of a sheet of what is called the Old Red Sandstone, which has originally extended over the same space of ground, and all the rest of which has been swept away. It is accordingly a magnificently significant and readily intelligible example of that process known by geologists under the term, *denudation*. The hills are hills of denudation, and the intermediate spaces are valleys of denudation. The most unreflecting pursuer of grouse must be struck by the extraordinary appearances which are thus presented to him. One such person told me that, on first approaching the base of Sool Vean in Assynt, he could hardly resist the belief that he saw before him a lofty building of regular courses of masonry, which had been erected by the hands of some aboriginal race of giants long passed from the earth. Sool Vean rises from a platform of gneiss to a height of nearly 2000 feet, and, in its foreshortened form from the west, I can compare it to nothing but an exaggeration of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse, which narrows from the base to about a third part up the sides, then becomes perpendicular, and ends in a dome-shaped cap.

Near Ullapool there is a grand example of these sandstone mountains, bearing the name of Benmoré or the Great Mountain; but as this name is common in the Highlands, it is further distinguished from the district in which it lies as Benmore-Coygath.* One sees it

* This mountain is in a district which politically forms part of Cromartyshire, though detached from the principal part of that county; but in physical geography it may well be considered as part of Western Ross-shire.

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rising in a long-extended screen of dark frowning precipice over certain intervening ranges of gray and sterile rock. Having resolved to make an inspection of the mountain, I took a pony to carry me over the six miles intervening between the village and its base. A young man came along with me to take charge of the pony while I should be upon the hill, and I also provided myself with a couple of biscuits and a small quantity of spirits. For my original intention of spending three or four hours on the hill, and then returning to Ullapool to a late dinner, this arrangement would have been sufficient; but I afterwards found that both a guide and a larger stock of provisions would have been necessary. Leaving the pony and its attendant at a shepherd's house near the base of the hill, I commenced ascending at one o'clock, and quickly overmastered some of the frontier ridges, though they were somewhat more troublesome than I had expected. While sheltering myself for a few minutes under a rock from a passing shower, I found myself in close proximity to a ewe which was standing with a gentle watchfulness beside her dead lamb. The little creature had probably fallen from the overhanging cliff and been killed. I thought of the beautiful allusion to such an incident in Scott's poem of 'Helvellyn,' but without imagining that before night I was to run nigh to repeat in my own person the history of the subject of that poem. In the wilderness such little circumstances evoke sympathies for which there appears to be no place amidst the busy haunts of men. Sometimes in clambering along these pathless highlands, where one might almost forget that there is a populous world to be returned to, I have been surprised at the appeal made by even a little wild-flower, when, resting for a moment, the wanderer sees such an object by his side. The wild violet, perhaps, or the harebell—ten thousand chances to one against its ever being seen by human eyes, yet not the less beautiful in consideration of that slight expectancy—not the less exemplifying the wondrous skill of the Maker of the great and the small. The well-known lines of Gray are of course apt to occur at such a sight; but I must confess that my predominant feeling is one of deep interest in the contemplation of the mechanism and business of *life* going on in circumstances which so strikingly mark its independent place in creation. The humblest wild-flower blooms not for man or any other creature as a primary object: it lives and blossoms for itself under the God who made it.

On getting to the rear of the mountain, I soon found myself descending into a deep valley in which lay a series of lakes, and the opposite side of which was formed by an isolated hill of no marked character. I had to descend a precipitous hollow, or *corry*, as it is called in the Highlands, often indebted for progress to the rough heather which grew from the interstices of the rocks. It is a scene of utter desolation; yet here was something which science rendered to me as eloquent as any written history. Curving outwards from the front of the hollow through which I had descended were two great ramparts or ridges of loose stones, one smaller than and within the other. Some acquaintance with the Swiss Alps enabled me at once to detect that these were *moraines*—examples, namely, of the bands of debris which glaciers bring down from the mountains, and leave encircling their own terminations. The climate is not such now as to produce a glacier in the corry which I have described, but it had once been so; and here were the loads of rubbish which that glacier had deposited at its skirts—first the outer and larger being for a long period its limit, and then for a shorter period the inner and smaller. Such curious memorials of a past state of things are to be found in various parts of the Highlands; but they are not common.

Under the impulse of curiosity I extended my walk round the isolated hill, and then began to cross back through the valley, intending to shorten my walk by passing over the ridge of Benmore at one of its lowest points, and so returning to the shepherd's house. But I had now expended a considerable portion of my strength, and its renewal was not to be looked for, as by this time my stock of provisions had been exhausted. To ascend, therefore, a rough steep corry of about eight hundred feet in height was a severe task. With dreadful toil, and after many pauses, I did attain the summit, when to my surprise, instead of looking down the other side of a ridge as I had expected, I found myself on a table-land of heath and moss, over which the wind swept with unobstructed keenness. It was like one of those strange transitions effected by magic in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' and for some time I was totally unable to account for it. At length I apprehended that Benmore, instead of being one simple ridge, is a triangular piece of table-land with two precipitous fronts. I swiftly traversed the upland moor, and bending towards the left, came in about half an hour to the brink of what I believed to be the opposite precipice, although in the scenery below I vainly endeavoured to recognise the country which I had left at mid-day. With great difficulty I descended a rough corry for four or five hundred feet, and then became aware that I had made a mistake, and was only returning to the valley at the back of the hill. It was now between six and seven o'clock, and my strength was much diminished; yet as there was nothing else to depend upon for getting home, an exertion must be made. With incredible pain I reascended the mountain, and was once more upon the table-land, the form of which, by the aid of my pocket compass, I now understood. Feeling unfit to encounter any more ascents, I declined an adjacent hollow in the summit which might have given a straighter way home, and walked for about a couple of miles along the moor in order to turn the flank of the mountain; thus at length completing my original design. At that point there was a splendid look-out upon the outer portions of Loch Broom and its many islands, over which the sun was beginning to go down; but no habitation met my eye: I had still the sense of being far from human aid and succour. There was in view, indeed, a portion of the bay beside which I remembered the shepherd's house was situated, but it was evidently some miles distant; and behold the intervening country was composed of huge longitudinal hills, only inferior to the mighty Benmore itself—a circumstance for which I was totally unprepared, as I had not thought that these ridges extended so far. I may here mention, that during the whole day I had never met or caught a glimpse of any human being. The district is merely a sheep-walk, over which it is not possible for even the shepherds to pass very frequently, and I think I was told that, for some particular reason, none of them had that day been abroad upon the hill.

I now began to feel that the circumstances were of a critical nature, and repented the imprudence of venturing alone and so ill-provided into such a desert. But for these uncomfortable reflections, the situation was one well calculated to excite admiration. I was now on the talus of debris under the black seamy cliffs of the finest side of this stupendous mountain. It stretched for several miles along, a grand bulwark of nature, marked with the tear and wear of elemental wars during numberless ages. In front lay a long gray hill, the surface of which was composed of large sheets of

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smooth abraded rock, interspersed with a meagre vegetation. In the distance lay Ben Goalish and the other mountains of the two Loch Brooms, a scene of unbroken sterility and grandeur; while it was just possible in the middle ground to obtain a peep of the softer scenery around that bay to which I would so fain have returned. For some time I passed along the sheep-tracks on the face of the mountain, descending occasionally from one to another, till at length it occurred to me that I might fail to surmount the frontier hills, and that it was best to try to turn their flanks by keeping near the sea. I therefore left the front of Benmore proper, and, crossing the stream in the trough or valley below, passed obliquely up the opposite ridge. In due time I came to the extremity near the sea, but found it appallingly steep and apparently impassable. I was on the verge of a precipice, all but impending over the restless element, which, even on this comparatively calm night, kept up a continual roar below. In the state of exhaustion to which I was reduced, and the desperate aspect which the case was assuming, I felt for a moment that to have fallen over these cliffs and been at rest in the bosom of the deep would have been less of a calamity than such an event usually appears. At this crisis, however, a ray of hope shone forth, for I espied a small footpath passing along the face of the cliff underneath. A footpath must lead from one human haunt to another. In one direction it would probably take me to the shepherd's hut.

By this time it was half-past eight o'clock, and I felt an attenuation and languor not to be described. It may here be explained that walking over such a district is a very different kind of exertion from that of promenading in a street or a country road. From the roughness of the ground, it is necessary to leap, to clamber, to slide, and thus the whole system is strained and shaken to a degree which in a few hours tells severely upon it. Under such violent exercise, perspiration streams from the body, and drops from the hair and eyebrows. Having now been in this state for several hours, with a superaddition of excitement arising from anxiety, I felt as on the borders of a fever. What helped to strengthen this impression was the raging thirst which I experienced. At every one of the numerous rills of pure water which crossed my path, I took two or three handfuls, and yet the drought was never in the least quenched. I recollect at that time collecting a few crumbs from my satchell and trying to eat them, when it appeared as if the salivary glands had been utterly dried up, for the bolus remained dry and unswallowable in my mouth until I obtained a little water to slake it.

By doubling back a little way—how hard a doubling back appears at such a time!—I reached the footpath, which proved one of fearful difficulty, sometimes passing up little precipices, sometimes crossing little morasses, almost always ascending, for it soon appeared that much high ground was still to be passed over. I was now able to walk only forty or fifty yards at a time. At the end of every such space, I lay down, or involuntarily tumbled down on the heath, and remained there a few minutes to recover breath and strength. Twice or thrice a flash of sleep, as I may call it, passed over my exhausted powers, each having its little momentary dream; a phenomenon very interesting, but also very alarming, as to have fallen completely asleep in such circumstances would probably have been fatal. I remember reflecting at one of those intervals of rest, of what value would have been a bottle of wine and a biscuit—how much even a bowl of milk would have been worth! I felt too that, if a bottle of wine could have been obtained, the first impulse of nature would have been to drink it off at one draught. Some large portion of one's entire means in life might willingly have been rendered for one of those refreshing succours. It is when thus thrown forth from the social scene, and left exposed to the merciless energies of physical nature, that man feels how weak he absolutely is, and how, without some ultimate trust in the Almighty source of his being, that being is but as a straw upon a whirlpool. I am unwilling to treat my adventure in an exaggerating spirit; it was, after all, perhaps, only remarkable as an unusual occurrence in the life of one accustomed to dwell amidst the comforts of the highest civilisation. But since I am relating it to all, I feel that I ought not to suppress some reference to the solemn feelings which passed through my breast while running what I believed to be a risk of tragical death.

The adventure occurring near the summer solstice, and in the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude, the sun fortunately kept above the horizon till about nine o'clock. At a different season of the year, darkness supervening at an earlier hour, I certainly could not have escaped. It was now past nine, and the light was beginning to wane — an addition of no small magnitude to my anxieties, but at the same time a stimulus to the jaded faculties. It was at this time that, casting my eyes over the gray rocks everywhere surrounding me, a curious deception of vision for a moment occurred. Methought I saw two human figures standing motionless on the hill above me. They seemed like a man and his wife, and appeared to gaze calmly down upon me. It was but for a moment that this appearance lasted; but it was vivid enough to make me renew my gaze at the spot, to ascertain if there really were any living beings so near me. In the excited feeling of the moment, my mind reverted to superstitious tales which speak of the spirits of those who may be presumed to feel the greatest interest in us, making an appearance before us at times of extraordinary peril. On a searching examination of the spot, it quickly appeared that the figures were merely the effect of some peculiar form and colouring of the cliffs. The footpath, after being twice or thrice lost in bogs of fresh vegetation, or over crags where I failed to mark its course, became finally untraceable, and I had then to move as I best could over ground encumbered with large blocks and masses of moss, guided only by my general sense of the form of the country. I thought I could not then be far from the desired place of rest, but feared to believe it, knowing how apt a stranger is to be deceived in his estimates of a hitherto untrodden district. At length, on succeeding with great difficulty in surmounting a considerable steep, I attained the face of the hill, whence I could see the shepherd's house below. My troubles were at an end. I reached the door of that humble mansion at precisely ten o'clock, having been engaged in violent exercise, without adequate support to the system, for fully nine hours.

I found that the man had gone home with the pony in despair of my taking that mode of returning; but the shepherd and his wife proved as ministering angels. They gave me food and rest, with every demonstration of sympathising kindness, and sent me home to Ullapool next morning greatly recruited, though I did not feel quite recovered for three days. My worthy hostess at the village had been in such concern for me, that she was about to have had a search instituted, when fortunately my reappearance saved her the trouble.

Some years ago, when rambling with a few geological friends in North Wales, I used to join in the laugh at the Snowdon guides, who were sure to ply you with what they called 'frightful examples' of the danger of ascending that mountain without a guide. But I begin to think that frightful examples are not quite to be laughed at. I am also beginning to suspect that geology is a somewhat rough study for a gentleman on the borders of fifty, and that I must leave it to younger men, and look with more respect upon the quiet walk or safe fireside. There must first, however, be some

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explication of the discoveries which this and similar rambles have enabled me to make respecting an agent which has powerfully affected the face of the earth in former times. R. C.

A WORD ON PIANOFORTES.

THE pianoforte is the most popular musical instrument of the day. The facility with which a very respectable amount of skill in performing upon it may be attained, and its admirable adaptation for an accompaniment to the human voice, have contributed to render it a general favourite. It is to be regretted, however, that much ignorance prevails with regard to the constitution of a piece of mechanism now so generally to be met with in our domestic circles, and that so little caution or judgment is exercised in the selection, and so little care in the treatment of it. From what we observe in the houses of our friends and neighbours, or wherever we go to enjoy a musical treat, we see that information on the subject is almost universally wanting, and that a serious waste of money is continually occurring from heedless precipitancy in the purchase and subsequent neglect in the treatment of pianofortes. With the view of obviating these evils, in some degree at least, the following few facts and suggestions are submitted to the consideration of all whom they may concern.

And first, as to the choice of an instrument for family use. There is no question that the grand piano, both in regard to durability and power, is at present the most perfect form of the instrument. Taking into consideration the actual cost of manufacture, it ought also to be relatively the cheapest, instead of being, as it is, the dearest instrument. The high price, with the shamefully enormous profits it includes, is only maintained through the limited demand—a demand which is never likely to become very general, owing to want of space in our dwellings for the convenient stowage of a mass pre-eminently unwieldy and unsightly, notwithstanding all the artistic talent that has been put in requisition for its ornamentation. The upright piano, under which term may be included all sizes, from the tall cabinet to the dwarf piccolo, is fast superseding both the grand and the square for family use; and in consequence of the increased demand, more improvements have been made in the manufacture of instruments of this description than in any others. But whatever description of instrument may be chosen, considerable caution is necessary, especially if economy is to be kept in view, in making the purchase. There are certain well-known names which have stood high in the profession for many years, and if the intending purchaser have not sufficient judgment of his own, and no friend upon whose judgment he can rely, he cannot do very wrong in purchasing of one of these long-established firms, with whom it may be said with some degree of truth, that a bad instrument is the exception, and not the rule. But in this case he will inevitably pay for his own satisfaction the price which the makers set upon their reputation, *plus* the value of the instrument. But it is by no means the case that all the skill in the manufacture of pianofortes is monopolised by the great names. Admirable instruments are daily put forth by men of small repute, quite equal in all imaginable respects to those of the most renowned manufacturers, and which may be bought by those who have skill to select at a fair and reasonable price, yet yielding a good profit to the makers.

As a general rule, a piano for family use should be one of the simplest construction. If it be constructed on sound mechanical principles, it ought to be strong enough to bear the tension of a good thick wire throughout, without the cumbrous addition of steel bars and plates of metal, and hollow copper tubes, such additions being for the most part nothing better than so many costly catchpennies, which serve the double purpose of enhancing the price of the article and cloaking the ignorance of the manufacturer, who is not unfrequently driven to have recourse to them from a deficiency in knowledge of the true principles of his art. For domestic use a piano of moderately crisp touch is to be preferred—not one offering no resistance to the finger, by the use of which a slovenly and ineffective style of performance would be engendered, nor one on the other hand that demands a momentum of five or six pounds per key to elicit the full force of the note. The present practice of banging upon the key-board with a vigour which would astonish a pauper engaged in the comparatively easy occupation of breaking stones upon the road, has compelled the manufacturers to protect the reputation of their instruments by mechanically diminishing, by the operation of various contrivances, the momentum of the hammer which strikes the string. A 'brilliant finger' is no longer the desideratum with a performer it once was; the united force of arms and shoulders is brought into play; the rigidly distended digits are displayed aloft and dashed down upon the keys with a savage furor altogether out of keeping with the sentiment of music and song; and all the while the enthusiastic performer imagines that by the display of such antics, and the cost of so much perspiration, he is eliciting the fine qualities of his instrument, and never dreaming that his superfluous labour is wasted in overcoming the resistance of so much lead or leverage, which the manufacturer has erected as a barrier to his destructive propensities. How far this senseless system is to be carried there is no saying, or whether it will be thought necessary by and by for a young lady to go through a course of gymnastics as a previous qualification for the study of music, or a little preparatory exercise at a blacksmith's anvil. One thing is certain—the manufacturers have the best of the rivalry, and can, if they like, adapt their pianos to the fisticuffs of an Amazon without the additional cost of a single sixpence.

With regard to the tone of the instrument to be selected for purchase, any written instruction would be of little service. To tone, in the proper sense of the term, the pianoforte indeed has no claim. In this respect an experienced ear is the best guide; and the taste of the purchaser, who should be aware that loudness is not always the best quality, may influence the selection.

There is one thing yet to be said with regard to the purchase of a pianoforte, and that is, that it should be made with the maker himself, or with some well-known respectable and accredited agent of the maker. It is not generally known that something precisely analogous to the copying of pictures, and palming them off as originals, is carried on upon a large scale in the manufacture of cheap and so-called second-hand pianos. Copies of instruments bearing the names of the first-rate manufacturers, put together by men out of work, or unwilling to work at journey-work, are planted about in all directions, as well in the metropolis as in other large towns. Drapers, hatters, hosiers, glovers, hairdressers, milliners, and a host of others, have pianos to sell—'the property of a lady who has left town;' and a vast number of middlemen, who advertise daily in the London papers, drive a thriving trade by the sale of false and spurious pianofortes, made by untaught bunglers at the cost of from L.10 to L.15, and sold at a profit of cent. per cent. as the second-hand goods of the most eminent manufacturers. Some of these middlemen in a large way of business assume a very high standing, and affect the pretensions of unquestionable integrity—giving warranties with their goods, the only advantage of which is that at the end of six months, if not satisfied, you may change a bad bargain for a worse. Cabinet-makers, too, have taken to

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the construction, or rather to the metamorphosis of pianos, in the hands of one of whom the writer saw not long ago one of Collard's 'Pianos for the People' undergoing the process of investiture in a new garb of rosewood and carving, preparatory to sale as one of that maker's most finished productions. From such facts as these, with which one might fill a sheet, the reader will perceive that his best protection against fraud and sophistication is to have recourse at once to the maker or his accredited agent for the purchase of a genuine instrument.

But supposing the piano wisely selected, bought, and safely housed at home, the next thing is the question of its treatment; and here the greatest ignorance appears practically to prevail. Wherever one goes he sees the piano exposed to a thorough draught, or if not, its exemption is the effect of accident rather than of design. The worst, and unfortunately the most favourite position, is opposite the fireplace, and in the track of the constant draught between the door and windows. Every fresh current of moist air carries the cause of rust to the metal, and through the expansion and contraction consequent upon an ever-varying temperature, the strings are never in tune long together. Again, the leather and buffing, by being alternately wet and dry, become hard in the course of time, even when not used at all. This is not the worst: through the shrinking that follows the hardening of the leather, a destructive friction ensues, which, in spite of the black-lead used to guard against it, wears away the substance of the leather at the lower end of the 'stickers,' or conducting-rods, where, in upright instruments, these rest upon the 'hopper,' and a dismal sound like the rattling of dry bones is very speedily the consequence, forming no very agreeable accompaniment to the performer whenever he or she sits down to play, though it may be inaudible to others at a distance. This uncomfortable sound is due to the shrinking and wearing away of the leather from friction, in consequence of which the communication is broken between the key and the hammer which strikes the strings—the hopper having to traverse the space lost through shrinking and wear, and striking the lower end of the conducting-rod with an audible blow. The buffing or baize, moreover, upon which the keys rest, also shrinks and hardens from the same causes, and thus it frequently happens that an instrument which is hardly used at all becomes unfit for use through the ignorance or negligence of the owner. Other injuries of a similar nature ensue from the same causes, which it is not necessary to mention here. It is true all this would occur in the course of years under the best management, and even with the best instruments; but in careless hands this inevitable deterioration will be accomplished in fewer months than it would in years of prudent care. The best place, then, for the piano in the parlour or drawing-room is assuredly somewhere away from the current of air that runs constantly from the door to the window. In a recess on either side of the fireplace, or against the wall fronting the windows, or in some position the least liable to atmospheric currents, is the best place, as well for the instrument as for the performer.

An instrument that will keep in tune is, however, after all, the grand desideratum. This, in the present state of our knowledge on the subject, is unattainable; although an approach to something like it may be secured by the exercise of a little care and prudent expenditure in the outset. All who have paid any attention to the phenomena of strained steel wires know that there is a tendency in a wire which has long been strained to a certain pitch to remain at that pitch, and even to return to it, or towards it, if suddenly altered. Thus if you tune a wire sharper than it should be—say a quarter of a note, by way of experiment, and keep it up to that pitch for a fortnight, and then let it suddenly down the quarter of a note, it will again grow sharper in the course of twenty-four hours, as though striving to regain its lost note. Now here is a hint for the treatment of pianos, and one which the writer has followed repeatedly with advantage. It appears plain enough, from the principle here suggested, that if a piano were well and regularly tuned for the first year or two—say every month, or oftener, for the first year and a half—it would acquire a tendency to remain in tune, and behave better in that respect ever afterwards than if no such care were taken. This may appear somewhat fanciful, but it has been shewn by experience to be true. Of course this treatment would not prevent an instrument from being affected by sudden variations of temperature, though it would in a considerable degree modify the effects of such variations. Among professional tuners of pianofortes, the man who gets through his work correctly in the shortest time is generally to be preferred. An instrument which is long under the operation of tuning is not the likeliest to remain long in tune. The best tuners tune 'hard,' as it is technically called—that is, with a smart stroke upon every key, and drawing the wire at once up to the required pitch, making little alteration afterwards. It would be well if Lord Stanhope's principle of tuning were generally followed, by which the 'wolf' is equally distributed throughout the scale. The result is extremely agreeable and pleasant to the ear, though the effect of some music is very much altered by it—the distinguishing characteristics of the several sharp and flat keys being thereby in a great measure done away. It is not usual, however, to meet with a tuner who will trouble himself with Lord Stanhope's plan, and still less so to find one who succeeds in the attempt, if induced to make it.

It is greatly to be regretted that pianos are as yet far too expensive for general use among the humbler classes. With the present mode of manufacture there seems no immediate prospect of improvement in this particular. As yet every part of the mechanism, as well as the exterior fabric, is made by hand, and then put together by finishers, who work for high wages, and spend an immense amount of time, pretty much at their own discretion, in chipping, shaving, adjusting, and regulating, to apparently very little purpose; the major part of which tedious and expensive ceremony might be abolished, at least in the production of instruments for popular use, by the adoption of a simple uniform plan of construction, carried out with the precision which the use of machinery in the fabrication of the different parts would ensure. But the magic power of machinery has never yet been brought to bear upon this department of manufacture; and the wonder is, seeing that large and princely fortunes are annually made through the great and increasing demand for these instruments, that such is the case. There seems no reason why a pianoforte should not be as cheap as a clock. The mechanism of the one ought not be more expensive than that of the other; and the adjustment and regulation of both are perhaps of about equal difficulty. The great cause of the difference in the cost of the two is doubtless that while the clock is made very much by the means of machinery, the piano is entirely the produce of manual labour.

In connection with pianofortes, a word or two may be allowed in regard to the despised old harpsichords, thousands of which are yet extant, and are occasionally offered for sale at prices less than the value of the cases that contain them. Let their possessors pause before they deliver them to be broken up: it is not generally known that they may be converted into charming instruments at the cost of a few shillings, and the exercise of a little ingenuity and labour. The following extract from the writer's musical experience may be of use to some possessor of a harpsichord disposed to repeat his experiment.

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A quarter of a century ago, having an old harpsichord in my chamber, I resolved, at the suggestion of a friend, to convert it if possible into a sustaining instrument for the performance of slow music. This intention was accomplished in the following manner:—By means of a common treddle, somewhat similar to that of the travelling knife-grinder, and, like that, worked by one foot, a stout silken thread was made to revolve round the whole of the strings horizontally. This thread had been previously well soaked in resin dissolved in spirits of wine, and thus qualified to act as does the bow of a violin upon the strings. It must be remembered, that in the harpsichord the two strings which are in unison are throughout separated by wider spaces than the other—just the reverse of what is the case with pianofortes. This wide interval gives room for the 'jacks' to play up and down; and each jack being furnished with a slip of quill on either side, twangs both the strings in unison as it rises from the pressure of the key. Having cut away the quills from the jacks, I made a small inverted arch in the top of each, large enough to allow of the revolution of a small brass wheel about the diameter of a pea, and grooved at the edge for the reception of the silk thread. The wheels were turned from a stair-rod by a watchmaker for a trifling charge; and the axles upon which they revolved were short stout needles inserted in holes carefully drilled through the centres of the sides of the arches. By this contrivance, whenever the jack rose by the touch of the finger on the key, the small wheel rose between the strings, and pressed the resined thread (revolving horizontally by the action of the treddle) against both the strings, producing a tone resembling nothing so much as that of the Æolian harp, and capable of increase or diminution by the sole pressure of the finger on the key. It answered admirably for very slow music, but hung fire so much that any attempt at a moderately-rapid passage produced no sound at all. For chants and andante movements it was well adapted; and when it passed out of my keeping on my leaving England, it made the tour of the country in company with a travelling exhibition, where, being played behind the curtain, it was the source of no little speculation to the public. It may be only right to mention, that owing to the string being necessarily kept rather tight to insure its revolution, there was constant danger of breaking it by touching too many notes at a time; but this danger might be obviated at the present moment by the use of an elastic string of vulcanised caoutchouc spun with cotton or silk. Such an instrument would of course be entirely unsuitable for general practice, but for persons advanced in life, or for mechanics with joints stiffened by hard labour, and with but little time for the practice of music, it might prove a pleasant and useful companion, especially as but very little skill is required to make it 'discourse most eloquent music.'

OTTERTON COTTAGE.

In a picturesque Devonshire village, situated on the banks of the river Otter—which, after playing all sorts of vagaries hereabouts, quietly debouches into the sea at a few miles' distance—resided, some score of years ago, an elderly gentleman named Borradaile, with his wife and daughter. Otterton Cottage, Mr Borradaile's abode, was *the* mansion of the neighbourhood. Highly ornamented both within and without, it arrested the gaze of the passer-by, who, according to taste, viewed it with an air of approbation or otherwise. The simple country-folks pronounced it a 'rare fine place,' and Madam Borradaile a 'rare fine lady;' and they spoke the truth, for both the domain and its mistress were as fine and full of pretension, lacking real merit, as unskilful hands and foolish heads could make them. Sweet Lucy Borradaile was very fond of her home, though she by no means admired it; and being a pretty girl of twenty, and moreover an only child, it may be supposed that she was much indulged and petted. She was, indeed, her worthy father's darling and delight; and well did Lucy repay his affection by her dutiful conduct and forbearance: for Mrs Borradaile was her stepmother, and not more than fifteen years Lucy's senior. It was to this lady's love of show and decoration that Otterton Cottage owed its flaunting appendages: she having a weakness for everything that seemed to her to savour of gentility, and an unwearied desire to approach patrician usages and patrician society in general.

She had been married to Mr Borradaile for ten years, and was still a really attractive woman, and would have been yet more so, had not a mincing gait and studied manner, meant to be particularly easy, detracted from her charms. Her little fortune of five hundred pounds had been safely lodged at the local bank by Mr Borradaile, when he made the winsome Nelly Peel his second wife; but to hear Nelly talk of 'her fortune'—it was under her own especial control and at her absolute disposal—one would have imagined that twice five thousand at least was in the bank. However, Mrs Borradaile romanced about 'my own money'—and a marvellous long way it must have gone certainly to procure so many substantial luxuries and comforts of all descriptions; and if Mr Borradaile ever refused to gratify any whim or caprice—which, kind soul! was rare indeed—then Mrs Borradaile whimperingly declared: 'it was hard, with her fortune, that she could not do as she liked.'

'Your fortune, Nelly, my dear!' would her husband good-humouredly exclaim: 'why sure it has a wondrous power of stretching itself out, or it would have all disappeared long ago.' But the point was gained, and the five hundred pounds continued safely deposited in its accustomed place; for all Mrs Borradaile's wants were supplied with a liberal hand.

Mr Borradaile had made his money in trade—a circumstance which his wife could endure no allusion to. Her deceased father had been a lieutenant in a marching regiment, and she once had danced in the same room with an earl's daughter! No wonder Mrs Borradaile boasted her aristocratic reminiscences! Lucy was a patient listener, and if she smiled, it was in a kindly way at her stepmother's foible; for Lucy had learned by heart the blessed lesson of true Christian charity, and was always anxious to hide the bad qualities of others under the shadow of their good qualities. Nevertheless, Lucy Borradaile was sorely tried; for she had a certain dear Cousin Charles, who was in a mercantile house in London, and sometimes ran down to Devon to visit his relatives, and to him, and to his cousinly attentions to Lucy, Mrs Borradaile had a decided antipathy. 'He was of low origin,' the aspiring lady said, 'besides being poor.'

'But, my dear,' replied her spouse, 'Charles is my nephew, and a good, honest, industrious fellow.'

'But not a fit husband for your daughter, Mr Borradaile, I presume,' responded Nelly, tossing her head. 'She might look higher, I should think.'

'Well, well, Nelly, perhaps so,' dubiously answered Mr Borradaile, scratching his bald pate in an absent manner; 'perhaps so—but Charlie is a fine, good lad, nevertheless.'

Mr Borradaile strongly leaned towards his nephew; nor was he blind to the mutual attachment of the young folks; but there was time enough; and Lucy was a decided belle; and she herself *might* change her mind, and look higher too. He reasoned thus, because his wife badgered him about Charles; for he was an easy man, and desired peace and quietness above all things. When Charles came to Otterton Cottage, Mrs Borradaile assumed all the airs and graces of a theatrical queen on the barn-floor—talked at him, patronised him, or else was absolutely rude.

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But Charles bore all with smiling good-humour, which only tended to provoke the lady to wilder flights.

'I really wish, my dear Mr Borradaile,' said his wife one evening when they were alone, Lucy having gone to drink tea at the vicarage—'I really *do* wish, for Lucy's sake, that you would exert yourself, as I am so often asking you to do, and write to this niece of yours, the Honourable Mrs Ivor, and ask her to come and see you during the summer months. Then, in all probability, she would ask us back again to Ivor Lodge, or to B—— Square; and consider the immense advantages such an invitation would combine—such an introduction into high society! Oh dear me! I declare it puts me all in a flutter to think of it. Now, do, my dear, write to the Honourable Mrs Ivor at once. She is your niece, and a deal more worth paying attention to than that stupid, vulgar Charles Worthington.'

'Charles is neither vulgar nor stupid, Mrs Borradaile, I beg leave to say,' replied Mr Borradaile angrily; 'and I won't allow him to be called so by anybody. And as to my niece, whom I have never seen—this Honourable Mrs Ivor—if report speaks true, she is an extravagant, flippant creature, not worthy to be named in a breath with Charlie—the honest, fine lad. Besides, you know as well as I do, that if I were fool enough to write, she wouldn't take any notice; for depend upon it she has been taught to be ashamed of having an uncle in trade; for her father's family were as silly as they were proud.'

'But you are not in trade now, Mr B.,' replied his wife; 'and I'm sure if the Honourable Mrs Ivor came here and saw'—— '*me*' she was going to say, but 'Otterton Cottage' was substituted—'and saw Otterton Cottage, she would be delighted with its elegance, and not ashamed to claim relationship with the owners.'

'My dear Nelly, you talk like a foolish woman,' said Mr Borradaile peevishly, for he was tired of the incessant boring about this 'honourable' niece. 'Rest assured that Mrs Ivor is far too immersed in her own concerns, in gaiety and fashion, to bestow a second thought on her Devonshire relatives or their elegances. Why it was only the other day that you read an account in the papers of a magnificent fête she gave at Ivor Lodge; and how can you be such a goose as to suppose she would care about this poor place?'

'Ay, ay, it's all very well, Mr B.,' persevered the lady; 'but didn't I read soon afterwards that report said she was in debt and involved? for we didn't doubt that "I," and the stars after it, signified "Ivor," and she a widow too.'

'Well, poor thing, I hope not,' replied Mr Borradaile; 'for she has a noble jointure, though indeed I fear she is a careless one. But I have been told she has a kind heart, although nurtured in a bad school. Don't let us talk about her any more.'

But this command, often repeated after such conversations as the foregoing, was never attended to; and Mrs Borradaile continued to talk of the Honourable Mrs Ivor, and to worry her husband on all occasions, until at length he began to give way, and promised that if she would behave well to Charlie he would 'think about penning a letter to his unknown niece.' He kept his promise; thought about it for many weeks; fidgetted himself almost into a fever, but accomplished the heavy task imposed, and despatched a clearly-written missive to the honourable lady, introducing himself to her notice, mentioning his wife and child—the latter with fond affection and pride—and concluding with the assurance of a hospitable and cordial welcome to Otterton Cottage whenever she liked to come and make acquaintance with her mother's brother. It was a manly, good letter, and no one could have read it without being convinced of the single-hearted benevolence of the honest writer.

Mrs Ivor was the child of Mr Borradaile's only sister, who had eloped from a boarding-school with the penniless cadet of a noble family: the young wife did not survive the birth of their child, which was taken charge of by its father's offended parents in consideration of the poor baby's desolate state; and their son being compelled to join his regiment abroad, fell a victim soon after to the climate.

Her mother's brother, her only maternal relative, was not permitted to hold any intercourse with Julia de Vere—such intercourse would have been contamination to the De Veres of Vere Hall! At an extremely tender age Julia was espoused to the Honourable Mr Ivor—a wealthy scion of a wealthy race—and found herself a rich, young, and well-looking widow ere she had completed her twenty-fourth year. Rumour had made free with her name; and though no disgrace attached to it, yet that she was a most flighty and extravagant woman of fashion there could be no doubt. But then she was an honourable, and a woman of fashion! Talismanic words to Mrs Borradaile! To be able to speak *of* 'our niece the Honourable Mrs Ivor' was the delight of her life; to be able to speak *to* her would be the summit of human felicity! With a beating heart she accompanied Mr Borradaile to the post-office, and witnessed the important letter dropped in its appointed receptacle.

'When will an answer arrive, and what will it be?' she mentally ejaculated. 'If she does agree to come, we must have a new French bedstead in the spare room. And, let me see, pink silk drapery, relieved by soft white muslin, will be the thing; and a toilet-table to match.' And, deep in cogitation concerning suchlike weighty matters, Mrs Borradaile returned home in unusual silence.

But many weeks passed over, and the golden grain waved, and the mellow fruits were ripe, and still no letter came in reply; but Nelly declared 'she did not despair.' Mrs Ivor was doubtless so much engaged that she had not a moment to answer her uncle's epistle. It had been a prolonged 'season' they knew from the public prints; but Mrs Ivor would migrate like the rest of her class, and why might she not turn her steps towards Devon? So Mrs Borradaile lived on hope; and hope in this case, though long deferred, proved more substantial than usual.

A letter was delivered to Mr Borradaile one fine morning when he was at breakfast, sealed with the Ivor crest, written in a cramped hand, but couched in pleasant terms, bearing the signature of Julia Ivor. Mrs Borradaile was in raptures, for the honourable lady declared that she had long been solicitous of making their acquaintance; and concluded by telling her 'dear uncle,' that in a week's time from that day she would be with them at Otterton Cottage, and sojourn for such a period as her numerous engagements permitted. No possibility now, alas! of preparing the new French couch, with its pink silk and white muslin draperies! What a bustle and confusion prevailed in the cottage for the next few days!—what a state of restless excitement Mrs Borradaile was in! 'How would Mrs Ivor come? Of course in a travelling chariot-and-four! Where were they to accommodate her retinue? How were they to amuse the gay lady?'

The momentous time arrived, and to the astonishment of everybody the great lady not only was punctual, but made her appearance in a humble hired chariot and pair, without even a female attendant. Yet to make amends for this apparent want of state, her personal equipments were extremely dazzling—bright colours, jewels, drooping feathers, and satin sheen, not being quite in keeping with the faded vehicle from which she alighted. She was a tall, slight woman, with delicate features, and a pair of small prying black eyes, which, with inquisitive avidity, wandered 'here, there, and everywhere,' unceasingly. She was evidently desirous of making a favourable impression; and there was a

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flatter of feather and flounces, and a curtsying and a speechifying, which betrayed the requisite emotion; but when, with what Mrs Borradaile termed 'high-bred nonchalance,' she threw herself on a sofa, applying a scent-bottle to her nose, it was with an air of display and affectation which ill assorted with the affectionate obsequiousness of her manner.

'Really,' whined the honourable guest, 'that terrible conveyance has jolted me to death, so unaccustomed am I to that style of travelling.'

'Then why did you travel so, my dear?' bluntly demanded Mr Borradaile, who was regarding his niece with a puzzled look, which she did not appear quite to relish.

'Why, you see, my dear sir,' replied the lady in soft patronising tones, 'I thought it might inconvenience you had I brought a carriage or servants. So I determined to come in a homely, quiet way, and not to disturb your routine of charming cottage-life.'

'I am sure it is very kind of you to come at all,' said Mrs Borradaile, with eager attention unshawling her guest, and frowning at her husband to be silent. But Peter Borradaile was not always to be silenced even by Nelly, so he sturdily answered his fine lady niece in his own honest fashion.

'As to your inconveniencing us, that is out of the question, my dear, for there is carriage room and stabling for more than you would have brought had you studied your own comfort ever so much. But you'll know better another time. And now, tell me who you are considered to resemble, for your poor mother, my sister Bess, had blue eyes, and—and—I'm afeared you will think your old uncle the tradesman a vulgar fellow, and fit only for going back to his shop, when he says that you are a *leetle* bit older looking than he expected to see you!'

The Honourable Mrs Ivor appeared much shocked by this rude speech, and her face was suffused with scarlet, as she answered quickly: 'The life I have led, uncle, accounts for it: one of the fashionable world must not be judged beside fresh blooming rustic damsels.' Here she looked admiringly at Mrs Borradaile and Lucy, adding: 'Your natural rouge would be coveted by my beautiful though pallid friend the Duchess of C——.'

This was the climax: here was the friend of the Duchess of C—— being bored by Peter Borradaile, and perhaps disgusted at the first onset!

'You do make such odd speeches, Mr Borradaile,' said Nelly deprecatingly. 'Pray excuse him, madam' —this to Mrs Ivor—'he often says quite as homely things to me.'

'Do call me Julia,' minced the reclining lady. 'My beloved friend, Lady Annabel, always does; and you know, besides, I am your niece.' And from that time forward the most amicable footing of intimacy existed between the two ladies, increasing daily as they knew more of each other. Mrs Borradaile was 'aunt,' and the Honourable Mrs Ivor was 'Julia;' but Julia did not take to Lucy, and she whispered in confidence to 'dear aunt,' that Cousin Lucy was 'decidedly plebeian.' Now Julia's little prying black eyes never seemed to like meeting the open truthful gaze of sweet Lucy Borradaile: Lucy was so quiet, unobtrusive, and at the same time so self-possessed, that it was impossible for affectation or impertinence to make way with her. And the impertinence and affectation of the Honourable Mrs Ivor became more conspicuous each day and hour she passed at Otterton; and ere she had been their guest a week, hysterical affections much disturbed the equanimity of Mr Borradaile, particularly as Julia began to hint about an 'anxious and harrowed mind.'

'Poor, dear love!' whimpered Mrs Borradaile to her good man, 'she has been *so* extravagant; but she has such elegant taste and fine discrimination that we must look over such unimportant matters. We must help her out of her difficulties, Mr B., by careful counsel and the loan of a fifty pounds or so.'

'Fifty pounds!' cried Mr Borradaile; 'I wish fifty may do: she has asked me for a deal more than that already.'

'No! Has she though?' replied Nelly with an expressive simper. 'Poor, dear love! she tells me her villa is the most unique thing in the world, and I am to stay there at Christmas, and the Duchess of C——, and Lady Annabel too. She means of course to include you, Mr B., and Lucy in the invitation; but we must do our best to cheer her up ere she leaves us.'

And the best was done to cheer up the troublesome fine lady ere she departed on her travels, which in three weeks from the date of her arrival she deplored it was her 'hard destiny to do.' This announcement, however, seemed to have been hastened by the arrival of Charles Worthington, who found still less favour in the eyes of Mrs Ivor than in those of Nelly herself. After his appearance the honourable dame became more and more restless; till after being closeted for some time with Mr Borradaile, she informed the circle generally of her determination to quit 'beautiful Otterton' the next day. Charles and Lucy exchanged smiling glances as Mrs Ivor bewailed 'her doom;' she 'so adored the country,' and 'was so supremely happy with them.'

'Well, my dear, then you must come again,' said Mr Borradaile in the simplicity and kindness of his honest heart; 'and don't pay us such a short visit—you know that Devon is a fine place to economise in.' This was said in a significant voice, meant to be very expressive.

'Ah, my dear, excellent uncle!' said the lady; 'you are all coming to me at Ivor Lodge to pass Christmas; my dearest cronies, the Duchess of C—— and Lady Annabel, are to be of our party. You, too, Mr Charles, I shall be happy to see with your relatives.'

Charles bowed gravely, and thanked the honourable dame for her invitation.

Mr Borradaile was evidently relieved when his niece departed; and although Charles and Lucy uttered not a word against the absent, yet they too obviously threw off an irksome restraint which it had been impossible to divest themselves of in the presence of their late guest. Mrs Borradaile also was supremely happy; the Honourable Julia was her 'beloved niece;' Julia had presented her, too, with a gay brooch, and the anticipation of the coming Christmas was an Elysian dream!

But when the festive season approached, and no tidings were heard of Mrs Ivor, despite her promises to her 'dear aunt' of corresponding regularly—then did Mrs Borradaile wax wroth, and become fidgety exceedingly, to the manifest discomfort of her worthy husband.

'Why don't you write to Julia yourself, Mrs B.?' said he: 'that would be the shortest way of settling things; and tell her *you* don't forget her invitation to eat roast beef and plum-pudding.'

'Upon my word, Mr B.,' responded his spouse, brightening up, 'that is not a bad idea of yours—though I shan't be so vulgar as to name roast beef and plum-pudding!'

Mr Borradaile, who was endeavouring to get through the newspaper, here made a sudden exclamation as his eye caught a paragraph which he pointed out to his wife, saying at the same time: 'This accounts for my niece's silence, and I think you had better write to her at once, Nelly. She didn't mention, when she quitted us, that it was her intention to sojourn in Paris—that sink of extravagance—or I don't think I should'—— But here Mr Borradaile checked himself, and again applied vigorously to the paper.

The paragraph alluded to was merely a statement, under the head of fashionable intelligence, of the Honourable Mrs Ivor's return, after a prolonged sojourn in the French capital, and her intention of enter-

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taining a distinguished party of friends at Ivor Lodge during the ensuing Christmas.

'Dear Julia! no wonder she forgot to write in dear delightful Paris. I can perfectly excuse her!' And Nelly forthwith sat down and penned a neat and affectionate billet to her 'dear niece,' reminding her of the nearness of the happy time when they were to have the felicity of paying her a visit, and in a postscript, delicately alluding to a little matter of business between the two ladies.

What was Mrs Borradaile's rage and mortification, Mr Borradaile's surprise, and Lucy's sympathising concern, on a few carelessly scrawled lines from 'Julia Ivor' being received through the post, enclosing poor Nelly's note, and politely regretting that she had opened a missive evidently designed for some one else, but which she now hastened to return.

'This is not my cousin Julia's writing,' said Lucy, examining the letter; 'she wrote a curious, round, cramped hand, as if slowly and with some difficulty; but this is dashed off in true patrician style.'

'Nevertheless, Lucy, it is from Mrs Ivor, sealed with her seal, and dated Ivor Lodge—there is no mistake! The impudent minx!—what can she mean? Does she mean to cut us?'

'Cut us? nonsense, Mrs B.,' exclaimed her husband. 'There is some queer mistake, depend upon it. Why, how can you suppose she would cut us, as you term it, when she is in my debt a good five hundred pounds, which she wheedled me out of, to help, she said, to free her from some pressing difficulties?'

'Five hundred pounds from *you*, Mr B.!' cried Nelly in dismay: 'impossible, she never dared do such a thing.'

'Dare or not, Mrs B., she got it, and I wish *I* may get it,' replied Mr Borradaile sighing.

'Oh the cunning jade!' screamed Mrs Borradaile; 'she's got my five hundred too! I drew it out of the bank for her, and she faithfully promised to pay me before Christmas, and gave me this brooch as a pledge. I'll keep her secret no longer—her debt of honour indeed, to the Duchess of C——, which my fortune went to pay! Mistake or no mistake, I'll have my money back, if I set off for Ivor Lodge, and face Madam Ivor myself!'

'Be pacified, Mrs B.,' said her spouse gravely, for he was considerably staggered by what his wife had unfolded; 'you should not have given so large a sum, even to my niece, without consulting me, and it was wrong of her to play upon your weakness, and borrow it. But no doubt all will be right, and we must clear up this strange mistake. You remember Julia asking Charles to visit her at Christmas; I shall write to him at once, mentioning what has happened, and request him to call at Richmond, see Julia, and clear it up.'

'What a capital plan, papa!' cried Lucy: 'there is nothing like going to work in a straightforward, plain way.'

'I wish every lady thought so, my darling,' replied her father. 'Your mother and I would be richer by a thousand pounds just now.'

'La! Mr B., do you think the money isn't safe?' cried Nelly. 'She is your niece, you know; not mine, thank goodness!'

Mr Borradaile was a wise man, and he never recriminated; so he only gave a sly smile, which, however, said a great deal, but held his peace.

Charles Worthington, after a slight delay, answered his uncle's letter in person. 'Well, Charles,' was the eager greeting, 'have you been to Richmond?'

'Yes,' was the quiet reply.

'And have you seen Julia Ivor?'

'Yes,' in the same tone.

'Well; and what does she say for herself?'

'She says that she is very sorry for you.'

'Sorry!—what the deuce is she sorry about? Is she a bankrupt, Charles?'

'No, sir,' said Charles smiling; 'far from that, I should think.'

'Then what is she sorry about—and what is all this? Do explain at once, and in few words, for I see plainly there is something wrong.'

'There is, indeed, my dear uncle; and you have been most shamefully robbed.'

'Robbed!' exclaimed Mr and Mrs Borradaile in chorus—'robbed!'

'Yes, I fear so. To make a painful matter short, let me tell you that your niece, Mrs Ivor, is quite incapable of such proceedings as the false Mrs Ivor was so successful in. The fine lady whom you entertained here was no less a personage than Penelope Smith, the handmaiden of the real honourable lady, who is a charming personage despite her foibles; for she severely blames herself for the careless habits which afforded such opportunities for the clever but evil-disposed Pen to carry out her knavish projects.' Charles then went on to say, that Mrs Ivor frequently desired Penelope Smith to open her letters, and burn those which were of no interest or consequence: in short, Pen was her idle lady's right hand. But Pen was found out in an intimacy with a notorious swindler, and Mrs Ivor threatened to discharge her if she did not immediately give up so disreputable a suitor. After some demur, Pen promised to do so; but this was merely a subterfuge; for to her mistress's surprise she suddenly notified her intention of quitting Mrs Ivor's service, just as the latter was on the eve of setting off for the continent. Mrs Ivor was very angry and annoyed, but she comforted herself with the reflection that in Paris she could easily procure an abigail less faithless and quite as expert as Miss Pen. So Penelope Smith was instantly dismissed, and Mrs Ivor had since heard that she had gone off to America with the vagabond, at whose instigation, doubtless, she had played off her impudent trick on the Borradailes, suggested to her fertile imagination on reading Mr Borradaile's epistle to his unknown niece, and also from perhaps having heard rumours of Mrs Ivor's maternal descent, thus corroborating Mr Borradaile's expressions of their being strangers, yet such near kin.

'The name of Borradaile is one,' said Mrs Ivor to Charles, 'which has haunted me in dreams as a dim memory of childhood.'

'Yet you were not aware that it was your deceased mother's maiden name,' replied Charles.

The lady's face darkened as she spoke with a sigh: 'I have always feared to ask aught concerning that dear parent; for I was always forbidden, in a threatening and mysterious manner, so much as to allude to my mother or her family.'

'She was, however, the sister of a good man and an upright,' replied Charles warmly; 'and the fault of an early and thoughtless marriage is the only one you have to blush for when your mother is named.' Here Charles ceased, for Mrs Ivor was weeping and much affected; but ere he quitted her a full explanation of past circumstances ensued, when she expressed an earnest desire to know her maternal uncle and Cousin Lucy. 'Moreover,' said Charles, 'she entreats you all to keep your appointment with the "Honourable Mrs Ivor," your humble servant being included in this real and hospitable invitation.'

'And my five hundred pounds,' cried Mrs Borradaile—'am I never to see that again?'

'I fear not, madam,' replied Charles with a comically serious face.

'Well, then, I'll have nothing to do with fine ladies, real or pretended, any more. Not I, indeed! I'll be bound the mistress is as bad as the maid, and she'll be borrowing our cash by and by. No, no; I've had enough of *honourables*—and my own fortune gone for ever!'

'My dear Nelly,' said her husband kindly, 'I would

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cheerfully have paid down five hundred pounds to cure you of that little besetting weakness—a love of fine folks. So never mind; you shall be as rich as ever; and I'll return into the bank your whole 'fortune' in your own name. As to my share of the loss I don't regret it, if it gives me such a niece as Charlie here describes. We'll keep our merry Christmas, however, at Otterton among our own people and our own poor; although I think it just possible that Julia Ivor may be induced to join us early in the spring. What say you, Charlie, my lad?'

Charles laughed, and sweet Lucy blushed, and Mr Borradaile was immensely facetious; but the why or wherefore was not explained, and Nelly said it was 'very odd to jest when a thousand pounds had been made off with.'

But many serious words are spoken in jest; for with early spring came the real Mrs Ivor, to be present at the celebration of Lucy's nuptials with Charles Worthington, and looking almost as pretty as the fair bride. Ere she quitted Otterton, Julia had succeeded in reconciling Mrs Borradaile to one fashionable lady at least, and in making Uncle Borradaile promise to bring Nelly with him on a long summer visit to Ivor Lodge, not to meet the Duchess of C—— and Lady Annabel, but personages of far more importance to them all—even Mr and Mrs Charles Worthington.

ATMOSPHERIC WAVES.

The term atmospheric waves is one which of late years has not unfrequently appeared in print in the reports of the British Association and other scientific publications, without, however, conveying to the minds of the majority of readers other than a vague notion of its import. The phenomena which it indicates are nevertheless of a singularly interesting character, giving us, in what is as yet known of them, an insight to some of the movements of the great aërial ocean which surrounds us.

One of the facts revealed to us by the barometer is, that the pressure of the atmosphere is undergoing continual modifications, now rising to a maximum, then descending to a minimum, at longer or shorter intervals. The maximum of pressure has been found by experience not confined to any special locality, but manifested over a wide region at one and the same time, forming, as it were, a continuous line, sometimes of great length. Extended observation has shewn that the readings of a barometer at one station are intimately related to similar readings at another, and all subordinated to some great natural law, the operation of which is not yet made out with certainty. Its manifestation is seen in the elevation and depression of the mercury: for example, at the most westerly of a series of stations the barometer may indicate a maximum of pressure; it passes over and is absorbed at the next in order; and so on *seriatim* until it has been traced at the whole number.

According to Professor Dove, the north and south aërial currents being converted into south-west in the one hemisphere and north-west in the other, by the rotation of the earth, these directions would probably be found to apply to the barometric movements. But another set of currents has been detected as acting directly at right angles to the former, and the continued crossing and interference of the one with the other may be regarded as a cause of the apparent complexity of meteorological phenomena. A distinction, too, is to be made in the character of winds: 'some are winds of 'translation,' others of 'oscillation,' and will bear a comparison with 'oceanic currents and tide streams.' The first are monsoons and trade-winds; the last, as Sir J. Herschel observes, 'take their rise in local and temporary causes prevailing over great areas simultaneously, the principal no doubt depending on the prevalence of cloud or clear sky, rain or dryness over great tracts for several days or weeks in succession. But once produced, and an extensive atmospheric undulation once propagated, a wind or system of winds dependent on such undulation necessarily arises also.'

Representing the maximum pressure at different stations, as above observed, by a line, it is found to have an advancing movement, caused, there is reason to believe, by an undulation, and so similar to the movements of the waters of the ocean, that the term *atmospheric wave* has been applied as most expressive of the peculiar action and effect. With maxima for wave-crests, and minima for troughs or hollows, we may thus ascertain the extent and duration of a wave; taking care, however, not to confound the movement with that of the wind. The advancing form, it must be remembered, is associated with a molecular movement—the former indicated by the barometer, the latter due to the wind.

The inquiries hitherto made into this interesting branch of natural science, and first set on foot twenty years ago, are mainly due to the British Association. So actively were they at first taken up, that by the year 1844 there were more than seventy stations of observation, embracing Europe from north to south, with an outlier or two in Asia. A large mass of observations was speedily collected, involving so severe an amount of labour in their reduction and discussion as to cause most of the observers to shrink from the task of further research. The papers by Mr Birt, published for several consecutive years in the reports of the British Association, contain the sum of much that has been done in this and other countries; while those by M. Quetelet, secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Brussels, comprise a series of highly valuable results and suggestions.

Starting with the observations of 1835, Mr Birt shews that the hollow or trough of an atmospheric wave was vertical over Brussels at three A.M. on one of the recorded days, and over London at eleven A.M. on the same day, having been eight hours travelling westerly from one to the other, at a rate of nearly thirteen miles an hour. For want of other stations beyond the two extremities, it was not possible at that time to determine the length of the wave. Afterwards a line traced from Markree in Ireland, passing through London, Brussels, and Geneva, to Gibraltar, shewed a marked progressive relationship among them. It was observed, however, that at times the Irish curve separated itself from the general law, as though disturbed by some cross wave; at others a sudden rise or 'dislocation' appeared at Gibraltar, assignable, as was supposed, to the 'immense radiation' of the African continent. In December of the same year, so regular and systematic was the rise of the mercury along this line of stations, that, in Sir J. Herschel's words, 'to take in an effect of this nature, we must enlarge our conception of an atmospheric wave till it approaches in some degree, in the extent of its sweep and the majestic regularity of its progress, to those of the tide-waves of the ocean.'

A correspondence has also been noticed between Oxford and London, Geneva and Turin, Cadiz and Gibraltar. On one of the days in September 'a perfectly well-marked and definite atmospheric wave passed over the British Isles and the west of Europe, the crest of the wave having a direction nearly N.N.E. and S.S.W., and its progress being from W.N.W. to E.S.E. The half-breadth of the wave, which occupied twenty-six hours in its passage, covered a space extending from Oxford in a direction perpendicular to that of the west, to a point not far from Halle in Wirtemberg, which gives, by rough measurement on a map, about 540 miles, and a velocity of about 21 miles per hour.'

The general results obtained from the discussion of

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the observations at that time were the having traced 'distinct barometric waves of many hundreds of miles in breadth over the whole extent of Europe—that is to say, at least over an area having Markree in Ireland, Cadiz in Spain, Parma in Italy, and Kremsmünster in Austria for its angular points. Not only the breadth, but the direction of the front, and the velocity of progress of such waves, were clearly made out.'

In June of 1836 a wave presented itself which was from nine to ten hours in passing from Markree to Halifax in Nova Scotia—a fact which led to further observations on both sides the Atlantic. A comparison of the Greenwich observations for 1840-41 with those made at Toronto in the same period, shewed that a general resemblance existed between the two: at each place the mercury had risen above thirty inches in every month. So clearly was the result established, that by taking a maximum of the one it was possible to predicate the maximum of the other at an interval of a few days, the difference of time being the time required for the passage of the wave. It further appears, on strict examination of the readings obtained at Greenwich, that 'twice in each month the barometer passes a maximum above, or but very slightly depressed below thirty inches, but more usually above.'

The interval between the occurrence and recurrence of the highest and lowest readings is occasionally protracted beyond what at first sight may appear to be the regular period. Thus between the January and February minima of 1841, 36 days transpired; and 31 days 16 hours between the September and October maxima of the same year. Assuming that the maxima are crests of waves, 'sixteen waves traversed England, having a mean interval between their crests of 14 days 5 hours,' in the seven months between February and October. In all of these a certain symmetry is apparent, and by a little scrutiny the type or normal wave for different countries, or different localities in the same country, may be found. Where irregularities occur, they are chiefly due to geographical position: the more the surface of a country is broken up by hills or mountains the less of uniformity will there be in the atmospheric currents. Besides which, any one system of waves is exposed to interference from different systems, or other physical causes. It is obvious that trustworthy facts can only be eliminated by attention to these disturbing causes. A few data, types for given localities, and lines of greatest symmetry, have already been established. In November 1842, one of the latter extended from Dublin to Birmingham, Brussels, and Munich. In 1845 its course was along the southern shores of England.

With regard to the direction of waves, this is deduced from observation of the times when the maxima pass stations widely distant from each other, the order varying as the 'axis of translation' varies. Taking Greenwich, Prague, and Munich—waves from W.N.W. pass Greenwich first, and the other two places almost simultaneously, a considerable time afterwards: these exhibit, therefore, simultaneous maxima. From S.S.W. Greenwich and Munich are simultaneous: S. by W. the order is Munich, Greenwich, Prague; and S.S.E. Munich, Prague, and Greenwich. The line of direction for Central Europe is from the coasts of Belgium, the Netherlands, and North Germany, to the frontiers of Austria, where it converges at the extremity of the Tyrolese Alps, from whence it is prolonged, and rises to the north of the Black Sea beyond Moscow. This distance, according to M. Quetelet, is travelled over in two days, at the rate of from six to ten leagues an hour—being more rapid in proportion as the surface of the land is free from inequalities.

The system for European Russia is comprised in Dorpat, Petersburg, and Kasan. The observations in the first two accord well together, while Kasan appears to be connected also with the system of the Ural, and forms a meeting-point for the two sets of curves. In Russian Asia the stations as yet are few, but the waves are found to traverse the great plains of the north from Pekin to Nertchinsk with marked regularity. It is worth notice, that although no close or evident relation exists among these localities, there are yet points of resemblance; for on counting the maxima and minima of any two curves for three months, there is found nearly always the same number. Parma and Pekin, so widely separated, shew a remarkable similarity on being compared.

As though to render the analogy with tide waves of the ocean more complete, certain 'nodal points' have been ascertained, round which the atmospheric waves and the winds revolve. After long-continued observation of the barometer at Brussels, the steadiness and gradual change in the height of the mercury, that city has been found to be a node. Greenwich is also a node, as regards the wind, for there, as stated by Mr Airy, the vane 'makes five revolutions per annum in one uniform direction.' On the other hand, Edinburgh is conspicuous 'for inequalities and abrupt fluctuations;' Turin is affected by the nearness of the Alps; 'Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Tangier are subject to an anomalous rise and fall of the mercury between midnight and sunrise, which interferes with and often counteracts and overcomes the regular tendency to depression in that interval—a peculiarity which is probably owing to the proximity of the great radiating surface of the African deserts.'

The troughs of the waves represent parallel lines of least pressure; consequently in them the molecular movement is strongest, and a lateral movement is induced towards them. The wind would be comparatively feeble at the crest, and by the passage of the crest over any given place the current of the foremost trough would be replaced by that of the hindmost, and in this way is explained the calm which occurs, and the sudden reversal of wind during the passing of an atmospheric wave, and the fact that the force of the wind increases as the deeper hollow of the wave advances.

Among the phenomena under notice there is one singularly remarkable—that known as the great November wave. From some cause as yet unexplained, a marked symmetrical wave occurs in this particular month year after year. In November 1842 a wave was fifteen days in passing over London, the transit of the crest occurred on the 18th; in 1843 it was on the 14th, and almost identical in contour with that of the former year. It came earlier—October 27—in 1844; and in 1845 again on November 14th; in 1846 on the 9th, but with some deviation from what had been before observed—the curve, though of the average length, being very flat, owing to the steadiness of the mercurial column through the entire period, with one exception, at more than thirty inches. At the same time subordinate waves of interference were clearly indicated, coming from the N.W. and S.W., and meeting and crossing at Brussels—another verification of its nodal position. In this November wave Mr Birt considers that we have the type of the barometric oscillations for that period of the year. The rise and fall of the wave are so nearly alike; they occur in the two weeks nearest the middle of the month; the undulations which disturb the symmetry of outline are always five in number; at the setting in of the wave the barometer is low—under twenty-nine inches. There are one or two exceptions to the rule here specified, but not sufficient to invalidate it. Eleven years' observations shew the crest to have passed within *five* days of the middle of the month, while from a series continued through fifteen years, it appears that a remarkable depression of the mercury occurs on the 28th. 'When dealing with undulations of such extent, it is by no means a visionary speculation to consider the possibility of tracing them over the *whole* of our globe; nay, perhaps of obtaining evidence

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of their performing, tide-like, two or more revolutions round its surface.'

That there are tides in the atmosphere is pretty clearly determined by the meteorological observations taken at St Helena during several years. The conclusion has been come to from the fact, that on that island the mercury is higher every day 'when the moon is on the meridian above or below the pole, than when she is six hours distant from the meridian on either side.' The effect is minute, but not, on that account, the less real.

As to the origin of atmospheric waves, it is admitted that the heated air of the equatorial regions, after its ascent and cooling, descends in the polar regions. The dispersion of this cooled air may give rise to the aërial waves; their propagation would accompany the currents from the pole to the equator, and in our hemisphere from north to south. Or the cooled air may diffuse itself immediately around the pole, and if it form, as it were, a complete canopy, the waves would be continuous under every longitude, and passing any given station, might be traced all round the globe. But contrariwise, should the diffusion of the cooled air take place at some distance from the pole, instead of forming a continuous circle, and propagating itself by extension, it will be a sector having its angle more or less open. The sectors, by penetrating or inosculating each other, would produce as a result a rapid series of undulations at the points of contact.

According to M. Quetelet, the latter is the most probable explanation of the phenomena; the observations indicate rather several distinct waves than one continuous. As before observed, the question is complicated by the influence which a secondary system of waves exerts on the principal one; lessening, or at times nullifying, the maximum. Yet there seems no reason to doubt that certain undulations, continuous but irregular, do circle round the pole. In Northern Europe and Siberia a system extends from north to south, the waves of which may be regarded as sectors of different arcs not having precisely the same centres, nor yet at the same instant the same radii. From the juxtaposition of these partial waves there will result a general undulation, making the entire circuit of the pole in every latitude, advancing in certain places towards the south, in others retreating towards the north, whereby the stations in the circle would be continually recording a succession of waves.

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

M. Vieuxtemps and Herr von Blunderblast were punctual to their appointment—time, two o'clock P.M.; place, by Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square—and we forthwith proceeded down Parliament Street.

'Does the House of Lords assemble so early?' asked Herr von Blunderblast.

'Not often as a legislative body: it is now sitting in its judicial capacity only. The House of Peers is the final Court of Appeal from Chancery, and writs of error lie to it from the Courts of Queen's Bench in England and Ireland, and the Supreme Courts of Scotland.'

'A miscellaneous kind of Cour de Cassation,' remarked M. Vieuxtemps with quite a perceptible sneer. 'An assemblage of bishops, admirals, generals, parvenu merchants, must constitute an admirable tribunal for deciding in the last resort vexed and intricate questions of law or equity.'

'The House of Lords exercises higher judicial functions than your Cour de Cassation, and the certainly absurd theory of such a court of appellate jurisdiction is much modified in practice. It is true that every peer who has subscribed the parliamentary roll has an undisputed right to attend and vote upon all judicial decisions, but the judgments in point of fact are invariably pronounced by the law lords alone who have heard the arguments: by the lord chancellor for the time being—by ex-chancellors, vice-chancellors, and judges who happen to be peers. Amongst others, at the present time, by Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, Denman, Cranworth.'

'This merely voluntary refraining from the exercise of a right on the part of the mass of the peerage,' said Herr von Blunderblast, 'may answer very well in fair weather, when only ordinary questions of law are in dispute, but scarcely, sir, I should think, when decisions involving political and party results are in the balance.'

'It should seem so, but the fact is otherwise. This was proved on a somewhat recent and famous occasion. The late Mr O'Connell was convicted of sedition, and fined and imprisoned by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin. A writ of error, impugning the legality of the proceedings in that court, was brought, and the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords—that is, by the votes of three law lords, Cottenham, Denman, and Campbell, against two, those of Lyndhurst and Brougham. When the judgment was given there were many peers in the House vehemently opposed to O'Connell, and who thought the judgment of the court below ought to have been maintained. One Irish peer cried, "Non-content," when the question was put by the lord chancellor, and rose to insist upon his strict right to divide the House; but the cries of "Order, order!" which arose on all sides, compelled him to forego his intention; and judgment, the effect of which was the immediate liberation of O'Connell, was pronounced. So entirely a thing of growth, of precedence, and habit, as I have before told you, is this constitution of checks and balances under which we live.'

'A very illogical haphazard system it appears to me,' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'Quite so: it is no more symmetrical than a granite rock.'

'But pray,' persisted the systematising French gentleman—'pray how was it that the law or statute by virtue of which the peers sit as a judicial body did not prescribe in terms the practice which the good sense of the Lords alone induces them to adopt?'

'For the very excellent reason that the House does not exercise judicial functions by virtue of any special law or statute. It is a jurisdiction purely founded on precedent, custom—a remnant of the all-embracing authority exercised by the House when it was the "*Magnum Concilium*" of the realm, and it would not even now bear much straining. The Lords had a narrow miss of losing this appellate jurisdiction of theirs at about the same time that the Commons, in the reign of Charles the Second, deprived them of their claim to "original jurisdiction."'

'Indeed! How did that happen?'

'In this manner: One Skinner sued the East India Company before the Peers for alleged wrong and oppression, and obtained five thousand pounds' damages against the Company, the plea in bar of jurisdiction having been overruled. The corporation appealed to the Commons, who reported, "that the Lords, in taking cognisance of an original complaint, had acted illegally." The Peers, highly indignant, in their turn resolved, "that the House of Commons entertaining the scandalous petition of the East India Company against the Lords' House of Parliament was a breach of their Lordships' privileges," and following up their resolution by deeds, fined Sir Samuel Barnardiston, chairman of the Company, and member of parliament, five hundred pounds. He refused to pay, and the Lords committed him to prison.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps. 'That was acting with vigour and decision—ever the true secret of success.'

'Perhaps so when the opposing forces are pretty

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equal in substantive power, but availing little to either of the other estates of the realm in a contest with the Commons.'

'Well, but what,' said Herr von Blunderblast, 'did your famous Commons do? Did they send a troop of cavalry to liberate their member by force?'

'Not they. But having resolved that to bring "original" suits before the Peers was illegal, they directed the sergeant-at-arms to seize Skinner, and shut him up in Newgate for "contempt" of the Honourable House; and the ultimate result was the liberation of Barnardiston without payment of the fine, and the suppression of the original jurisdiction of the Lords; it being well understood that the Commons would send any and everybody to Newgate, by warrant of Mr Speaker, who should bring, or assist in bringing, an original suit before the Peers.'

'Upon my word!' said Herr von Blunderblast, 'a very decisive mode of action, and, I doubt not, much more effectual in the long-run than horse, foot, and artillery. But you were saying the Peers, about the same time, had a narrow escape of losing the appellate authority, the exercise of which we are about to witness.'

'In 1675 their lordships, in proceedings in the appeal case of Shirley *versus* Sir John Fagg, compelled members of parliament to appear as respondents. This the Commons pronounced a breach of privilege, and the ever-ready sergeant-at-arms seized four counsel who had pleaded in the cause before the Peers, and committed them to Newgate for contempt.'

'They did!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps: 'but where was the king that he did not interfere to prevent so audacious an act of arbitrary power?'

'I am sure I cannot say; for aught I know—in the words of the nursery rhyme—

"The king was in his palace, counting out his money;"

but wherever his majesty might have been, neither the king, "nor all the king's horses, and all the king's men," could get a prisoner for "contempt" out of the clutches of the Commons during their session. Even the writ of *habeas corpus* is powerless to do that; and were it not so, I do not well see how they could efficiently exercise many of their highest functions—the impeachment, for instance, of great officers of state, and the supervision of the law courts, the judges of which they can compel to appear at the bar of the House to answer for neglect or corruption in the performance of their duties. The Lords, however, tried a fall with the Commons, and another illustration of the necessary result following a collision between the vessel of porcelain and that of iron was afforded. They directed the gentleman usher of the black rod, their executive officer, to liberate the four counsel: he did so. The sergeant-at-arms, by order of the Commons, retook them, and for better security lodged them in the Tower. The Lords armed their gentleman usher of the black rod with a writ empowering him to release the barristers by force from their new custody: the lieutenant of the Tower applied to the House of Commons for instructions, and was ordered to retain the prisoners in defiance of any command to liberate them not issuing from themselves. The final upshot of these complicated disputes, which lasted over several years, was, as I have stated, the loss of the original jurisdiction of the Peers, and the permitted retention of the appellate functions, saving, of course, "the undoubted privileges of the Commons." But here we are in Abingdon Street once more, and at the temporary entrance of their Lordships' new House.'

'Shall we be admitted without orders?'

'There is no necessity for any order when the House is sitting as a court of justice. By the way, if any of your friends should merely wish to see the interior of the House, they can do so on every Wednesday and Saturday, by application at the Lord Chamberlain's Office just below, on this same side of the way. Any decently-attired person can have a pass-paper by merely giving his address in writing. But let us in.'

'Those eternal wigs again!' said M. Vieuxtemps *sotto voce*, as we reached the space below the bar of the gilded gorgeous chamber.

'They are arguing an appeal from a Chancery judgment to the House of Lords.'

'But where is the House of Lords?' inquired Herr von Blunderblast.

'Those three gentlemen seated on the scarlet-cushioned benches are the House of Lords on this occasion. Three peers suffice to make a House; and three being present, the House is complete.'

'A curious House!' remarked M. Vieuxtemps, after having listened to and watched the proceedings for about a quarter of an hour. 'One of the three peers sitting in judgment upon the decree of a lord chancellor is busy with a newspaper; another is reading a letter; and the third, who alone appears to listen, every now and then starts up, walks about the House with his hands in his pockets, and interrupts counsel in the strangest manner.'

'The peer reading the newspaper is a captain in the royal navy; he absorbed in the letter is a general officer; and the third is the law lord, who is hearing and will decide this appeal. The two others have been caught, and retained merely to make a House, and will have no more really to do with the decision than you or I.'

'Look!' hastily whispered Herr von Blunderblast; 'the law lord has shot out of the House by the red curtain yonder.'

'He has retired for a short time only; and as proceedings are necessarily suspended during his absence, you have leisure to look around and give me, slightly above your breath, your opinion of this dazzling chamber.'

'A splendid place certainly; but'—— M. Vieuxtemps paused. 'But what an overpowering glare of gilding and lavish ornament! The stained windows are powerless to shade or soften such a mass of gilded chairs, gilded pillars, gilded galleries, gilded candelabra, gilded ceiling, red cushions, red curtains, red woolsack—for that enormous square ottoman in front of the Queen's chair of state, with its enamels and crystals is, I conclude, the woolsack—red, blue, and gold colour, in lavish profusion! It is certainly a very dazzling, glittering chamber; but hardly suitable, it seems to me, for a hall in which legislative business is to be transacted.'

'It is the Peers' House you will remember—the chamber in which Her Majesty meets and addresses the two Houses. The Commons' House will have little or no gilding; and, after all, it is solid oak which the glittering gold-leaf covers and conceals.'

'Surely,' said Herr von Blunderblast, 'this chamber could not contain the British peerage, between four and five hundred in number?'

'Certainly it would not seat them. The benches on each side, with red morocco cushions, will hold about two hundred and fifty; then there are the cross-benches in front of us; and the light, elegant, side-galleries. But it is very seldom indeed that half the peers are present. The custom in this House of voting by proxy, except in committee, tends of course greatly to diminish the average attendance.'

'The chair on the right of the Queen's is, I perceive by the triple plume above it, intended for the Prince of Wales. Has His Royal Highness yet occupied it?'

'Not yet; but I daresay it will not be long before he takes part in the splendid pageantry of opening or proroguing parliament.'

'That must be a magnificent scene, and a very

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trying one, I should suppose, to a young female sovereign.'

'Her Majesty appears in it to great advantage, enacting her part in the gorgeous ceremonial with inimitable dignity and grace—a grace and dignity which lessons could not teach. Her reading of the speech is singularly fine, purely intonated, and clear, effortless, and musical as a silver-bell.'

'The House is, I suppose, generally full upon such occasions?'

'It has always been so during this reign. The rise of the House when the Queen enters, thronged as it is with peers and peeresses, gorgeously arrayed in stars, garters, feathers, diamonds, naval and military uniforms, bishops in lawn sleeves, foreign diplomatists covered with orders and crosses, is magnificent; and after Her Majesty is seated, her ladies and pages have arranged her splendid robe, and she commands her faithful Commons to be summoned, there is another, and especially if she be there to prorogue the parliament, a far more impressive character of power impressed upon the scene. Mr Speaker enters, followed by a mass of unruly members, jostling each other for a good place, and filling to overflow the space below the bar in which we are now standing. As soon as silence is obtained, the right honourable gentleman addresses the Queen, enumerates the chief labours of the session, and concludes by presenting the Supply and Appropriation Bills, reserved for the occasion, and prays Her Majesty's assent to them; which assent is accordingly given in the old formula used only for this particular bill:—"La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence, et ainsi le veut"—("The Queen thanks her good subjects, accepts their gift or benevolence, and so wills it.") One feels that those ordinarily-attired men, with their supply-bill, are the many-shafted column which supports and gives height and true magnificence to the richly-capitalled, the gorgeously-domed edifice, which, with all its incongruities, stretches its ample and majestic roof over one of the noblest societies of freemen the world has ever witnessed.'

'But surely the Peers are the Upper, the Commons the Lower House?' remarked M. Vieuxtemps.

'In name, yes. The shadow has remained, though the substance has long since departed. The Lords' House, albeit, has still deep roots in the tenacious soil which it once overshadowed. Its historic names, vast wealth, unquestionable patriotism, and moderating influence upon the possibly too hasty speed of legislation, maintain, and will long maintain it as a virile and independent estate of the realm; but in substantive power the Houses have gradually, during the last five hundred years, changed places. I will give you an illustration of the silent revolution in this matter which has occurred. Forms with us, provided they be only forms, and in reality not injurious, are very, very slowly discarded. Thus it happens that when the Houses disagree with respect to changes in any measure under discussion, and mutually appoint 'managers' to meet each other and explain on both sides the reasons of disagreement, the Lords' managers, on meeting the Commons' managers, sit down with their hats on, the Commoners remaining upstanding and uncovered. The Lords of course being gentlemen as well as peers, immediately the custom is vindicated, uncover, and the Commons seat themselves. Well, in a room belonging to the Peers' House where this *bizarre* ceremony had been exhibited, there were placed, or were about to be placed, last year, by desire of the Peers, three pictures by Landseer, of which the cost was a few thousand guineas. The Commons, who approach their Lordships uncovered, refused them this trifling gratification: the money was struck out of the miscellaneous estimates, and the Peers obliged to forego their pictures.'

'It did not require such an instance to convince me that your pretended monarchy is but a rampant democracy, its plebeian limbs concealed beneath ermined robes, and its truculent brow veiled by a royal diadem,' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'That, my dear sir, is a gross exaggeration, permit me to say: the aristocratic element is very powerful in this country, and the monarchical principle, as we understand and honour it, remained not only erect, but unshaken amidst the crash a year or two ago of falling thrones and dynasties.'

'The royal assent is not always given to bills in the terms you have mentioned?' said Herr von Blunderblast.

'No; there are three other forms. To an ordinary public bill the form is, "La Reine le veut" ("The Queen wills it.") To a private bill: "Soit fait comme il est desiré" ("Let it be done as desired.") To a bill embodying a petition or declaration of a *right*, as in the time of Charles the First, the form is "Soit *droit* fait comme il est desiré" ("Let *right* be done as desired.")'

'I wonder,' said M. Vieuxtemps, 'these vestiges of Norman domination should be retained: they must tend to keep alive humiliating recollections.'

'Humiliating fiddlesticks! Oliver Cromwell, to be sure, abolished them, and gave his assent to laws in plain English, but the old form came back with the Restoration; and here, by the by, is the law lord back again, and as neither of us has, I suppose, any overpowering desire to listen to further eloquence in the matter of this Chancery appeal, we had better adjourn to Bellamy's for the hour or so which will elapse before the Peers sit as legislators.'

'Bellamy's! What is Bellamy's?' asked Herr von Blunderblast.

'A highly constitutional institution connected with the House of Commons, and domiciled in the same building: in other words, a very excellent hotel, in which members take dinner, wine, punch, and refuge from long speeches, quite certain that the division-bell will summon them in time for the most important part of their duties: Bellamy's is also, I am happy to say, open to other persons, not being members, who have "money in their pouch."'

After we had dined, it was time to return to the House of Lords. I had provided myself with peers' orders, and we, consequently, the House being assembled, were soon in the Strangers' Gallery, very inconveniently situated behind that of the Reporters'.

'Ah! there is the lord chancellor we saw the other day seated on the woolsack,' said M. Vieuxtemps; 'but who is that big-wigged gentleman on the crimson ottoman in front of him?'

'That is Mr Baron Parke, come, I suppose, to read a unanimous judgment of the judges of the Common-Law Courts upon some point submitted to them by their lordships. It is so: hark!'

'Do the Peers always govern themselves by this opinion?' asked Herr von Blunderblast.

'It is very rarely they do not. One exception was O'Connell's case, before mentioned, a great majority of the judges having pronounced the proceedings of the Irish court to be perfectly legal. This Mr Baron Parke, however, dissented from that opinion. When the judges are not of one mind they attend and deliver their opinions *seriatim*.'

'That is a bishop, I suppose,' remarked M. Vieuxtemps, 'on the upper bench to the right of the chancellor; but how is it he does not wear his mitre?'

'His lordship, being the junior bishop, has attended to say prayers. As to mitres, the bishops of the English established church only wear them on their coach-panels and signet-seals. That venerable-looking peer on the same side of the House, who is presenting a petition, is the president of the Council—the most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne. Nearly opposite to him you observe a peer of something more than fifty years of age; his eye on fire with youthful energy, and his

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whole countenance alive with an expression of fearless combativeness: that is Lord Stanley, the present leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the Peers.'

'A man of *nerve*,' observed M. Vieuxtemps. 'That is perceptible at a glance. But how thin the House is! and how inanimate and solemn compared with your boisterous, excited Commons!'

'There are between twenty and thirty peers present, and that is quite an average House. There is an immense difference between speaking before so sparse and unenthusiastic an audience as this and addressing the House of Commons. The reporters, however, supply their Lordships with an immense audience; and the reader of the debates little imagines that the fiery speech, interspersed with "loud cheers," "repeated cheers," was perhaps addressed to five or six elderly gentlemen only.'

'What is this interruption?' asked M. Vieuxtemps, as Sir George Grey, accompanied by several members, appeared at the bar with several bills passed by the Commons.

'It is the Home Secretary,' I answered, 'presenting, in the customary form, various bills passed by the Commons. The clerk, you perceive, takes them; their titles are announced in a loud voice; a record of their presentation is entered on the Lords' journals; and they are frequently, if public bills, read a first time at once. The Lords send their bills or messages to the Commons by two masters in Chancery.'

'Who is that peer talking privately with the lord chancellor?'

'An Irish representative peer; but I forget his name for the moment.'

'Irish *representative* peer—what is the meaning of that?'

'The Irish and Scottish peerages do not sit in this House individually: they choose a certain number of their order, as settled by the Acts of Union, to represent them. The Irish representative peers—twenty-eight in number—are chosen for life; the Scottish—sixteen in number—for each parliament. The Crown has power to add to the numbers of the Scotch and Irish peers in this House, but English peers Her Majesty may create *ad libitum*.'

'What, then, becomes of the independence of the House of Peers if the Queen can at any moment swamp them by new creations?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'The unlimited right of the Crown to create peers is one of the weapons, in the armoury of the constitution, which can never be wielded except in extreme cases, in which the ministers of the sovereign are supported by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. The only instance I remember of the creation of peers, specially for the purpose of swamping a hostile majority, was by Sir Robert Walpole, who induced the monarch to create twelve in one day for that purpose: a witty peer of that day asked them whether they intended to vote individually or by their *foreman*: nevertheless it is essential the *power* should be lodged in the Crown. The mere menace of exercising it dissipated, a few years ago, a very great danger to the state.'

'Who is that stooping, white-headed gentleman, whom everybody greets and shakes hands with? I cannot see his face.'

'If you had seen it, you would not have asked the question: that is the world-famous Duke of Wellington. He seats himself, you perceive, on one of the cross-benches, and he has, I daresay, fifty or sixty proxies in his pocket, to be used as unto him seemeth fit. He exercises a vast moral influence in this House; but since the death of Sir Robert Peel, in whose legislative wisdom he appears to have placed implicit confidence, he has meddled very little with active politics.'

'The debate is very gentlemanly,' observed Herr von Blunderblast, 'very courteous, and strangely dull. The Peers fight with the gloves on—to borrow an illustration from one of your national sports—whilst the Commons appeared to strike with mailed hands, and draw blood at every stroke.'

'Yes; and see, decorous and gentle as it has been, it is already over: the House is about to adjourn, and we must begone.'

'Well, gentlemen, how say you—have I redeemed my pledge? Is a free constitution compatible with a great monarchy, M. Vieuxtemps?'

'Well, perhaps; *mais*'—— A shrug of the shoulders completed and pointed the sentence.

'And you, Herr von Blunderblast, are you satisfied that an effective military system can coexist with the supremacy of a representative government?'

'Yes—that is, if it hath grown up during centuries, and entwined itself with the habits, traditions, manners, thoughts—with the life of the people, as it were, the humblest as well as the highest—but the thing I see can no more be made, manufactured, than a *tree* can.'

'It is certainly a wonderful piece of mosaic,' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'And it built, you will admit, the Crystal Palace?'

'Yes, in a certain sense; mais'—— said M. Vieuxtemps.

'There is a great deal of truth in that,' remarked Herr von Blunderblast simultaneously with M. Vieuxtemps; '*aber*'——

'Charing Cross! Bank!' shouted the conductor of an omnibus just passing. This invitation, reinforced by a few sharp drops of rain, drew us into the 'bus, and the discussion of M. Vieuxtemps's 'mais,' and Herr von Blunderblast's 'aber,' was by tacit consent postponed *sine die*.

SLAVE-MARKET OF NEW ORLEANS.

The town or city of New Orleans has several particular races in it, speaking different languages, and living in separate parts of the town. One class speak French, have French manners, French-built houses, French hotels, and French names to their streets. Another class invariably speak English, and are either from England, or originally of English families. Then we have the working black population (or slaves) of the African race. Most of them are quite black, with the flat nose, thick lip, and the woolly hair peculiar to this people. The climate agrees with them, and they invariably look fine, healthy, happy, strong creatures. They are all born in America, but of real African blood. Many are sold here every day—sometimes hundreds change hands in a few hours. To a Briton the sight is of course repulsive. But such is the state of things here, that you must keep perfectly quiet, and make no remarks, or else you are sure to get into trouble; for most persons, male and female, consider that they have a perfect right to act according to the laws of these western states, and buy and sell men, women, and children as they think proper.

When a young man is called up on the auction-platform, he looks about him, and does not appear to care much. Perhaps he may not have been very well pleased with his late master, and thinks he may get a better.

'Come along, my fine young fellow!' says Mr Beard, a short, thick man, with a red face—the best auctioneer here. 'That's it! Why, my friends, you can see at once that he is as powerful as an elephant, and as active and quick as an Arabian. What's your name, my fine fellow?'

'Samson, sir.' (They never have any surname.)

'Now, gentlemen, how much shall I say for this fine-grown, healthy, powerful young man, Samson? Excellent name for him—descriptive of his qualities. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid—a bid—a bid!' '500 dollars.' 'Thank you—500 dollars only is bid for one of the finest men I ever sold. Youth, health, power, and

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character, all in his favour. I assure you, gentlemen, that he is worth 1200 dollars at this present moment. Look at his build, limbs, chest, carriage! 600 dollars now bid—600—600—600! Double it, my friends; come—come!' '650.' 'Thank you; 650—650!' '750.' 'Now, that is more creditable.' '800.' '800 bid; 900—900; now, my friends! Gentlemen, you will never have such a chance again—only 900! 900 once—900 twice—900—900—900!' '950'—'960.' '960—960—960!' '1000.' 'Now, gentlemen, 1000 only is bid for this valuable, splendid young man, free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law. Now, gentlemen, are you all done? Surely not letting him go at this price! However, I cannot wait. Are you all done, gentlemen? 1000 once—1000 twice—1000 thrice! Mr Jefferson, he's yours! Samson, there's your master!' and poor Samson is led away to misery or comfort, to ill usage or to kind treatment, just as it may happen. No help for him whichever it may be.

This sum was L.200, a dollar being generally calculated here at four shillings. Then we had some girls and young women sold in the same way.

'Come up, Lucy! Now, gentlemen, here we have a fine specimen of everything desirable in a good servant—young, healthy, active, and industrious; can cook, wash, iron, wait at table. In fact, she is highly recommended to our attention, and is guaranteed free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law.' Poor Lucy was knocked down at 600 dollars—L.120. These were both high prices. The men under thirty years generally sell for about L.140 to L.160, and the women under thirty, from L.80 to L.90. When above forty they are not worth more than half that price.

Such persons as the above do not care much about being sold. They are generally purchased, or at least many of them, by persons who hire them out as servants to families; and many of them have good places, and may get hired out to go to the same street, or near to where they were before. But a very different feeling is manifested at a sale of slaves belonging to a plantation. Their old master, always kind to them, may have died, or failed; and to see fifty or sixty of the slaves brought to auction is a horrible scene. All of them, old and young, may have been born on the same estate, and become endeared to one another. They think of the happy plantations, the snug little wooden whitewashed cottages surrounding their master's dwelling and garden, the summer-evening meetings, when they played the banjo, sung their native songs, and danced their cheering reels with light feet and lighter hearts; for a negro with a good master is extremely happy: being clothed, fed, comfortably housed, and well cared for. But now they are all about to be sold, and torn from each other. They are standing in rows in the auction-mart, ready for any rude hand to examine them, feel their muscle, criticise their shape, their height, their strength, or healthy appearance, and, opening their mouths with finger and thumb, inspect their teeth. A middle-aged man and woman may be seen standing together: moist are their eyes, anxiously they gaze around them—they are the picture of helplessness. They know the awful doom of separation that may be pronounced in ten minutes between them and the handsome family that cluster around them; but that doom they cannot alter or control. The sons and daughters, old enough to know what awaits them, press close together, with full eyes and still fuller hearts; while the young favourites are rejoicing, in perfect innocence, in the clothes which they are decked out in for the day, to enhance their appearance and their value; and they gaze with pleasurable amusement at the novelties of the scene, like a child at the pageantry of a funeral—the trappings of the horses, and the plumes on the hearse that bears to the grave the remains of a parent. They are at length called up; and although husband and wife go together, the children are all taken from them, and sold into different districts; and as the mother tries to look at their retreating figures through eyes blinded with tears, she knows that in a few years they are probably fated in their turn to endure the same agony—

'And thou, my son, yet have a son foredoom'd a slave to be,
Whose mother, too, must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee!'

FAREWELL!

Dark spots there are in sunny places,
Thorns on the stems of flow'rets fair,
Clouds overshadowing beauteous faces,
Young bosoms harbouring fear and care;
Mingling with tones of mirth and gladness,
We hear the dull funereal knell,
'Mid pleasure's glee the voice of sadness
Sighs mournfully, 'Farewell! farewell!

'Farewell to summer's gentle breezes,
To friendship's whispers, gentler still;
Our frames the breath of winter freezes,
Our souls are 'numbed by scorn and ill.
Farewell, once gay and fragrant flowers;
No dewdrop gilds the drooping bell;
So dried by grief, these hearts of ours
Can scarcely moan, Farewell, farewell!'

Welcome to him the smiling morrow
Who tosses through the weary night;
Welcome to every child of sorrow
The joyful sound—'Behold the light!'
Then how can hearts by anguish riven,
Too sharp, too deep for song to tell,
Forbear to pant, to pine for Heaven,
Where none shall cry, 'Farewell, farewell!'

S. C.

SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.

Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume; the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds; the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of gray cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries; the other followed by crowds whenever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honours of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down, in his singing robes and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands; having his home and his welcome in every devout heart, and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.—*Willmott's Pleasures of Literature.*

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

The flower Dahlia was so named from a Swedish botanist called Andrew Dahl, and should therefore never be pronounced as if it were spelt Daïlia. Camellia should have both ll's pronounced; it was named after Jo. Kamel, a Jesuit, whose name is latinised Camellus. Arbutus should be accented on the first syllable: see Virgil's Eclogues.

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THE LADIES' GUILD.

When society began to emerge out of the darkness of the Iron Age, the gentler sex enjoyed its fair share of the elevation. Women, indeed, received from chivalry even an undue predominance, and the strength and valour of men crouched, as if with the fabulous instinct of the lion, at the feet of beauty. The women of that time, however, are not correctly appreciated in ours. It is the custom to regard them as mere painted puppets, set up by the fantastic spirit of the age as a mark for skill or bravery, and with no more authentic claims to our respect than the silken banner of the joust, where they 'rained influence and adjudged the prize.' It is not generally known, or is always forgotten, that that very banner was worked by female fingers, and that many of the luxurious trappings of chivalry, which contributed more to the advancement of society than the gallant but foolish blood that bespattered them, owed their existence to female industry and ingenuity. Even so early as the eleventh century, the women of England were so famous for embroidery that in that age it was called 'English work,' just as in ancient times it was 'Phrygian work;' and among others we read of Matildis, an Englishwoman, distinguished for her skill in dyeing purple, and adorning robes with gold, gems, paintings, and flowers.

In the following century this reputation continued, and the names of the fair workwomen which have come down to us belong always to the aristocratical class. Christina, Princess of Margate, who lived in the year 1189, was a capital hand at such matters; and a mitre and pair of sandals which she embroidered were declared to be perfect 'wonders.' They were presented by the abbot of St Albans to the pope of that day; and thus the loftiest head and holiest toe in Europe were clothed by English female industry.

In the fourteenth century, however, we arrive at a more interesting epoch, when women stand prominently out among the ingatherers of that true harvest of the Crusades, which consisted in the establishment of industry upon the ruins of feudalism. The knights had been beggared by their extravagance; property had changed hands; and skilled artificers of all kinds felt themselves to be men—that is, when they were not women. But a great proportion of them were women; and as such they inherited, in a modified manner, the immunities bestowed by chivalry upon their grandmothers, and were allowed privileges forbidden to the men. Male artificers were tied down to one profession; but the same law secured the liberty of women—a liberty which they seem to derive from the charter of nature itself—to do as they thought fit. A man was fixed for life to his loom, or his anvil, or his last; but a woman might try the whole circle of the trades till she found one to her taste, and then go round again out of sheer feminine love of variety. In the records of those gallant days we find female brewers, bakers, weavers, spinners, embroiderers, and others employed in various works in wool, linen, and silk. They were distinguished by the female termination *ster:* thus a brewster, backster, webster, means a woman who brews, bakes, weaves.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the female manufacturers in weaving, carding, spinning, and other branches of industry, are particularised in a public document. This is a resolution of parliament, in which the prohibition of English cloths in the Netherlands is complained of as being hurtful to our industrious countrywomen. But sometimes parliament—so unlike the parliament of our own enlightened time!—required to be reminded of its duty; and in the year 1457 we find the silkwomen of London memorialising the legislature, in good-set terms, on the injury they sustained from the free importation of foreign goods of the kind by which they themselves got their living. We may fancy the meeting at which this memorial was got up—the resolutions, the speeches, the indignant appeals, the shrill screams of laughter, defiance, or applause! But the agitation was successful; and the parliament which had complained so pathetically of a similar step taken by the Low Countries, indulged the ladies with a prohibition in their turn. The same favour was shewn to them in the year 1463; but the time was now at hand when women should stand no more upon their industrial rights, real or supposed, but come before the country, when they came at all, in the character of victims, mendicants, and castaways.

It would be impossible to describe the process by which they were elbowed out of their employments by the other sex, because this was so gradual as to be hardly perceptible except in its results. But one curious circumstance attended it; namely, that when men installed themselves in the places of women, they retained the feminine appellations, and became brewsters, backsters, websters, and so on. One only of the names remained peculiar to the fair sex—spinsters; and the law to this day appears to suppose the word to designate an employment followed by all unmarried women.

The chivalry which in one age made women objects of worship, and in another age removed the interdictions from their industry which shackled that of the men, has changed its form in ours, but not its character. We take them now entirely upon our own hands.

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We consider work—except among the lower classes—a kind of degradation; and no matter how many of them may fall to our lot as individuals, we feel bound in honour to bring them up in idleness. This is very generous no doubt, but it is the ignorant, unreflecting generosity of a *preux chevalier*. It fancies that there is no change, no death in the world; it stakes the very subsistence of the objects of our solicitude upon a single hazard; it throws them for life upon sympathy, forbearance, kindness; and it accustoms them so much both to the idea and the reality of dependence, that in frequent cases many years of the higher spirits of the sex pass away in a hopeless but bitter and indignant struggle with what they conceive to be their social destiny. As for spirits of the commoner kind, their time and thoughts are occupied with the change from one dependence to another, which is the only consummation offered to their hopes. Marriage with them is the grand alternative; but marriage too seldom accompanied by that which truly consecrates it—the spontaneous love of the proud and free.

The exemption of women from the law of work is in certain classes in England one of the greatest of our social evils; and it is the more puzzling that it seems to have grown out of the advancing civilisation of the time. In our own immediate day, however, a kind of reaction seems to be at its commencement. We hear of some female authors by profession, some female artists, engravers, decorators of various kinds; there are likewise actresses and singers, who by their private characters give respectability as well as beauty to their branch of art; and there are constantly advertisements appearing—many of them fraudulent no doubt, but still indications of the turn the public mind is taking—offering professions to gentlewomen by which they may be able to support themselves in independence. All this, however, bespeaks as yet only the necessity of the case, and the craving for relief it elicits; for in reality no perceptible change has taken place in society. What is wanted is a more open agitation of the question of female employment, and an example offered in the respectable middle classes, of a nature fit to dispel for ever the prejudices which render the position of woman in society so sad and so anomalous.

For this reason we have been as much interested by the prospectus of an association called the Ladies' Guild as we were a short time since by that of the Literary Guild. The prospectus complains that hitherto almost the only resource of educated women has been tuition, and proposes a 'novel and interesting plan,' by which combination may accomplish 'what individual effort could never achieve.' This plan is for ladies to assemble in a school of instruction in London, where, for the nominal sum of two shillings per week (to meet necessary expenses) they may become mistresses of a certain decorative art, protected by patent, and their productions in which will be sold for their own benefit. Ladies in the provinces are likewise invited to this common centre, where they may form an associated home in connection with the Guild, and thus 'live at a far less cost than any individual can do in a separate position.'* There is something extremely seductive in this idea; and if Miss Wallace, the amiable and gifted patentee, who consecrates the fruits of her genius to the disenthralment of her countrywomen, were but as correct in her political economy as she is in her philanthropy, it might even be regarded as the solution of a great problem. But unluckily the production referred to, however beautiful and elegant, is a thing of mere taste and fashion; and even were it otherwise, there is no such thing as forcing an article into general consumption. In its unlimited invitation to lady-workers, the Guild, to use a homely phrase, puts the cart before the horse: it produces supply before demand has arisen. It is not too late, however, to remedy this inadvertence. Let the number of ladies be strictly *limited* at first, and a fair trial given to the manufacture; and when the demand increases, so far from there being any difficulty in meeting it, the supply will seem to come of nature and necessity.

Although the Ladies' Guild, however, cannot be considered to meet the exigencies of the time, it goes a certain way towards it: it is that most important of all stages—the first step. It countenances female industry, and it offers a field for it which may prove—and we hope will prove—of considerable magnitude. The substance Miss Wallace works in is luckily of a kind to disarm many feminine prejudices; for the *gentility* of the work is unquestionable. Even in the fourteenth century, when the first manufactory was established in France by permission of Philip de Valois, it was considered that persons of the best families might follow the employment without losing caste. This idea was confirmed by the government itself, for in public deeds such manufacturers were styled 'gentlemen of the art and science of glass-making;' and the privilege of forming one of these establishments was bestowed upon a person near Lyons as a reward for military services rendered at the battle of Agincourt. We must not, however, be betrayed by these circumstances into forming any extravagant notion of the article then produced. It was nothing more than window-glass that was achieved by these 'gentlemen,' and that only in round plates, with a *boudine* or eye in the middle, affording at the utmost a square of eight inches. The colour of this glass was yellowish, variegated here and there with bubbles; and it is supposed that the desire to hide such deformities originated the custom of painting the small squares framed in lead, which formed the church windows.

The Ladies' Guild, however, have now very different materials to work upon; and we may form some idea of the results produced under Miss Wallace's patent from the following description taken from our contemporary, 'The Builder:'—

'All our ideas of Oriental splendour—all the gorgeous imaginings of Orientals themselves, might now be realised to sight at least in the sober actualities of British decorative art in glass. The lustre of silver and gold, the fiery sparkle of the ruby, amethyst, and every actual or imaginable gem, and the more subdued, but no less beautiful hues of the pearl and the tropical shell, may now, by the recent efforts of British skill and invention, be combined at a moderate cost, and without a vestige of mere gaudy glitter, in the decorations of the mansions of the gentlemen of England. Miss Wallace's productions consist, in principle, of imitations of gold and silver in glass, without the use of either metal; of the protection of actual gilding or silvering under an almost invisible yet magnifying coat of glass; of a peculiar mode of adding metallic and pearly brilliancy to colours, to painted and stained figures, and to engravings, all in glass; of imitations of marbles, alabaster, malachite, &c., in glass-covered compositions; of imitations of precious stones; and of other inventions.

'Among the various forms under which these are brought into use, in architectural decoration, are those of ceilings, in which a combination of them with a peculiar mode of enamelling in white or pale blue on the inner surface of the interspaces in glass (another of this lady's numerous inventions also applied with good effect to framed engravings) is capable of producing a dazzling effect, particularly by night, with a good or even an indifferent light reflected from it. Mouldings and cornices are made to harmonise with these effects; and the same combinations, varied with the pearly brilliance of painted flower-wreaths, and wreaths

* The school is at No. 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, where applications are to be made, addressed to Mrs Hill, Vice-President of the Ladies' Guild.

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of silver engraved on a gold surface, all in glass, are made to adorn the walls in form of picture-frames. Besides a number of these productions in varied detail, we saw a specimen of stained-glass decoration for windows in form of armorial bearings, in vivid colours, made peculiarly sparkling and brilliant, and in some phases pearly, by one of the processes already alluded to. One great feature in most of the inventions is, that they are all protected, mostly within hollow mouldings of glass hermetically sealed, so that the gilding, &c. can never tarnish, and the whole is in this respect everlasting. So is it with the marble imitations, which are so firmly embedded in composition that they are said to be quite well adapted to all the risk of exterior construction for which they are designed, as well as for chimney-pieces and other forms of interior decoration.'

This new and brilliant art, it will be seen, displaces no other. Its productions are *additions* to the list of elegances demanded by a refined and luxurious age, and their application is so various—so almost universal—that the institutors of the Ladies' Guild are not unjustifiable in imagining that they have opened out to women of the middle classes a wide and elegant profession. Let them take care, however, say we, of their first step. No trade can be forced; and it will be much safer and kinder to invite ladies into the field as they are wanted, than to collect a multitude in the metropolis to work on the speculation of a market.*

A TALE OF DAYS NOT LONG GONE BY.

THERE resided some years ago in London a young surgeon named Gerald Spencer. He was the younger son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune; and as everything that remained to the father was entailed on the eldest son, a good professional education was all that Gerald could expect from his father, and it was all he got. But in the matter of education nothing was spared; and as Gerald had both the will and the ability to profit by the instructions he received, there was great reason to hope for a successful professional career. It is often a good thing for a young man to have nobody to rely on but himself. Those who have something to fall back upon hope to *do* and *may do;* but he *must do or die;* and this stern alternative quickens a man's wits, and lends amazing vigour to his energies. Gerald felt the full force of the necessity; and all the more, that he was deeply in love with the daughter of one of his father's neighbours. He had known Lucy Manwaring from her childhood, for she was six years his junior, and he had loved her ever since he was old enough to know what love was. But though she was the daughter of a gentleman, like himself she had nothing but her personal qualifications to recommend her. These, however, were considerable, for she was both amiable, pretty, and intelligent, and, above all, devotedly attached to her lover, respecting whose talents she was quite enthusiastic.

'You may not think Gerald a sufficiently good match for me now, papa,' she would say; 'but I know the day will come that you will be proud to call Gerald your son-in-law!'

'That may be: I do not dispute Mr Spencer's talents; but in the meantime he has no money; and however clever a young man may be, it is often years before he gets into practice.'

'Very well, papa; we are in no hurry. I don't think it will be so long as you expect before Gerald makes his way. Such talents as his cannot long remain unknown; but as I said just now, we are in no hurry; and he would be quite as averse to our marriage taking place prematurely as you would be. He said only the last time he was here, that till he had a comfortable home to offer me, he would never mention the subject to you.'

'Very well, Lucy, so much the better; only don't let him mention it to you either; and take care you have not to wait for him till all the bloom is off your cheeks.'

'I'm not afraid, papa,' answered Lucy; 'but even if it were so, Gerald would love me just the same, and we could be very happy without the bloom.'

Secure of his love and sanguine of success, Gerald thought he could wait too: bright anticipations of the future lent a charm to labour that was to be so sweetly rewarded; and after studying at Paris and Vienna, and rendering himself in all respects worthy of the public patronage he counted on, with the assistance of his father he took a small house in the neighbourhood of Golden Square, and with a brass-plate on the door announcing his name and profession, he sat down to wait for patients; and patients came, not a few, betwixt nine and eleven o'clock, when it was understood he was at home; but alas, how seldom did one of them bring a guinea in his hand! They were all paupers or next to it—people whom he had attended in the hospitals, or such as were sent by these; for, enthusiastic in his art, he had willingly and carefully investigated and ministered to the maladies of the poor, and when they learned where he was to be found, they crowded to his door. And he was content to see them—they offered subjects for study and improvement; but there would be no getting on without a few rich ones too: how else was he to pay his rent, and have a home for Lucy? However, there was nothing to do but to wait and hope, and he did both—wearying though such waiting is to a man eager to rise, and who knows he has the capacity to do so, if he could once get his foot on the ladder.

The disappointments and anxieties that have attended the early career of many a man who has afterwards risen to eminence, have been so frequently described that they need not be dwelt upon here: it is enough to say that poor Gerald Spencer endured them all; and as he had spoken with confidence of his certain success both to his own friends and his mistress, it was doubly mortifying to find his performance falling so far short of his promise, that the first year he was obliged to apply to his father for money to pay his rent—a favour that was not granted without some vexatious allusions to the large sums that had been spent on an education which it was high time should produce its harvest. But still the rich drove past his door, flying for relief to men whose established reputations inspired hope and confidence, whilst he was exercising all his skill on patients who had nothing but blessings to give him in return. But although blessings are indeed blessed things, they will not furnish a man's table nor pay his rent, still less can he marry upon them; and the young surgeon's heart grew sick with disappointment as his hopes faded from day to day.

'Yes,' he would say to himself with bitterness, 'when the present generation have died off; when Astley Cooper, and Cline, and all the rest of them, are gone; when I am fifty years old, and Lucy Manwaring is

* Some years ago, a paragraph suggesting wood-engraving as an employment for females was transferred into this Journal from the 'Westminster Review.' Carried thus into the hands of the great multitude of the middle classes, who form our weekly audience, it seemed immediately to excite the hopes of a vast number of women who felt the disadvantage of the forced idleness to which they are restrained by society. The host of letters we received on the subject, chiefly inquiring by what means the fair writers could be introduced to such an employment, gave us an impression which will not soon be effaced, of the extent of the social evil in question. We wish to speak moderately when we say, that no article ever appeared in this Journal which excited one-fourth so much sensation as appeared to arise from this small quoted paragraph. Literally, years passed before the correspondence produced by it was at an end. We fear that it led in only a few instances to any useful result.—*Ed.*

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married to somebody else—for how can I expect her to wait for me all her life?—and is perhaps the mother of a dozen children, I shall get into practice and drive my carriage. I had better have been born a day-labourer than be the son of a gentleman with an empty purse, and talents I can find no opportunity of exercising.'

His position was so difficult too, for his pride forbade him to tell the whole truth; and whilst he was holding out fallacious hopes to his mistress, he found them as far as ever from realisation.

Amongst the young students of medicine he had become acquainted with about the hospitals was one called O'Grady. He was an Irishman, as his name indicated; apparently of low birth, without connections, and with little talent or industry. Neither did he evince any ambition or desire to rise. He seemed either conscious that he was born for mediocrity or content with a little; but that little he never appeared to want. Yet those who had known him longest had understood from himself that he had no private resources, but had come to London to trade on his talents and education, like many amongst them. It occurred to Gerald sometimes to wonder how he contrived to live; whether he might not have fallen into some inferior line of practice that paid in some degree—a practice that, in perspective, he would himself have scorned, but now he would be too glad to take anything he could get. With the view of finding out O'Grady's secret he cultivated his society, which, from not liking him, he had originally rather avoided. When the Irishman saw him disposed to be civil, he shewed himself ready enough to meet him half way; and one day, as they quitted one of the hospitals together, he invited him to dine with him at an eating-house he frequented in the neighbourhood.

The dinner was not in the grand style, but it was plentiful; and O'Grady called for a bottle of wine to relish it—a luxury the other was little accustomed to.

'Upon my word, O'Grady,' said he, 'you make it out capitally if this is the style you live in every day. I don't know how it is, but though I get plenty of patients I never get a fee.'

'Nor I either,' said O'Grady. 'Why, man, if I depended on fees, I should not get butter to my bread.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said Gerald; 'you have doubtless some private resources. Fortunate man, say I! I wish *I* had.'

O'Grady did not deny the imputation, and so the matter rested for that time; but as either for motives of his own, or from good-nature, he not unfrequently invited Gerald to share his dinner, the intimacy continued till a degree of confidence was established between them that led to momentous results.

'As for my getting into practice here, I look upon it as out of the question, without some extraordinary lucky hit,' said O'Grady one day. 'I mean by and by to go back to old Ireland, where, in some miserable hole or another, I shall settle down as a country doctor, and spend the rest of my life astride of the sharp backbone of an Irish horse. But *you* ought to get into practice: you have not only abilities but industry; and there isn't a man amongst us who has a better right to get on than you have.'

'And yet this ability and industry you are pleased to attribute to me will scarcely find me in bread and cheese. And the hard part of it is, that when fortune turns her back upon a man in this manner in the beginning of life, one can't—at least *I* can't—afford to wait till she is in better humour. I suppose practice may come by and by, when I am forty or fifty years of age; but how am I to live and keep up appearances in the meantime?'

'If I had your gift of the gab,' said O'Grady, 'and knew as much about the thing as you do, I'd give lectures on anatomy. In that way you'd get known.'

'But who'd come to them? That is, who'd pay to come to them?—and without fees I couldn't do it.'

'I'll tell you what would bring you fees.'

'What?'

'Not talking alone, I admit; but get *subjects*—shew 'em what you teach, and you'll get plenty of students to come to you, I warrant.'

'I daresay. But how am I to get subjects? Why, K—— gave forty pounds for one lately.'

'I know that,' answered O'Grady; 'but there are ways of doing it;' and then, with his elbows on the table, he leaned across, and in a low voice communicated to Gerald the secret he alluded to.

At that time, and it is not so very many years since these circumstances occurred, surgeons were expected, as much as now, to be acquainted with all the mysteries of the human frame, whilst the legislature placed every impediment in the way of their diving into its secrets. There was no provision made for supplying them with subjects, whilst to obtain them by violating the grave-yards was an unlawful act. Of course, however, they *were* so obtained; many a man lived by the trade, and the surgeons were under the necessity of countenancing the crime, or of remaining in ignorance of what they were bound to know. Some of the dire consequences of this short-sighted legislation became known to the world, and we have a verb adopted into our vocabulary which will carry down the legend to posterity; but it is well understood that there were many more deaths by *burking* in different parts of the kingdom, especially in London, than ever became public, as also that the annals of the resurrectionists would record many strange escapes and frightful adventures.

But to return to our story. Shortly after the conversation alluded to betwixt Spencer and O'Grady, the former made known his intention of giving lectures on anatomy; indeed, he put advertisements into the papers to that effect, whilst it was secretly circulated amongst the students that a subject would be provided for each lecture. As the opportunities for practical observation were so limited as to render such occasions extremely desirable, and as the abilities of the lecturer were well known amongst students of medicine, he had even from the first a pretty good attendance; and their favourable report spreading, soon brought more, especially as the fee was moderate, till at length he could boast of a crowded audience. Of course every man present was aware that the subjects which formed the chief attraction were illegally procured; but it was everybody's interest to keep the secret, and nobody sympathises with laws that run counter to human necessities. So the lectures continued and flourished; and the fame they shed brought patients, till the young surgeon's fortunes improved so far, and promised so well for the future, that he ventured to make his proposals to Mr Manwaring; and the lovers being quite weary of living on protracted hope, they pleaded their own cause so energetically that the father's consent was won, and they were married.

On this event taking place, trusting that his practice would increase, and be sufficient to maintain himself and his wife, Mr Spencer resolved to abandon for ever those midnight expeditions with O'Grady, to which his pecuniary necessities had won him to consent, but which he had never undertaken without feelings of horror and disgust, as well as extreme apprehension of the disgrace of a discovery, which would have probably so far shocked the public as to do him irreparable mischief in his professional career.

For some little time, therefore, he depended on his legitimate profits to furnish funds for his family expenses; but these were not always sufficient, and an empty purse sometimes drove him to his old resources—resources, however, of which his wife remained wholly ignorant. That he gave lectures occasionally she knew, and that he was every now and then out great

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part of the night with his friend O'Grady; but how they were employed, though she sometimes wondered, she was never told.

In the meantime Lucy, who having yet no child, had a great deal of time to herself, and who had been accustomed in the country to visit and minister to the poor of the neighbourhood, had joined a society of benevolent ladies, which had originated in a proposal of Mrs Fry and a sister of hers, Mrs Schimmelpenninck—a beautiful woman, who married a German, or rather, I believe, a Dutchman—for the purpose of visiting, improving, and relieving the poor of the metropolis. Each lady had her district appointed, and some of these spread over extremely bad neighbourhoods; but the founders of this society maintained that, in the very worst, there existed no danger for the visitor; and they themselves fearlessly set the example of going into quarters that less enthusiastic women would have certainly eschewed.

Lucy, however, was an enthusiast both in benevolence and religion; and she would have despised herself for refusing to follow where those she looked up to led. She therefore cheerfully accepted the district appointed to her, which was none of the best; and as experience seemed to confirm the opinion of the presiding ladies, she went amongst all sorts of people without fear—witnessing an immense deal of wretchedness, the consequence of an immense deal of vice, from which generally, though the least corrupted, the women were the deepest sufferers, and it was by them she was most gratefully received. Often when the men were sullen the wives expressed by their tears feelings they durst not otherwise give vent to—above all, when they saw their sick children relieved and comforted.

Amongst others there was a house in her district, the ground-floor of which was occupied by some people of the name of Vennell. The family consisted of a man and his wife, and two children; and although they lived in a great deal of dirt and muddle, and apparent wretchedness, they did not seem to be in any want, which was a circumstance the less to be expected that Vennell, from all she could learn, was an idle fellow, who followed no regular occupation, and his wife was a sickly woman, not fit for any.

On the whole it was a very unpromising sort of *ménage;* and on Lucy's first visit the woman received her so uncivilly, saying, amongst other things, that they wanted nothing of her, that she had not repeated it. Being informed, however, some time afterwards, that Mrs Vennell was very ill, she called, and found her in bed with a rheumatic fever; whereupon she not only sent the district physician to attend her, but being anxious to make an impression on the woman, who, from having rejected her ministrations, she concluded to be more than commonly in want of them, she returned frequently, carrying her such little comforts and indulgences as the funds of the society could afford, and often reading to her for an hour at a time by her bedside. The effect of all this kindness, however, was not very visible. The woman seemed to a certain degree grateful, but she was not softened. She continued close and reserved, and there was a dark ominous cloud ever on her brow that produced an involuntary impression against her. Nevertheless, Lucy, whose enthusiasm was only exalted by difficulties, felt that the worse Mrs Vennell's spiritual condition was the more she was bound to persevere in her efforts to ameliorate it; so she continued her visits, though by this time the woman was able to rise from her bed, and was fast recovering her usual state of health.

One afternoon, late in the month of October, in the year 1816, Lucy had been visiting her district, and finding she had a little wine to spare, which she thought would be an excuse for a call on Mrs Vennell, she went round that way. The woman was up, nursing one of her children, both of whom were young; but she looked unusually sallow, and, as Lucy thought, the cloud on her brow lowered darker than ever.

'I've brought you a little wine to strengthen you,' she said; 'and as I have half an hour to spare I have something here I should like to read to you.'

'I'm obliged to you for the wine,' she answered; 'but I don't want the reading: it don't do me no good, but just makes me worse like.'

'No,' said Lucy; 'I'm sure what I read can't make you worse; but perhaps it makes you think yourself worse, and that's a good sign. We are in the way to mend when we see how bad we are.'

'I can't mend, and it's no use,' answered the woman; 'it's very well for them as is differently situated; but where one's lot's cast one must bide.'

'Nobody's lot is cast in wickedness,' answered Lucy.

'That's more than you can tell,' said the woman sullenly. 'You gentlefolks come among us, and bring us wine and doctor's stuff, and no doubt we ought to be thankful, for you're noways obligated to do it; but for your readings and your preachings they can't do us no good, 'cause our necessities is stronger than words printed upon paper, and when maybe we might wish to be better than we are, we can't; perhaps there's them as won't let us—sometimes want won't let us.'

'All that you say is very sad,' answered Lucy; 'but depend on it wickedness and impiety can never improve anybody's circumstances in the long-run, though it may seem so for a little while.'

'We poor folks ha'n't no time to look for'ards,' returned Mrs Vennell. 'We must find bread for ourselves and our children from one day to another, and if we can't get it by fair work we must get it which way we can.'

'But dishonest ways are like false friends, my good Mrs Vennell'——

'Don't call me good; what I am, I am: I'm no hypocrite.'

'And I like you the better for that, and I've the more hope of you.'

Mrs Vennell shook her head, and could not be brought to admit that there was any hope of her; but on the whole, in spite of this disavowal of amendment, Lucy's opinion of her was improved by these late opportunities of observation, and she inclined to think, from several obscure hints she had dropped, that her husband lived by some dishonest practices, in which the wife took her part more or less, though not without certain regrets and longings after a better state. What Vennell's occupation was she did not know: his wife said, in answer to her inquiries, that he *jobbed about;* but she had never yet happened to see him.

After some further conversation she took her leave, impressed with the idea that the woman was more than usually uneasy and desponding, and that it was not like the despondency arising from want or the apprehension of it, but more like the darkness of a spirit clouded by a troubled conscience. The door of the house opened into a dismal sort of lane, skirted on the opposite side by a dead-wall of no great height, which divided it from a churchyard: one of those churchyards in the heart of the metropolis about which so much has lately been written. As Lucy walked up the lane a man passed her, in company with a deformed lad, who was apparently extremely tipsy. The man was dressed like a labourer, and she looked back after him, wondering if it was Vennell. As she turned her head he turned too, and their eyes met for a moment; but the boy reeled about so distressingly that she hastened on to escape the disagreeable spectacle. Her thoughts a good deal occupied with the state of the woman she had left, she had reached the neighbourhood of her own home before she discovered that her bag was left behind. It was a tolerably capacious one which she usually took with her on these expeditions, as it would carry a small

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bottle of wine, or any other little matters she wished to distribute; and as it happened, it contained on the present occasion about five pounds in money, most of it belonging to the society. The loss of it, therefore, would be serious; and although it was already late, and would involve her not being home at the usual dinner hour, she thought, considering where the thing was left, it would be better to return for it immediately; so she retraced her steps as rapidly as she could, entered the door of the house, which, for the convenience of its various inhabitants, stood always open, and groped her way, for it was now quite dark, towards Vennell's room, the door of which was ajar.

'What signifies?' said a man, as Lucy, hearing his voice, paused a moment, hesitating whether to go forward — 'what signifies? I told you they wanted one for the lecture this evening, and there wasn't no time to stand shilly-shally. Set on the water to boil.'

'Why couldn't you get one out o' the same place as you got 'em afore?'

''Cause I only got the order this morning; and it arn't so easy, woman. There was a rumpus last night out at Islington, where them doctors was, and they was nigh taken; and that's why they sent to me. Make haste with the water, will you? They'll be here afore we're ready.'

Just as he said these words, and as Lucy, having no notion to what their conversation alluded, was about to advance into the room—whether it was chance, or whether he heard some sound that awakened his suspicions, Vennell turned his head and saw her standing in the passage. To rush out, seize her by the arm, drag her into the room, and close the door, was the work of an instant.

'Don't scream!' said the woman, darting forwards and laying her hand on Lucy's mouth—'don't scream, and you shan't be hurt!'

Lucy did not scream, but she answered with a trembling voice: 'I came back for my bag!'

'*I* know what you came back for,' said the man; 'I saw you awatching me in the lane just now.'

'Hush!' said the woman; 'she did leave her bag here. Let her go, John—she came for no harm.'

But the man stood sullenly grasping her arm. 'Sit down there!' he said, thrusting her towards a chair—'Sit you down there, I say. Make yourself at home since you are here!'

Terrified into silence, she obeyed, and he went behind her; the woman followed him, and presently she heard a struggle, but no words. An indescribable fear that some mischief was preparing for her made her turn her head, and as she did so her eye fell upon the bed, over which a sheet was spread, but under the sheet there lay a form that made her blood run cold, for she felt certain it was a corpse. At the same time the woman was holding the man's arm, and endeavouring to wrest something out of his hand: the room was lighted only by one dim candle, which shed its gloomy gleams upon this scene of horrors.

'No, John!' said the woman—'no: not if I die for it! She's come to see me, and brought me things through all my sickness!' But the man did not seem disposed to relinquish his purpose, whatever it was; when suddenly his wife made a thrust at him with all her strength, and threw him backwards on the bed.

'Run!' she cried to Lucy—'run!' making a gesture with her head towards the door. 'Turn the key this way; and as you've a soul to be saved, never tell what you've seen this night!'

The fugitive heard the last words as she fled along the passage into the lane; but the man was after her, and she was not six yards in advance of him when she heard the sound of wheels, and a hackney-coach passed. 'Save me—save me!' she cried in a frantic voice; but either the driver did not hear her, or he thought it was some drunken squabble which did not call for his interference, so he drove forward; but the interruption seemed to have changed Vennell's purpose, for she presently reached the end of the lane unpursued, and making all the speed she could till she found herself in a less dangerous neighbourhood, she stepped into a coach, and arrived at home long after dinner-time more dead than alive. Mr Spencer, she was informed, had been at home, but was gone out to the lecture, very much surprised and somewhat alarmed at her absence. Exhausted and distressed, she went to bed, and waited his return. At eleven o'clock he came home very tired, for he had been out nearly the whole of the preceding night. His first words were words of displeasure: 'Why had she not been at home at dinner-time?'

'Tell me, Gerald,' she answered, 'where were you all last night?'

'What is that to you?' he asked.

'It's as much to me as it is to you to know where I have been this afternoon!'

'I beg your pardon, Lucy; I was out on business.'

'But I want to know what business.'

'My dear little wife, men have often business they cannot trust women with.'

'On this occasion, Gerald, I beseech you trust me! I never before made any inquiries about your midnight excursions with O'Grady, but now I have very strong motives for doing so.'

'What motives?'

'Motives that concern your safety!'

'My safety, Lucy!' he rejoined in some alarm; 'where is there any danger?'

'You were at Islington last night, Gerald!'

Mr Spencer, who had been sitting by the fire warming his feet, rose and walked to the bedside.

'Who told you so, Lucy? I hope you have not been induced by any ridiculous jealousy to spy into my business! If you have, I shall be very angry. It's a thing I could not put up with in a wife, however much I loved her.'

'I see I'm right,' she said, sitting up in bed and confronting him, with a pale and haggard countenance. 'I hoped I was not. I have been praying that my suspicions might be unfounded. You know a man called Vennell, Gerald?'

'Vennell! What do you mean?'

'A man that lives at the back of St S—— Church. He's a murderer!'

'Nonsense! I see your mistake. But what in the world has brought you in contact with Vennell?'

'There's no mistake: I tell you he's a murderer, and it's you that makes him one! You've been lecturing to-night?'

'Of course I have,' answered Mr Spencer, still incredulous, and still half angry.

'And you had what you call a—a subject?'

'Well, if I had? I'll tell you what, Lucy,' he said sharply, 'if I hadn't had subjects, you wouldn't be Mrs Spencer; so mind your own business, and don't be foolish!'

'Oh Gerald, Gerald, how the love of gain blinds you to right and wrong! The man, Vennell, is a murderer, I say; and I shouldn't be here to tell you so now but for his wife, who enabled me to make my escape. If it hadn't been for her, you would perhaps have found a subject to-night on your dissecting-table you little looked for!'

'In the name of God, what do you mean, Lucy?' said Spencer, at length roused to a belief that there was something more in this agitation of hers than he had believed.

'Tell me, Gerald,' she said, 'was it a man or a woman you had to-night?'

'A man—at least, a boy.'

'I thought so,' said Lucy shuddering. 'A deformed boy?'

'Yes; a deformed boy! Why?'

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Then amidst tears and anguish she told him all that had happened: how she had visited the woman, and how strange her demeanour had appeared; how she had met the man and the boy, and the state of intoxication the latter was in; how she had forgotten her bag and returned for it; and finally, how she escaped.

'His fears made him misinterpret my looking back at him; and when he saw me in the passage, he no doubt thought I had witnessed the murder. But I saw no blood,' she said; 'how was he killed?'

'Suffocated,' returned Mr Spencer; 'but I supposed by accident. It was I that was in the coach,' he said. 'I was going to fetch the body, and I remember hearing a woman cry, but I little imagined whose voice it was!'

'Let us be poor to the end of our days, Gerald,' said his wife, 'rather than get money by such unholy means!'

And Mr Spencer was sufficiently shocked and alarmed to follow her advice.

What to do about Vennell he did not know. If he accused him, the man had it in his power to make very unpleasant disclosures regarding himself and O'Grady; and besides, Lucy was extremely unwilling to implicate the unhappy wife. Finally, after some consultation, it was agreed to warn Vennell of his danger, and then to take such measures as would prevent a recurrence of the crime. But the discovery of Williams and his associates immediately afterwards led to a full exposure of these dreadful practices, and to a more judicious legislation, which put a stop to them by removing the motive.

Lucy's bag was returned, with all its contents safe, by Mrs Vennell, and the man I have called by that name was transported at the same time that Williams was executed. The young surgeon, whose real name is not of course here given, rose afterwards to considerable eminence in his profession, and, I believe, died within the last ten years.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The total eclipse of the sun, which takes place on the 28th of this month, is one of those phenomena of nature which cannot be witnessed without the most intense interest. Partial eclipses of the sun, and even the great annular eclipse, which was so distinctly visible in this country in 1836, though highly imposing phenomena, are far inferior to the complete and total obscuration of that luminary. The event is described by those who have witnessed it as 'the most awfully grand that man can behold, and the most interesting,' because on that occurrence we are permitted a hasty glance at some of the secrets of nature which cannot be seen on any other occasion. When we read in ancient times of the two armies of the Lydians and Medes, even in the very midst of a furious battle, awe-struck and desisting from the combat at the obscuration of the sun, we cannot wonder that such a spectacle should deeply impress more refined and more intelligent observers.

Everybody knows that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the opaque body of the moon coming between us and the sun; but all are not aware of the difference of circumstances which causes at one time an annular and at another a total eclipse: these circumstances are, however, very easily explained. If you take a piece of white paper, cut it into a circle of about four inches diameter, and lay it on the table; then, standing before it, take a penny-piece, and shutting one eye, so place the coin between you and the paper that, looking at both with your open eye, you see the former cover the centre of the paper, and leave a white circle uncovered: this will represent the phenomenon of an annular eclipse. Then gradually move the penny-piece nearer and nearer your eye, till it comes to within about two feet, or to a point where the coin as now seen completely covers and obscures the whole circumference of the paper circle: this will represent the phenomenon of a total eclipse. This experiment illustrates an invariable law of vision —that bodies near the eye appear larger than those at a distance; or, in other words, that objects diminish in size as they recede from the eye or centre of vision. Now the diameter of the sun is about 400 times larger than that of the moon, and the mean distance of the former luminary is about 400 times greater; so that the diameters of the sun and moon as seen by us are nearly the same. But as the earth's orbit is elliptical, with the sun in one of the foci or centres, at certain times the sun is nearer to us, and at other times more remote; consequently his diameter increases and diminishes somewhat to our sense of vision. It is the same with the moon. Her orbit is also elliptical, and, consequently, at certain periods of her revolution round the earth, she too appears with a larger disc than at others. When it so happens that a conjunction occurs between the sun and moon, at a period when the moon's disc is at its smallest and the sun's at its largest, then the moon will not entirely obscure the sun, but a small circular rim of this luminary will be visible: on the other hand, when the reverse position of these bodies occurs—that is, when the sun is at his greatest distance from us, and his disc the smallest, while the moon is at her nearest point to the earth, and her disc the largest —then a total eclipse of the sun is the consequence. As the greatest difference, however, occurs on the moon's disc, the occurrence of a total eclipse is mainly dependent upon her relative position. From the well-known laws of the moon's revolutions it is evident that eclipses, either of the sun or moon, can only be of occasional and comparatively rare occurrence. Still more rare must be the concomitant circumstances which bring about a total or even an annular eclipse.

The eclipse of next Monday will only be partial as seen in Britain; but over a portion of the continent of Europe it will be total. Entering Norway near Bergen, the shadow crosses both coasts of Norway, both coasts of Sweden, and the eastern coast of the Baltic; then ranges through Poland and the south frontier of Russia, across the Sea of Azof, through Georgia to the Caspian Sea. The following towns are thus within its range:—Christiania, Gothenburg, Carlscrona, Dantzic, Konigsberg, Warsaw, and Teflis. All these places are now of easy access to travellers; and no doubt, with the present facility of locomotion, many will indulge themselves in a view of the spectacle.

To those who witnessed the annular eclipse of 1836 we need not describe the general effect. The early congregation of people of all ages out of doors on a beautiful cloudless Sunday; the eagerness with which the first approach of the moon's dark disc was watched; the intense interest with which its gradual progress was marked; the awe which the pervading gloom and stillness as of approaching night excited; and the singular effect which this unusual interruption of the order of every-day nature had on the unreflecting brute creation — birds ceasing their song, deserting their feeding-ground, and flying to the thickets to roost—cattle looking up in dumb amazement to the portentous sky—and dogs whining and howling in terror!

M. Arago strikingly describes the total eclipse of 1842. The whole circumference of the moon was seen by him through his telescope while yet she had entered only about two-thirds of the sun's diameter. As the total eclipse approached, a strange fluctuation of light was seen both by Arago and others upon the walls and on the ground—so striking, that in some places children ran after it, and tried to catch it with their hands. Mr Airy, the astronomer-royal, describes the singular ring of light which surrounded the moon's circumference, commencing on the side of the moon opposite to that at which the sun disappeared. In some places this

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ring or *corona* was seen double. Its texture appeared in some places as if fibrous or composed of entangled thread; in some places brushes or feathers of light proceeded from it. The appearance of this luminousness was very striking and unaccountable. The general opinion was, that it emanated from the sun; while more ancient writers have supposed it to be the atmosphere of the moon. 'In the general decay and disease which seemed to oppress all nature, the moon and the corona appeared almost like a local disease in that part of the sky.' But the most remarkable of all the appearances were the red mountains or flames apparently projecting from the circumference of the moon into the inner ring of the corona. These were seen and figured under different aspects by observers at various stations. The first impression was, that they were parts of the sun—elevations estimated at thirty thousand miles; but then the difference of form which they assumed as seen at different places became an objection to this theory. M. Faye conceives these appearances to be due to a sort of mirage or deception of vision.

Of the awful effect of the total obscuration, and of the suddenness with which it came on, it would be difficult to give an idea. The darkness is described as 'dropping down like a mantle;' the clouds seemed to be descending; the outlines of the horizon became indistinct, and sometimes even invisible; and a moral awe hung on the livid-looking countenances gazing around. The effect on the brute creation was also extraordinary. In one case a half-starved dog, which was voraciously devouring some food, instantly dropped it from his mouth when the darkness came on. In another a swarm of ants, which were busily carrying their burdens, stopped, and remained motionless till the light reappeared. A herd of oxen feeding in a field collected themselves into a circle, and stood with their horns outwards. Some plants, such as the convolvulus, closed their leaves as at night. At Venice the darkness was so great that the smoke from the steamboat funnels could not be seen. In several places birds in their flight came against the walls of houses. When the sky was clear several stars were seen, and in several places a reddish light was perceived near the horizon. A heavy dew fell at Perpignan. Mr Airy mentions an anecdote related to him by M. Arago of the captain of a French ship who had made most careful arrangements for taking observations in his vessel. When the darkness came on, however, all discipline was at an end; every one's attention was directed to the general phenomenon; and thus many minute observations were lost. For taking observations it may be mentioned that no particular astronomical skill is necessary, and few instruments—a telescope, stop-watch, common prism, and polariscope, include the more essential of them. A photogenic apparatus, either Daguerreotype or Talbotype, or both, by which a number of views could be obtained during the successive stages of the phenomenon, and at different localities, would be by far the most interesting and useful of the observations which travellers and men of science could contribute.

CONFESSIONS OF A PICTURE-DEALER'S HACK.

I AM going to make a clean breast of it, for the repose of my conscience, if I may be supposed to have any, and as some sort of laggard justice to that very numerous class towards whom a stern necessity has compelled me to play the impostor. I was once a student of nature, and enthusiastic in my studies—nourishing dreams of reputation and celebrity, with all the pleasant and agreeable accompaniments attendant upon them. Long years of painful experience have at length brought home to my consciousness the slow and unwillingly-acknowledged conviction, that I have wasted the thread of life in the pursuit of a vocation never intended for me; that, though once profoundly imbued with the sentiment of art, I never really possessed the 'faculty divine,' without which success in the profession is hopeless. I say I *once* possessed the sentiment of art—because I don't pretend to it now; even that is gone, clean gone—frittered and fooled away by the conventional and technical din of the studio and the cant of connoisseurship. It is a wretched fact, that to me the whole world of art, so far as its æsthetic influence is concerned, is nothing but a blank, unless perhaps something worse. The once magic creations of Raphael, Corregio, Titian, and Rembrandt, are resolved, through the detestable process my mind has undergone, into mere masses of oil and varnish, canvas and colour. Where others behold with awe the expression of a god-like idea, the embodiments of intellect and passion, or the incarnations of physical or mental loveliness, I see nothing but paint—reds, browns, and yellows, madders and ultramarines, with the scumblings, and draggings, and glazings, and scrapings, and pumice-stonings, and the thousand artifices employed in getting up an effect. It were well if this were all. I could be well content never to look on picture more, if the face of nature would return to me again under the aspect it wore in the days of my boyhood. But, alas! it cannot be. To me the

> 'Meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,'

are but suggestive of paint in its myriad mixtures and combinations. The gleam of sunshine upon a field is but a dash of Naples yellow; the dark gloom of evening closing o'er the distant mountains, speaking of infinite space and distance to the unsophisticated eye, is nothing to me but a graduated tint of indigo, red and white: the impenetrable depth of a yawning cavern, dimly discernible amid the sombre shades of a mountain gorge, though it may tell a tale of romance and mystery to others, is nothing upon earth to me but a dab of Vandyke brown. Nay, the boundless sky, the overarching canopy that wraps us up in brightness or in gloom, is in my view, according to circumstances, but a tube of diluted cobalt, or a varied combination of grays and reds, and yellows and whites: while the glorious sun himself figures in my imagination, precisely as he does in the pictures of Claude Lorraine, as a one-shilling impression of a flame-coloured tint.

How this came about perhaps my history will shew. I shall make it as brief as I honestly can: may it prove a warning to the youthful aspirant for artistic fame, and incite him to a candid and timely investigation into the reality and extent of his creative faculty! One thing I know—it will prove a revelation of some value to collectors and connoisseurs of all ages and grades, provided only that they have yet modesty enough remaining to doubt the infallibility of their judgment.

I was born in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, and my earliest recollections are associated with the palette and the studio. My father, whose sole child I was, was an artist of very considerable talent, who, with a real love of nature, combined a ready hand and a facility of practice which enabled him to produce a multitude of pictures though he died young. My mother, who worshipped him with a devotion that knew no bounds, relieved him of every care unconnected with his pursuit. It was her business to dispose of his productions, which, being all of small size, rarely exceeding twenty inches in length, she carried to town, and sold to the dealers for as much as they would bring. In these perambulations, when I was big enough to take the long walks, I sometimes accompanied her, and when the sale was successful, generally got a cake or a toy for my share. Besides my mother, my only playmate was a small lay-figure, which it was the quiet delight of my childhood to cherish and fondle with an affection which I cannot now comprehend. My father's pictures never realised much during his life. They

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were chiefly landscapes of a very simple style of composition, and scores of them had no other figures than a woman and a child, of which my mother and I were the models; and I remember distinctly that when a pair of them realised five pounds, it was the occasion of a rejoicing and a hot supper, which I was allowed to sit up and partake of. My poor father died before I was eleven years of age; and then his performances rose into sudden repute, selling rapidly for ten times the sum he had ever received for them. By degrees they all disappeared from public view, being bought up by the best judges, who during his life never condescended to notice the artist. My mother followed my father to the grave before her year of mourning had expired; and I, for the time heartbroken, was transferred to the care of my father's only brother, also an artist, though of a very different stamp. He sent me for two years to school, where, in the society of children of my own age, I soon forgot my griefs. Before I was fourteen my uncle bound me apprentice to himself, to make sure, as he said, of some sort of recompense for the trouble he would have in teaching me. He was a portrait-painter, at least so said the brass-plate on the door of the house in Charlotte Street; but very few and far between were the sitters who came to be limned. His principal occupation was that of cleaning and restoring old and damaged pictures, and in this he was employed mainly by the dealers, who allowed him but a sorry remuneration. He had, too, a small connection of his own, to whom he occasionally sold pictures, bought at the sales in a woful condition for a few shillings, and carefully got up by himself. With him I worked hard from morning to sunset for seven years, in the course of which period I copied an immense number of pieces, nearly all the copies being sold to country dealers, who came periodically to town and cleared them off. I learned thoroughly the difficult art and mystery of picture-cleaning; acquired of necessity some skill in portraiture; and prosecuted, whenever opportunity offered, the pursuit of landscape, in which I was resolutely determined upon gaining a reputation.

With this view, when the term of my indentures had run out, I bade adieu to my uncle, who made no attempt to alter my purpose, and commenced the world on my own account, devoting my whole time and energies to my favourite pursuit. I first painted a couple of pieces of a small size, and sent them to the —— Street Exhibition, paying the then customary fee, which a wiser policy has since abolished. I felt overjoyed to hear that my pictures were hung, and hastened to look at them as soon as the doors were opened to the public. My hopes were dashed away by the sight of my two little productions, hardly covering more than a square foot of canvas each, suspended as telescopic objects high aloft beneath the gloom of the ceiling; while whole fathoms of the 'sight line' were choked up with the 'unmitigated abominations,' as the reviewers justly styled them, of one of the members of the committee, whom nature had cut out for a scavenger. I had gone in debt for my frames, which were returned to me at the close of the exhibition smashed to fragments. I could never afterwards afford to repeat the experiment.

I now began to paint for the dealers, thinking, as I had but myself to maintain, that I might get on with frugality, and in time tread in the steps of my father. The dealers shook their heads at my performances; and one, with more candour than the rest, produced one of my father's pieces, bought of my mother for thirty shillings, which he pronounced 'a little gem'—shewed me how crisp was the touch, how pure and sparkling the colour; how vigorous, and yet how playful, was the handling; and how simple and graceful was the composition. I endeavoured to profit by the lesson; but necessity drove me to the market with my work unfinished, and for three years I maintained a hapless struggle with privations of all sorts, buoyed up only by the fervid ambition of excellence in my art. When the dealers would not buy my productions, I often left them in their hands to be sold on commission. When they did sell, I rarely discovered what they sold for; but from information accidentally obtained with regard to some few, I found that the average commission was about seventy-five per cent., leaving the other twenty-five for the artist.

I grew tired of starving in pursuit of improvement, and in the hopes of mending my fortune started a portrait club. The members were the frequenters of a Free-and-easy, who subscribed a shilling a week each, and drew lots for precedence; but they believed in beer, and had no faith in honesty. As each one received his portrait, he discontinued his subscription towards the rest, and I received next to nothing for painting the last half-dozen. The landlord, too, wished me at Jericho, as his customers took to bemusing themselves elsewhere, to avoid my eloquent appeals for the arrears. I bade a final adieu to their ugly faces, with a feeling of profound contempt as well for the department of art they encouraged as for the patrons of it, and returned to my garret, to cogitate some new mode of renewing my exhausted funds. I made a couple of sketches which occupied me a week, and took them to a pawnbroker, who lent me fifteen shillings upon them. I thought, as I threw the duplicates into the Thames, that though this would hardly do—taking the cost of canvas and colours into account—I might manage it by a little contrivance; so I procured half-a-dozen canvases of the same size, traced one subject—comprising a windmill, an old boat, and a white horse—upon them all, and making one palette do for all, got up the whole six in ten days. These I pawned for an average of eight shillings a piece. It was long since my pockets had been tightened with such a weight of silver; but with the new feeling of independence arose one of shame and degradation, which, however, I soon stifled. I repeated the same subject again and again; and grew so expert at length with my one picture, that a few hours sufficed to finish it. I kept a register of my numerous 'uncles,' taking care never to appear twice at the same place with the same picture. But this trick could not last. At the annual sale of unredeemed pledges the walls of the auction-room were covered with a whole regiment of repetitions amidst the jeers and hootings of the assembled bidders. My plan was blown, and I dared not shew my face to a pawnbroker. It was vain to send pictures to be pledged by another hand, the fellows knew my touch too well to be deceived. I tried again with original sketches, but it was of no use: everybody believed that I had a score of reduplications in store; and I was forced at length to abandon the pawnbrokers to their discrimination. I returned again to the dealers, but each and all had a copy of my windmill, old boat, and white horse hanging upon hand; and, pronouncing my productions unsaleable, declined to purchase. In this dilemma I was driven to the 'slaughter-houses,' or nightly auctions which are opened weekly at the West End, and constitute the last wretched refuge and resource of destitute daubers. Here I figured for some time, wasting my days in unprofitable attempts to meet the demands of a miserable market. I grew shabby and dispirited, and sank into the depths of poverty. Often I could not meet the expense of canvas, and painted on paper or millboard, or even on an old shirt stretched upon a worm-eaten strainer, begged or bought for a few halfpence from the liners' journeymen. Sometimes, aroused to exertion by a rekindling love of art, I would walk up to Hampstead or out to Norwood, and bringing back a subject, paint it up with all my old enthusiasm; but it availed me nothing: the picture was generally sacrificed for a few shillings; and even though it were

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afterwards sold for a fair price, the profit had been shared in the knock-out, and I was none the better.

In this exigency I gladly complied with an offer made me by Mr Grabb, a carver and gilder with whom it had been my wont at times to exchange pictures for frames. In addition to his regular business he dealt in pictures to a great extent, had a large country connection, and, living himself in Soho, kept an extra shop in the city, where he always made an extraordinary show of colour and gilding on dividend days, with the especial design of catching the 'country gabies,' as he called them, cash in hand. With him I boarded and lodged, and received a small weekly salary, in return for which I was to occupy myself ten hours a day in making new pictures or restoring old ones, according to the demand. He had picked me up just in time for his purpose. A day or two after I entered upon my duties, he encountered a country baronet at a sale which had lasted for nearly a week. The man of title had bought between 200 and 300 lots, with the view of decorating a mansion which he was then building in Sussex; and having no place at hand to contain his numerous purchases, had accepted the ready offer of my patron to warehouse them for him for a season. The purchases arrived on the day of clearance, and with them the delighted owner, who had bought a whole gallery-full for about L.500. They were all stacked in the silvering-room, and my employer was commissioned to select such of the number as he judged would do credit to the taste of the possessor, to restore them to a good condition, to regild the frames of such as required it, and to dispose of the rejected pieces for what they would fetch, carrying the proceeds as a set-off against his bill. Mr Grabb knew perfectly well what to do with such a commission. The next day I was summoned to a consultation, and having locked the doors, the whole batch was gone over, and carefully scrutinised with the aid of a bowl of water and a sponge. All the large pictures (some were as big as the side of a room), many of which I felt bound to condemn as worthless, were set aside for repair and framing; while a select collection, amounting to about thirty of the smallest, best, and most saleable cabinet sizes, were thrown into a corner as unworthy of attention. For these, which were nearly worth all the rest of the collection put together, he ultimately made an allowance of L.15 off his bill, amounting to several hundreds, the cost of gorgeous frames and gilding for trumpery of no value. It took me four months to prepare such of the pictures as wanted cleaning for their gilded jackets, and it would have taken as many years had proper care and leisure been allowed for the operation; but I was admonished to follow a very summary process—to get off the dirt and old varnish from the lights, and to leave the shadows to shift for themselves, trusting to a good coat of varnish to blend the whole. One immense sea-fight, which defied all our solvents to disturb its crust, Grabb undertook himself. Stripping it from the stretcher, he laid it flat on the silvering-slab, and splashing water on its surface, seized a mass of pumicestone twice as big as his fist, and scrubbed away with bare arms, like a housemaid at a kitchen-floor, until admonished by the tinge of the water that he had done enough. The canvas was then restrained, and turned over to me to paint again what he had scoured away. As the whole rigging of a seventy-four was clean gone, I began the slow process of renewing it; but he would not hear of that, but bade me bury everything in a cloud of smoke as the shorter way of getting over the business. When the whole were ultimately carted home and hung up in his new residence, the baronet was delighted with his gallery, and with this picture in particular, which certainly differed more than any of the others from its original appearance.

The baronet's commission being now settled and done with, the rejected pictures were withdrawn from their hiding-place and confided with many precautions to my most careful treatment. I laboured *con amore* in their restoration, and Grabb reaped a little fortune by their disposal. He kept me well employed. Every picture which came in to be framed or repaired, if he judged the subject saleable, was transferred to me for copying, and sorry indeed should I be to swear that the original invariably found its way back to the owner.

Soon after my domiciliation at Grabb's my uncle left Charlotte Street, and with a large cargo of English pictures emigrated to New York, where he sold his venture to good advantage. In one of the southern cities he found patronage and a wife, and grew into consideration ere he died.

I remained seven years with Grabb, and during that period attained a wonderful facility in the production of copies, and so close an acquaintance with the method and handling of some of the living London artists, as occasionally perplexed even themselves. This talent my employer turned to good account by selling forgeries of mine as the original sketches of painters of note and reputation; and at the decease of any one of them he supplied me with canvas and panels procured from the colourmen they had dealt with, and set me about the manufacture of sketches and unfinished pictures, which were readily bought up as the relics of celebrated geniuses.

At the close of my seventh year business fell short. True there was plenty for me to do, but owing to distress in the manufacturing districts, the sale of pictures, as is invariably the case at such seasons, very much declined. Still my principal managed to get rid of his stock, though not in the regular way of business: he packed off a portion of his best goods to country agents, and to old customers on approval, and crammed the shop in the city to overflowing, where also he took to sleeping at night, leaving me and the shop-boy sole guardians of the house in Soho. One morning about two o'clock, while soundly sleeping in my garret, I was aroused from my rest by a thundering noise at my room door, and the affrighted cries of the boy, calling upon me to arise and save myself, for the house was on fire. I dashed out of bed, contrived to huddle on a portion of my clothes, and opened the door. The room was instantly filled with smoke; the boy had already escaped through the trap-door in the roof, which, being left open, acted as a flue to the fire, the flames of which were rapidly ascending the stairs. I had no time for reflection, nor sufficient presence of mind to snatch, as I might have done, the few pounds I had hoarded from my drawer; but scrambling after him as I best might, found myself in a few minutes shivering on the roof of a neighbour's house, in my shirt and trousers, now my sole worldly possessions. A servant-girl let us in at a garret window, and I immediately despatched the boy for his master, whom, however, I did not see till the morning, when he coolly informed me that he was a ruined man, and that I must look out for some other employer. He paid me a small arrear of wages due, and gave me a faded suit of his own to begin the world afresh. I may add that Grabb subsequently received two thousand pounds insurance money; that in two years after he was so unfortunate as to be burned out again, and received fifteen hundred; that he was overtaken by the same calamity twice afterwards in New York; and returning again to London, was again burned out: whereupon the office in which he had insured politely informed him that he might recover the money if he could in a court of justice—they should not else pay it. He never instituted any proceedings, but carried on business for ten years without insurance and without accident.

I could not afford to remain long idle; and being now pretty well known to a certain portion of the trade, I was not long of obtaining employment. My

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next engagement was with Sapper, who kept a shop for the sale of pictures, together with large warehouses, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. I thought myself pretty well versed in the art and mystery of picture-making, and conceived that after my long experience under Grabb I had little if anything left to learn. This worthy undeceived me effectually. In my former place I had been the only hand; here I found three companions, each far more experienced and more clever than myself. One, a gentleman-like old fellow, painted nothing but Morlands from one year's end to the other. He had been a contemporary of that eccentric genius, and had mastered his style so effectually that he would have deceived even me had I met with his forgeries elsewhere. He was provided with a complete portfolio of every piece of Morland's which had ever been engraved, besides a considerable number of his original chalk drawings; he had, moreover, pentagraphed outlines of the known size of the original paintings, which outlines were transferred to the canvas in a few minutes by means of tracing-paper, and painted in from the prints, which were all slightly tinted after the originals for his guidance. A man of about five-and-forty, a Manchester artist, of thorough training and admirable skill in his department, did duty every morning from eight till twelve o'clock as the celebrated Greuze; after that hour he disappeared, to attend to his own practice as a portrait-painter. I recognised at once in his work the source of the numerous admirable transcripts of that master which I had been for years in the habit of occasionally encountering both in sale-rooms and private collections. The third was a Dutchman, whom Sapper had picked up on a picture-tour in Holland, and engaged from admiration of his marvellous imitations of Teniers, whose works, with others of a similar school, he was constantly employed in imitating with astonishing fidelity and success.

Among these companions I was directed to set up my easel and commence operations; and a small picture of Patrick Nasmyth was put into my hand to be copied in duplicate. I was directed to mix a certain substance with every tint that was laid on with any thickness, to insure its drying speedily 'as hard as a brick,' lest the finger-nail of a wide-awake customer should detect the softness of new colour. The panels put into my hands, though snow-white with the prepared ground on the one side, were black with age on the other, and spotted over here and there with the cracked sealing-wax impressions of well-known connoisseurs, to intimate that the picture I was about to commence had already passed through the hands of several collectors of repute. When I had finished them, both being done within a week, they were, after a few days' drying, slightly glazed with a weak solution of liquorice to give them tone: one was varnished, framed, and readily sold from the window; the other laid by in a garret, to await, with a hundred more, its turn for exportation. My next job was a magnificent Cuyp, which had not many weeks before been knocked down by auction for eight hundred guineas, and which was confided to Sapper for the purpose of removing the old varnish and substituting new, and for framing. As nothing else was required to be done, the picture might have been returned to the proprietor within a week or ten days; but Sapper determined from the moment he saw it to possess a facsimile, and I was set about the manufacture of one forthwith. A panel was prepared of the precise age, from three oak planks selected from the stores of a dealer in old houses, and dyed to the required tint by a strong infusion of tobacco. By means of new bread kneaded in the hand the two broad burgomaster's seals on the back were counterfeited beyond the possibility of detection, and I commenced upon the surface with all the industry and skill I was master of, stimulated to the task by the prospect of an extra guinea. The picture had been promised to the owner in a week, my employer knowing well enough that it would take me four or five weeks at least to make the copy. It was in vain that one message after another came to urge the return of the picture, and that the owner himself drove up in his carriage, and remonstrated in no measured terms with Sapper, and threatened him with the interference of the law. The knave had a reply ever ready upon his lips: 'He was determined to do justice to so exquisite a work of art, and he would not, he could not, be induced to hurry it; his reputation would suffer should any mischief happen to the painting; which he would prevent, in this case at least, even at the risk of disobliging his patron.' At length, after nearly six weeks' delay, I had completed the copy; and then Sapper himself, in less than an hour, licked off all the old varnish with a wisp of wadding steeped in 'the doctor,' gave it a new coat of mastic, clapped it into an elegant and appropriate frame, and despatched a note to the proprietor requesting his attendance and approval. He came, and was delighted with the aspect of his picture; while the dealer, with a thousand modest apologies for the delay, assured him that the task had been one of great labour and anxiety both to him and me, and that he could not, consistently with justice to the master, have accomplished it sooner. The wealthy connoisseur swallowed his lies with evident relish and satisfaction, reiterated his thanks again and again for the marvellous manner in which the picture had been got up, and paid at the same time a bouncing bill for a process which a crown would have amply recompensed. There remained now nothing to be done to the copy in order to render it a tolerable facsimile of the original, but to imitate the close reticulation of cracks—the ineffaceable work of time—which covered every square inch of the surface. This was accomplished in the following manner:—After the copy had stood to dry for a fortnight, by which time, thanks to certain nostrums ground up with the colours, the whole had grown as hard as a pantile, it was taken down, slightly toned with a warm brown to give it age, and when again dry, carefully coated with size; the composition of which, as it is already too well known among the knaves of the profession, and can be of no manner of utility to any honest man, I may be excused from explaining. This was no sooner tolerably dry, than it was followed by a liberal coating of varnish floated over the surface, and left to harden in a room free from dust. The inevitable result from such a process is, that the varnish is no sooner set than it begins to crack, owing to the expansion of the understratum of size; and this cracking may be regulated by an experienced hand, in varying the proportions of the ingredients used in compounding the size, and in other ways, so as to give rise to fissures of all widths, from the thickness of a hair, as exhibited on the panels of the Dutchmen, to that of a crown-piece, as they are beheld in the present condition of most of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. With the width of the cracks the size of the reticulations also varies; ranging from the diameter of a small shot to that of the palm of the hand. When very fine, the cracks are not visible until made so by rubbing impurities into them, for which purpose the dust which settles upon a polished table, wiped up with an old silk handkerchief slightly oiled, is usually preferred. The difference between a picture thus cracked by artifice and one cracked by the operation of years or centuries cannot, other things being equal, be possibly discerned by the closest inspection. The only way to get at the imposture would be to remove the varnish, either by friction or solvents, when the fissures would be found in the true picture to extend through the paint, while from the manufactured copy they would disappear with the varnish—a rule, however, which would not be without exceptions.

One morning our old Morland found himself standing still, not from any want of subjects or demand for

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them, but because the young fellow, whose business it was to line canvases and prepare panels for us all to work upon, had been out on one of his periodical drunken bouts, and had nothing ready for him. Sapper, coming up and seeing him idle, requested him to go to a broker's in Red Lion Street and 'crab' a picture for him, as he wanted to buy it. When the old fellow had gone off on his errand, I asked the Greuze what he was gone after. 'Oh,' said he, 'the broker wants L.10 for a bit of Gainsborough, and the governor wants it for fifty shillings—that's all.' I soon found that 'crabbing' is the art of putting a man wanting judgment in the article he deals in out of conceit with his goods. Two or three *accidental* inquiries, with demonstrations of amazement at the '*enormous*' price asked, are found materially to lower the demands of the seller. In this instance Sapper eventually succeeded in getting the picture he wanted at his own price; and after disposing of several copies in various quarters, ultimately sold it again for its full value.

He sold pictures on commission; and these he managed, when it was worth his while, with a complex kind of adroitness which is worth recording. I shall chronicle one instance: a gentleman who had given L.800 for a famous production of one of our first living artists, grew discontented with its too great size, and sent it to Sapper to be disposed of, professing himself willing to lose L.100 by the sale, but not more. Sapper offered it for L.1000, and at length obtained a bidding of L.700, which, as he observed, would have left nothing for himself. He immediately wrote to the owner, informing him that he had an offer of L.200 and a fine Claude, which he requested him to come and inspect, as he did not like to refuse the offer without the owner's sanction. Meanwhile one of Hofland's beautiful transcripts of Claude, procured in exchange at the nominal price of sixty guineas, was mounted on the easel, and, covered with a curtain, awaited the inspection of the victim. He came, and, deceived by the really fine execution of the picture—the counterfeited cracks of age, the palpably Italian style of lining, in which Sapper was skilled to a miracle, and the Roman frame and gilding—concluded the transaction, giving the rogue a small commission for his trouble, who, in addition to that, pocketed the difference between L.500 and the value of the pretended Claude, which would have been well sold at L.50.

Though Sapper's house was filled with works of art of every imaginable description, overflowing with pictures from the cellar to the garret, including every species of rubbish gathered from the holes and corners of half Europe, yet the contents of his dwelling afforded but an inadequate idea of the extent of his stock. He had 'plants' in the hands of numerous petty agents, the owners of small shops in suburban highways, who sold for a trifling per-centage. He had here a Madona and there a Holy Family in the keeping of a lone widow or a decayed spinster, whispered about as pieces of great value, which the holders were compelled to part with from the pressure of domestic misfortune or embarrassment; he had traps and baits lying in wait for the inevitable though long-deferred rencontre of customers whom bitter experience had rendered wary, and who had long ceased buying in the regular market; and he had collections snugly warehoused in half the large towns of the empire, waiting but the wished-for crisis of commercial prosperity to be catalogued and sold as the unique collection of some lately defunct connoisseur, removed to —— for convenience of sale.

Among the acres of what he called his gallery pictures was one with an area of some hundred square feet, upon which he had bestowed the names of Rubens and Snyders. It had hung for years upon hand, and was at length disposed of by the following ingenious *ruse*:—A gentleman who had appeared at different times desirous of treating for it—now negotiating an exchange, now chaffering for a cash price—hovering on the edge of a resolution, like Prior's malefactor on the gallows cart—at length absented himself, and withdrawing on a visit to B——, appeared to have relinquished the idea of dealing. Sapper, knowing that a picture-sale was shortly coming off in the town to which his dallying customer had flown, and knowing, too, that he could do as he chose with the auctioneer, who was an old chum, followed close upon the heels of the tardy bidder, taking the enormous picture with him. As the cunning rogue had calculated, the instincts of the would-be-buyer led him to the sale-room, where his astonishment was unbounded at beholding the picture he had so long coveted at length condemned to the hammer. On the following day, when the sale came on, Sapper, who had not shewn his face in the town, lay ensconsed in a snug box behind the fence over which the lots were consecutively hoisted, and here, concealed from view, he ran up the picture against the eager bidder to the full sum he had offered for it in London, and bought it in against him in the name of an Irish nobleman. So soon as the doors were shut, the picture was again off to London, and the next day appeared in its usual place on the wall of the staircase. In a fortnight after the gentleman walks into the shop, exclaiming: 'Ha, Sapper, so you have parted with the picture—you might as well have closed with my offer.' 'I don't understand you,' said the other—'I have parted with no picture that I know of which you had any inclination for.'

'I mean the Rubens and Snyders,' replied the gentleman; 'it was sold at B—— about a fortnight ago, and fetched about what I offered for it. I must know, for I was there myself, and bid for it.'

'I don't pretend to contradict you, sir,' retorted Sapper; 'all I know is, that the picture you speak of has never been out of my house, and, what is more, is not likely to go, unless I get my price for it. Now I think of it, there was a young fellow from B—— up here last summer, who gave me ten pounds for permission to copy it; and a capital copy he made: had I known he was so good a hand I should not have let him do it for the money. You will find the picture in its place if you like to step and look at it.'

Up walks the bewildered gentleman, and can scarcely believe his eyes at beholding the old favourite in its old place. Sapper follows with a sponge and water, and cleaning down the face of the painting, expresses his astonishment that any one should mistake a copy, however cleverly done, for such a fine work as that; adding, that if the copy brought so good a sum under the hammer, what must be the actual value of the original? The inference was inevitable, and the speedy result was the consummation of the purchase, not without some show of unwillingness on the part of Sapper, who appeared impressed with the notion that he was submitting to a tremendous sacrifice.

I cannot, nor need I, continue these details. I have said enough to warn the unwary, and to arouse the watchfulness of the wise. Is it wonderful that the moral atmosphere in which I have lived, and moved, and had my being, should have had the effect upon my mind which I have described at the commencement of this paper? When connoisseurs and critics stand gasping with breathless raptures in contemplation of slimy mixtures of megilp and burned bones; when they solemnly invoke the shades of the mighty dead, and ejaculate their maudlin rhapsodies in reverential whispers, as though hushed to silence by the spirit of departed genius in the presence of a rascally forgery perpetrated for a wage of thirty shillings—what marvel if one whom hunger and necessity have driven to deceit should lose all capacity for the proper appreciation of art or nature either, and should at last be able to look at both only through the prostituted means and materials which

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during a whole lifetime have been the daily instruments of deceit?

What I would inculcate is not far to seek: he who buys a picture should never speculate beyond his judgment; and if he would encourage living art, should do so in the studio of the artist.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

July 1851.

THE Census has been a prominent subject of talk from the time that the Registrar-General made the facts public. They have been examined, commented on, and discussed in various ways by the Statistical Society and others; and many and important are the consequent deductions. Looking at the rapid increase and spread of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic and in the southern hemisphere, we are told that this race and the English language are to become predominant among the nations and tongues of the earth. Notwithstanding the going forth of emigrants by hundreds of thousands from our shores during the past ten years, the population of Britain has increased 2,263,550 since 1841. In London at the last census the numbers were 1,948,369: now they amount to 2,363,141; and who shall assign a limit to the further multiplication? While it lasts, the great metropolis becomes year by year a more remarkable and interesting phenomenon — a mightier subject of study for the reflective mind. One fact as to the country at large has already given rise to a little serious inquiry: the returns shew that there are half a million more females than males; and social philosophers are beginning to wonder what is to become of them.

The Census, however, as well as most other topics, is thrown into the shade by the Exhibition, which still continues to be *the* subject of gossip. The objects on show, the throngs of visitors, the daily-enlarging experiences as to the practicability and philosophy of great gatherings, form infinite themes of discussion and remark. According to some, certain beneficial moral effects are beginning to be apparent. Meantime our learned societies have pursued the even tenor of their way without any more striking change than that of an occasional sprinkling of moustached foreigners at their meetings. The Royal Society have held their election meeting, and admitted fifteen out of nearly forty candidates to the honour of fellowship, and they, in common with other distinguished confraternities, have brought their session to a close. Their president, Lord Rosse, has given the last of his four *soirées;* and weary officials are full of self-gratulation at the prospect of a breathing time. And truly there are many who need it; for the whirl and excitement of parties, conversaziones, &c. are so continuous and overwhelming, that it is only by going to two or three in the course of an evening that some people manage to render the courtesies expected of them, and to conciliate their friends and acquaintances. What should we do were it not for the beauty and quiet of the country?

Happily the turmoil is not universal, as you may judge by the steady way in which scientific research and philosophical investigation are maintained. For example: Let ocean steam-navigators take courage, for it is now an ascertained fact that, in addition to the deposits in several islands of the Indian Archipelago, coal exists in abundance in the Corean peninsula of China. Surprise has at times been expressed that coal should be found in the torrid zone: if a final cause of a very special nature were necessary in the case, it might be found in the maintenance and multiplication of steamers on the great oceans. Another fact from the East is one to which, as the readers of 'Cosmos' will remember, Humboldt attaches some importance—the line of perpetual snow on the Himalayas. It appears from recent explorations by Lieutenant Strachey, that on the southern edge this line is at an elevation of 15,000 feet, and at 18,500 on the northern; while on the mountains to the north of the Sutlej it rises to 19,000 feet. Thus an inquiry of some interest in physical geography may be considered as settled, subject of course to revision by future explorers.

Lieutenant Gilliss, who, as I told you some time ago, is at the head of an astronomical expedition sent out by the United States to South America, has written an account of the late earthquake at Valparaiso. He says that, 'for several days before and after, there were extraordinary fluctuations of the barometer, and overcast weather. Finding the instrument made for measuring the intensity of shocks fail in its indications, he constructed a pendulum more than nine feet long, supported on a triangle, with a needle inserted in the lower part of the bob, which,' to quote his description, 'just touches a sheet of glazed paper marked with concentric circles and the points of the compass. The paper lies on a horizontal plate of glass resting on the earth, and is sprinkled with black sand, so that the motion of the pendulum leaves a white line exposed. It is to be regretted that the paper had not been secured to the earth, for during the shock there was a displacement bodily of about half an inch; but we have a distinct ellipse, whose diameters are 3·5 inches and 2·4 inches, and positive evidence that the motion of the disturbing force was in a line varying little from north by east to south by west, or contrary to the supposed direction in which the earth-wave has moved in all preceding great disturbances.' These facts are the more interesting at the present time, as the subject of an earthquake-ometer has been more than once discussed at the late meetings of the British Association.

To pass from South to North America, there is the usual assortment of 'notions' from the United States, among which not the least curious is the fact that not fewer than twenty-one applications for patents for churns were made in the course of last year. Most of these utensils were what is called 'atmospheric churns,' which means that they were contrived so that in the process of churning air was interfused with the cream, by which a more complete agitation was effected, and the butter more quickly produced than by the ordinary way. A common churn, it is said, may be converted into an atmospheric, by piercing a hole from one extremity of the dasher to the other, and placing a valve at the bottom to open downwards only. If the dasher be raised quickly, air and not cream rushes into the opening, and on the descent is pressed out laterally, and escapes through the whole mass of the cream, which appears as though it were boiling violently. On some occasions, when the question as to performance and principle between any two churns became delicate, the inventors were required to make butter in the Patent Office at Washington; and once there was held a 'churn race between a patented and a new churn, in which they both came out alike, making butter from new milk in two-and-a-half minutes.' But as the commissioner appointed to decide on the merits of the case reports: 'Such a rapid separation of the butter is by no means desirable, although this is the general aim of these improvements. We have it upon the highest chemical authority, that butter made so rapidly is not likely to be as good as that which is made slowly.' Thus it would appear that there is a limit to the time of butter-making, not to be overpassed without prejudice to the article—a fact worthy of consideration by those who hold quick production to be the best.

In certain quarters, chiefly among those who are food-providers, M. Masson's experiments are exciting attention. He is gardener-in-chief to the Horticultural Society of France, and has announced a method for preserving alimentary vegetable substances, the result of ten years' study, in which the bulk of the

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vegetable is reduced without altering its constitution. The process is one of desiccation in stoves at a low temperature, followed by powerful compression in a hydraulic press. The first operation, as the author describes, deprives the substances of their superabundant moisture, which, in cabbages and certain roots, amounts to 80 or 85 per cent. of the whole bulk. By the second their volume is much reduced, and the density increased until it resembles that of pine-wood, thereby facilitating preservation, packing, and transport.

When required for use, the substance has only to be soaked in tepid water for thirty or forty minutes, and cooked and seasoned in the usual way. Vegetables so preserved have been tried in the French navy; a case of cabbage taken on board the corvette *Astrolabe* in January 1847 was opened in January 1851, and on being dressed was found to be 'of excellent flavour.' All the cakes were in good condition; some of them absorbed six and a half times their weight of water.

M. Masson states that his process admits of application to all green vegetables, as well as to roots, tubers, and fruits. If emigration is to go on as of late, compressed vegetables would supply a most essential aliment to thousands who have now to undergo severe privations and the risk of disease whether on land or water. With these, and the 'meat biscuit' recently introduced from America, and the bread made at Toulouse by certain ingenious bakers from the gluten hitherto wasted in starch factories, one might bid defiance to famine.

Messrs Gratiolet and Cloez have submitted to the Académie a 'Note on the venomous properties of the lactescent humour secreted in the cutaneous pustules of the terrestrial salamander and common toad,' in which it is shewn that the popular belief regarding the nature of the animals in question is not without foundation. They first observed that several frogs which had been shut up with salamanders (efts) in a barrel, were found dead at the end of a week; and having collected a pure white liquid from the pustules of the salamanders, a small quantity was inserted under the leg or wing of a bird. No immediate inconvenience was perceived, but after a few minutes the creatures operated on were seen to stagger, to open and shut the beak convulsively, to erect their feathers, utter plaintive cries, and die in extreme agony. A yellow-hammer thus treated died in three minutes, a turtle-dove in twenty minutes, a chaffinch in twenty-five; most of the birds, however, died in six or seven minutes. Strangely enough, the poison does not appear to be fatal to quadrupeds: even mice escape; but all undergo great suffering.

The poison of the toad (*Rana bufo*) is yellowish, and insupportably bitter in taste. It killed greenfinches and chaffinches in from five to six minutes after inoculation; thus shewing the two poisons to be equally energetic in their action on birds, with this difference, that convulsions are produced by that of the salamander but not by that of the toad. The two authors are pursuing the inquiry into this interesting subject; when they publish anything further worth recording, I shall not fail to acquaint you with it.

Three other *savans* have been making 'Experimental researches on the modifications produced in the animal temperature by the introduction of different therapeutic agents into the animal economy.' Sulphate of copper, according to their testimony, has a constant lowering effect, which remains for ten or twelve hours. Tartar-emetic, whether in the stomach or the blood, elevates the temperature when taken in minute doses, while larger doses depress. With ipecacuanha the effect is precisely reversed: it is the largest dose which most raises the temperature. Two drops of croton oil first lower, then elevate. Twelve drops produce a reduction of five degrees of temperature in the course of two hours. These are but a few selected from numerous experiments which are still carried on, as having an important bearing on medical practice—sufficient, however, to give you an idea of their nature. I must just add, before quitting this part of the subject, that M. Carnot states that vaccination only serves to *displace*, not to *diminish* mortality. He believes that the practice of inoculation, and the varioloid eruption consequent thereupon, prevented those gastro-intestinal diseases which are now so frequent and fatal to persons from twenty to thirty years of age. Let the doctors look to it.

M. Babinet has been investigating mathematically the 'Relation of temperature to the development of plants.' It is a question that has been discussed over and over again, and is still debatable. The postulate is, that 'every plant starting from a certain temperature requires the same amount of heat for its equal development.' Thus the point to be first determined was this starting temperature, which of course varies with different plants, and then to estimate the amount of heat necessary to advance the plant from germination to florescence and fructification. It is known that 150 days at a temperature of 60 degrees will effect as much as 100 days at 70 degrees. M. Babinet shews, in a way only to be understood by mathematicians, that the point of departure may be determined by mathematical formulæ, and considers that a much greater increment of heat is necessary for the full development than has been thought of by others who have studied the same subject. While they decide that *two* or even *one* degree is sufficient, he holds that *six* are necessary. In these days of land reclamation and agricultural enterprise such a question becomes important. Its decision will indicate how far north a farmer may plant and sow with hope of success.

Apropos of cultivation, we are promised a plan, by a Frenchman, for destroying insects hurtful to grain; and M. Guérin-Méneville, whose name I have frequently introduced to your notice, has published certain practical observations on the silk-worm in health and disease, and the best means to improve the breed: he also proposes a method to prevent the boring-worm, by which olive-trees are infested, from pursuing its depredations. Further, and apropos of botany, Professor Blüme of Leyden has just presented to the Académie his valuable work, in several volumes, on the Dutch plants of the Eastern Archipelago. Among others he treats of the different kinds of upas—a tree of which we used to read with horror in our schoolboy days. They are all more or less poisonous in their juices; but, as M. Blüme shews, the stories about the noxious vapours destroying the birds that fly over them are mere inventions, for birds build their nests and rear their young as comfortably in the branches of the upas as in any other tree. He adds that the volcanic soil of Java in certain places emits a deleterious gas, the effects of which have been mistakenly attributed to the trees.

Photography is being pursued with such vigour as to shew that erelong it will compete powerfully with the arts of engraving and printing. M. Bayard is working at the problem, 'To render the positive paper highly impressionable under the action of a light relatively very feeble.' By his process he gets copies of the positive impression in one second by the sun, and in less than an hour by a carcel lamp. And according to M. Blanquart Evrard of Lille, copies of the negative impression may be taken at the rate of 200 or 300 per day, and sold for one penny or twopence. If he can really do what he says, how perfect and exact we may hope to have the illustrations of books!

To turn to another topic, M. Pierre Landry applies hygienic laws to the construction of towns and cities, and submits a plan to the Académie which is to satisfy all the needs of health, &c. Taking a town situate on

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a public highway, he describes: '1. The main-road which commonly traverses the town is contrived so as to form the three principal streets which comprise the town within them; 2. The public edifices necessary to the whole town are grouped at the centre, and thus realise a spacious reservoir of air and sunshine; 3. The streets composing the town are planned around the public edifices, avoiding exposure to the north; 4. At the angles of the town are private country residences, and beyond them agricultural buildings; 5. At one end are the hospitals, barracks, museum of natural history,' &c.

By this plan, as the inventor sums up, 'every one has the *sun*, *pure air*, a *picturesque prospect*, and the maximum of hygienic conditions; and the causes of disease arising out of vicious construction may be made to disappear from towns.' It must be remembered that M. Landry writes for French readers. The question which he opens is one that has excited some attention in France; in proof of which I may mention the translation of Mr Roberts's work on the Dwellings of the Labouring-Classes under the auspices of the President.

I have much more to say, but can only make room for a remarkable fact: M. Charault finds, on electrifying a liquid in which an aerometer is placed, that the instrument immediately rises, indicating a lesser density of the fluid. On de-electrifying, it sinks to its former level. The same effect can neither be produced by the current from a galvanic battery nor by the discharge from a Leyden jar.

STORY OF A DRAMATIST.

One cold morning in February 1810, a short, stout, commonplace-looking man, about sixty years old, entered the garden of an inn situated in the suburbs of Paris. Although the air was sharp and frosty, he seated himself near one of the tables placed out of doors, and taking off his hat, passed his fingers through his long gray hairs.

His hands contrasted strangely with the remainder of his person: they were small, white, and terminated in such delicately-formed pink nails as might excite the envy of many a young lady. Presently one of the waiters came up, and placed before him a bottle of wine.

'Not any to-day, thank you,' said the old man. 'I feel fatigued, and will just rest for a moment.'

'The best way of resting, monsieur,' replied the waiter gaily, 'is to drink a good glass of wine.'

He drew the cork, and poured out some of the wine.

The old man rose and walked away. The waiter was a young lad, and it was with a confused and embarrassed air that he ran after the guest and said: 'Sir, there is credit for you at the Lion d'Or; if you have forgotten your purse, that's no reason you should lose your breakfast. To-morrow, or whenever you like, you can ask for the bill.'

The old man turned, looked at the youth, and a tear sparkled in his eye. 'Thou art right, Jean,' he said; 'poverty must not be proud. I accept thy kindness as frankly as it is offered. Help thyself to a glass of wine.'

'I drink to your very good health, monsieur,' said the waiter; and having emptied his glass, he went and fetched some spiced meat, bread, cheese, fruit, and everything necessary for a tempting and nourishing repast; then with native politeness, in order to lessen the painful sense of obligation to his guest, he said: 'When next one of your pieces is played, will you give me a ticket?'

'Thou shalt have two this very evening, my good lad. I will go and get them from Brunet, and bring them back to thee.'

'The walk would be too much for your strength, monsieur: some other day, when you happen to pass by, will do as well.'

'Thou shalt have a ticket to-day, for they are going to perform one of my pieces, "Le Désespoir de Jocrisse," at the Théâtre des Variétés; and it may amuse thee.'

'Ah, thank you, monsieur! What laughing I shall have!'

'Yes; the poor old man, who but for thy charity would not have had a morsel to eat to-day, will this evening entertain a numerous assembly. They will applaud his pleasantry, they will laugh at his wit, but none of them will inquire about his destiny.'

'But, monsieur, do not your pieces bring you money?'

'Not now, my friend. In order to support life during the past month I was obliged to forestall the resources of the present one. These are only the slender returns from my former productions, for now age and misfortune have robbed my mind of its former powers. I no longer offer any vaudevilles to the managers; for although they accept them, and pay me, they never have them played. I perceive they only take them from motives of compassion, and as a pretext for giving me alms. Now, my friend, thou art the first from whom I have accepted charity, and thou shalt be the last. The son of Louis Quinze may have descended to write in the character of a buffoon, and as it were to set his wit dancing on the tight-rope of a vaudeville, but he will *not* become a beggar were he expiring of hunger. You look as if you thought I have lost my senses; but it is not so. Louis Dorvigny is the son of a king. My mother, the young orphan daughter of the Count d'Archambaud, died in giving me birth. My father was Louis Quinze. During my childhood and youth an invisible protector watched over me, and provided amply for my support and education. Suddenly the fostering hand was withdrawn, and I was cast on the world to work unaided for my support. I did so until the moment when the powers of both mind and body failed me. That is my history—a royal origin, success, reputation, almost glory; and its end—a meal owed to thy charity! Adieu, young man, and thanks; I will bring thee the ticket for the play.' So the old man departed, but as he stepped into the road he found himself intercepted by two or three cavalry regiments returning to their barracks after a review.

The band was playing a lively air, and in the midst of the troops rode in the place of honour a general dressed in a magnificent uniform, and mounted on a splendid Andalusian charger. Happening as he passed to cast a glance at Dorvigny, he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. Without heeding his soldiers he stopped, jumped off his horse, and taking the old man by the hand, saluted him with great affection. Dorvigny stared with astonishment, not recognising his features.

'You do not know me! Have twenty years caused Monsieur Dorvigny to forget his idle, good-for-nothing servant-boy?'

'Jean Dubois!'

'Yes, Jean Dubois—Jocrisse, as you used to call him. You ought not to have forgotten me, for I served as the model of one of your happiest dramatic creations.'

'What! my poor boy—monsieur, I mean—thou art—you are become a general?'

'Precisely. While in your service I was a terrible destroyer of plates: now in the Emperor's, I perform the same office for his enemies. How glad I am to have met you! During the two days since my arrival in Paris I have sent to seek for you in every direction, but I could not discover your address.'

'Because I have no longer an address.'

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'Then you must come and take up your abode at mine.'

'General!'

'A general is accustomed to be punctually obeyed. I arrest you as my prisoner. Go,' he continued, addressing a soldier, 'fetch me a carriage, and lead my horse home. Now, Monsieur Dorvigny, step in.'

Half-laughing, half-resisting, the old man took his place in the carriage next the general. 'Do you remember,' said the latter as they drove on, 'the day that I left your service, because, as you told me, you were no longer rich enough to keep a servant? I tried my fortune in several situations, but did not find any master so lenient towards my faults as you; so as a last resource I enlisted in a regiment. I was jeered by my comrades for my awkwardness, and for many months led an unhappy life; until one day we found ourselves at Bormio in the Valteline, facing a redoubt which opened a murderous fire on our ranks. The order was given to advance, and we rushed to the attack; but presently most of our men were mowed down, and those who escaped hesitated and drew back. I threw myself alone into the redoubt, shouting: "Follow me, boys!" They did so. The Austrians, astonished at this unlooked-for attack, fled, and we took twelve pieces of cannon. The same day I was made a sergeant; and afterwards, by degrees and the fortunes of war, rose to the rank I now occupy. Perhaps I may get still higher!'

Dorvigny was installed by the general in a pleasant apartment next his own, and for some time the old man enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of life. At length his friend received an order to set out for Russia. During the first three months of the campaign General Dubois sent letters and remittances to his former master, but they suddenly ceased, and one morning, from the column of a newspaper, Dorvigny learned that his friend had fallen at Moscow.

He was forced to leave his pleasant lodging, and take refuge in an attic in an obscure part of Paris. There, after having sold the coat off his back, overwhelmed with age and illness, he went to the proprietor of the Théâtre des Variétés, whose fortune he had made, and begged for a small weekly pittance. It was refused. The old man smiled bitterly when the sentence was pronounced, and from that time he shunned meeting his acquaintance. The bookseller, Barba, who felt some friendship for him, sought him in various parts of the city, but in vain. A short time afterwards Barba happened to hear that in a mean lodging, in the Rue Grenétat, was lying, unclaimed and unknown, the corpse of an old man. With a sad presentiment he hastened thither. It was indeed Dorvigny—dead from cold and hunger, uncared for alike in life and death!

The son of a peasant, the awkward servant-boy, became a general, and after a glorious career died the death of a hero: the son of a king, the charming poet, the bewitching dramatist, lived in poverty, and died the death of an outcast! Such is life! *

* The above is abridged from the French of T. H. Berthoud.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE MOUNTEBANK.

When I was a boy I went once to a theatre. The tragedy of Hamlet was performed—a play full of the noblest thoughts, the subtlest morality that exists upon the stage. The audience listened with attention, with admiration, with applause. But now an Italian mountebank appeared upon the stage—a man of extraordinary personal strength and sleight of hand. He performed a variety of juggling tricks, and distorted his body into a thousand surprising and unnatural postures. The audience were transported beyond themselves; if they had felt delight in Hamlet, they glowed with rapture at the mountebank. They had listened with attention to the lofty thought, but they were snatched from themselves by the marvel of the strange posture. Enough, said I; where is the glory of ruling men's minds and commanding their admiration when a greater enthusiasm is excited by mere bodily agility than was kindled by the most wonderful emanations of a genius little less than divine!—*Eugene Aram.*

THREE SONNETS.

'Till with the dawn those angel faces smile,
That I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.'

I WILL not paint them. God them sees, and I:
None other can, nor need. They have no form;
I cannot close with passionate kisses warm
Their eyes that shine from far or from on high,
But never will shine nearer till I die.
How long, how long! See, I am growing old,
Have ceas'd to count within my hair's close fold
The silver threads that there in ambush lie;
Some angel faces, bent from heaven, would pine
To trace the scarred lines written upon mine.
What matter! In the furrows plough'd by care,
Let age tread after, sowing immortal seeds!
All this world's harvest yields, wheat, tares, and weeds,
Is reap'd; 'neath God's stern sky my field lies bare.

But in the night-time, 'tween me and the stars
The angel faces still come floating by,
No death-pale shadow, no averted eye
Marking the inevitable doom that bars
Me from them. Not a cloud their aspect mars;
And my sick spirit walks with them hand in hand
By the cool waters of a pleasant land;
Sings with them o'er again, without its jars,
The psalm of life that ceas'd when one by one
Their voices sank, and left my voice alone,
With dull monotonous wail, to grieve the air;
Turns glad from each to the other, still to find
Its own—'I love thee!' echoed close and kind;
—Moon glimmerings, bridging the black sea, Despair!

Ay, angel faces! So I ever deemed
Their human likeness; so I see them now!
God laid his visible signet on each brow,
And they were holy, even as they seem'd.
Then, though all earth and hell itself had schem'd
To lure them from me by divided road,
One goal remains for all—the throne of God;
And I shall find them there! Not vain I dream'd,
My sainted ones! my glorious ones! my lov'd
And lost ones! from my famish'd sight remov'd
A little while, lest I might worship ye,
And forget heaven. Sure as at God's White Throne
All whom He loves one living union own,
My angel faces there will shine on me.

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LOVING ONE FOR ONE'S SELF.

There is a story of certain men of Gotham, who, sitting down upon the ground in a circle to converse, had some difficulty when they were about to separate in finding their own peculiar limbs. Each man insisted upon appropriating to himself the best-turned leg near him, just as one naturally does in the matter of hats at the breaking-up of an evening-party; and the *embrouillement* might have terminated in something serious had not the disputants been members of the Peace Society, and referred the question to the arbitration of a passer-by. This individual fortunately possessed at once a philosophic mind and a vigorous arm, and he applied a horsewhip so sharply to the backs of the whole circle that every man found his own legs in the twinkling of an eye.

Some persons may be disposed to doubt, in a certain measure, the authenticity of this anecdote, or even to rank our men of Gotham summarily with the personages of mythic story: but a little reflection will shew that we are all subject to mistakes and misconceptions quite as extraordinary, and of a much more wholesale nature. What is more common than for a man to lose himself in the mazes of a story, till his identity merges in that of the hero, and he *is* the vision by which he is haunted, till

> —— 'All his visage wans,
> Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
> A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
> With forms to his conceit'——

when suddenly the horsewhip of Circumstance flashes over his shoulders—a door claps, a bell rings, a voice calls—and hey! presto! the illusion vanishes, and Richard's himself again!

Himself? What self? This is a puzzling word when you think of it. It is a tradition, a convention, supposed by common consent to have a meaning; which, nevertheless, waxes dimmer and more formless the more earnestly you look for it. To be loved for one's self is the grand aspiration both of romance and real life. Love of any other kind is voted a lie and a cheat, and not only so by sentimental young ladies but by the grave, staid, and even elderly of the male sex. 'It is I who must be loved,' say all with one voice, 'and not my birth, fortune, station, power—not the mere material circumstances by which I am surrounded by the accidents of the world.' 'It is I who must be loved,' says Miss Angelina, going into particulars, 'and not my beauty, shape, manner, dress, dancing, dowry, jewels: I must be loved for myself, and for myself alone; for an individuality which cannot be affected by misfortune, poverty, or even smallpox.'

Now this is what puzzles us. *What* is this self?—*what* is this individuality? It is a physiological fact that the whole of our frame, the whole of our material part, is perpetually changing; that there is not an atom of our body which was in existence, as one of its component parts, a few years ago; and that the materials of which some brief time hence we shall be composed are at present diffused throughout the different kingdoms of nature. It is obviously, therefore, not the physical bulk of Miss Angelina she calls her Self; and one does not see clearly how she can be said to have any more absolute and exclusive property in her moral and intellectual character apart from the circumstances by which it was developed.

If our fair enthusiast had chanced to be born in a cellar, and brought up in misery and crime, she would, according to her theory, have still been the same self. Will she tell us that she would still be entitled to expect the same love? If not, she cannot be loved for herself, but for the material circumstances which are part and parcel of her individuality. If she had grown up in some remote and solitary place, with a deaf-mute for her sole companion, she would still have been the same entity, and she would still have possessed, in the recesses of her moral being, the germs of those qualities which in a state of development and activity are fitted to awaken admiration. But without knowledge, without aspirations beyond those of mere animal life, and without even language to express her few ideas, would she be entitled to the love she now demands as a right?

It may be answered—for a man's self will not be quietly surrendered any more than his skin—that at the time love is won the moral and intellectual being is formed, the innate qualities developed, and that individuality constituted which is the self all seek to vindicate. But this is affixing an arbitrary and impossible limit to the progress of mind. It assumes that circumstances influence us up to a certain precise point, and that then their effect ceases suddenly, and the character, till that moment in a liquid and ductile state, cools down at once in its mould, and becomes a solid and unchangeable mass. It is unreasonable thus to have recourse to miracle even for the protection of one's self. The world in which we live is the school of circumstances, and we are usually taken home before we are half taught. It is common to say of some unexpected conduct in a man: 'We did not think him capable of it: this presents him in quite a new light—he is a different person from what we supposed him to be.' He is indeed a different self. The circumstances in which he chanced to be placed have brought out some hitherto dormant points in his character, and the man is to all intents and purposes a new being. These

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circumstances are essential to the estimate we form of him, whether good or bad, whether tending to love or hate.

But the passion for being loved for one's self has led, we are told, to experiment, and this has resulted in facts that laugh at our philosophy. A gentleman who has a high opinion of the entity he calls himself, determines to ascertain in what estimation it is held by others. He takes measures, therefore, which appear to strip him of all the prestiges of wealth and rank. He becomes a bankrupt, loses his estate, lays down his carriage, exchanges his mansion for a cottage; and in this denuded condition presents himself to his lady-love. Her woman's heart, however, is as firm as a rock. She has loved him in wealth, and still loves him in poverty. The atmosphere in which they lived has changed its temperature; but she only nestles the closer to her chosen one. The material conductors between them are broken; but passion, with a finer sense than the electric fluid, overleaps the chasm. Surely this is being loved for one's self! Not at all. The gentleman only acts ruin, he does not feel it; his manner, his speech, his aspect, are the same, only touched by a melancholy which gives romance to his misfortune. The lady only hears of poverty, she does not see it; and her imagination is busy embrowning her lover's cheek with manly toil, and festooning their cottage-porch with roses and jasmine.

Real poverty is a very different thing from stage poverty. Real labourers neither work nor play in knee-breeches trimmed with ribbons, and clean white stockings; cottage girls don't go a haymaking in muslin dresses, or dust the table with snowy aprons; real gentlemen don't take kindly to their porridge or their fat bacon; neither are they partial to the crystal spring; and no more do they learn intuitively to plough and reap, but on the contrary are jeered for their ignorance and effeminacy by the cow-boys, and are a standing butt for the oxen. Our ruined gentleman would cut a very awkward, and perhaps a very unamiable figure in any other position than the one he had been accustomed to—as his faithful mistress would find if she could follow him into his new avocations. In the meantime she makes the mistake, in meditating on his changed fortune, of supposing him to be the same self by whom her heart was won; and thus her fancy carries him in a stage costume through the stern realities of the working world.

Do we say, then, that there is no such thing as disinterested love? No, ladies! no, gentlemen! we say nothing of the kind. What we say is, that the character of a man has no separate existence, so far as the perceptions of others are concerned, from the circumstances by which it has been formed, and in which it is embedded. The notion of being loved, therefore, for one's self, is mere fudge; and the witty sneers of young ladies or young gentlemen at the appliances of fortune which surround the object of their choice is mere babble. We cannot tell what a man will do if thrown out of his position; we do not know how his accomplishments will wear in another sphere of life, or what hitherto dormant qualities may rise into activity. We know and love what he is; but we neither know nor love—except in a dream and delusion—what he will be. Suppose the instance we have given to be reversed in point of station—suppose some cottage Blowsalinda sees her Strephon metamorphosed, all on a sudden, into a gentleman by some magical stroke of fortune: her affections are unchanged, for they are rivetted on *himself*, not on his clouted shoon; and her innocent imagination even pleases itself with pictures of his long coat and gloved hands. But if she could see his entrance into the new life to which he is called—his awkwardness, his ignorance, his bashfulness; if she could hear the gibes of the very servants on his manner and appearance; and, above all, if she could feel the change his new fortune has wrought in him, and the terror with which he starts at every apparition before his fancy of his peasant mistress—she would know that the hero of her love was no more than a shadow or a memory.

But, again, do we say that there is no such thing as disinterested love? By no means. We merely say that there is no such thing as love fixed upon a mere abstraction—upon a thing irrespective of circumstance and change. The grief that is felt at a love-disappointment is like the tears that are given to the dead—tears that embalm the living image in our memory—not the ruin that moulders in the grave. Disinterested love is found in every station, in every circle of circumstances; and in married life, more especially, where it has freer scope, it enlivens the dreariest path of adversity, and indeed festoons the humblest porch with roses and jasmine. Disinterested love is not the love of the occult self we have been groping after, but of an actual being possessed of qualities that have our sympathy and admiration, and surrounded by circumstances calculated to retain them in activity. For this being we would make any sacrifice—in great emergencies, that of life itself: but we will not stultify ourselves by affirming that we love him as an abstraction. In the above instances we have seen that generous love remains even after its object has been stripped of everything by which it was won. But this, philosophically considered, is the love of one who exists merely in our memory, and with whom the actual man identifies himself only in those comparatively rare cases where great, or good, or merely pleasing qualities are so firmly embedded in the character as to survive the shock of change.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

ALLY SOMERS.

When I joined the *Scorpion* sloop of war, then (1810) on the West India station, there were a father and son amongst the crew whose names, as borne on the ship's books, were John Somers and John *Alice* Somers. The oddity in this country of giving a boy a female baptismal name had been no doubt jestingly remarked upon by those who were aware of it, but with the sailors the lad passed as *Ally* Somers. The father was approaching fifty, the son could not have been more than seventeen years of age. The elder Somers, who had attained to the rating of a boatswain, was a stern, hard, silent man, with a look as cold and clear as polished steel, and a cast-iron mouth, indicative of inflexible, indomitable firmness of will and resolution. The son, on the contrary, though somewhat resembling his father in outline of feature, had a mild, attractive, almost feminine aspect, and a slight graceful frame. I was not long in discovering that, obdurate and self-engrossed as the man appeared, the boy was really the idol-image in which his affections and his hopes were centred. His eye constantly followed the motions of the lad, and it appeared to be his unceasing aim and study to lighten the duties he had to perform, and to shield him from the rough usage to which youngsters in his position were generally subjected by the motley crews of those days. One day a strong instance in proof of this master-feeling occurred. Ally Somers some time previously, when on shore with a party despatched to obtain a supply of water, had, during the temporary absence of the officer in command, been rather severely rope's-ended by one of the seamen for some trifling misconduct, and a few slight marks were left on the lad's back. The rage of the father, when informed of the circumstance, was extreme, and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from inflicting instant chastisement on the offender. An opportunity for partially wreaking his hoarded vengeance occurred

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about six weeks afterwards, and it was eagerly embraced. The sailor who had ill-used young Somers was sentenced to receive two dozen lashes for drunkenness and insubordination. He was ordered to strip, placed at the gratings, and the punishment began. Somers the boatswain, iron or sour-tempered as he might be, was by no means harsh or cruel in his office, and his assistants, upon whom the revolting office of flogging usually devolved, influenced by him, were about the gentlest-handed boatswain's-mates I ever saw practise. On this occasion he was in another and very different mood. Two blows only had been struck when Somers, with an angry rebuke to the mate for not doing his duty, snatched the cat from his hand, and himself lashed the culprit with a ferocity so terribly effective, that Captain Boyle, a merciful and just officer, instantly remitted half the number of lashes, and the man was rescued from the unsparing hands of the vindictive boatswain.

Other instances of the intensity of affection glowing within the stern man's breast for his comparatively weak and delicate boy manifested themselves. Once in action, when the lad, during a tumultuous and murderous struggle, in beating off a determined attempt to carry the sloop by boarding, chanced to stumble on the slippery deck, he was overtaken before he could recover himself, and involved in the fierce assault which at the forecastle was momently successful. I was myself hotly engaged in another part of the fight; but attention being suddenly called to the forepart of the ship by the enemy's triumphant shouts, I glanced round just in time to see the boatswain leap, with the yell and bound of a tiger, into the mêlée, and strike right and left with such tremendous ferocity and power as instantly to check the advancing rush. Our men promptly rallied, and the deck was in a few minutes cleared of every living foe that had recently profaned it. Ally Somers, who had received a rather severe flesh wound, and fainted from loss of blood, was instantly caught up by his father, and carried with headlong impatience below. When the surgeon, after a brief look at the hurt, said: 'There is no harm done, Somers,' the high-strung nerves of the boatswain gave way, and he fell back upon a locker temporarily prostrate and insensible from sudden revulsion of feeling. Several times I was an unintentional auditor of scraps of conversation between the two whilst the lad was on the sick-list, from which I gathered that Ally was the sole issue of a marriage which had left bitter memories in the mind of the father; but whether arising from the early death of his wife, or other causes, I did not ascertain. Somers was, it appeared, a native of the west of England, and it was quite evident had received a much better education than usually falls to individuals of his class.

At the close of the war Somers and his son were, with thousands of others, turned adrift from the royal service. Some months after my appointment to the command of the revenue-cutter, I chanced to meet the father in the village of Talton, about four miles out of Southampton, on the New Forest Road. He had I found re-entered the navy, but chancing to receive a hurt by the falling of a heavy block on his right knee, had been invalided with a small pension, upon which he was now living at about a hundred yards from the spot where we had accidentally met. Ally, he informed me, was the skipper of a small craft trading between Guernsey and Southampton. There was little change in the appearance of the man except that the crippled condition of his leg appeared to have had an effect the reverse of softening upon his stern and rugged aspect and temper. When paid off he was, I knew, entitled to a considerable sum in prize-money, the greater part of which he told me he had recently received.

About a couple of months after this meeting with the father I fell in with the son. I was strolling at about eleven in the forenoon along the front of the Southampton customhouse, when my eye fell upon a young man, in a seaman's dress, busily engaged with three others in loading a cart with bundles of laths which had been landed shortly before from a small vessel alongside the quay. It was Ally Somers sure enough; and so much improved in looks since I last saw him, that but for a certain air of fragility—inherited probably from his mother—he might have been pronounced a handsome fine young fellow. The laths, upwards of two hundred bundles, which he was so busily assisting to cart, he had brought from Guernsey, and were a very common importation from that island: Guernsey possessing the right of sending its own produce customs free to England, a slight duty, only tantamount to what the foreign timber of which the laths were made would have been liable to, was levied upon them, and this was ascertained by the proper officer simply measuring the length and girth of the bundles. This had been done, and the laths marked as 'passed.' It struck me that the manner of Ally Somers was greatly flurried and excited, and when he saw me approaching, evidently with an intention to accost him, this agitation perceptibly increased. He turned deadly pale, and absolutely trembled with ill-concealed apprehension. He was somewhat reassured by my frank salutation; and after a few commonplace inquiries I walked away, evidently to his great relief, and he with his sailors continued their eager work of loading the cart. I could not help suspecting that something was wrong, though I could not make up my mind to verify the surmise his perturbed and hurried manner excited. Once in a skirmish on shore his father, the boatswain, had saved my life by sending a timely bullet through the head of a huge negro who held me for the moment at his mercy. Besides I might be wrong after all, and I had no right to presume that the officer who had passed the laths had not made a sufficient examination of them. The flurry of the young man might arise from physical weakness and the severe labour he was performing in such hot weather. These reasons, or more truly these excuses for doing nothing, were passing through my brain, when I observed the hasty approach of the collector of customs himself towards the cart, followed by several of his subordinates. Young Somers saw him as quickly as I did, and the young man's first impulse, it was quite plain, was flight. A thought no doubt of the hopelessness of such an attempt arrested his steps, and he stood quaking with terror by the side of the cart, his right hand grasping for support at one of the wheel-spokes.

'One of you lend me a knife,' said the collector, addressing the officers of customs.

A knife was quickly opened and handed to him: he severed the strong cords which bound one of the bundles of laths together, and they flew asunder, disclosing a long tin tube of considerable diameter, closely rammed with tobacco! All the other bundles contained a similar deposit; and so large was the quantity of the heavily-taxed weed thus unexpectedly made lawful prize of, that a profit, I was assured, of not less than L.500 or L.600 would have been made by the audacious smuggler had he succeeded in his bold and ingenious attempt. The ends of the bundles had been filled up with short pieces of lath, so that, except by the process now adopted, it was impossible to detect that the cargo was not *bonâ fide* what it had been declared to be. The penalties to which Somers had rendered himself liable were immense, the vessel also was forfeited, and the unfortunate young man's liberty at the mercy of the crown. He looked the very picture of despair, and I felt assured that ruin, utter and complete, had fallen upon him.

He was led off in custody, and had gone some dozen paces when he stopped shortly, appeared to make some request to the officers by whom he was escorted, and

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then turning round, intimated by a supplicatory gesture that he wished to speak to me. I drew near, and at my request the officers fell back out of hearing. He was so utterly prostrated by the calamity by which he had been so suddenly overtaken, that he could not for several moments speak intelligibly. I felt a good deal concerned for so mere a boy, and one too so entirely unfitted by temperament and nerve to carry through such desperate enterprises, or bear up against their failure.

'This is a bad business,' I said; 'but the venture has not, I trust, been made with your own or your father's money?'

'Every penny of it,' he replied in a dry, fainting voice, 'was our own. Father lent me all his prize-money, and we are both miserable beggars.'

'What in the name of madness could induce you to venture your all upon a single throw in so hazardous a game?'

'I will tell you,' he went on hurriedly to say in the same feeble and trembling tone: 'I am not fitted for a sea-life—not strong, not hardy enough. I longed for a quiet, peaceful home ashore. A hope of one offered itself. I made the acquaintance of Richard Sylvester, a miller near Ealing. He is a good man, but griping as far as money is concerned. I formed an attachment for his eldest daughter Maria; and he consented to our union, and to taking me as a partner in his business, if I could pay down five hundred pounds. I was too eager to wait long; besides I thought that perhaps—— But it boots not to speak of that now: I set more than life upon this cast; I have lost, and am now bankrupt of resource or hope! Will you break this news to my father, and see'—— His remaining firmness gave way as the thought he would have uttered struggled to his lips, and the meek-hearted young man burst into tears, and wept piteously like a girl. A number of persons were collecting round us, and I gently urged him to walk on to the customhouse. A few minutes afterwards I left him there, with a promise to comply with his request without delay.

I found John Somers at home, and had scarcely uttered twenty words when he jumped at once to the true conclusion.

'Out with it, sir!' exclaimed the steel-nerved man. 'But you need not; I see it all. Ally has failed—the tobacco has been seized—and he is in prison.'

Spite of himself his breath came thick and short, and he presently added with a fierce burst, whilst a glance of fire leaped from his eyes: 'He has been betrayed, and I think I know by whom.'

'Your suspicion that he has been informed against is very likely correct, but you will, I think, have some difficulty in ascertaining by whom. The customhouse authorities are careful not to allow the names of their informants to leak through their office-doors.'

'I would find him were he hidden in the centre of the earth!' rejoined the ex-boatswain with another vengeful outcry which startled one like an explosion. 'But,' added the strong and fierce-willed man after a few moments' silence, 'it's useless prating of the matter like a wench. We must part company at once. I thank you, sir, and will tell Ally you have called.' I mentioned the other request made by his son. 'That is a rotten plank to hold by,' he said. 'Ally's chance is over there, and it would be mere waste of time to call on the old man: his resolution is hard and unyielding as his own millstones. Maria Sylvester is gone with the five hundred pounds her father bargained for; and the girl's tears, if she shed any, will soon be dry. I warned Ally of the peril of steering his course in life by the deceptive light of woman's capricious smiles and vanities; but he, poor, flexile, gentle-minded boy, heeded me not. I may not longer delay: he will be anxious to see me. Good-day, sir.'

The consequence which I chiefly feared came to pass, even more speedily than I had apprehended. It being impossible to liquidate the penalties incurred, Ally Somers was imprisoned as a crown debtor; and at that period, whatever may be the case now, revenue penalties could not be got rid of by insolvent-court schedules. The prospect of an indefinite term of imprisonment, with other causes of grief and depression, broke down the always fragile health of the prisoner, and he died, ere yet his youth was well begun, after about six months' confinement only.

The tidings were brought me by the old man himself. I was seated in the cabin of the *Rose* cutter when it was announced that John Somers was alongside in a boat, and wished to see me. I directed that he should be allowed to come aboard, and presently the old man, with despair visible in every line of his countenance, in every glance of his restless, flaming eyes, entered the cabin.

'I am come to tell you, sir, that Ally is dead.'

'I was somewhat prepared for this bad news, Mr Somers,' I answered. 'It's hard upon you, but it should be bravely borne with.'

He laughed strangely. 'To be sure, to be sure,' he said, 'that is wise counsel—very wise; but that which I want now more than wise counsel is ten pounds—ten pounds, which I shall never be able to repay.'

'Ten pounds!'

'Yes: you may remember that I once saved your life. If that piece of service was worth the sum I have mentioned, you can now discharge the obligation. I have parted with everything, and Ally's last prayer was to be buried beside his—— Beside a grave, an early and untimely one, like his own, many miles away.'

'I understand: it is a natural and pious wish, and you shall have the money.'

'Thank you. The funeral over, I have but one more thing to do in life, and that is to assist you in securing Cocquerel whilst running one of his most valuable cargoes.'

'Cocquerel, the Guernseyman you mean?'

'Ay, so he calls himself; but I fancy he at one time hailed from another port. He is the man who sold Ally's secret to the revenue-officers!'

'Are you sure?'

'As death! He was Ally's only confidant, and Ally's father is now in Cocquerel's confidence. It is but natural,' added Somers, and a bitter, deadly sneer curled his ashy lips—'it is but natural, you know, that I should be eager to assist in pillaging a government which caged my son, and held him under its iron bars till life had fled. Cocquerel understands this, and trusts me fully; but that which he does *not* understand, know, or suspect,' continued the fierce old man, sinking his voice to a whisper, and leaning forward with his face close to mine, 'is that John Somers has found out *who* it was that sold his boy's life! Did he know that, and know *me* too, there would be sounder sleepers than he in these dark nights.'

'What do you mean?'

'Nothing more, of course,' he replied in a more checked and guarded tone, 'than to retort the trick he played Ally something after his own fashion.'

'That is a fair revenge enough, and I'll not balk you. Now, then, for your plan.'

Various details were discussed, and it was settled that on that day-week Somers was again to communicate with me. He then took leave.

At the appointed time Somers returned, and appeared to be in high but flighty spirits. Everything was, he said, arranged, and success all but certain. His scheme was then canvassed and finally agreed upon, and he again left the vessel.

The arrangement for the surprise and capture of Cocquerel was this:—That notorious smuggler intended running a large cargo on the coast of Dorsetshire, on the north of Portland, at a place where the cliffs are high, precipitous, and abrupt, and at that time very

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inefficiently watched by the shore-force. Near the spot selected is or was a kind of cavern worn by the action of the sea in the chalky stratum, which at neap-tides was partially dry, and at the time of our enterprise would effectually conceal a boat from the observation of any one who did not actually peer in directly at its mouth. Cocquerel was to leave Guernsey the next day in a large boat, with two lug-sails, but chiefly depending for speed upon its sweeps. It was calculated that he would reach his destination about midnight. Somers had undertaken the duty of shore-signalman, and if danger were apprehended, was to warn the smugglers that hawks were abroad by burning a blue-light. The manner of running the cargo was to be this:—Somers was provided with a windlass and sufficient length of rope, with a kind of rope-cradle at the end of it, in which a man could sit, or a couple of kegs be slung, to reach the boat. The windlass he was to secure firmly at the edge of the cliff, and two or three of the men having been drawn up, other windlasses were to be fixed, by means of which it was calculated that in about half an hour the entire cargo would be safely carried off by the carts which Somers had undertaken to have ready on the spot. The signal for our appearance on the scene of action, the positive old man persisted, should be that agreed upon for the warning of the smugglers—the sudden ignition of a blue-light. This did not seem the cleverest possible mode of procedure; but as the cavern in which we were to conceal ourselves was but a few yards northward of the spot marked out for the landing, and Somers promised he would only give the signal when the smugglers were in full work, I had little fear that, if other accidents did not capsize our scheme, they would be able to escape us.

The next afternoon the largest boat belonging to the *Rose* was fully manned; and leaving the cutter quietly at anchor in the Southampton river just above Calshot, we pulled with the tide—for there was but a light air, and that favourable for the smugglers, not for us—to our hiding-place, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening.

The hours crept very slowly and dismally away, amidst the darkness and hoarse echoes and moanings of the cavern, into which the sea and wind, which were gradually rising, dashed and howled with much and increasing violence. Occasional peeps at my watch, by the light of a lantern carefully shaded seaward, warned us that ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock had passed, without bringing the friends we so anxiously expected, and fears of ultimate disappointment were chilling us far more than the cold night-breeze, when a man in the bow of the boat said in a whisper that he could hear the dash of oars. We all instantly listened with eager attention; but it was not till we had brought the boat to the entrance of the opening that the man's assertion was verified. There it was clear enough; and the near approach of a large boat, with the regular jerk of the oars or sweeps, was distinctly audible. The loud, clear hail of their shore-signalman, answered by the 'All right' of the smugglers, left no doubt that the expected prey was within our grasp; and I had a mind to pounce upon them at once, but was withheld by a promise which I had been obliged several times to repeat, that I would not under any circumstances do so till the signal-flame sent its light over the waters.

As soon as the noise and bustle of laying in the sweeps, lowering the sails, and unstepping the masts, had subsided, we heard Somers hail the boat, and insist that the captain should come up before any of the others, as there was a difficulty about the carts which he alone could settle. The reply was a growl of assent, and we could hear by the click of the check to the cog-wheel of the windlass that Somers was paying out the rope. Presently Cocquerel was heard to get into the cradle I have spoken of, to which a line was fastened in order to steady his ascent from below. The order was given to turn away, and the renewed click, click, announced that he was ascending the face of the cliff. I could hardly comprehend this manœuvre, which seemed to indicate the escape of the man we were the most anxious to secure, and the order to shove off was just on my lips when a powerful blue-light flamed suddenly forth, accompanied by a fierce but indistinct shout, or roar rather, from Somers. The men replied by a loud cheer, and we shot smartly out; but having, to avoid a line of reef, to row in a straight direction for about a cable's length, the smugglers, panic-stricken and bewildered as they were, had time to get way upon their lugger, and were plying their sweeps with desperate energy before the revenue-boat was fairly turned in direct pursuit. The frantic effort to escape was vain, and so was the still more frantic effort at resistance offered when we ran alongside. We did not hurt them much: one or two were knocked down by the sailors' brass-butted pistols; and after being secured, they had leisure to vent their rage in polyglot curses, part French, part English, and part Guernsey *patois*, and I to look round and see what had become of Cocquerel.

The blue-light still shed a livid radiance all around, and to my inexpressible horror and dismay, I saw that the unfortunate man was suspended in the rope cradle, within about a fathom's length of the brow of the cliff, upon which Somers was standing and gazing at his victim with looks of demoniac rage and triumph. The deadly trap contrived by the inexorable old man was instantly apparent, and to Cocquerel's frenzied screams for help I replied by shouting to him to cut himself loose at once, as his only chance, for the barrel of a pistol gleamed distinctly in the hands of Somers.

'Lieutenant Warneford,' cried the exulting maniac—he was nothing less—'I have caught this Cocquerel nicely for you—got him swinging here in the prettiest cradle he was ever rocked in in his life—Ha! ha! ha!'

'Cut loose at once!' I again shouted; and the men, as terribly impressed as myself with the horror of the wretched smuggler's position, swept the boat rapidly towards the spot. 'Somers, if you shoot that man you shall die on the gallows.'

'Cut himself loose, do you say, lieutenant?' screamed Somers, heedless of my last observation. 'He can't! He has no knife—ha! ha! ha! And if he had, this pistol would be swifter than that; but I'll cut him loose presently, never fear. Look here, Jacques Cocquerel,' he continued, laying himself flat down on the cliff, and stretching his right arm over it till the mouth of his pistol was within a yard of Cocquerel's head, 'this contains payment in full for your kindness to Ally Somers—a debt which I could in no other manner completely repay.'

At this moment the blue-light suddenly expired, and we were involved in what by contrast was total darkness. We could still, however, hear the frantic laughter and exulting gibes of the merciless old man in answer to Cocquerel's shrieking appeals for mercy; and after a while, when the figures of the two men had become partially visible, we could distinguish the words, 'One, two, three,' followed by the report of a pistol, and a half minute afterwards a dark body shot down the white face of the cliff, and disappeared beneath the waters!

The body of Cocquerel never reappeared, and the only tidings I ever heard of Somers were contained in the following paragraph which I read some years afterwards in the 'Hampshire Telegraph,' a journal at that time published at Portsmouth:—

'The body of an aged, wretched man was found frozen to death in the churchyard on Wednesday morning last, near two adjoining graves, one of which, that of Alice Maynard, recalls the painful circumstances

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connected with the sad story of the death of that ill-fated, and, as we believe, entirely innocent person. At the inquest holden on Friday, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the deceased is John Maynard, who, after his wife's untimely death, assumed the name of Somers, and was, we believe, the person who shot a French smuggler, with whom he had quarrelled, at the back of the Isle of Wight, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about seven years ago. He was buried in the grave that contains the body of his son, John Alice Maynard, which was interred there shortly before the commission of the homicide just alluded to. There has never been to our knowledge any regular investigation of that affair, but we believe that then, as before, Maynard's pistol was pointed by a frantic and causeless jealousy.—[*Plymouth paper.*]'

There are several mistakes sufficiently obvious to the reader in this paragraph, but of the main fact that John Somers, *alias* Maynard, perished as described in the Devonshire journal, there can be no reasonable doubt.

VISIT TO THE ABERDEEN COMBWORKS.

Since the days when King David I., of saintly memory, erected into a bishop's see 'the haill village of old Aberdon'—since the time when salmon-fish and granite-stone first became articles of its local export in the thirteenth century, Aberdeen has continued to maintain a character of singular enterprise and originality. Notwithstanding its many natural disadvantages and remote situation from the great produce-markets of the country, it has, nevertheless, with the quiet though determined perseverance which characterises its inhabitants, gradually assumed an important position as a seat of our Scottish manufacture, and bids fair at no distant date to be as much celebrated for its superiority in this respect as it has been in past ages as a school of philosophy and learning. On more than one occasion we have adverted to the progress of Aberdeen, and not only with regard to its material prosperity, but also to the liberal and enlightened spirit with which those perplexing social questions are treated that conspire so much to disturb the peaceable and harmonious progress of society. To this place we are indebted for the first successful example of that class of humble yet serviceable educational institutions that have since become so widely known as Ragged Schools; and even in the apparently unimportant subject before us, it can easily be perceived that something like the same characteristic energy is exhibited.

Within our recollection, combmaking was considered one of the most miserable of trades, and equally destitute of anything like an organised *modus operandi* with that of the perambulating artisans who possessed a certain skill in the fashioning of rams' horns into spoons and rejoiced in the ancient and expressive designation of Horners. On a late visit to Aberdeen, however, we found the manufacture of combs carried on there not only to an extent far exceeding our preconceived notions of the trade, but flourishing in a state of high and skilful organisation; and we hastened to visit the combworks of Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co., who possess the reputation of being by far the largest combmakers in this country or in the world. There is another manufactory in Aberdeen, that of Mr John Macpherson, on a much smaller though still considerable scale. We have no room to follow the steps by which Aberdeen came to be the seat of this particular branch of industry; but before describing the system of combmaking there, we shall take a short retrospective glance at the general history of the comb, in order to illustrate the various changes it has passed through, and its gradual elevation to a respectable position in the manufactures of the country.

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the time when this implement first became an indispensable requisite of the toilet; but from what we can glean from the ancient writers it would appear to have been of Egyptian origin. The Greeks and Romans used combs made of boxwood, which they obtained, as we do ourselves, from the shores of the Euxine Sea; and the mountain-ridge of Cytorus, in Galatia, was particularly celebrated for this product. According to a modern Italian author (Guasco), combs were also formed of silver, iron, bronze, but in no instance do we find the modern material of shell or horn. In addition to the wooden combs found in their tombs, it has been proved that the Egyptians had ivory combs, toothed on one side, which gradually came into use among the Greeks and Romans; but from specimens of the remains of combs found at Pompeii, together with representations on the Amyclæan tables, it would seem that the Greeks, who were remarkably studious and careful in arranging their hair, used them, with teeth on both sides, exactly similar to our small-tooth-combs.

The mediæval progress of the comb exhibits, like everything else of its class, much curious elaboration with but little improvement in utility. In the fifteenth volume of the 'Archæologia' there is a representation of an ivory comb found in the ruins of Inkleton Nunnery, Cambridgeshire, containing some Anglo-Saxon design exquisitely carved in relief, but with such teeth as a common boor in our day would treat with contempt. About this period we find Chaucer commenting on the many absurd articles of female attire, at a time when both sexes tied up their hair in a 'licorous fashion' with ivory pins; and, curious enough, one of the earliest specimens of English combs extant was dug up in 1764 from beneath the lowest of the three paved streets, which lie—memorials of their several ages—under the present Shiprow Street of Aberdeen; and it was supposed to have lain there ever since Edward III. burned and ruined the city in 1336.

In modern days the comb probably reached its most costly and ornamental state at the luxurious court of Louis XIV., where hair-dressing was an art more appreciated and often better paid than the higher efforts of genius. Combs of ivory and of tortoise-shell, richly inlaid with gold and pearl, formed an essential adjunct of the toilet of the court beauties of Versailles. In this country the fabrication of horn into combs was a very ancient process, and chiefly resided, as it still does, in England, in Yorkshire and the midland counties. But towards the end of last century the increased demand for combs established makers all over the country; and in Scotland there were one or two houses of some eminence in the trade at the period—some twenty-five years back—at which we have now arrived. It was, however, one of those trades that, in so far as its artificers were concerned, would not stand investigation. Making combs on nearly the same principles as those pursued by their forefathers for generations before them—that is to say, by simply cutting out the interspace between the teeth with various sorts and sizes of saws—its followers, barely entitled to the name of skilled workmen, were dissipated, unsettled, and irregular in their habits.

We come now to treat of the grand era in the comb trade—of the time when it was destined, like the great staple manufactures of our country, to undergo a revolution. The introduction into the trade of machinery and steam-power, with, as a collateral result, the division of labour, is at once suggestive of an important stride in the march of progress. About the year 1828 Mr Lynn invented a machine of a singularly ingenious design and construction, having for its principal object that of cutting two combs out of one plate of horn or tortoise-shell; and two years afterwards Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co. commenced the manufacture

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in Aberdeen. To the first of these circumstances the trade was indebted for the successful idea of a machine, which effected at the same time a saving of half the material, and an increase of produce almost inconceivable. To the latter it is still more indebted for the first application of steam-power to the machinery; and, what we think of infinitely greater importance, the introduction of those true principles in the philosophy of production so logically contended for by Adam Smith —a philosophy which, in its legitimate application, has the invariable effect of elevating alike the character of the produce and the producers.

We shall, however, most appropriately represent the combined effect of these improvements on the trade by taking the reader along with us in a cursory view of the principal departments of the Aberdeen Comb-works. Provided with an intelligent cicerone in the person of one of the clerks of the office, we began our investigations; and as an essential preliminary, were first shewn specimens of the various kinds of raw material. In the order of its intrinsic value this consists of tortoise-shell, horns, and hoofs. Ivory in our day is reserved almost exclusively for the manufacture of small-tooth-combs, which forms a branch of the ivory trade, and is entirely distinct from the one now before us.

Of the first of these materials, tortoise-shell, the best adapted to manufacturing purposes is the shell, or rather scales of a horny contexture which enclose the sea-tortoise, *Testudo imbricata*. It is to be found in all warm latitudes; but the best species are indigenous to Hindostan, the Indian Archipelago, and the shores of the Red Sea. The price of this article we are apt to think excessive. At present it is 35s. per lb., and ten years ago it was nearly double that price. It forms, however, a valuable article of importation.

There are two chief divisions in the second article, horn; namely, buffalo and ox horns, both of which are imported from various parts of the globe. Buffalo-horn is, however, for the most part used in the manufacture of knife-handles, and such-like articles in the cutlery trade. In combmaking it is chiefly used for dressing-combs; and, generally speaking, all combs of a deep black colour are formed of this material. The best buffalo-horns are obtained from the East Indies, and incomparably the finest are those of the Indian buffalo from Siam. We were shewn a beautiful specimen of Siamese horns, which, from their extraordinary dimensions, had been preserved and polished. One of them measured 5 feet from tip to base, 18½ inches in circumference at the widest part, and weighed 14 lbs. Some conception may be formed of the extraordinary size of an animal which can support such a weight on the frontal-bone, if we recollect that a good specimen of an English ox-horn weighs only 1 lb.

Ox-horns, again, constitute the staple of comb-making, and are imported into this country along with hides from the South American states, the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales. The imports, however, are chiefly sustained from the enormous herds of South American black-cattle, which have multiplied to such an extent in the Brazilian territories that they are now slaughtered for the sake of their hides and horns, and their carcasses left to be devoured by the innumerable carnivorous animals which infest the jungles. The ox-horns entered for consumption in Great Britain in 1850 numbered 1,250,000; and the average price is about L.50 per ton.

The material of hoofs depends for its supply on the German and home markets; and its value at this moment is about L.12 per ton. Hoofs are used generally in the manufacture of the cheapest description of combs; but although the least valuable material, it is the subject of the most costly and ingenious mechanical appliances in the process of its manufacture.

At the time of our visit the quantity of horns and hoofs in stock amounted to upwards of one hundred tons of each. This immense mass of horns was contained in a large storehouse for the purpose, a glance into which has a curious effect on the visitor; and in truth we could not repress a thought somewhat akin to what we might have entertained on seeing the like quantity of human skulls. Enormous piles of different varieties of horns—from the delicate curvature of the small Highland ox to the equally beautiful but enormous *cornu* of the ferocious buffalo of the Cape; from the Smithfield horns, immortal in story, to those of the gigantic buffalo of Thibet and Siam—all lay prostrate here, piled together in inextricable confusion.

After taking a look at the steam-engine, which is of fifty horse-power, and we were informed the largest of the horizontal kind in Scotland, we proceeded to the first stage of the manufacture, where the horns are cut into assorted sizes by means of a circular saw. A horn is twice cut transversely, and afterwards, if a large one, longitudinally. The tips or extremities of the horn here cut off are sent to Sheffield, where they are converted into table-knife and umbrella handles; and in this operation 16,000 horns can be cut up in a week. Instead of being divided in this manner, the hoofs in their first stage are, after being boiled for a certain time, to render the fibre soft, cut into two pieces; or rather the sole is stamped out by means of vertical punching-machines of the same irregular conformation.

The horns and hoofs thus cut are then brought in pieces into the pressing department, which occupies the whole basement-floor of one part of the building. The first thing that strikes the visitor on entering here is the peculiar and easily-distinguishable odour of burnt horn, which indeed is also predominant throughout the works. This arises from the high temperature necessary to the fabrication of horn, which to a greater or less extent effects decomposition of the material, and is invariably accompanied with the disengagement of the peculiar gases which create the odour. Along the floor of this department are erected thirty-six furnaces of a peculiar construction, and at each of these a man and boy were busily engaged in shaping the cut horns into flat plates, by first heating the pieces and then cutting them to the required shape with a knife: they were then inserted between screw-blocks, and pressed perfectly flat. If, however, the plates are required for stained combs, as the greater part of them generally are, a different mode of pressing is pursued. Into a rectangular cast-iron trough about 2½ feet long by 12 inches wide and deep, a number of iron hot-plates are put; they are then oiled on their surface, and the plates of horn inserted between them; a wedge is next driven into the press by the percussion-force of a ram, or weight falling from a height of eight feet, producing a force of about 120 tons. This pressure exercised on the horn contained within the iron plates has the effect of breaking the fibre to a certain extent, and forcing it to expand in a lateral direction. Curious enough, whatever may have been the original colour of the horn, it is now of a uniform dark-green colour, and perfectly soft. This peculiar treatment renders the horny tissues more pervious to the chemical action of acids, and will be better understood when we arrive at the subsequent operation of staining.

But the ram and wedge is not the only means of pressure employed. Around the apartment were arranged 120 iron screw-presses—levers of the second order, and differing only from a common vice in pressing under the screw after the manner of nut-crackers. They are fitted with steel dies with a variety of engraved designs, and into these braid-combs, the outside coverings of pocket-combs and side-combs are pressed. In accordance with the spirit of the times, we were shewn a new impression on pocket-combs of a very nicely-executed representation of the Crystal Palace. A man exert-

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ing his strength on one of these presses can produce a force of upwards of fifty tons. But however great, the pressure is still insufficient. The enormous demand for the cheap side-combs formed of hoof led to the farther application of hydraulic pressure. The two portions of the hoof produced in the first stage are brought into this department, and after being boiled a second time in a number of little troughs, with a steam-jet in each of them to preserve the necessary temperature, the fleshy matter and other excrescences still adhering are pared off. They are then transferred to an adjoining room, where sixteen hydraulic presses are at work, by means of a small oscillating engine of three or four horse-power for their exclusive use; and here those little strips of hoof are subjected to a pressure of 300 tons, and with a degree of speed and precision that is truly astonishing. They come out of the press in the form of small semi-transparent rectangular plates, having on each side the rounded projection or beading observable on most side-combs. We may remark here that this application of hydraulic pressure seems to us to be highly ingenious. In pressing a bale of cotton goods, for example, it is to a certain extent immaterial whether the pressure exceed that required by a few tons; but with the fibrous tissue of a plate of horn the case is widely different: pressure it will sustain to a certain point, but should this be exceeded by a single ton or a single pound, the fibre is split and broken, and the material destroyed. To illustrate the resistless force of this pressure, we were informed that the very cast-steel dies which give shape to the hoof soon become crushed and worn out; and it was not without some nice calculation and experiment that the application of hydraulic pressure to the purpose was thus successfully attained. After having received the necessary formation by the various modes of pressing, the plates are laid aside to dry in a room where a high temperature is preserved by means of steam-pipes, and where they are also assorted into different sizes, and the edges squared with circular saws. The number of such plates, of shell, horn, and hoof, in stock at the time of our visit, was somewhere about four millions and a half!

From this they are again distributed to the different processes in order—the next of which is cutting the teeth. Certain classes of horn-plates, however, are subjected to a farther process of planeing on the surface preliminary to this operation; but in all plates which have been hot-pressed, and are intended to be stained, this is unnecessary, and therefore they are at once taken when perfectly dry to the cutting department.

On entering this department the visitor gets a little bewildered. The incessant and peculiar clatter of the machinery—unlike any noise we ever heard—the heat of the place, and apparent confusion, produce together a most curious effect. A very little observation, however, serves to shew that we have now arrived at the basis of all the modern improvements in combmaking. Situated on benches around the apartment, in close proximity to each other, were twenty-four 'twinning-machines'—the invention, with all its subsequent improvements, to which we have referred. Each of these machines is worked by a man, with an attendant imp, who keeps up a supply of hot plates from the numerous fires arranged for that purpose in the centre of the room. It is impossible without diagrams to explain the principles and construction of this ingenious apparatus; but there can be no mistaking its effect. A plate of horn, after being heated, is placed on a small carriage within the cast-iron frame of the machine, which travels by means of a particular arrangement of gearing on parallel slides. Immediately over this are situated two angular-shaped chisel-like cutters, which, on the application of the motive power, descend on the horn with a curious alternating motion, and an inconceivable degree of rapidity and force. Almost in a moment before we could well see, far less understand, the rationale of the process, we were shewn the plate of horn cut in two pieces—*the one half literally taken out of the other;* and each of them presenting the well-defined outline of a comb. In this cutting department resides the perfection of that beautiful mechanism that first revolutionised the trade and reduced it to mathematical precision. To appreciate this invention we have only to look at the increase it has effected in the produce. A combmaker of the old school could not perhaps, with all his skill, cut more than eighty or a hundred combs per day; while with the machinery one man and a boy will cut upwards of *two thousand* of the same kind of comb, and that, too, with a consumption of only half the material. The finer dressing-combs, however, and all small-tooth-combs, are still cut by means of circular saws, which process constitutes the next cutting department. Here, however, a moderately curious visitor will not linger. A dense atmosphere of horn-dust pervades the large apartment, which gives to everything within its influence the white dusty appearance that distinguishes a flour-mill, to which indeed at first sight it bears a striking resemblance. From the few hurried notes we took, however, we learn that here there are wheels on the fine self-acting machinery, in connection with the cutting and pointing of combs, that revolve 5000 times in a minute, and saws so delicately fine as to cut forty teeth within the space of an inch.

We here instituted some inquiry as to the effect on the operatives of this animalised atmosphere, and were informed that it was not known to be injurious. On the contrary, it was stated as a singular fact, in connection with the late visitation of cholera in Aberdeen, that not a single combmaker had been affected by the disease, at least fatally; whence it may be inferred, although we do not pretend to assign the reason, that the fabrication of horn must be attended with considerable anti-miasmatic effects. At all events it is certain that horn-dust cannot exercise that injurious action on the air-passages and the lungs which is experienced in many trades, such as that of the steel-grinders of Sheffield.

Passing over one or two intermediate stages after the combs are thus cut and twinned—such as 'thinning' on the outer edge by means of grindstones, and 'pointing' by means of peculiarly-shaped bevel-saws—we arrive at the next department in order, where the necessary finishing is given to the comb by the hand. Here we meet with the only true remains of the artificers of combs *that were*, who still, with a pertinacious reverence for ancient usages, preserve among themselves the appellation of combmakers *par excellence*, forgetting that the very boys and girls in their respective departments play as important a part in the aggregate production. And yet, in their peculiar province, they are well deserving of commendation. The specimens of elaborate and skilful ornamentation displayed here, especially on ladies' braid-combs, were truly admirable; and one pattern in particular was shewn us wherein there was a species of chain, formed of beautifully-stained horn, interwoven with the head of the comb, which, although we examined minutely, and knew there must have been a joint in each alternate link, we nevertheless failed to discover it. It is in this department that the teeth of the combs are smoothed and rounded—an operation technically termed 'grailling'—which is effected by different sorts of cutting rasps. So far as the making or formation is concerned, the combs are now finished.

At the opposite side of the buildings we were then taken to the department where the staining process is carried on. This will be better understood if described as the imitation on the various classes of combs of the natural diversity of tint in tortoise-shell. The horn,

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whether in the form of plates, as in the side-combs, or after being 'twinned,' as in dressing-combs, is first immersed in diluted nitric acid, which, with its characteristic action on all organised tissues, creates a deep and permanent yellow stain. This resembles the ground colour of tortoise-shell; and to produce the peculiar variegation, the horns are then treated with a particular composition of the red oxide of lead with certain alkaline compounds, which has the effect of first neutralising the action of the acid, and then of imprinting a stain of a deep orange colour. After being carefully washed, dried, and polished, the surface of the combs presents the beautiful and natural appearance of tortoise-shell. Indeed the imitation is so perfect in the best classes of stained combs, that a practised observer only can detect it. We were shewn, for example, two specimens of braid-combs, one of real tortoise-shell and another of stained horn; and so much alike were they in their colour and external configuration, that we could not tell which was which, and yet the one comb was worth somewhere about *ten times* more than the other. This operation of staining, which, on the whole, is a somewhat artistic operation, is exclusively performed by women and girls.

There are still some minor departments, which we need not describe in detail. 'Buffing' consists in smoothing the rough surfaces of the horn by means of wheels covered with walrus skin. Side-combs and braids are bent to their peculiar curve by being first heated and then fastened to wooden blocks—an operation that lasts only a few minutes. Pocket-combs have of course a different and peculiar treatment in some stages; such as the formation of the joint, and the putting together of the handles. And there is a department in the works exclusively devoted to the fabrication of horn-spoons, which becomes chiefly remarkable from the circumstance of there being no modern application of machinery to the manufacture. The last process, however, to which all combs are subjected, is that of 'polishing,' which is also effected by means of wheels, but covered with leather of different degrees of softness. After this they are despatched to the warehouse, to be assorted for the last time—the side-combs being stitched to cards, or packed in fancy-boxes, which affords constant work to about twenty women. From hence the combs are distributed over the three kingdoms, to fulfil the great end of their existence. We may add here, that the curious and intricate machinery now employed in the manufacture is made on the premises.

As an appropriate finish to our inspection, we were shewn the patterns of the different kinds of combs, many of them exceedingly beautiful; but we can only notice them in regard to number. Of dressing-combs (counting the different sizes of all the patterns), there were 605; ladies' braid-combs, 612; ladies' side-combs, 525; pocket, small-tooth, horse combs, and sundry articles, 186: in all, 1928 different varieties of combs.

The aggregate number produced of all these different sorts of combs averages upwards of 1200 gross weekly, or about 9,000,000 annually; a quantity that, if laid together lengthways, would extend about 700 miles. The annual consumption of ox-horns is about 730,000, being considerably more than half the imports for 1850; the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise-shell and buffalo-horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable: even the waste, composed of horn-shavings and parings of hoof, which, from its nitrogenised composition, becomes a valuable material in the manufacture of prussiate of potash, amounts to 350 tons in the year; the broken combs in the various stages of manufacture average 50 or 60 gross in a week; and finally, as the crowning illustration of the enormous extent of these combworks, the very paper for packing costs L.600 a year.

There are so many beautiful instances of the division of labour here exhibited, that the task of selecting is not easy. But let us take for an example the cheapest article in the trade; namely, the side-combs, sold retail at 1d. per pair—an article that, in its progress from the hoof to the comb—finished, carded, and labelled 'German shell'—undergoes eleven distinct operations. This comb, then, which twenty years ago was sold to the trade at 8s. 6d. per dozen, can now be purchased in the same way for *two shillings and sixpence per gross!* thus effecting a reduction in price of about 1600 per cent.

As a curious illustration of the value of labour, we give the following comparative estimate of the produce of the three materials:—

1 cwt. shell, val. L.200, produces combs, val. L.275, inc. 37½ per cent.						
1 ton horns, ...	56,	...	...	...	150, ...	168 ... ...
1 ton hoofs, ...	12,	...	...	...	36, ...	200 ... ...

Regarded in this aspect, in the relation of labour to material, we find that hoofs—intrinsically the least valuable of the three materials—become, with the application of labour, the *most valuable*—that is, proportionably: and the converse holds good in the case of tortoise-shell. The important relation labour bears to the produce may be estimated from the fact, that this establishment pays a larger sum of weekly wages than is now paid for the important business of cotton-spinning in Aberdeen.

Thus much, then, for the produce; and with a cursory glance at the producers we conclude.

At the time of our visit there were in the employment of Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co. 456 men and boys, and 164 women—in all, 620 hands—exactly four times the number employed in the comb-trade in all Scotland when they commenced business. This class of artisans were formerly noted for their dissipated habits; but in the present day we were much struck by the quiet and orderly appearance of the men as they poured out of the work at six o'clock. It occurred to us, however, that all this organisation and improvement was not brought about without considerable difficulty and trouble; and we were right. In a conversation with one of the partners, that gentleman, in reply to our inquiries on this point, remarked: 'We know from hard experience a little about the improvement of the working-classes. It is no easy task. Twenty years ago, when we commenced business, we did so under many disadvantages. We had all the difficulties of an overstocked market to contend with; a powerful and well-connected opposition in the English market; defects in our machinery; and other circumstances equally discouraging. We surmounted all these only to find a still greater difficulty with our men. In the habit of working irregularly at home, like tailors, they disliked our systematised division of labour; they resisted, rebelled, and left their work on more than one occasion when they knew we required them most. Nevertheless, we stuck to our principles. We shewed them the necessity of consistent labour for ten hours a day six days in the week. We reasoned with them, but never coerced. We established a temperance society and library in the works, and held out a premium to members, and took every means of rewarding merit, until the conviction at length took root that they obtained substantial justice at our hands, and gradually the annoyance became less, and now is unknown in our works. At this moment we have infinitely less trouble in managing 600 people than we had at one time in managing fifty.'

Conveying to this gentleman our best acknowledgments for his kindness in our brief visit, and especially for the courteous manner in which our somewhat numerous inquiries had been answered, we took our leave of the Aberdeen Combworks—in many respects the most interesting of a numerous class of apparently

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insignificant, but really important, branches of manufacture. We were kindly furnished with specimens of side-combs in their various stages, from the hoof to the comb, which we have since had properly labelled, and classed in our 'curiosity shop' as one of the most remarkable illustrations in our day of the division of labour with the aid of machinery.

A DAY'S DREDGING IN SALCOMBE BAY, DEVON.

MICROSCOPIC RESULTS.*

Little should we know of the wonders of the great deep if we merely took note of the forms of life which are visible to the unassisted eye. Almost every tuft of coralline or weed is the seat of a numerous population, of which only the microscope can give us tidings. We cannot estimate the treasures we have gathered until, when the day's work on the water is over, we sit down to the instrument, and find that the spots we had deemed waste are teeming with life and beauty, and that the smallest creature we had recognised is a monster as compared with the pigmy tribes which were swarming unseen around it. We place a portion of one of the larger zoophytes which we have brought home living in a watch-glass containing sea-water, and submit it to the microscope. It is in itself a beautiful object, and we watch with delight the milk-white polypes issuing from their little cells and unfolding themselves like delicate blossoms on the branch. But we soon discover that the fragment before us is infested by a parasitic population; that its surface is covered with minute but wondrous forms of animal and vegetable organisation. That which to the naked eye appears as at most a roughness on the branch, is rendered by the microscope into a multitude of beings, each perfect of its kind, presenting us with the most admirable structure, and often with an exquisite beauty. Most of them belong to the great class of the animalcules — creatures which are universally distributed, which swarm by countless millions in the waters of the earth, and make every lonely pool a scene of busy life and happiness. Minute and insignificant as these beings are, they have a most important mission to fulfil. Their amazing numbers enable them to accomplish works which may truly be called gigantic. A great comparative anatomist has happily styled them, 'Nature's invisible police.' They are commissioned to arrest and bring back the fugitive particles of organised matter when on the point of escaping into the inorganic world. By feeding on the decaying animal and vegetable substances, which are held in solution in the water, they prevent them from passing off into a gaseous state, and convert them into a wholesome pabulum for other and higher tribes. They thus economise for nature, and keep up the supplies of food. They prevent waste — they gather up the fragments: they are also sanitary agents—they form a mighty host of scavengers, and clear the waters of the putrefying matter which would otherwise pour volumes of noxious vapour into our atmosphere.

There are many members of this useful class on the piece of zoophyte now before us. We will examine a few of them. The most numerous and the most graceful are the bell-shaped animalcules (*Vorticella*)— creatures so lovely that the description of them should only be intrusted to the poet. We will attempt a prosaic sketch, but without hoping to do justice to the original. The vorticella consists of a transparent, vase-like body, mounted on a slender, pellucid stem, which is attached to some foreign substance, and can be swayed to and fro at the pleasure of the animal. At the upper extremity of the little vase is the mouth, and around it is set a circlet of vibratile hairs (cilia), which, by their rapid play, create currents in the water, and whirl the nutritive particles towards the opening. This beautiful ciliary fringe can be retracted at will. Within the body we may distinguish a few globular sacs, like coloured specks in a crystal vessel, which, when the creature is feeding, are in a state of restless motion, and may be seen to circulate at times round the interior cavity. These are probably locomotive cells which receive the food, and distribute it through all portions of the tiny organism. Such is the general structure of these simple beings. Let us watch one of them for a moment. The slender stem is extended to its full length, and swings to and fro (there is a peculiar *grace* in all the movements) beneath the pretty calyx. The cilia are in full play, and a stream of atoms—the 'delicacies of the season'—is hurrying into the mouth of the little *gourmand*. When suddenly alarm is taken, and with the rapidity of thought the cilia are withdrawn, the body contracts into a ball, and the stem into a most beautiful spiral. After the lapse of a second or two the spiral slowly uncoils, the body rises majestically, and the eager pursuit is resumed. Beauty is the great characteristic of these little creatures. It appears in their form, their movements, and their structure. The vorticella are amongst the commonest of microscopic beings. The observer encounters them at all points, and often in the most unlikely localities. Is he examining a drop of ditch-water?—he finds them clustering about every speck of scum which it contains. He detects a minute, irregularly-shaped mass on the stem of a water-plant: as he watches it, it begins to rise, and at last expands into an arborescent vorticella—a miniature tree, the branches of which are all laden with the ciliated bells. A water-flea, or the larva of some insect, makes its appearance beneath the lens, carrying a whole company on its back. Our piece of zoophyte has a multitude upon it, and the little things are darting up and down even amongst the tentacles of the polypes themselves.

A still more curious and beautiful form of vorticella is also present. Here are several little *plumes* of the most symmetrical shape and the extremest delicacy. They might be feathers dropped from the wing of some microscopic bird. Each plume is a compound being. The little branches bear multitudes of the vase-like bodies which we have just described, and their thousands of *cilia* keep the surrounding fluid in a state of constant agitation. Each of the minute beings associated in this plumous commonwealth enjoys a certain amount of independence—selecting its own food, and employing its cilia at pleasure; but all are subject to a central power or will; for let any cause of alarm present itself, the entire structure, as it were, crumples up, the branches cluster together, and for a time all signs of vitality disappear. Our readers must not forget that the wonderful forms of life which we are now examining are either altogether or all but invisible to the naked eye. We find the spirit of beauty represented in these minims as well as in the grander features of the universe. Wisely has it been said: 'That which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness.'

Another microscopic form of life (*Cothurnia*) is abundant on the marine productions which our dredge has supplied. Imagine a perfectly hyaline case, bounded by lines of beauty which the highest art might copy, and set upon a short and rigid stalk or pedestal. Fixed at the bottom of this 'crystal palace' is a small body, in shape somewhat resembling an Etruscan vase. It rises slowly, stretching itself upward towards the entrance of its little mansion. Having reached it, it throws out a pretty circlet of cilia, which immediately begin to vibrate, and draw towards the mouth the nutritious particles which serve as food. When alarmed,

* See Journal, No. 379.

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it suddenly retracts itself, and nestles snugly at the bottom. The body when extended is elongate and tapering, and is attached to the case. It is transparent, and the little sacs, such as we have described in the vorticella, are plainly visible within it. There is something singularly attractive in the graceful form and crystal-like transparency of these little mounted urns, and occurring, as they often do, in profusion on other marine animals, they contribute largely to the microscopic garniture of the ocean. It adds much to the pleasure which their mere beauty affords us to consider that each one of them gives shelter to a happy inmate, whose structure, though so minute, is perfect of its kind, whose little wants are all well supplied, and which witnesses as impressively in behalf of Providence as the most highly-organised and endowed of living beings.

But we must pass from the animalcules, taking no note of the multitudes, minuter far than those we have described, which swarm in each drop of water, and select an example from another tribe. Creeping over the stem which we are examining is a patch of delicate, silvery lacework, as it appears. It consists of a number of small calcareous cells, laid side by side, and forming a 'gauze-like incrustation.' Each cell has an aperture, which is guarded by several spines. It is a snug little home, and has a tenant that we shall presently describe. This structure is one of the moss-corals (*Bryozoa*)—an extensive tribe, which exhibits a comparatively high organisation, and plays an important part amongst the varied population of the 'great waters.' In the specimen under notice there may be some scores of cells; but a single community often comprises many thousands. Stretched over the opening of each cell is a membraneous covering, towards one end of which there is a small valve, which opens so as to allow the owner of the dwelling—a polype of exquisite structure—to pass forth. And now one is issuing! The little door is thrown open, and a cylindrical body is protruded for some way, the anterior portion of which (it is a flexible sheath) is unrolled, as you would push out the inverted finger of a glove. From the extremity of this sheath a bundle of tentacles is darted out, which at length expands into a beautiful campanulate figure; and each of these tentacles or arms, which at first sight appear no more than simple filaments, is found upon close examination with the microscope to be thickly clothed with vibratile hairs, which by their incessant strokes drive currents of water towards the mouth, and so provide for nutrition. The internal organisation of these creatures, as well as the mechanism of their cells, is wondrously complete and curious; and the story of their reproduction is a little romance, which it were pleasant to tell had we space at command. Their movements are most vivacious. They dart from their cells, and for awhile the delicate bell-shaped crowns of tentacles are swaying gracefully over the silvery network. But if the water be roughly agitated they vanish on the instant; down they sink beneath the membraneous roofs of their little dwellings, the door is close shut behind them, and you can detect no sign of life throughout the colony. There is an extraordinary variety in the form and arrangements of the cells in the different species. In some they form a simple network; in others, they are like little barrels, often curiously sculptured or prettily frosted and granulated; in others, they run along the surface of stone or shell, like a string of beads. The moss-corals occur in immense profusion. On almost every marine production they establish themselves, overlaying with their white and glistening crusts the bare surface of stones and the quiet hollows of deserted shells; investing the stems of zoophyte and sea-plants, and, in short, planting colonies in all conceivable localities, and turning many a waste place into a seat of life, beauty, and happiness. The broad fronds of the larger sea-weeds may often be found completely 'overwrought with their network.' Mr Landsborough mentions a specimen of one of the tribe which measured five feet in length by eight inches in breadth. 'As every little cell,' he says, 'had been inhabited by a living polype, by counting the cells on a square inch I calculated that this web of silvery lace had been the work and the habitation of above two millions of industrious, and, we doubt not, happy inmates; so that this single colony on a submarine island was about equal in number to the population of Scotland.'

There are also other forms of bryozoa. In many kinds the cells, instead of creeping, are aggregated into plant-like tufts. Here is a little bush of ivory whiteness, rooted to a stem, which we have torn from some submarine forest. It has the general aspect of a plant, but is in truth a compound animal. Its branches are laden with tubular cells, and instead of flowers or fruit it bears polypes. A multitude of these little beings, each in its stony case, are here organically united to form one structure, and from every portion of it they display their ciliated arms, supplying at once their own wants and helping to maintain the common life. These plant-like bryozoa are also numerous, and their history is as full of interest as their forms are full of beauty. But we can dwell no longer upon them at present.

We turn for a moment to the microscopic vegetation which in wonderful profusion and variety spreads over almost every object that comes beneath the lens. We read of the beauty of palm-groves, and of tropical forests, draperied with pendant parasites, whose flowers, cast into the most fantastic shapes, painted with gorgeous dyes, or tinted with ethereal delicacy, present a glory of colouring which only the sunset or the rainbow can rival. But hardly less beautiful, and certainly not less wonderful, is this miniature forest, which, all but invisible to the naked eye, clothes the stem of the sea-plant, and gives food and shelter to many tribes. Often have we paused in our search for animalcules through the tangled mazes of these Lilliputian groves to admire the strange and the exquisite forms of the vegetation, and to marvel at the beauty and variety which have been crowded into the obscurest nooks of creation.

The microscopic plants to which we refer belong principally to one family (*Diatomaceæ*.) It were impossible in few words to give any idea of their manifold forms. Here is a little tree, the prettily-variegated leaves of which are arranged in fan-like clusters. Here we have a number of parallelograms, attached one to the other by a single corner, and forming delicate chains which intertwine and hang in glittering masses from the weed. Some of these little chains are richly and elaborately carved. Here is a plant, which in shape is a simple wedge; but the forms are endless, and strange enough they, many of them, are without parallel in the vegetable world. Nor is colour wanting in these tiny forests. Vivid greens, sober browns, and delicate golden tints, give diversity to the foliage. Again we must remind the reader that the *forest* which we have so imperfectly described is to the naked eye a mere scum on the stalk of a sea-weed!

Much more might be said of these interesting plants. They are amongst the most ancient of vegetable races. The records which they have left of their existence in distant geological ages are such as to fill us with wonder. Endowed with a power of secreting flint, and depositing it in their substance, they are in truth indestructible; and of their remains, minute as they are, whole beds of rock and tracts of country have been in great measure compacted. What changes may they not at this moment be preparing in the condition of our globe?

We have thus glanced at a few of the minute forms of life, animal and vegetable, which abound in the ocean, and which the dredger has the amplest opportunity of examining if he will, and we must now return to the bay and the boat. A fresh haul has just been

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made, and amongst the spoils brought up are several of the beautiful creatures popularly known as sea-anemones. They are attached to shells or stones, but having contracted on removal from the water, they present none of the flower-like appearance from which their common name is derived. That their beauty may be fully appreciated, they must be seen displaying their glories beneath a summer sky, in the rock-pools left by the receding tide. There they expand their circlets of brilliantly-coloured arms, and through the clear water the surface of the rock appears as if studded with the choicest flowers. Most of the species have the power of retracting their tentacles within the body, and in this state would be little likely to attract the attention of any but the naturalist. Some of them are also furnished with glands on the surface of the thick skin which envelops them, by means of which they can attach to themselves sand, pebbles, and broken shells, and so conceal themselves from enemies. Often you may observe on the sandy flooring of one of these rock-pools a small heap, as it seems, of such fragments as are plentifully scattered about in the neighbourhood. Watch it for awhile, and soon, especially if the sun happens to look into the pool at the same time with yourself, you may see your little heap opening, and gradually several circles of delicate arms protruded from it, scarlet, orange, or rose-coloured, as the case may be, until at length the sea-anemone is full-blown. The tentacles in these creatures are arranged in circular series around the mouth, which is a central opening, and are the instruments by which they obtain their food. They are well-fitted for this purpose, as they can be moved in all directions, and adhere with much tenacity to any object to which they may be applied. They also secrete a poisonous fluid which paralyses and disables the creatures that may come within their reach. Very admirable instruments they are, and wo to the unwary crab or mollusc that shall tempt their fatal embrace!

One species, which is not uncommon on our coast, has the power of stinging severely, and will almost blister the hand if touched. It is gregarious, a number of individuals generally clustering together, and their long and slender arms (which are not retractile), of a bright sea-green colour, tipped with violet, may often be seen forming a lovely fringe round the margin of the rock-pools. Let no wanderer on the shore, whatever be his errand, if he have an eye for the beautiful, pass these same pools without notice. They will present him with some exquisite scenery. Their sides are clothed with the red tufts of the coralline, with the plumes of the zoophyte, and with whole forests of many-coloured weed; dark ribbon-like fronds stream upward from the bottom, ornamented here and there with patches of the whitest lacework; bright *nullipores* diversify the surface of the stones that lie scattered below; and the sea-flowers, rivalling in their tints the beauties of the garden, leave nothing to be desired in the way of colour.

A very pretty anemone (*Adamsia*) has come up in the dredge, which well illustrates the vividness and variety of colouring for which the members of its order generally are remarkable. The body is, for the most part, light, marked with the brightest purple spots; a pink line encircles the oral opening; and the arms are of a most delicate whiteness.

The polypes, by which the beautiful madrepora of tropical seas, the coral-reefs, and islands are formed, are closely allied in structure to our own sea-anemones. They are not simple animals, but a multitude of them are united together by a gelatinous crust, which secretes a stony skeleton, covered with cells, in which the polypes find shelter. Marvellous have been the operations of these little creatures. In primeval ages their skeletons contributed largely towards the formation of the solid crust of the earth. They are amongst the mightiest agents in the world to-day, rearing their 'imperishable masonry' from the depths with 'toil unwearable;' building islands for the future habitation of man, or fringing the shores which he now possesses with gigantic barriers, against which the ocean expends its fury in vain. They were at work in creation before man appeared in it, preparing it for him; and they are now effecting changes which he cannot suspend, and the results of which he may not predict.

Like the kindred anemones, these coral-making polypes are remarkable for the brilliancy of their colours. A traveller, describing the coral-reef, tells us that 'vivid greens contrast with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue.' A poet, too, has celebrated the beauty of the 'coral-grove,' where

> 'With a gentle and easy motion
> The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
> And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
> Are bending like corn on the upland lea.'

He who has made acquaintance with the anemones of our own coast will readily believe in the glories of tropical seas.

And what are these leathery masses that lie so thickly at the bottom of the boat? Unsightly enough they certainly appear on slight inspection, but the rough exterior covers a very delicate and perfect organisation. Examine one of them. It is a coarse, thick bag, with two orifices placed on prominences at one end of it. It has no arms, no locomotive or prehensile apparatus whatever. A most helpless being it appears to be. But if you could look within the sac, you would find that full provision has been made for all its wants. Beneath that rough covering are placed the most delicate organs, and wonderful machinery is continually at work, procuring, elaborating, and distributing the required nutrition. This being belongs to a class (*Tunicata*) which is nearly related in structure to the oyster, and other inhabitants of bivalve shells. One of our zoologists has likened it to an oyster tied up at the bottom of a leathern bag! The thick outer covering takes the place in this tribe of a shell, and defends the soft portions of the body. These creatures are attached to stones, shells, or weed, and are extremely abundant in the ocean. A very inactive life they lead, rooted to one spot, and shut up in their leathery houses. They have none of the excitement attendant upon the pursuit and capture of prey to diversify the quiet monotony of their existence. The water passing freely into the interior of the body through one of the apertures mentioned before, bears with it the particles which serve as food, and these are carried by the action of multitudinous cilia to the mouth, which is situated at the lower part of the sac. At first sight this appears a very extraordinary position for the mouth. But a little examination will shew us that it has been adopted with much wisdom for a definite purpose. The upper portion of the bag forms a large chamber, and over the membrane which lines it is spread a network of blood-vessels, in which the fluids are exposed to the action of the water, and thus aërated. This chamber, in fact, discharges the functions of a lung. The surface of the living membrane is covered with cilia, which drive over it unfailing streams of water, and so provide for an effectual oxygenisation of the blood. And these same cilia convey the nutritive particles to the mouth, which is placed at the bottom of the breathing chamber. In this way an important saving in machinery and power is secured. Had the mouth been placed in the usual position, as an opening on the surface, two sets of instruments would have been required—one for the purposes of prehension, the other of respiration. As it is, the very act of breathing procures food. Little can these humble creatures know of the 'cares of subsistence!'

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In some of the tunicata the outer envelope is beautifully transparent, and the internal structure and vital movements can be readily observed. You may watch the circulation of the blood, the incessant vibrations of the cilia, and the action of the heart. The dredger is very familiar with the members of this class; and many are the interesting forms with which it supplies him. A large and handsome species is now lying in the boat, which somewhat resembles a mass of white porcelain. These curious gelatinous crusts, too (*Botryllus*), investing the stems of the sea-weed, the surface of which is tessellated with brilliantly-coloured stars, belong to the same tribe. They are compound tunicata; and the stars—green, blue, red, or yellow, which glitter so brightly amongst the dark foliage—are composed of many individuals, whose bodies are immersed in the mass, and ranged round a common centre. A strange form of life this is! We despair of giving any idea of the beauty of the large bunches of weed over which these compound animals have spread their stellate communities, graceful in form, and gay in colouring.

We have referred to the breathing apparatus of the tunicata. It is interesting to note the various methods by which the same function is provided for in different classes. Here we have a sea-slug (*Aplysia*) allied in general structure to the ravager of our gardens. In this creature the respiratory organ consists of an elegant plume-shaped appendage placed at the top of the body. The vessels are distributed over this, which, from its position, is always bathed by the surrounding water, and the blood flowing through them is freely exposed to the influence of oxygen. Gliding about amongst the branches of the weed, we meet with many members of another family of molluscs (*Nudibranchiata.*) These are graceful creatures, related to the tenants of the univalve shells (that is, the whelk), but themselves destitute of all external defence. Their delicately and variously-coloured bodies are for the most part covered with appendages, prettily branched, and resembling miniature trees. These little trees, which wave through the water as the creature moves, are the breathing organs. In others of the tribe these arborescent tufts are aggregated at one point of the body, and 'form a circle of exquisite beauty, and not inaptly comparable to a flower in appearance and disposition.' These beings, from the brilliancy and variety of their colours, and the gracefulness of their movements, may be said to take the place, in their own submarine groves, of the birds that fill the forests of the upper air.

The examination of these admirable provisions must surely impress the mind with a sense of the amazing resources of the great Maker! And what shall we say of the prevalence, the all but universal presence of beauty? It is superadded to almost everything in nature. The breathing organ of the sea-slug is a graceful plume; the case of the animalcule is of crystalline transparency, and moulded into a shape on which the eye rests with delight; the spine of the urchin is fluted and sculptured.

The most necessary pieces of structure devoted to the commonest functions are invested with a beauty which is in no way essential to their efficiency. 'The Spirit of God,' it has been eloquently said, 'works everywhere alike, covering all lonely places with an equal glory, using the same pencil, and outpouring the same splendour' in the obscurest nooks, and amongst the humblest organisms, as well as in the star-strewn spaces of heaven, and amongst the 'capable witness of His working.' This superadded beauty, which the student of nature meets with at every point in his researches, is a direct revelation of the divine spirit, which it were a miserable affectation to exclude from the science of nature. These things, of a truth, were hardly worth looking into if we might not connect them with the thoughts which they express.

Here we must bring to a close our notes on a day's dredging, leaving material enough for many papers unemployed.

A change has come over Salcombe Bay since we started in the morning: heavy masses of cloud have overspread the summer sky; the sea is curling and breaking into foam, as the wind sweeps fitfully over it; the submarine forests and grottos upon which we looked down in the morning through the clear, calm water are no longer visible; gloom has settled down on the distant cottage; and the cheerful cries have ceased in the neighbouring fields. A dismal bank of fog is, as it were, blocking up the entrance of the harbour, and the Bolt-Head, its rugged summit already shrouded in vapour, frowns a warning which we have no inclination to disregard.

COURT LETTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Our readers probably remember the selections made in a late article from the manuscript collection of Sir James Balfour. In that miscellaneous store there are so many other documents of a curious and instructive kind that we cannot resist the temptation to present some further specimens of them. The first we shall select is a small prettily-written note, eminently pleasing both in its appearance and its contents. It is from the widowed Duchess of Lenox to King James I. of England:—

'My Sovereign Lord—According to your majestys gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanyd with a widows prayers and tears that he may wax old in your majestys service, and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed: so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the King; which shall revive the dying hopes, and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother. —Your majestys most humble servant,

Ka. Lenox.'

This letter has already been printed in one of the small volumes edited by Lord Hailes, of which but a very few copies, however, were circulated. But in the same collection of manuscripts there is another applicable to the same subject, which has never, so far as we know, appeared in print. We are almost sorry to draw attention to it, as it certainly is a sad contrast to the purity and affectionate beauty which seem to pervade the brief appeal to royal generosity. The document in question commences thus—it would be tedious to give it entire:—

'The Lady Duchess of Lenox—Her Demands.

'Three thousand pounds per annum during her life, in lieu of 1500 pound lande sold for her lords debts, and in lieu of a jointure haveing brought 1500 pounds land more to the house of Lenox.

'Such averages as are due upon the Pattent of sweet wines—viz., from the date of the Pattent to the delivery thereof to the Lord Marquis Hamilton.

'The benefitt of the Pattent of coles towards the charge of maintaining her children.

'A somme of money to discharge this halfe yeares expense, litle rentes comeing in and no benefit at all by these pattents.

'After her deccase 2000 poundes per annum to be confirmed to the Duke her son for 21 yeares, in lieu of the Pattents of the green wax and sweet wines, which in true value are worth 3500 per annum, and nevertheles her Grace will be contented on the former conditions to surrender them both to His majesty.'

The reader will see in this how coolly monopolies not only of the moderate luxuries of life, such as sweet wines, but of the necessaries, such as coals, were dis-

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posed of to the grasping nobility in that corrupt age. Times are surely improved since the day when a lady could unblushingly ask the produce of a duty on coals 'towards the charge of maintaining her children.' These monopolies or patents were a main cause of the discontents of James's reign, and of the actual conflict in that of his son.

The Duke of Lenox, whose widow shewed herself so able and active, was the son of that Esmé Stewart who brought King James into so much disgrace as a dissolute favourite. His successor had but a brief enjoyment of his honours and emoluments, since he only succeeded to the title in 1624, and died on the 22d July of that year. The widow was the daughter of Gervase Lord Clifden, who was committed to the Tower for threatening the life of Lord Keeper Bacon, and afterwards committed suicide; the duchess subsequently married the Earl of Abercorn. The son for whom she appealed so pathetically became Duke of Richmond. The solicitations in his favour were sufficiently effective; for he had emoluments and honours heaped on him both by James and his son. Clarendon says: 'He was a man of very good parts, and an excellent understanding, yet, which is no common infirmity, so diffident of himself that he was sometimes led by men who judged much worse. He was of a great and haughty spirit, and so punctual in point of honour that he never swerved a tittle. He had so entire a resignation of himself to the king, that he abhorred all artifices to shelter himself from the prejudice of those who, how powerful soever, failed in their duty to his majesty, and therefore he was pursued with all imaginable malice by them, as one that would have no quarter upon so infamous terms as but looking on while his master was ill-used.'

We turn to another curious application to the same quarter by a mother also pleading for patronage to her son. It is much longer than the Duchess of Lenox's, and very different in character. In appearance it is neater than the finest printing, being in Roman letters, with finer hairstrokes than printing-ink or types can lay down, being only equalled in fineness by copperplate printing. We give it exactly as it is spelt, for a purpose that will presently appear:—

'Most Mightie Monarche—Darre I presume upon th' honnor and credit that I have had at divers tymes to speake your Royal Majesté, and hath ever found your highnes favour, and upon the gratios accepting of a litle work by this youth given to your Highnes at Striveling, called *Sidus Cœleste*, as to make humble suite for this one and last thing to this my only sonne, who, having passed his course two yeares ago, would gladlie follow theologie, if it shall please God. Yet as Dedalus was not hable to frie himself of his imprisonment in the Ille Creta but by the help of wings mead of pennes and wax: even so my sonne is not able to frie himselfe of inhabilitie to effectuat this his affection but by the wings of your Maties letter, composed by pen and waxe, throuch the which he may have his flight happilie to sum fellowship either in Cambridge or Oxford as occasioun shall fall out; wherefore, gratious King, lett your most humble handmaid find this last favour in your sight to direct one of this noble men by you, to signifie your highnes will and command unto your secretarie, that when this my sonne shall notifie unto him of any fellowship, he may recave without any hinderance your Majesties letter in the strictest maner. For the which I may have my tossed mynd releeved of the great cair I have perpetuallie for this said youth. And we all of us will never ceese to beseech God to preserve and prolong your Majesties lyfe, with many happie and prosperous yeeres to reigne over us. Edinburgh, the xx of Juin 1620. Your Maties most humble subject, Esther Inglis.'

This Esther Inglis was so celebrated for her beautiful writing, that there are several biographical notices of her. One of them is in 'Harding's Biographical Mirror.' She uses one of the forced metaphors of the day, and it is amusingly characteristic of a person distinguished for caligraphy, or the art of beautiful penmanship—one which then ranked with the fine arts, at least in the eyes of its professors. What was called the Italian hand—the same that is now written—was then coming into use, especially with women of high rank, and superseding the strange grotesque angularities presented by the Gothic, when used quickly, in familiar correspondence. A person like Esther Inglis, with great command of her pen, would, at an epoch like that, be of supreme importance, and doubtless she derived great part of her fame from the admiration of her achievements, by the ladies trying to acquire the Italian hand. The following is a letter from a lady who had acquired the fashionable form of writing, but had evidently little of the fundamentals of education, though she was a very great personage indeed—no other than the duchess of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham, the favourite successively of James and his son Charles. She, too, writes to King James. The subjects of her letter, so far as they can be made out, will be deemed rather curious as occupying the attention of the modern Solomon. But the spelling is the most remarkable part of it. We must not judge of its rudeness by that of the present day, but it is fair enough to compare it with that of Esther Inglis; and in doing so, to conclude that the wife of the favourite before whom the greatest statesmen of the day trembled, had little better education than a chambermaid of modern times:—

'May it pleas your Matt—I have receved the too boxex of drid ploms and graps, and the box of violatt caks and chickens, for all which I most humbly thanke your Matt. I hope my Lord Anan has tould your Matt that I ded mean to wene Mall very shortly. I wood not by any means a don it till I had furst mad your Matt acquanted with it, and by reason my cuzen Bet's boy has binn ill of latt, for fere shee should greeve and spyle her mylke, maks me very desirous to wene her, and I thinke she is ould eneufe, and I hope will endure her wening very well, for I thinke there was never child card les for the brest than shee dos, so I do entend to make trial this night how she will endure it this day. Praying for your Matt health and long life, I humbly take my leve.—Your Matt most humbell servant, K. Buckingham.'

In the same collection there are a quantity of ill-conditioned scrawls, written by one who was evidently perfectly at his ease, and cared not what sort of paper he used or how he wrote—full of blots, interlineations, and all manner of literary patchwork. These are letters by the great Duke of Buckingham himself to his patron the king, who had endowed him—a foolish, headstrong, insolent youth—with the principal offices of the realm, not excepting that of lord high admiral. In these letters, full of fulsome familiarity, and forming, indeed, an unsavoury specimen of the manners of the times, Buckingham signs himself 'Stinie.' This is the Scottish vernacular familiar for Stephen, and it appears that it was a name given by the monarch to his favourite on account of his resemblance to the apostle's representation in a picture. We shall give a short specimen of this correspondence, not taking the trouble of copying the spelling precisely, as we did that of the duchess. The reader will doubtless notice the bold dealing with important affairs of state, and the insolently-familiar conclusion. The letter appears to have been written at the time when parliament began to attack the duke, on the return of Charles I. from his romantic expedition to Spain. Buckingham was the projector of the expedition, and it was evidently through his pride and insolence that it became abortive. Here is the letter, selected as one of the shortest of those from the duke:

'Dear Dad and Gossip—The cause of my troubling

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you so soon with a letter is, that there is a jealousy raised in the lower house, how that yet the two treaties are not absolutely broken off. The Prince, Hamilton, Pembroke, Lancaster, and myself, who have all seen your dispatch to the king of Spain, thinks if that was shewed to them it would fully content them. We all likewise think there is nothing in it but what they may well see; and because on Tuesday they pass the bills of subsidy, I think it will not be amiss to be read to them, which, if your majesty like and allow of, I will call for it of the secretary, and to-morrow morning read it to them. So craving your blessing, I kiss your dirty hands, and end your majesty's most humble slave and dog, STINIE.'

The fate of this vain coxcomb, whose power became almost unlimited throughout Britain, is well known: he was stabbed at Portsmouth while preparing to set out at the head of an expedition to raise the siege of Rochelle. The assassin was an insane lieutenant named Felton, who had served under him, and had been disappointed in his hope of being raised to the rank of captain. He dropped his hat while committing the murder, with a paper in it, shewing the direction of his insane malice. This paper was, by the way, in the possession of an autograph collector with whom we were acquainted, and formed the glory of his collection.

An assassination is always abhorrent to English feeling; and little as the duke was liked, either by the aristocracy or the middle classes, his death created a profound sensation. The collection of manuscripts of which we have been making use shews, however, that at least one man had a perverted enough taste to attempt to commemorate the event in exulting poetry. We wonder how any one in that age dared to preserve such a production. The self-esteem of authorship might tempt a man to write it, but there is nothing in its merits to induce a collector to brave any danger for its preservation. The commencement will be quite enough to satisfy the reader of its quality.

'AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO YE NOBLE LIEUTENANT WHOE SLEWE YE GREAT DUKE FOR REDEMPTION OF HIS COUNTREY.

'Immortal man of glorie whose brave hand
Hath once began to disenchaunt our land
From magique thralldomme. One proud man did mate
The nobles, gentles, commons, of the state,
Strook peace and warre at pleasure, hurles down all
That to his idoll greatness would not fall
With grovelling adoration. Sacred rent
Of Brittan, Saxon, Norman, Princes spent,' &c.

The allusions to Spain in connection with the Duke of Buckingham and Prince Charles naturally lead us to a volume of Sir James Balfour's Collection, which may be found to throw light on some mysterious intrigues of King James before he ascended the throne of England. The documents appear to justify a pretty prevalent suspicion, that he was endeavouring to secure the assistance of the Roman Catholic courts to aid him in ascending the English throne should it turn out that Queen Elizabeth indicated another successor, or that in any other way he might be likely to lose the support of the Protestants. Lord Semple, who had lived for a considerable time in Spain, appears to have been the moving-spring of these intrigues. His letters are extremely curious, and we would say from their spelling that they shew the writer to have forgotten his native language, and become imbued with Spanish. We shall conclude this article with the commencement of one of them, given exactly as it is spelt:—

'It vill ples zour Magestie yat eftir my arriual hir I conferrit vith ye crunal [colonel] my cusing for tryall of ye King of Spains mening touartis Zour magestis titill to ye crune of Inoland qua merualit not litill yat in so vechti [weighty] a mater zour ma nader gef me comissiune nor varrand in na sort. Aluayis he hes gotin satisfaxsiune to zour magesti and yat sua sekretlie as na man hir knauis of it safen ane of ye cunsull quha is his grit frind.'

THE FRENCH ON INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

THE number for June last of that eminent periodical, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' presents us with an interesting article from the pen of M. Audiganne, devoted to *L'Enseignement Industriel*, which the author uses as a translation of our expression, 'industrial training.' We have repeatedly had occasion to comment on this important subject; but preparatory to some notice of the French views, we shall state briefly what we understand by industrial training as practised in this country. When the system of Ragged Schools was established, some gentlemen who had devoted their attention to practical economics, while they admitted that much good would be accomplished by them, questioned how far the system could be safely carried. They feared that there was a point at which we must stop in affording immediate homes to all children left destitute by their parents, especially if the establishments in which they were received merely gave them temporary occupation, without raising their capabilities or fitting them for self-support. In fact, carried to a certain extent, it might hold out temptations to parents who otherwise might provide for their offspring, to leave them to the always inferior resource of public charity. It was felt, however, that within the partial sphere which they as yet occupy there was an element capable of being introduced in these establishments which could not fail greatly to improve their usefulness, and make them effective for the permanent reformation of at least a portion of society—this was the system of industrial training. Now, to perceive the efficacy of this principle, observe that from their very commencement industry was associated with these institutions. The poor wanderers who received food and instruction in them were to be occupied in work: but in what work? Naturally in that most cheaply and easily supplied, and therefore, though this might not be obvious to the benevolent founders of the system, least valuable. The pupils were to pick down old ropes into tow or oakum; to sort hair and wool; to make mats, and nets, and the like. They were thus kept out of mischief for the time being, but were not permanently redeemed from pauperism. The occupations we have mentioned are all pauper employments, next door to utter idleness, and incompetent for self-support. They tended, then, to place the managers of the Ragged Schools in this dilemma—that after all their efforts they did little to raise the class for whom they so zealously laboured.

When we ask how these poor outcasts have become what they are, we find that their parents, perhaps their ancestors for generations, have descended from the productive or respectable classes to the unproductive or predatory. The waifs of society, even when they work, do not produce. Be it through thimble-rigging, pocket-picking, or begging, they live by the transference to themselves of what others produce—not by producing. It appeared, then, that if the children of these classes—so many of them at least as filled the Ragged Schools—could be brought from the unproductive class in which they were born into the respective and productive rank, there would be a clear gain to society. This was the principle on which training in skilled labour—in the occupation of the tailor, the shoemaker, the carpenter, and the smith—was applied to the Ragged Schools, which have been gradually changing their name to Industrial Schools. The French writer admits the solidity and unquestionable practical advantage of this element. He states that the principle of Ragged Schools is in itself not free

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from question, and that economic criticism may find abuses in it, but that it has the merit of founding the industrial system (Le régime des *ragged schools* n'est pas inattaquable. La critique économique y pourrait relever des abus; mais enfin L'Angleterre doit a ces écoles la première application un peu large de l'enseignement industriel.)

The author justly attributes the merit of commencing the system to the United Industrial School of Edinburgh, where it is still among the best managed (L'Unité Industrielle Ecole d'Edinbourg, une de celles où l'enseignement pratique est le mieux organisé, &c.) In this establishment it has not only been found that lads, after they are there for from two to three years, are readily taken by tradesmen who give them good wages, and are thus fairly started in an independent career in life; but the training has been very useful to the discipline of the establishment in giving an object sufficient to occupy the minds of a set of creatures whose way of life has prematurely excited their energies and capacities.

Nothing, however, could exhibit better the contrast between the practical habits of the two nations than the Frenchman's commentary on this interesting, but in itself purely local and limited experiment. In France he would not have it confined to the operation of private benevolence, but would connect it with the national economy, and have a vast system of industrial training (au lieu d'appartenir au domaine de la bienfaisance, les écoles industrielles deviennent en France une Institution économique.) Thus in this quiet practical country, a few gentlemen go down a dark close, and get a few carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c. to teach their trades to a set of charity children, carefully watching the progress of the operation lest it turn out to be a fallacy in their hands. But no sooner does the brilliant and theorising Frenchman see its advantages than he must forthwith find it a grand instrument for national regeneration. We need not speculate for our neighbours—they do that abundantly for themselves; but for this country, much good as we can see in the system of industrial training, we hold that it is advantageous only within limits. It is a good rule *here* at least never to do for the people individually what they can do and may be brought to do for themselves. Independent self-support is the bone and muscle of this great country's greatness. Alas for our fate if there were not a hundred children started in life through the efforts of their parents for every one that is brought up and provided for by charitable or other public institutions! If we were to train up the children of all our working-classes in trades according to government regulations and with national funds, they would soon cease to be that great working class which they now are.

The article on which we have been commenting is extremely interesting, as containing a general view of what has been done by governments for the furtherance of industry in various parts of the world. Schools of design, and those establishments which, by teaching, lectures, libraries, expositions, or the like, give the artisan the means of improving himself, are, we believe, unquestionably advantageous. But the accounts of the result of farther interference and official regulation are not very promising. In Prussia the certificate of capacity which a mason, a joiner, a wheelwright, &c. requires, does not bring him nearly up to the level of the same kind of workman in this country. The author shews that it is in lazy, incapable Italy that most is done by government for the workman. We wonder why so little—nothing at all almost—is done in Holland, that hive of industry: a nation more industrious indeed, as a whole, than our own, since nearly all its people are of the same energetic character as the Saxon race in Britain. But we think the author hardly sees the force of the solution which he himself suggests—that government intervention to inculcate industry is superseded in a country where every household is an industrial school. We fear it is not in the power of statesmen to supply the want of such a characteristic by government arrangements.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MINIATURE.

BY A LADY.

Thou knowest not, thou faithful miniature,
The strange delight thy lines to me afford—
Thy mimic features, with their placid mien,
Calm and unmoved, unconscious of my eye!
Here I may gaze and dream, and fear no blame;
This I may love and prize unseen—alone.

How nobly truth and innocence combined
Sit on that brow, and dwell within those eyes!
How sweetly on those closed and manly lips
Firmness and love together hold their sway!
Thy form I see, with strength and courage braced,
Thy glance with all its native energy!

In vain I met, I knew, approved, and loved
Him whose most truthful likeness thou dost bear;
In vain I watched his eye, forestalled his wish,
Welcomed his presence, and his absence mourned:
I learned his flame—I smoothed his path to joy;
My fate was sealed—his love was not for me!

And there is one who drinks from those fond lips
Words of delight and accents of deep love;
Who reads entranc'd his soul's impassioned vows
From those deep, earnest, and most loving eyes;
On whom his every thought, his every wish
Is fixed, and chill or change shall never know.

And be it so! worthy are ye of bliss!
May Heaven its choicest blessings freely pour,
Strew all your earthly path with fragrant flowers,
And lead to realms of everlasting day!
My heart is rent, my inmost spirit seared,
But prayer and silence shall alone be mine.

I. H. R.

'THE LADIES' GUILD.'

As a pendant to the article on this Association in our last Number, we are now enabled to mention that the Guild is not intended to be confined to Miss Wallace's patent. It will likewise provide an economical but genteel home for lady-artists, wood-engravers, fancy-workers, &c. who in the sale of their productions will enjoy the advantage of the commercial arrangements of the Guild. This extension of the plan adds greatly to the importance of the institution, and justifies the promoters in inviting such persons as will be satisfied, for the sake of the benevolent object, with 3 per cent. interest to assist in forming the small capital required by taking L.5 shares.

VULGAR FESTIVITIES.

It is indeed a sorry business when the British people has it in mind to be festive. As though bewildered at the very thought of twenty-four hours' absolution from toil, the artisan betakes himself to strongest beer to nerve his frame for the contrast, and inspires fumes of blackest tobacco to dim his perception as to the difficulties of his position; and to this beclouded and frenzied condition of their supporters do the caterers of holiday amusement address themselves. In no country in the world is so little art employed, so little invention exerted, such obstinate attachment to worn-out routine, as among our show people. All is coarse, supremely silly, or simply disgusting. There is no genuine mirth, no healthy expansion of the spirits. Riot and low debauchery are its substitutes.—*Times.*

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THREE FRENCH RIVERS.

Scotsman-like, I have always had a sort of mystic reverence for celebrated pieces of water, whether rivers, lakes, or seas. It is one of the features of the national character to poetise and symbolise the abstract ideas of our favourite streams. In this respect the Scot is like the Greek—he breathes life and individuality into the features of nature. If he do not create river-gods, fashioning their dreamy forms, and chiselling their never-exhausted urns, he still entertains a dim, yet thoroughly-poetic idea of, so to speak, the sentient individuality of his favourite stream. He collects its natural attributes, whether sternly magnificent or softly beautiful, and with them he endows a mystic, symbolic personage, whose sworn and chivalrous defender he becomes. Scott well knew the tendency, and has frequently alluded to it. 'That's the Forth,' says the Bailie, with that air of reverence which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. Sir Walter himself, who made the Spirit of the Flood speak with the Spirit of the Fell, would assuredly have done valiant battle for any stream between the Cheviots and Cape Wrath; but he would have died the death in honour of his well-loved Tweed. The English have little of this feeling. A few of the poets—Milton and Pope, for example—have individualised and deified the slow-moving waters of the south; but their writings in this respect were but the reflex of classicism. They called up again naiads and water-gods; but the visions were felt to be mere cold poetical conceits—not hearty, nationally-stamped impulses. Some years ago I remember asking a working-man upon Leeds Bridge the name of the slow stream beneath.

'Why, it's the reever,' was the reply.

'Yes; but don't you call it by any name in particular?'

'Not as I eveer heeard on: anyway, it ain't no business of moin!'

You would never find such thoroughly-stupid boorism north of the Carter Fell. Not a shock-headed loon who dabbles in a moorland burn but would tell you, at all events, the local name of the running water; not a douce, grave burgher, loitering at Curfew Linn on the gray, old brig, beneath which pours, with old and well-timed melody, the fulness of the stream beside which he was born, but would expatiate by the hour on its beauties and its merits: the wildness of its 'spaets,' and the crystal purity of its pools; with a passing legend, perhaps, of some ancient ford, or a smiling but respectful reference to the kelpie who once wonned down in the darksome waters of the deep swirling holes, but who has ages ago extinguished for ever 'his candle of death and of dool.'

Smitten, then, with this national instinct of reverence for rivers, I paid, during a recent ramble in France, some attention to the characteristics of its three great rivers—the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone—each of which has its own individuality, and boasts its own attributes. The French are unlucky in the navigable qualities of their great rivers. The Seine, though comparatively a small stream, is perhaps the best fitted to be a means of transport; but the genius of the country, which shrinks, cat-like, from water, has prevented any really efficient attempts from being made to overcome the natural obstructions to the passage of boats along the vast courses of the other streams. The Loire is a deceitful river. Calm, and gentle, and softly flowing—swirling on in pleasant streams and smoothly-moving reaches, amid its green meadows, and clustered vineyards, and stretching corn-fields, it can nevertheless come roaring down from bank to brae with all the fury of a Grampian torrent. Its course is strangely tortuous: rising in the wild regions of the Auvergne, amid the extinct volcanoes of that remarkable tract, and as far south as the country of the olive and the mulberry, it sweeps through entire central France, mirroring many an ancient town and laving many a historic château ere it flows by Nantes. The Loire, except in particular spots, is not a pretty river. The bed is two or three times the width of the actual average stream, leaving vast expanses of shingle and sand, and low marshy islands, through which the scanty stream, divided sometimes into a dozen dribbling branches, takes its winding way. The main current is seldom above from four to six feet in depth, and its track changes, with a curious perversity, from side to side of the bed, shifting and winding between islet and sand-bank, sometimes overflowed, and sometimes left dry and whitening in the sun. But the Loire, in flood, is not to be trifled with. The general line of the country through which it passes is low, the valley being wide and shallow, and the adjacent *haughs* rich and flat. At intervals, therefore, huge dikes or dams have been constructed. The work was begun as early as the Valois kings; but the *levées*, as they are called, are continually being broken into; and all along the river, from Roanne in the central south, you see upon bridges and house-walls a deeply-cut arrow-head, marked *crue de* 1846—the memorial of a flood which, from Orleans downwards, laid the valley of the Loire under water.

A voyage up the Loire in one of the sailing-barges which manage to navigate it would be an excellent expedition for a traveller fond of taking his time on the way. These great boats always sail in fleets made fast to each other. They are flat-bottomed, and carry one huge mast, upon which is spread one vast sheet of very

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white canvas—only adapted, however, to be displayed when the wind is right astern. If the westerly breeze be strong, the squadron makes comparatively decent way, except in the more rapid streams, in ascending which it is amusing to watch their struggles. Now, perhaps, a rattling gust of wind, which makes all the long rows of soldier-like poplars in the neighbourhood buffet each other lustily, sweeps angrily over the ruffled current; the big sails swell and surge; the long and thin, but well-stayed mast bends and quivers; and up goes the fleet gallantly, flinging the water from their huge square booms. In a moment, however, the force of the gust lulls; the masts straighten from the strain; and the upward motion of the squadron comes to a gentle stop. Sometimes I have watched a fleet motionless for ten minutes in a rapid stream; the force of the current just counterbalanced by the strength of the wind—the boats sometimes gaining a foot or two, at others losing as much—and hours perhaps consumed in the ascent of a few hundred yards. The appearance of these large squadrons in the more softly-flowing reaches of the river is very beautiful. You watch them threading the channels between the labyrinthine wooded islets, the white sails glancing amid the trees, and then perhaps emerging into a broad shallow bend, following from bank to bank the devious channel.

It is between Blois and Angers that the Loire attains its most perfect beauty. There France is really 'la belle.' There the fairest landscapes of the kingdom—combining the freshness of the north with the richness of the south—spread gloriously along the river banks. The corn grows richly as in the Beauce; the apple, luxuriantly as in Normandy; the maize, yellow as in the hottest Pyrennean valley; the grape, luxuriant as in the sunny terraces of the Rhone; and there, too, passed the most picturesque scenes of mediæval France. The Valois kings loved the Loire, and studded Touraine with their châteaux. It was from the castle of Blois—the Windsor of France—that the dark power of the Medici family radiated. It was at Chambord—the finest specimen of the antique château between the North Sea and the Mediterranean—that the easy-going Francis I. caroused; and you may still see the mouldering stones of Plessis-les-Tours, where Louis XI. plotted with Oliver le Mauvais, and gossipped with Tristan l'Hermite. Here, again, at Chinon—a paradise of vines, and groves, and softly-flowing waters—Joan of Arc broke in on the easy revelry of the seventh Charles. Diana of Poitiers is for ever associated with the halls where her emblematic crescent still glitters. And this, too, was the country of the gentle Agnes Sorrel. Again, what a glorious bead-roll of ancient towns stud this delicious land: Blois, in all its mediæval picturesqueness; Tours, redolent of Louis XI. and his Scottish archer-guard; Amboise, a model of the town called into existence by the feudal fortress; Saumur, an old Protestant stronghold; Angers, from whence came our own Plantagenet kings—more antique-looking than even Blois; and Nantes, the thriving capital of Brittany.

Turn to the Garonne, and we leave all such deeply-interesting historical associations behind us. The great river of Gascony rolls a rapid pea-soup-coloured flood along a course curiously destitute of general interest, except perhaps such as may be derived high up in its course from recollections of the Albigenses, and in more modern days from the struggle at Toulouse between Wellington and Soult. In the plains watered by the Garonne, however, the 'gai science' originated. Languedoc and Gascony sent forth the first of the minstrels and troubadours. The tongue in which the *sirventes* and *lais* chanted by these wandering gentlemen were written, still exists in the common patois of the peasantry; and the race of which Blondell was a member is not yet extinct. The last of the troubadours—one Jasmin, a barber, and a man of high poetic abilities—yet dwells at Agen, on the Garonne, and yet sings ditties similar in spirit to those which Cœur-de-Lion proposed to chant—'in oc or in oui'—to the holy clerk of Copmanhurst; when that reverend personage indignantly preferred a good old English ballad to all the 'ocs and ouis of France.'

There is little traffic on the Garonne, with the exception of the reaches above Bordeaux, up and down which boats laden with country productions for the city's use ply incessantly. It is a sight, early on an autumnal morning, to see these arks, laden to the water's edge with piled-up masses of grapes, plums, and melons, disembarking their contents above the great stone-bridge of Bordeaux. The air is sickly with the fragrance, and the shore an absolute chaos of massed and heaped-up luscious fruit. The valley of the Garonne, however, with all its actual riches, looks poor and bleak. The river often winds between bare chalk cliffs, pouring a yellow, muddy flood from side to side of its piled and built-up banks; the villages are dead and dreary-looking places, mouldering and crumbling to decay; but the populousness of the country is shewn in the vast number of wire suspension-bridges which span the stream. At a distance these structures look very commanding; but a close inspection shews how weakly and how coarsely they are built. The diligences crawl cautiously along them, amid such a storm of cracking and creaking, that I was often well pleased when we turned our backs upon the river. It is far up the stream, however—about the roots of the Pyrenees—that the Garonne shews its best points. At Bordeaux it is half water and half yellow mud, but still flowing with a strong and sweeping current. Higher up towards Agen and Toulouse, it is a dull drumly stream—often in the summer-time leaving great expanses of shingle bare, and broken here and there into futile rapids by the projection of shelves of rock across the bed. But issuing from the boxwood-covered gorges of the Pyrenees, the Garonne is a glorious Alpine stream, plunging on its way in foaming, whirling eddies, amid masses of disjointed rocks, swirling round and round in clear, deep, rippling pools, or bickering over the slimy shingle with a gay, poppling sound—pleasant green *haughs* upon the banks, and gowan-covered knolls, and many a ragged mountain-urchin 'paidling in the burn.'

So far as volume of water goes, the Rhone is undoubtedly the queen of French rivers. The Seine goes sleepingly and dreamingly along; the Loire, when not in flood, murmurs musically from island to island, and steals tranquilly by the shingle whitening in the sun; the Garonne, by the time its tributaries have converted it into a first-class river, is only rapid and fierce at certain points; but the Rhone throughout its course, from Geneva to the muddy Delta in which it loses itself and oozes into the Mediterranean, is a wild, turbulent, headlong river, driving down in breathless haste and majestic force towards the sea. The stream is therefore held in very great awe by the dwellers on its shores. A sudden melting of the snow upon the Swiss hills is a matter of very serious import to the bank towns, from Arles upwards; and I have been more than once struck by the anxious faces watching the mighty rush of the impetuous flood when the river was considerably higher than its ordinary level. The Rhone alone of the French streams still boasts a few bridges of boats upon the common German plan. There are other ancient structures of stone, the shooting of which—particularly of one at Pont St Esprit—was a feat in the days of old. It was on the Rhone at Tournon—a place close to the celebrated Hermitage Vineyards—that the first French suspension-bridge was erected; and since then they have multiplied rapidly—in general, however, the same flimsy, unfinished-looking structures so common on the Garonne.

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As may be guessed, the Rhone shews little favour to barge navigators. It is a capital stream to float a vessel down with; but *revocare gradus* is the difficulty. Many barges are despatched from Lyons and the higher towns towards Avignon and the Delta, laden with merchandise, which is disembarked at its destination, and the boat—a rude, ill-put-together affair—broken up for firewood. This is generally the case with the coal-barges floated down from the mining country below Lyons. Other vessels, however, achieve the upward passage; but their number is fast diminishing, as steam is making its way upon the river. The Rhone barges, like those of the Loire, sail in fleets, but never make use of canvas. A whole troop of track-cavalry tugs each lumbering squadron. Three or four barges, fastened to each other, are often dragged by thirty or forty horses, scrambling on the banks, plunging into the water, often dragged off their legs as the desperate eddies and flows of current wrench round the boats with irresistible force. The voyage of an amphibious caravan of this sort, from Beaucaire to Lyons, used frequently to occupy from six weeks to two months, and the squadron was lucky which made the passage without the loss of two or three of its horses. The labour these poor beasts undergo soon breaks them up, even if they escape being dragged into the river and drowned in their harness. The upward navigation of the Rhone, indeed, without steam aid, was mere wanton folly; and accordingly the vast mass of the products of the south, and the 'denrées coloniales' which every country grocer in France paints over his shop-door, are brought northward in great caravans of carts and wagons, which daily and nightly, at every hour of the twenty-four, toil monotonously along eternally the up-and-down and dusty glaring road.

The Rhone scenery in some degree resembles that of the Rhine; but it is far tamer, and less varied. Like the Rhine, the French river loses itself in divers branches in a flat and marshy country—forming towards the mouths of the Delta a dreary expanse of rice-swamps and salt-morasses—burned up by an almost tropically-powerful sun—continually overspread with dark night-mists, and haunted by perpetual fever. Higher up, the Rhone passes through the dry, parched olive country, amid stony tracts of brown, gravelly hills. This applies to the district about Arles and Beaucaire. Ascending to Avignon, and beyond it to Valence, we get into the mulberry district—the olives and the almonds disappearing, and the more stately timber of Midland France taking their places, with the vine everywhere. It is above Valence, however, that the characteristic features of the river appear. During a long summer day, you steam windingly between two unbroken ranges of brown, undulating hills, vineyards from the water's edge to the summit. The quantity of the fruit cultivated is surprising. On and on for scores of miles, between two enormous screens of vines, every square inch of the mountain-side terraced and cultivated, as if the soil were the last left of the world. Here and there, upon a rocky peak, towers the gray and Rhine-like feudal château, generally in ruins. Along the river's bank extends the long, straggling, brown-burnt village, and a far-stretching line of flying dust, streaking with white the green expanses of the vines, indicates the track of the road on either bank. Between these the Rhone rushes in the fierce, sullen majesty of its might—the idea suggested by the river being always one of power and strength, never of grace or beauty.

There are certain features which appertain to all French streams, big and little: the clumsiness and apparent frailty of the barges used, for instance—the rickety and miserable look of the smaller boats, generally mere flat boxes, rowed with machinery like wooden spades—all speak of the anti-aquatic habits of the people. On the seacoast they learn to build ships as well as other nations; but up the country they never take kindly to the water, or aught that concerns it. You never see in a French river-town anything like the pleasure-wherry—the smart gig and funnies which in England would be floating on the water by the score. The punts employed are used for purely business purposes—Paris, which is a miniature representation of all Europe, and as such having borrowed some of our English customs, being the only exception to the general rule. On the Seine there are a few *canots*—the pale reflexes of London—four, six, and eight-oared galleys; but at Lyons, for example, on the Rhone, at Macon on the Saone, at Bordeaux on the Garonne, and at Tours, Orleans, Saumur, and so forth, on the Loire, I never saw the ghost of a pleasure-skiff, or heard that the rivers were ever used as a means of recreation and wholesome exercise, except in swimming. The barges, again, are frequently very large, but very flimsily built, and generally unpainted. They have a family-likeness on all rivers, particularly in the extraordinary awkwardness of the machinery with which they are steered—the tiller often consisting of a vast beam of wood, weighing more than a ton, one end of it flattened and widened by means of nailed boards attached, the other running as far forwards as the mast. The steersman reaches it by means of a platform, and the whole mass is poised upon the stern. The washing establishments form another French river feature. In summer they seem all very well—bating the rude usage which the linen appears always to be subjected to; but in winter it makes one shudder to see the bands of women, with their bare arms up to the elbows in the icy stream. A *blanchisseuse* has probably no very pleasant life of it in any country, but the French sisterhood must undoubtedly be amongst the greatest victims. In England such operations are usually conducted by the side of comfortable stoves and steaming-coppers; but certainly our neighbours, with all their reverence for Napoleon, pay but little attention to the literal interpretation at least of one of his most noted maxims—'*Lavons notre linge sale en famille.*'

LYDIA, THE FOOLAH SLAVE.

In cruising along the western shores of Africa, we touched at Freetown, the principal settlement of Sierra Leone. This is a colony of liberty and of death: giving freedom and all its blessings to a vast number of enslaved Africans, whilst the noxious climate has made it proverbially 'the white man's grave.' At the end of December the weather was charming; for although the thermometer ranged high there was a cool breeze from the sea, and the air was balmy and elastic, imparting a cheerful vigour to the animal and mental frames. I could scarcely imagine that a few months previously the yellow fever had made such dreadful ravages, or that in a few months later most of the European inhabitants would be suffering from debility or fever from the hot vapours of the rainy season and the miasma which arises from putrid vegetation.

Freetown itself is an interesting place, well situated on a rising-ground near the river, with a high hill at its back. It contains more than 16,000 inhabitants, of whom 300 or 400 are Europeans, the rest are mulattoes and free blacks. The negroes are of a great variety of tribes, forming a miniature representation of the nations and languages of Central Africa. Under the fostering care of European missionaries and schoolmasters, many of the coloured population have acquired the rudiments of knowledge, and are become industrious, intelligent, and well-behaved. The contrast between this settlement and any native town in

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its natural rudeness is so marked as to be highly pleasing to the friends of Africa, and I could scarcely regret the valuable lives which have been sacrificed in producing this oasis of a desert continent—this refuge from slavery and barbarism in a blighted land. Freetown is surrounded with about twenty small towns and villages, in which nearly 40,000 liberated slaves are settled under care of the British government. Each has his own plot of ground, on which he erects his hut, and uses as a yard or garden according to his convenience.

As I was strolling through one of these towns, looking about with prying curiosity to see African manners improved by civilisation, I was accosted by an intelligent woman, of comely appearance, and of a lighter complexion than I had supposed to belong to the negro race. She was neatly dressed in native costume, having a garment thrown elegantly round her breast and shoulders, whilst another covered the lower part of the body: she wore European shoes, and had her hair fastened with a pretty handkerchief. She spoke broken English in a fluent manner, her language shewing that she was accustomed to read. After a few minutes' conversation, she invited me into her dwelling to take a seat, and refresh myself with a drink of milk. The hut which I entered was of superior workmanship, consisting of two apartments, besides outhouses, and containing some articles of good furniture: it was quite as neat and comfortable as an ordinary cottage in England, though necessarily in a lighter style. Two or three fine children, not so fair in skin as their mother, were playing about the door, clothed in a simple shirt or frock—quite enough for this warm climate. Her husband had gone out to look after some cattle. After various questions, which she answered with readiness, she yielded to my importunate request for a short narrative of her eventful life, which she gave to the following effect:—

I belong to one of the Foolah tribes who dwell in the interior of this country. The pastoral Foolahs have whiter skins than the other negroes: my husband is a Fencolar, speaking the same language, but of a darker colour. I remember nothing of my earliest childhood, and was never told about it by any person; nor do I know where my parents lived, nor where I was born. I have a faint recollection of dwelling in a village, composed of wattled huts, and surrounded with a stockade: it had one broad street in the middle, with cane-houses on either side, each in a little plot or garden. I played about all day with my infant brother and other children of our tribe: we did not wear any clothes, for these are not used by children in Africa. My father and his people—for he was head man of the town—used to keep cattle, and were obliged to take them in the dry weather wherever pasturage could be obtained. This is all I remember of my first home. We were never allowed to go out of the town by ourselves, lest we should be stolen by men or devoured by wild beasts. So we lived in safety though not in peace; for in Africa there is nothing sure save the vast forests, the desert sands, and the mighty rivers: these must always remain—but man has no quiet there. We are in constant fear of enemies, and we never know when to expect a foe. We are like a canoe in the water when the paddles are lost and a strong wind is blowing—we are like the chickens when the screaming hawks are flying over our heads—like the bleating goats when the howling wolves surround the fold.

Our stockade kept out the wild beasts at night, but it could not save us from the attack of wild men, for in poor Africa there is little in our houses which the wicked can steal; so they come to rob us of liberty and all we hold dear in life. We never grudged paying the Mandingoes for keeping us safe; and though their chiefs often imposed upon us, and asked many presents, we did not complain.

We were one night sweetly asleep as usual, the children lying on a wicker-frame at one side of the hut, and our parents occupying another on the opposite side. We were as birds in a nest, for our tribe was at peace with all around, and we paid a tribute to the king in whose country we sojourned. At midnight we were awakened by a great shout, and I felt much frightened, for I had never heard so loud a noise except from the thunder of heaven. It grew louder and louder like a mighty tornado crashing the trees, and sweeping everything before the terrible blast. Men's voices were now heard, and my father seized two spears which stood against the hut, and ran out. My mother was just following when we heard a loud noise of guns, and all was for a moment silent, like the still calm which prevails before a tempest blows. Then my mother ran in shrieking, and seizing us children, threw us under the bed and spread the clothes over, telling us to be quite quiet whoever might come in. We lay there in trembling suspense for a few minutes, when she again hurried us out; and we saw a great light as if all the town was on fire. The roof of our own house was burning, and we ran out to escape the flames. Near the door I saw the body of my father, covered with blood, his hands still grasping the spears. I called him to rise and come away with us, but he returned no answer; and my mother hurried us into the middle of the street. We there found ourselves surrounded by savage men, who bade us keep together, and then drove us like a flock of goats out of the burning town. There I saw all our cattle collected, and the women and the children of our tribe, and a few of the young men with their hands tied behind them; but we had passed by many dead bodies.

As soon as it began to be light we were driven into the forest, and made to go very fast, never stopping till the sun was quite high. When any of the children were tired and could not walk farther, they were given to the women to be carried. Some of these were old, and were themselves feeble, and they did not care to go into slavery; so they refused to go forward. They were then beaten, and if they still refused they were pierced with a spear, and left to be devoured by the hyænas and wolves which followed at a distance, for they know the track of the man-hunter. The bloody vultures also screamed over our heads, and I have been told that they often fight with the beasts for the bodies of the slain. At last we were all tired with walking and with the sun, and faint with hunger and thirst. We reached a river which we crossed, and sat down under the trees of the opposite bank, for the men could there see if any one was pursuing them. At last they judged that all was safe, especially as they were now far in another king's country, who was friendly to some of themselves. When the coffle had rested and our captors had satisfied their hunger—for we had nothing to eat, only they gave the children a little milk—it was then agreed partly to divide the spoil. Some of the men-hunters were quite strange to us, speaking a language we did not understand, and having come from a great

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distance; but others were wicked men who lived in a country not far from our own, and who had joined the hunters and led them to our unhappy town for a booty. The women with their infants, and the young men and elder children, were taken by the strangers, because they could travel, and it was needful that they should remove far away from their homes, lest they should find means of escape from bondage; but the little children who could not walk far, and who were heavy to carry, and who were not likely to know anything of the country, were given with most of the cattle to the hunters who lived in the neighbourhood. In this division I was separated from my mother and my little brother, whom she carried on her back. My mother begged hard to have me with her, and cried and tore her hair; but they forced her away, threatening to take her infant if she would not be quiet. She then desisted, and covering me with kisses, she wrung her hands in anguish, and bade me a long farewell. There were gloomy prospects before us all, but we only knew a part of our wo: we were like a sheep which mourns for her lambs that are killed, but does not know the fate which soon awaits herself.

Next day the party who had us for their prey reached their own town, and made a feast because of their success. The cattle and children were indiscriminately divided amongst the robbers, and my master went home exulting with two little slaves and many head of cattle. We were well used, and had little to complain of, in our childish forgetfulness of the past and ignorance of the future. The women who belonged to my master—for he had several wives—tilled the ground and prepared the food, and they were kind to us in our orphan condition; but I could never look at my owner save with feelings of horror, for visions of the bloody deed which he had done followed me by day and haunted me by night. It was too terrible a scene to pass away from my memory; and when I heard the other children calling "father" and "mother," I felt angry at him who had deprived me of both.

After a time my slave-companion was parted from me, being sold to a dealer who came round the neighbourhood. My master received in exchange some rum and tobacco. He would have sold me at the same time, but his chief wife wanted me to take care of her baby. After some years, when I was beginning to grow tall, she sent me into the field, for she claimed me as her slave, and I always obeyed her orders. Field-work was harder than that in the house, but I was not displeased to be away from my master, whom I could not bear to look upon; besides, he was a passionate man, often drunk, and then his fury was ungovernable, till they stupified him with liquor, in which state he would lie for days together. On one occasion when he was absent a Moor passed by, and my mistress called me and shewed me to him. He examined me all over very attentively, looked pleasantly at me, and afterwards had a conversation with her on the subject. She then gave me to understand that the Moor had offered a good price for me at the end of six months, provided I then looked well and plump. She praised my beauty, and said that I should go to live with the Moor, but that I must take care to answer his expectations. For this purpose I was brought from working in the fields, was well fed, and had to drink a large quantity of camel's milk each morning. Thus, sir, we are treated like the cattle: like them we are bought and sold, and like them we are gorged with food when it answers our owner's purpose.

The time fixed upon was fast approaching, but I looked forward to it with far less interest than did my mistress. She was expecting my price in a quantity of necklaces, bracelets, and a fine shawl, which the Moor had promised to give for me if I were in good condition, and she spoke much about the hoped-for finery. I cared little about the matter, feeling no interest in the barter; whether I were a slave or a slave-wife made little difference, and would scarcely alter my condition of servitude. My thoughts were very limited, and provided I should be well treated and have plenty to eat, I little cared where I was or to whom I belonged. I had no idea of a soul or of a future state, but regarded myself as one of the cattle—only having a more beautiful structure of body than they. I knew more than the cows, but not more than the ants and bees, and the sagacious elephant. What I heard of these creatures often made me wish that I was as free and as wise as they seemed to be. I lived for to-day, heedless of to-morrow, and nothing but my daily employment had ever exercised my mind. My master never prayed, for he was a Soninkee or drunken infidel, and knew not God. We had dances at particular times of the year, and some of the people made offerings to idols, and we wore greegrees or amulets to keep away danger and disease; but we knew no more. The Moors, however, have a sacred book, and some of the negro nations worship Allah as they do; but this is for the men, not for the women.

The expectations of my mistress turned out like other African hopes—they were written on sand, which is scattered by a sudden whirlwind. One day while I was weaving cloth beside her, we were surprised by a small party of horsemen who dashed into the yard. All the men of the place were absent, which these free-booters had ascertained by their spies. They instantly seized us and as many more women as they could find, each taking up one upon his horse, and rode off at full gallop. It was the work of a moment, and we were all carried away — my mistress, her child, and the other wives, sharing in the same captivity with their slaves. In Africa a man may be great to-day and very little to-morrow, and he that plundered his neighbour's house yesterday may have his own home broken up next morning. When my master came home from looking after the cattle which he had stolen he would find his huts desolate, and might have no information about the robbers—only that they were Moors.

The sufferings connected with this second captivity were severe, but short compared with those endured by other Africans. After riding for a short time at great speed through the forest, and finding there was no pursuit, our captors dismounted their victims, and forming us into a group, they drove us like a herd of cattle at a rapid pace. If any one began to lag behind a rope was tied about her neck, and she was dragged and goaded forward to keep up with the rest. We travelled hard for two days toward the south, when we reached a town where they traffic in slaves, and there the dealers soon purchased us of the Moors. The slave-merchants into whose hands we had now fallen were expecting a coffle toward the western coast, where a small vessel was lying in a creek of the Rio Grande waiting for a cargo. This circumstance saved me much bodily torment, which must have been caused by a long journey to the Gold Coast, and by the inflictions of a tedious voyage. The place of our embarkation was a hazardous one for the trade, being so near the British settlements; but it was attended with many advantages if the slaver could only get clear of the coast: it was a short but dangerous enterprise. We were detained for a few days at the water-side, waiting until an expected cruiser had passed by the mouth of the river; then we were huddled at night into a small slaver, which immediately set sail. But who can describe our wretchedness during the next two days—being cooped up between decks, unable to sit upright, or even to change our posture, and nearly suffocated for want of air? A light wind had driven the slaver from the shore, and then left her becalmed in sight of land. This added to our sufferings; since

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there was no ventilation in the ship's hold, and though we were perfectly naked the heat was intolerable. To keep us alive we were released for a few hours in the morning, and sent to take air on the deck. The sight of Africa's mountains, and gloomy anticipations of what might yet befall us at sea and in distant lands, filled us with melancholy; but we were almost past feeling through fatigue and exhaustion. Perhaps I was as heedless of my fate as any on board, as I had not left behind any one for whom I cared. The only being in whom I had felt interested for many years was my mistress's daughter, who had been taken sick on the road, and was left by the Moors to be devoured by the wild beasts.

While looking over the side of the vessel at the huge sharks which swam around us, as if waiting for the body of some dead negro to be thrown overboard—for these fish are said to know and follow the slave-ships—I was struck with the appearance of a dark object coming towards us: it looked like a ship, but it had no sails, and I could not tell how it moved. It seemed to have a short, thick mast in the middle, out of which a black smoke issued in a long stream. It came forward without oars or sail. We all wondered; but the captain and sailors were greatly alarmed. They looked at it through a long tube, and then consulted together. At first they thought of throwing us all overboard, and even came to lay hold upon us for that purpose; but we shrieked and struggled, and as we had no clothes to hold us by, they soon found it would be too long a work, especially as there was an under-deck full of male slaves still below. Meanwhile the flying-ship was coming quickly down upon us, so the seamen lowered two little boats, and jumping in, rowed with all their strength towards the shore, which they soon reached, and disappeared in one of the creeks. The steamboat, as I have since heard it called, came close alongside. She was full of men, who had swords and pistols; others stood with matches in their hands ready to fire their great guns, with which I am told they can sink a vessel much larger than the slaver. Several finely-dressed men leaped on board, but finding that all the crew were gone, they put up their swords and spoke kindly to us, telling one of their black sailors to inform us in the Mandingo language that we were all free, and would soon again be set ashore on Africa. The fetters of the male slaves were knocked off, food was given us, and we had as much water as we could drink, for we were parched with thirst.

In a very short time—for white men do things very quickly—all was got ready for sailing. A large rope was fastened from the steamboat to our ship, which was dragged through the water to Sierra Leone. You cannot think of our wonder and joy, our surprise and delight. It was like a dream; but I had never dreamed anything half so astonishing. To be delivered in a moment from slavery and sorrow; to be on the way back to Africa; and all this to be done by a ship which went without sails, which swam with fins like a fish, and belched smoke and fire from its mast! I knew not where I was, nor whether my head or feet were uppermost. At sunset of next day we reached Sierra Leone, and my surprise was increased by the sight of the place. Such large houses appeared at a short distance!—such fine soldiers came down to the sea!—such finely-dressed men and women, white and black, walked about! Many black people came to look at us, and to see if they had any friend among us; and all spoke to us kind and pleasant words.

When we had been taken to the King's Yard, and been washed and dressed, some people came to take apprentices, and among others the man who is now my husband. He is a Foolah, but not of the same tribe as myself: he was once a slave, but had now been several years in the colony, and having worked hard he had raised himself to respectability. Perceiving my fair skin he spoke to me in my language, and upon receiving an answer he asked me how I had been captured. I told him the chief events of my history. When I had finished he immediately went and spoke about me to the government officer, and then took me to his house, where he and his wife treated me kindly. They remembered that they too had been slaves and strangers in a foreign land, and they pitied me, for they were good people. My mistress was young, but she was sickly, and she had an infant which she wished me to take care of. I was also to help her in all matters about the house, which was easy employment. She was a very sweet woman, and I soon loved her much: she treated me more as a companion than a servant, and I was never so happy as in fulfilling her wishes.

A few days after I arrived was the Sabbath. I was surprised that the people did no work on that day, but all dressed themselves in their best clothes, and when a bell rang they went to a large house like a store-room, but much larger and finer. They told me it was called a church, where they sang and prayed, and heard a minister preach to them out of a great book about God, and their souls, and a future life. All this was new to me. I wondered at what I saw and heard, but could understand nothing. My mistress, who was herself a Foolah, kindly explained to me about the Bible, the book which God has given to the white man. It filled me with much wonder, and I could not rest till I understood these great truths. It was the first time I had really thought about anything that deserved attention, and I was glad to find that I had a mind to think and a heart to feel. Eventually I was baptized by the name of Lydia, and became a happy member of the Christian church, being now able to speak a little English, and to understand something of what the minister said.

My sweet mistress continued sick for two years; and though we had a white doctor to attend her, she grew worse, and died. It was a time of great trouble to us all, and to none more than to myself. I loved her very much, even as my own soul; for she was always kind to me, and had taught me much that was good. She died in the faith; and I have often thought that if ever there was one on earth who was prepared by gentleness, purity, and peace, for a holy heaven, it was my dear mistress.

When my apprenticeship was nearly finished I had grown to womanhood, and was now tall and comely. Two or three young men were making proposals of marriage, which my master said should be entirely left to my own choice; only he advised me not to be in a hurry in coming to a decision, for I should easily get a good husband, and now I had a comfortable home. He had not taken another wife, and there was nobody who loved his child as I did, so I said that I would remain with him as long as he pleased. One day he brought home a new dress, which he told me to put on; he said that I looked very nice in it, and I replied that it was too fine for a servant. He said that he wished me to go with him to a wedding the next week, and that I must be dressed for the occasion. Upon my asking who was going to be married, he said that it was himself, and that he hoped to have me for a wife. Such a thought had never entered my head, and I was quite perplexed; but the result was that I became his happy bride. Since then my life has been as peaceful as a flowing river on a fine morning. It has always been the dry season in our house—no rains, no tornadoes of sorrow, have ever troubled our dwelling. We negroes are naturally a quiet race, and the Foolahs are timid and gentle; and when religion makes a Foolah's heart right, filling it with love to God and man, it is as peaceful as the blue sky—as happy as the pretty birds which fly about the bushes. My youthful sorrows are almost forgotten, except to contrast them with my present blessedness, and to thank God and the English for this colony of Sierra Leone. This is a hill on which

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we live when the floods arise and cover the ground; it is a house of stone when the fierce tornado blows and destroys the huts; it is the shadow of a large tree when the sun smites the earth with his strong heat.

GOETHE'S TASSO.

It has been remarked by Mr R. P. Gillies, that Tasso's records of his own unhappy existence are far more interesting and romantic than the most elaborate of his poems, although the said records are only the chronicle of his wayward caprices and miseries. 'The scene only changes from the palace or convent to the prison vaults, and the vicissitudes of feeling are from the dazzling illusions of hope to the dark, heavy clouds of despondency.'* The minstrel—now dwelling in kings' houses, now pining in durance vile—was he who sang 'Jerusalem Delivered,' who in palace and prison could see farther and feel more deeply than his fellows: like his own hero—

> 'Molto egli oprò col senno e con la mano,
> Molto soffri nel glorioso acquisto.'†

Stone walls and iron bars could not indeed exclude the vision and the faculty divine, but they could stifle and distort the poet's aspirations—they could bruise and batter the wings of this poor struggling 'bird of paradise.' For, as Byron has it—‡

> ——'Form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
> These birds of paradise but long to flee
> Back to their native mansion; soon they find
> Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
> And die, or are degraded.'

The pilgrim in Italy, as he paces the dull, deserted thoroughfares of Ferrara, looks up wistfully at the grated windows of St Anna's Hospital, and bethinks him of a time when at one of those windows might be seen, day after day, the earnest, pallid face of Torquato Tasso, peering anxiously through the bars—'a face handsome, but extremely sad, rather past middle life, but haggard beyond its age; the hair, though partially white, falling down in delicate curls from the high and somewhat wrinkled forehead; the cheeks pale and ghastly, as of one just recovering from severe illness; thin lips, anxiously parted from one another, and shewing the white teeth set; eyes preternaturally bright, and fixed with an intense gaze down the street.'§ Tasso's situation under the duke's lock and key was, as Shelley observes, widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day; for from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor; but *then* there was no hope.‖

To represent in a dramatic poem—for such, rather than a drama, is Goethe's 'Tasso'—this 'victor unsurpassed in modern song,' on whose name attend 'the tears and praises of all time,' was a task worthy of Germany's chiefest bard. The action of the piece is comprised within some dozen hours; but, as Miss Swanwick remarks,¶ by skilfully availing himself of retrospect and anticipation, Goethe has presented us with a beautiful epitome of the poet's life. The period is that signalised by the completion of his great epic—a work which has elevated him, says Sismondi,** perhaps above all modern poets. (The *peut-être* in the Frenchman's criticism is of infinite importance, in the ears at least of the countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton.) We see him a guest of Duke Alphonso, in the beautiful retreat of Belriguardo, where Petrarch was entertained and Ariosto found his models. He is surrounded with objects from which a happier temperament might have extracted the means of tranquil happiness. Not yet has Alphonso bound him fast in misery and iron, or done aught to merit the indignant denunciation of Childe Harold; not yet had occurred that *hegira* of the distracted minstrel from Ferrara to Sorrento, when, disguised in shepherd's garb, he told his own tale so touchingly to Cornelia, that the fond sister fainted with grief; not yet had he known imprisonment in the hospital of St Anna; not yet wandered to and fro, honoured indeed, but miserable, seeking rest and finding none. But for all these sorrows Goethe prepares us. He reveals the forecast shadow of coming events. The cloud may be no bigger than a man's hand, but it is there: it is dark, lowering, grimly foreboding; and with the fifth act the rustling of its heavy drops is heard, and we feel that the storm is begun.

That Goethe has drawn a faithful portrait of this sensitive, irritable, melancholy genius, so far as actual history rather than ideal art is concerned, appears undeniable. For instance, in one of Alphonso's descriptions—

> 'Thus to secure my favour, he betrays,
> At times, unseemly ardour; against some
> Who, I am well assured, are not his foes
> He cherishes suspicion; if by chance
> A letter go astray, a hireling leave
> His service, or a paper be mislaid,
> He sees deception, treachery, and fraud
> Working insidiously to sap his peace.'*

So in Leonora's remonstrance—

> 'And oh, dear friend, that Heaven would grant me this—
> To make it clear to thee ere thou departest,
> That in thy fatherland there is not one
> Pursues thee, hates, or covertly molests.
> Thou art deceived! and as for others' pleasure
> Thou 'rt wont to practise thine inventive art,
> So in this case thou weav'st a cunning web
> To blind thyself, the which to rend asunder
> I'll do mine utmost, that with vision clear
> Thou may'st pursue life's glad career untrammell'd.'

Tasso's love for the princess is fervently told. Her he glorifies in every strain. Now exalting her to the starry heavens—now stealing after her through silent fields, hallowing her every movement, blessing the music of her every footfall—

> 'His loved ideal from the spheres he brings,
> And doth invest it with the name *she* bears.'

When, in the palace gardens, she takes the laurel crown from Virgil's bust and places it on Tasso's bending head—an emblem of the crown that awaits him in the capital—he quivers beneath its gentle pressure, as though it were a sunbeam on his brain, scorching up the power of thought.

> 'Whatever in his song doth reach the heart
> And find an echo there, he owes to one,
> And one alone,'

to whom he passionately consecrates, once and for ever, his whole being.

Tasso's first appearance on the scene is with the completed epic in his hand, which he comes to present to his patron, who receives it with graceful compliments. His happiness for the moment is exuberant—happiness such as poet's electric blood alone can so intensely feel and so swiftly lose. Antonio enters; and lo! Paradise Lost! Antonio is the hard-headed practical man of the world—sage, deliberate, politic, courteous, conventional, and his *entrée* is as through a nightmare of materialism—

> 'Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum,'

* Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, vol. i.
† Gerusalemme Liberata, c. i.
‡ Prophecy of Dante, c. iii.
§ Millman's Life of Tasso. ‖ Shelley's Posthumous Essays.
¶ Introduction to her Translation of Tasso.
** Literature of Europe, ch. xiii.

* Miss Swanwick's translation.

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had come to perch its intolerable weight on the breast of the transcendental dreamer. Antonio and Tasso cannot hunt in couples. They agree together much as do flint and steel—the result is sparks of discord. Tasso can admire the secretary, just as Coleridge admired men of business, for capacities wherein he felt himself signally deficient: he calls his conversation instructive, and his words 'how useful in a thousand instances!'

> 'For he possesses, I may truly say,
> All that in me is wanting. But, alas!
> When round his cradle all the gods assembled
> To bring their gifts, the Graces were not there;
> And he who lacks what these fair powers impart,
> May much possess and much communicate,
> But on his bosom we can ne'er repose'—

any more than Shelley could have nestled in that of Jeremy Bentham. Tasso *tries* to like him, but the two can never be placed cordially *en rapport;* their constrained and evanescent alliance has no claim to a section in 'Elective Affinities.' The third scene of the second act opens with an interchange of 'everything that prétty is' between the poet and the politician, and ends with poor Tasso in an attitude, flourishing his sword, and trying to provoke his self-collected companion to get up a 'scene.' Alas for Tasso's sensations when Alphonso enters, just in time to behold his martial *pose plastique!* while Messer Antonio serenely says:

> 'Calm and unmoved, oh prince, thou find'st *me* here
> Before a man whom passion's rage hath seized.'

The consequence of the broil is 'brief confinement' for the excited poet—a sentence mildly passed by Alphonso, but overfraught with shame and bitterness to the subject of it, still writhing under the recollection of Antonio's 'formal wisdom' and proud assumption of magisterial superiority, which Tasso is not yet old or wise enough to answer with a patient smile. Later in the play, Leonora, anxious to heal the breach, assures Tasso—

> 'Yet often with respect he [Antonio] speaks of thee:'

whereto the fretting captive makes reply:

> 'Thou meanest with forbearance, prudent, subtle.
> *'Tis that annoys me;* for he knows to use
> Language so smooth and so conditional,
> That seeming praise from him is actual blame.'

The psychological truth involved in this state of mind is developed with considerable power, and illustrates Goethe's mastery of the heart of man. Tasso is the 'hero' of this drama *de jure* only, not *de facto;* now and then our feeling towards him oscillates between impatience and compassion. He is not to be measured by the standard applicable to sound nerves and world-hardened, world-bronzed constitutions. He is one of those anomalies that abound in the domains of genius—who are a law unto themselves—jealous over their own insular rights—tempest-tossed by every aggression *ab extra*—misapprehending well-intentioned vulgarians, and by them also misapprehended—denouncing the coldness and coarseness of society, but only to heap coals of fire on their own head. In Goethe's 'Tasso' we see a noble, tender, morbidly-susceptible man, whose ill-guided 'subjectivity' implicates him in continual bewilderment, creates for his annoyance a recurring series of troubles, and reduces him to strange passes and sorry degradation. We witness the incipient stages of that mysterious madness, the real nature and extent of which is still among the unsolved problems of biography, the unsettled curiosities of literature. We watch the progress of that unhappy love which, in the words of Charles Knight, 'swayed his whole destiny, and made him the wayward, restless, self-abandoned, and most unhappy slave of presumptuous hopes, of bitter regrets, of agonising remembrances, of superstitious paroxysms.'* We see the abrupt awakening of his visionary spirit from the halcyon calm of dreamland to the harsh realities of a world where dreaming is illicit, and where dreamers are liable to be prosecuted as the law directs. Deficient the drama undoubtedly is in many important particulars, but the character of Tasso is portrayed with a vigour, animation, and *vraisemblance* that deserve and will repay study. As such we commend it to the reader; little disposed as we are to call the old man of Weimar our *Magnus Apollo*, or to understand the sanity of those who would put him 'far north' of Shakspeare's self—that bright particular star which dwells apart from and above the whole constellation of Germany's dramatic genius.

THE NEW LAND SYSTEM.

Our attention has been specially drawn to a work entitled the 'Irish Land Question,' in which it is alleged that the author, Vincent Scully, Q. C., has at length shewn the true principles on which the tenure of land should be settled. We have read Mr Scully's production, however, and it does not appear to our mind that the author has at all set at rest this vexed question, but rather mystified it by new and impracticable views.

What is the actual condition of land-tenure in Ireland? 'For some centuries past, and up to the present time,' says Mr Scully, 'the great mass of those who till the Irish soil have possessed no permanent interest in its improvement; being mere yearly tenants, liable to be dispossessed at any time upon receiving a short notice, and therefore in a state of most absolute dependence upon their landlords. And the great misfortune arising from the existing law is, that it holds out no sufficient encouragements to induce either the landlord or the tenant to unite in converting this uncertain yearly tenancy into a certain and permanent tenure, but, on the contrary, creates some serious embarrassments impeding such a conversion.' Are we to understand from this explanation that there is a law in Ireland to prevent landlords granting leases for a determinate series of years? We do not believe that there is any such legal restriction. The proprietor of an estate in Ireland is as free to give a nineteen years' lease of one of his farms as if the property lay in Scotland. Such being the case, we cannot see that the alternative to an uncertain and impoverishing yearly tenancy is to impart a proprietary or permanent interest in the soil. If letting land from year to year be bad, as we know it is, why, in the name of common sense, do not the Irish, like the Scotch landlords, grant leases for a period of years? After the repeated explanations that have been offered on this subject, it is provoking to find that Irish authors and lawyers are to all appearance as ignorant of what can be done by properly-arranged leases of land as if no such things existed. They just see two ways of proceeding—the yearly tenancy system, and the qualified or full proprietorship. Perceiving that the renting of land from year to year, with the chance of continual ejection, ruins the productiveness of the soil and leads to hopeless misery, they rush to the conclusion that the practice is to be got rid of only by substituting some species of *ownership*. Must we repeat that there is a middle course, which has been pursued with the greatest success in Scotland, and that it would be at least worth while to try the same in Ireland before attempting to upset society by new projects?

Mr Scully's method of reform is amusing. His plan is 'to encourage the creation, with the consent of the owner, and by voluntary arrangement between landlord and tenant, of a simple description of tenure or estate; which, without any injury or coercion to-

* 'Life of Tasso,' prefixed to Fairfax's translation. 1844.

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wards the owner, will secure to each occupier a permanent interest in his holding, and eventually identify the actual occupation with the absolute ownership of the soil. The state, the owner of the land, and the occupying tenant, should each be a party to any voluntary arrangement by which all would be benefited alike. Any new system should be as simple as may be consistent with its possessing such peculiar advantages, as will effectually induce its speedy adoption, and tend to carry out its leading objects, of uniting the ownership with the occupation of the land, and of increasing its value by facilitating its future transfer. To effect these objects, the state should enforce and continue, as appurtenant to the land, the several incidents to become attached to it by the voluntary adoption of the improved tenure. For this purpose it will be necessary that a land-tribunal shall be constituted, in order to represent in each case the interest of the state, in sanctioning an adoption of the improved tenure, as well as in superintending its original creation and future continuance.'

In this exposition there appears to be a curious confusion of ideas: the state is called upon to enforce and sanction voluntary arrangements. If proprietors are pleased to enter into bargains to sell lands to their tenants, pray what hinders them from doing so in the present state of things? But in this, as in many other matters, the Irish mind looks to improved action only through state interposition—as if the people were children, and could do nothing of their own accord. There is to be a public land-tribunal—a precious job doubtless it would be—which shall ascertain and fix 'the fair letting value, or the net annual rent which a solvent tenant can afford to pay above all rates, taxes, and public charges, including the entire poor-rates, quit-rent, and tithe-rent-charge.' The tenant is thus to 'have a perpetual interest, so long as he may continue to pay the rent agreed upon and fixed at its fair letting value.' And if the tenant pleases, he is to be at liberty to buy up his land by paying certain instalments of its value. If he have not cash to do this, he is to be permitted to borrow money on debentures; and, if need be, government is to lend him what he requires!

Such is the sober proposal of a Queen's council to settle the Irish Land Question. It is settling it with a vengeance! The scheme is a regular confiscation. A set of penniless occupants are to be allowed to take permanent possession of the lands on which they happen to be planted, the proprietors, under a mysterious kind of voluntary compulsion, being treated as nobodies in the transaction. It would scarcely be worth while to treat this modest proposition with anything like seriousness, were it not unfortunately the case that absurdities of this kind pass for sound political economy among a certain class of minds. Most strange is it that so acute a people as the Irish should listen to such reveries; and it is to warn them against these visionary ideas of social reform that we venture an allusion to the subject. As plain-speaking in matters of this sort is the most friendly, we trust not to be misunderstood when we say that the outcry about tenant-right and fixity of tenure proceeds on an erroneous conception of the relationship of landlord and tenant—that is, of mutual rights and obligations. We must, in particular, condemn the notion of calling in the state to settle the terms on which land is to be let or purchased. The state has nothing to do with private interests. Every man is entitled to ask what rent he likes for his land, or to demand what price he pleases for any article he has for sale. And on the same grounds, every man is entitled to refuse taking lands or buying goods on the terms so proposed. Freedom to let, freedom to sell; freedom to go, freedom to come. Thorough liberty between man and man, to deal or not to deal. These are the true economics at which society has arrived; and we would as soon think of calling in the state to regulate the price of quartern-loaves as to fix the terms on which landlords and tenants should carry on their dealings.

But the Irish small farmer is oppressed. His landlord will not deal with him fairly. He will not give him a lease, nor will he do anything for his lands. He leaves the poor man to struggle on with an insecure tenure, and turns him adrift when it suits his fancy. If all this be true, Irish landlords are demons, not men. It is our impression that Irish proprietors, though mistaken in some things and reckless in others, are still human beings, and governed by ordinary motives. We do not believe that any landlord will do a cruel thing merely for the wicked pleasure of doing it. It is more than probable that there are faults on both sides. One very common reason given by Irish landlords for not granting leases is, that were they to do so, the lands would be sublet, and that instead of having one they would have fifty tenants. They let a farm of a hundred acres to one man under the strictest obligation not to sublet it. No sooner, however, does the lessee enter into possession than he sublets it, in whole or part, to twenty tenants, giving each five acres; then these five-acre-men sublet again in smaller portions; and before the landlord has time to turn round he finds his lands occupied by probably fifty families. Now if there be the slightest foundation for representations of this kind, it is evident that the state is powerless in providing a remedy. The evil lies in the necessities and feelings of the people. Suppose that Mr Scully's plan were carried out of giving a permanent interest in a farm to one tenant, the mischief would not be mended; for this single tenant would speedily assume the position of a middleman, and his subtenants would stand as much in need of fixity of tenure as he did himself. In short, unless the more substantial class of tenants in Ireland engage to work out covenants to the letter, and carefully exclude squatters and subtenants, there can be no hope of reform in land-tenure. On this point the whole question hangs. In Scotland no such thing as subtenanting is known or permitted. The tenant of a farm under lease must walk into it himself, and himself alone. The instant he introduced a subtenant, even for so much as a potato-garden, he would vitiate his covenant, and would be requested to vacate. Fortunately, there is no Court of Chancery in Scotland to interpose difficulties and heap up expenses, in the event of any such difference arising between landlord and tenant. The law is simple and of ready application through the agency of effective local tribunals (sheriff-courts), and every facility is afforded for the due execution of land-contracts. Provided, therefore, that landlords and tenants do their duty, tenant-right, as it is called, has no purpose or meaning. The proprietor lets his lands for a series of years on certain stipulated terms; the tenant accepts the lease on these terms, and honestly works them out. What more is wanted? Generally, in Scotland, the lease is for nineteen years. At its commencement, the landlord builds a farmhouse and offices, including a thrashing-mill, moved by steam or water power, or puts those things in repair if they already exist. He also encloses the fields with fences and gates, and makes farm-roads. The tenant has only to sit down comfortably in the dwelling prepared for him, and to set to work boldly with his capital to keep the land in condition, calculating that what he expends will be amply repaid before the expiry of his lease. When that period arrives, he either takes a fresh lease on similar terms, or goes off in quest of something more advantageous. The idea of pestering the legislature to give him a permanent right to the land he has tilled never enters his head: if it did, he would only be laughed at by his more discerning neighbours. Is there anything in the soil or atmosphere of Ireland that should dispose a tenant-farmer to entertain notions which are scouted in other parts

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of the empire? Nothing. The fault is in social habits and circumstances; and the remedy, as we apprehend, lies not in crotchety legislation, but in a resolute disposition on the part of all concerned to follow out in all integrity and mutual kindliness the practices which have elsewhere led to peace, prosperity, and happiness.

SMITHFIELD.

Some other agencies besides the barriers which in this country hedge in individual rights, or the 'wisely-and-slow' principle, which in matters of legislation suits the genius of our people best, have operated to defer the final sentence, now at last passed, of extinction upon Smithfield Market. One especially has been, that whilst the Smithfield champions have sturdily vindicated in words the purity, healthfulness, inoffensiveness of their beloved protégé, stoutly affirming that if there was any difference between the effluvia of Smithfield and Kensington Gardens it was in favour of the former; they, like sensible men, have been all the while keeping Master Smithfield steadily and quietly under the pump — washing, scrubbing, scouring, regulating, disciplining, with such good-will and effect, that positively there is all the difference in the world between his appearance now and what he was a comparatively short time ago. The aldermanic fancy-sketch of the metropolitan cattle-market which has so amused us all—a livelier Arcadia, enjoying a good, rattling trade, and possessed of a highly-sanative as well as balmy and wooing breath—is scarcely a more laughable exaggeration, as matters are now managed, than the wholesale imputations of reckless cruelty, barbarous violence, remediless confusion, frightful peril, and horrible filth, urged against it by equally imaginative opponents. The truth is that, thanks to its zealous patrons, Smithfield Market will die with decency, and by no means leave so unsavoury a reputation behind as if it had been hurried out of existence with all its odours rank upon its head. It is pleasant to part in so improved a spirit with a very old and for very many years useful and respectable acquaintance—so much so, indeed, as almost to reconcile one to the very lingering and painful struggle which has preceded the final exit.

Smithfield Market, for yet a little while, is one of the great sights of the metropolis, than which none offers a more vivid idea of the gigantic extent of the multitudinous population whose myriad mouths require to be alimented twice in each week with so prodigious an amount of flesh, over and above the enormous quantities of dead meat brought daily by rail from the provinces. The cattle-market days are Monday and Friday—the former being exclusively devoted to the sale of beasts, calves, sheep, lambs, with usually not a very large contingent of swine. Friday, in addition to all these—with a strong preponderance in pigs—displays a goodly show of donkeys, horses, vehicles, harness, whips, and other agricultural adjuncts, and is altogether a much more miscellaneous, noisy, and huckstering fellow than his grave and respectable elder brother, Monday. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are hay and straw days, whilst Wednesday is a *dies non* in the Smithfield calendar.

Preparations for the Monday traffic commences in Smithfield soon after ten o'clock on the Sabbath evening. The holy day is then verging towards its close; respectable citizens are either in bed or preparing to retire thither; and the large expanse of Smithfield, with its intricate tracery of sheep and swine pens, cattle-rails, dimly visible in the light of the market gas-lamps, aided here and there by the dubious flicker of partially-closed taverns and gin-shops, is tenantless, save for a few passengers hurrying east or west to their homes before the brute-arrivals bar or encumber their progress. There is consequently little to excite attention just at the moment, except it may be that the gate in the long, grim façade of St Bartholomew's Hospital opens for the reception of an accident, or that you chance to look up and are startled to perceive the great dome of St Paul's looming over the venerable building, as if watching, like you, when the huge stir and bustle necessary to the sustenance and life of the vast city above which it towers shall begin. You do not wait long. Police-officers, especially appointed for the duty, arrive and take up their appointed posts; and if you enter any of the houses of public resort—that, for instance, which proclaims in huge letters that whoever is desirous of obtaining 'wool for yarn' should buy the particular 'cream of the valley' sold there—you will perhaps see a paper stuck up on which is written the number of beasts and sheep which the salesmen who attend the market have notified to the booking-office will be the probable number requiring accommodation. Usually the actual supply falls short of the number expected, and very rarely indeed exceeds it. The publication of the quantity of stock anticipated affords, nevertheless, both buyers and sellers a sufficiently-accurate idea of the proportion of the supply to the probable demand, and in some degree governs their operations. The number of beasts expected on the 15th of June last was 3985—an amount considerably below the average—and 34,510 sheep. Imagine—but no one who has not seen this market can form any adequate idea of the scene—40,000 animals, including calves and pigs, congregated on a spot which a man's voice but moderately exerted could, during the night silence, be easily heard across, either way, from north to south, from east to west — from the entrance by Giltspur Street to Smithfield Bars, or from that by Snow Hill to the Three Foxes Court in Long Lane! We have been told, upon very high authority, that there are not more than two or three general officers in the British service who would know how to get 40,000 disciplined men in or out of Hyde Park. If this be so, either regimental soldiers are less orderly and docile than sheep and oxen, or the generals less masters of their business than the Smithfield drovers; for you will presently see that numbers of animals march in, take up their positions, and in due time march off again, with a despatch, regularity, and order which, under the circumstances, must be considered perfectly admirable. Now and then, to be sure, a silly sheep, at odds with destiny, will bolt suddenly off with a dog at its heels; but whatever speed may be put forth, it finds, alas! no egress from the perplexing maze of pens in which it is involved; and very soon, in obedience to the cry of 'Turn un—turn un,' is made to retrace its steps, and rejoin its Norfolk or Southdown companions. Perhaps, too, a *recalcitrant* calf, obstinately inimical to conversion into veal, whilst gently led along by a halter, starts off with the boy in charge, and is with some difficulty restored to his place in quadrupedal juvenile society; or it may be that a restive porker, here and there, with the inveterate hoggish propensity by which he is distinguished of scampering off in precisely the opposite direction to that which leads to where his presence is most ardently desired, creates a momentary confusion; but with these trifling exceptions the behaviour of the animals, as far as my observation has gone, is generally unexceptionable. The larger and more valuable ones especially permit themselves to be tied to the rails without a murmur, except indeed an occasional 'Boo—o—o—o——' should be so interpreted. But this is doubtful, to say the least of it. I have heard them emit the same sounds whilst revelling in Saintfoin as when on view at Smithfield; and as a somewhat celebrated lady in her Travels in the East very truly remarks: 'Man as yet—(nor women either for that matter)—has done nothing to bridge over the gulf which lies between him and mental intercommunica-

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tion with the lower animals,' and it is therefore obviously impossible to say what the lowing of the ox, the baaing of the sheep, the neighing of the horse, or the braying of the ass, precisely indicate—albeit it must be conceded that the squeaking of swine has a rather exact significance. Nine-tenths of the noises, too, in Smithfield are made by the calves—a fact in natural history which persons of experience in the world will have no difficulty in believing.

'Ding-dong!—ding-dong!' It is half-past ten o'clock—the official hour for the admission of sheep is striking; and see, there glides in through Smithfield Bars the first instalment for this night of the tide of animal life constantly pouring from north, south, east, and west of the United Kingdom; from France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, towards this great centre of carnivorous consumption. The permanent pens, each capable of holding twelve sheep comfortably, but which upon occasion accommodates sixteen or eighteen, fill rapidly under the guidance of the drovers—men licensed by the city authorities, and wearing a numbered brass-badge on the left arm. These persons are employed and paid by the salesmen—a highly-respectable body of tradesmen, to whom the stock forwarded for sale in Smithfield is chiefly consigned. The drovers are sent out to meet the sheep or beasts expected by rail or road; and as none but they are allowed to work in the market, the disposal of the animals is managed with a celerity and system which could not be attained if strangers were permitted to bring in and arrange the cattle. There are not many short of two thousand of these drovers attached to Smithfield Market—rude, coarse fellows no doubt, and in matters not pertaining to their business ignorant enough, but in that exceedingly expert, and generally trustworthy. The 'regulation' instrument of 'torture' which they use is not a very formidable instrument, but a stick about the thickness of a stout man's thumb, rather more than four feet in length, with an iron point at one end projecting not more than a quarter of an inch. Nevertheless the innate savagery of some vicious natures is at no loss for means of cruelty, and the vigilance of the police-officers is especially directed to the prevention or chastisement of acts of brutality. The last morning I visited the market I observed to one of the officers—a civil and intelligent Scotsman, by the way—that I had been looking on for five or six hours, and as yet had seen nothing of the outrageous cruelty said to be so prevalent there. 'I should hope not,' he replied with a laugh. 'A good deal of that is mere stuff and nonsense, though of course cattle can't be got to their places and haltered as gently and tenderly as babies are put to bed. Not but what the drovers require sharp looking after. This very morning we dropped down upon two of them before it was light, and locked them up for what we deemed cruelty.'

There can be no doubt that the greatly-improved aspect of Smithfield is in a great degree due to the vigilance of the now admirably-organised police-force—a body of men not only highly efficient in their vocation, but extremely serviceable just now as interpreters of the mysteries of the market to the numerous foreigners—Germans principally—I have noticed, who visit this metropolitan lion at about sunrise. The astonishment of these gentlemen as the vast droves pour in hour after hour is often very vehemently expressed, especially after hearing from an officer the number that will probably arrive: 'What you say? Forty, *feefty* tousend! Mein Gatt! And you shall throw a stone over the place!' They are not so fortunate when driven to drovers for information. One rather ludicrous instance I myself noticed. A gentleman, one of a party of five, and their interpreter, flushed with the flying colours with which he had come off in his colloquy with a polite police-officer, must needs venture his English with a coarse-grained, wiry-tempered old fellow, busy at the moment in getting some refractory sheep into place and order, and in so doing encountered a specimen of sour-krout quite new to him. He wished to ascertain where the man got his badge, and very civilly said: 'How you get, my goot friend, the arm-brass with figures?' As he touched the article whilst speaking, he was sufficiently comprehended, and the drover merely squinting at the questioner from the corner of his eyes, and without for an instant discontinuing his operations with the sheep, answered quickly and gruffly: 'Byes'em; ees a do byes'em!' The gentleman stretched his ears eagerly, but they conveyed no intelligent sound to his brain. English of that kind had never, he was sure, been taught in Faderland. 'What you say, good man?' he anxiously replied—'what you say?' The answer was this time unbroken by a comma: 'Byes'em ees a do byes'em!' The querist was completely nonplussed; his reputation as a linguist fell rapidly with his companions; and I hastened to remark that the gutturals he had just heard was Smithfield for saying that the market authorities, when granting the badge, charged the recipient a certain sum for it.

But to resume the progress of the market. The hour-and-a-half's monopoly enjoyed by the sheep has sufficed to about one-third fill the pens; and now, twelve o'clock having struck, on come the dense, bellowing herds of oxen—stirks, stots, heifers, cows; short horns, straight horns, crescent horns, long horns, no horns; black, white, pied, dun, red; on come the huge beasts, and as they arrive are with surprising dexterity and dispatch securely fastened to the strong market railings. From this hour, midnight, till seven or eight in the morning, the living stream of beasts and sheep, and calves and pigs, gradually attenuating of course, and with widening intervals, will pour on. Those who, on a fine summer morning, have watched at an early hour any of the great roads leading into London, will agree that the sudden and repeated appearance of the droves or flocks at the brow of an eminence, or at a turn in the long, silent vista, bringing, as it were, the light with them, presents a panorama of the liveliest and most pleasing kind. It is not till about half-past five or six o'clock that the swine make their entrance into the market, and at about the same time numerous carts and small wagons arrive—two-storeyed for the occasion, or having a kind of basket or cage nearly the size of the floor of the vehicle, swinging under it between the wheels, and vocal, like the upper apartment, with the bleatings and baaings of calves and sheep. These conveyances are frequently driven by the proprietor of the animals himself; and just now he is pretty sure to be accompanied on the fore-seat of the machine by his wife or daughter, perhaps both, come up of course to see the Great Exhibition.

By this time—half-past five—the market will have assumed a very busy aspect, and if the morning be fine, will present a gay and animated scene. The salesmen, with their ink-bottles hanging down in front of their waistcoats, are at their posts; but if you are to believe the abstracted, indifferent expression of their faces when buyers approach, without wish, much less anxiety, to sell. It is clearly their opinion that purchasers on this particular day ought to esteem themselves fortunate in being supplied at almost any price—the supply, as they say, being so inadequate to the tremendous demand. The buyers, of whom there are probably already several hundreds in the field—many of them in blue aprons, and almost all with a pair of bright scissors peeping out of their breast or waistcoat-pockets—it is equally clear, from the same index-tablet, are merely present as spectators, and with no purpose whatever of purchasing, unless the prices are very low indeed. One has just told the stout, jolly-looking salesman yonder that he is not particularly in want of veal:

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he has, in fact, been handling that fine lot of calves—pulling at their tails, peeping at their eyes, looking into their mouths, and feeling their shoulders and loins—from mere habit and curiosity: he asks, nevertheless, what would be about the figure to anybody that really wanted them. The answer in a curt, indifferent tone—for just at the moment the salesman is almost entirely absorbed in a conversation with a friend relative to the weather—perfectly astounds the questioner, and he starts away with an expression of extreme astonishment, almost of disgust. He does not go far: he returns and again examines the animals, just as he says to find out what on earth there can be about them to warrant the demand of such a preposterous price, and finally makes an offer. The salesman's 'No' is quick and emphatic; another bid is made, the salesman relaxes somewhat in both figure and face, and ultimately the buyer—the more quickly should another be handling the calves—extends his right hand, opens it, and presents it to the salesman, at the same time naming his last offer. The salesman ponders for an instant, recognises that it is the purchaser's final word, strikes his own palm into the other's, and it is a concluded irrevocable bargain by custom of the market. The salesman's account-book and the buyer's scissors are out and open the next moment: the purchaser's name and the price he is to pay are down in black and white, and his initials or some other peculiar mark are cut on the hair of the hind-quarter of the calves. Hundreds upon hundreds of such bargains are effected long before the mass of Londoners, whose appetites are thus catered for, are out of their beds. The skill of the buyer consists chiefly in his being able to guess correctly at the weight of the animal, which it is said many of them can do within a stone even of the largest beasts. The reports of the newspapers that beef and mutton fetched so much per stone, sinking the offal, pork so much per score, record merely guess-prices; neither beasts, sheep, nor swine being actually sold by weight. The instant a bullock or cow is purchased, the hair of the animal's tail is cut off; if otherwise, a few of the hairs are pulled out and tied round the tail. These are signs to purchasers that the animals are disposed of, and prevents their being unnecessarily handled, or business-men from wasting their time unnecessarily in contemplation of their beauties. Sheep, the instant two hands have struck a bargain over them, are ruddled with the buyer's mark.

One peculiarity of this market is, that the salesman is not permitted to take money directly from the purchaser of beasts or sheep. There are five market-banks, and into one of these the amount agreed upon is paid; and when the seller has ascertained that this is done, the animals are delivered and driven off. This custom is said to have originated in a desire to protect the distant proprietor of stock from being defrauded of any portion of the price realised; but the real purpose appears to be the prevention of frauds on the city-tolls, which are, on all sheep sold, 2d. per score, and on all beasts, 1s. 8d. per score. These payments can only be demanded of non-freemen—citizens of London who have taken up their freedom being exempt. The charge for sheep or calf pens is 1s. each; entry of sale of horses, 4d. each; of pigs, 4d. per score. The ties of beasts and calves are 1d. each; of horses, 2d. each. The duty on hay is 6d. per load, and 1d. each entry of sale. Straw, 1d. each entry of sale. There being no charge on the sale of horses, donkeys, or swine, the bank-mode of payment with regard to dealings in them is not enforced; so that, as a dealer personally informed us, 'A hindiwidual as sells a pig, a 'oss, or a moke, drawrs his tin on the nail, and it's nothink to nobody.' The tolls and dues enumerated have been adopted in the government bill for erecting a new metropolitan market, and must, in the case of Smithfield, equal the revenues of half-a-dozen German principalities. Bearing this in mind, and that moreover a sum of about L.300,000 changes hands there weekly, the fierce and protracted resistance opposed to the abolitionists by the civic authorities at once assumes a natural and intelligible aspect and character.

The time for closing the market on Mondays is twelve o'clock, after which carts, wagons, and other vehicles may pass through; but it is usually two or three hours later before business is entirely over, and the unsold stock—seldom a large quantity—drawn off to the neighbouring lairs, there to remain till the next market-day. Swine especially, which arrive later than sheep and oxen, may be seen in every gradation of porcine existence, from the huge bacon hog to the milk-fed innocent whose roasted succulence has been so unctuously celebrated by Charles Lamb, panting in their exposed pens beneath the rays of the noontide sun, in scarcely-diminished numbers. The donkey and horse market is on Friday only: the first come early, but the ''osses,' which are 'strawed'—that is, which have a bunch of straw tied to their manes and tails as a token that the proprietor is open to a reasonable offer—do not arrive till two o'clock, by which time the demand for beef and mutton is supposed to be over. The din and hubbub at about the time of the horse-market, caused by the shouts and cries of ginger-beer, oyster, whip, and other vendors of miscellaneous products—the 'Hi! hi!' of the donkey-dealer whilst exhibiting the merits of his animals—the cracking of whips and trotting of horses up and down—must be heard to be fully appreciated; constituting, as they do, a deafening uproar and tumult, compared with which the noise and rattle of Fleet Street at its busiest hour of the day sinks into insignificance. There are, of course, horses of every degree of value sold in Smithfield, and bargains may doubtless be picked up there occasionally; but it is not a place in which an amateur in horse-flesh should try his 'prentice-hand at purchasing. If there is one thing that cannot be successfully assumed, it is that of being a judge of horse qualities in the presence of a Smithfield dealer. However wisely and cautiously you may utter sententious depreciations of the animal after, as you think, the exact manner of the really knowing ones, he will detect with unerring sagacity the innocence of your heart in your speech or look; the price will be adjusted to your capacity with marvellous readiness; and you may fully depend that when the bargain is struck, another guess-sort-of-animal than the horse you have purchased has been sold. If you doubt the truth of this, make the experiment: once will quite suffice.

In this brief sketch of the great London cattle-market, many incidents and peculiarities which give it life and colour must necessarily be omitted; but the temporary visitor to the metropolis may rest assured that a visit to these scenes, soon to become matters of history only, will be amply repaid by what he will witness there. In conclusion, we may remark, that although every possible expedient has been adopted to insure the orderly and merciful management of the market, there can still be no question that its restricted space in the heart of a crowded city, the want of commodious lairs for unsold stock, the close and fetid holes and corners in which the animals are slaughtered, and the danger and inconvenience necessarily attendant upon driving such immense numbers of horned cattle through populous and narrow thoroughfares, fully justify parliament in enforcing its removal. The new market is to be situated at not less than five miles from London. This in itself will no doubt be a great change for the better; yet it may not be amiss to remark, that the danger of cruelty to the animals themselves, of which we have heard so much, will be rather increased than diminished by the change, inasmuch as the supervision which a jealous, antagonistic public exercises upon Smithfield will be to a great

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extent withdrawn. It may affright the human imagination to picture to itself wretched, tortured animals battered to death amidst filth and darkness; but to the poor beast itself it is the same thing whether the blows be dealt in a dark cellar or in an open, freely-ventilated abattoir. It is a detestable cruelty wherever committed; and especially now—when, by the discovery of chloroform, science has afforded an agent by means of which the necessary taking away of animal life can be effected without the infliction of pain—such a brutal mode ought not to be persisted in. Many 'practical' eyebrows will doubtless be elevated at the suggestion. It is one, nevertheless, which public opinion will ultimately force upon reluctant butcherism; and the Cruelty Prevention Society could not act more efficiently in their humane vocation than in urging its early adoption.

STORY OF DUNCAN CHISHOLM.

Some recent parliamentary papers embody the story of a remarkable adept at deception, and so useful is the moral that may be drawn from the perusal of this half-droll, half-melancholy case, that we depart from our ordinary custom in not noticing matters of state concern. We present the story pretty much as it has been ably condensed from the original 'blue-book' by a clever northern newspaper.*

Those who were familiar with the pretty little town of Inverness five-and-twenty, or, it may be, thirty years ago, must remember the hero of this story. Duncan Chisholm, says our parliamentary authority, seemed at that time to be about thirty years of age. He was somewhat slender in person; his stature was of the middle size—or, to be more specific, he stood about five-feet-nine in his boots; his shoulders were high, his complexion sallow; and it was particularly remarked that he seldom looked any one in the face. For his dress, he affected a blue surtout, a black waistcoat, pantaloons, and a hat. He united the somewhat incongruous vocations of a solicitor and dealer in leather. Between these two professions it was fated that Duncan Chisholm should fall to the ground: in plain terms, he found his way into the list of 'sequestrations' in the *Gazette*. On becoming bankrupt, he clandestinely left Inverness, and could not be found, although a reward of fifty guineas was offered for his apprehension.

Years rolled by, but no tidings were heard of the vanished solicitor. By many he was believed to have been long dead and buried, when suddenly a rumour reached Inverness that he was yet alive and well. Many and stiff were the tumblers of toddy that were drunk that night in the capital of the Highlands, in discussing the credibility of a report which affirmed that the broken-down leather-seller of Clach-na-cuddin was now, under another name, a man of fortune, high in office in Dublin Castle, a dispenser of magnificent charities, the counsellor of statesmen, the instructor of parliaments. Even so it was: when closely questioned, Mr George Mathews of the secretary's office in Ireland confessed his identity with Duncan Chisholm, the man of law and leather in Inverness; and seeing that better could not be, he told the story of his transformation. Enlisting in the 53d regiment of foot, he rose to be a sergeant. He was reduced from that grade after a few months, only to rise again to a higher rank—that of staff-military-clerk in the brigade office at Dublin. Hence, about 1833, he made his way as a clerk into the Irish Tithe Office. Five years afterwards he was appointed secretary of the Tithe Million Fund, with a salary of ten pounds a week, besides his pay as a clerk in the Irish secretary's office. His ascent was now rapid: another year or two saw him in the management of the Regium Donum Fund of L.30,000 a year, closeted with Irish secretaries, controlling Irish estimates, and despatched to London when the Irish government wanted 'a useful witness' to stop the mouth of a troublesome committee.

Such splendid success could scarcely fail to provoke some little envy. The Irish government were duly informed of the Highland antecedents of their fortunate friend, and were particularly requested to see that his accounts were properly vouched and audited. The hint was taken—a board of inquiry was appointed by Earl de Grey, the viceroy of the day; but that board reported that Duncan Chisholm, *alias* George Mathews, 'was a public servant of unimpeachable integrity;' and Under-Secretary Lucas was instructed to convey to the much-maligned gentleman the lord-lieutenant's opinion that he had been 'completely and honourably acquitted of every charge affecting his character.' This was in the spring of 1842. An acquittal so emphatic seems to have silenced complaint if it did not remove suspicion; and it is not until after seven years have passed that the attention of the Irish government is again drawn by Mr Sadleir, the member for Carlow, to the proceedings of Mr Chisholm or Mathews. Mr Sadleir's letter goes over the old field, and breaks some new ground; but Lord Clarendon sees nothing in the statement to shake his full confidence in the verdict of 1842, and pronounces, therefore, that 'any new inquiry would be unfair towards Mr Mathews, and is uncalled for on any public ground.' Mr Sadleir returns to the charge, which he enforces by at least one strong piece of evidence; but still Lord Clarendon will not be moved, and the member for Carlow then retires discomfited from the lists.

But Duncan Chisholm had made to himself enemies more implacable than any political adversary. By the patronage which he lavished on the small religious sect of whose tabernacle he was a pillar, he had roused the hatred of some other sects of nearly the same persuasion. When once thoroughly excited, the *odium theologicum* never dies, never tires, never relents. The detection which had baffled successive viceroys, secretaries, and statesmen, was at length accomplished by the persevering enmity—'the patient watch and vigil long'—of two or three dissenting ministers who differed from Mr Duncan Chisholm on certain recondite points of doctrine. The charges against him were once more renewed — another commission of inquiry was appointed; but before it could begin its labours the accused had admitted his guilt by an ignominious flight. The whole mystery was now at an end, and the twelve years' official career of this man, for whose 'unimpeachable integrity' two lords-lieutenants had stood willing sponsors, was proved to have been one continued tissue of crime and imposture. The amount of public money which he had plundered by fraud and forgery does not exactly appear, but it must have been large—and the daring way in which he effected his pillage is not a little remarkable.

We have said that he was a shining light in a petty religious body. This was a sect describing itself as 'Trinitarian Presbyterians, holding what are theologically called non-subscribing principles—that is, rejecting subscription to any creed, confession, catechism, or other formulary as a test or condition of admission into the ministerial office.' This denomination, consisting only of a few scanty congregations, seems early to have presented itself to Chisholm as a convenient means for carrying on his robbery of the public, while he gratified at the same time his love of sanctimonious display. In the end of the year 1839, by one stroke of his pen he called into being three missionaries of his sect labouring in the south of Ireland; while, by another stroke of the same ingenious instrument, he conferred on these aërial preachers the substantial benefit of a stipend of about L.100 a year. The stipend was voted

* Edinburgh Evening Courant.

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by parliament, and paid by the Irish government; but as the missionaries never had any existence except in the teeming brain of the Highland leather-seller, the reader will scarcely need to be informed into whose purse the stipend went. What Sydney Smith somewhat profanely fancied of the sideboard of a New Zealand bishop might be truly and literally affirmed of the table of Mr Duncan Chisholm. He found missionaries to be indeed meat and drink to him—pocketing on this head alone, it would seem, somewhere about L.500. Emboldened in his success in the creation of a missionary-staff, the exemplary Mr Chisholm next erected a presbytery. 'The Presbytery of Munster,' says the parliament paper, 'was created, in 1840, into a separate body of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by Mr Mathews, as a medium through which he contemplated appropriating to his own management and trust sundry funds belonging both to the government and the Presbyterian Church, as well as to carry out other fraudulent intentions.' In these intentions he so far succeeded that he caused to be paid over from the public exchequer to the pretended agent of this new body a sum of L.4220, which was lent out on mortgage, in the name of himself and one or two others, apparently his creatures. He had now a presbytery endowed by the state, and as he had formerly provided it with imaginary missionaries, so he now proceeded to endow it with imaginary libraries. By a stroke of his all-powerful pen he prevailed on parliament to grant the sum of L.1599, 13s. for a 'Presbyterian Congregational Fund Library,' which never had any existence in this sublunary sphere. How the grant was spent is not clearly ascertained, but of course the inventor had his due share. One hundred pounds are shewn to have gone in paying the expenses of Mr Duncan Chisholm and his first spouse in a jaunt to London.

We cannot accompany the parliamentary paper any farther in its exposure of the profligacy of this enormous rogue—his personation of dead men, his personification of men who never lived, his foisting his own relatives into the pension-list, his defrauding the deserving poor of their little pittances, his placing on one charitable fund 'no less than thirty-two persons, all of whom, with a few exceptions, are or were members of the congregation of his own presbytery.' Imperfect as is the outline which we have sketched, it may serve at least to point the twofold moral of this extraordinary history—to shew, in the first place, the fatal facility with which the cloak of religious pretension can be assumed as a screen for the vilest rascality; and to demonstrate, in the second place, the necessity for an instant and thorough purgation of the subordinate offices of Dublin Castle. That such a monstrous and impudent system of deception as that daily practised by Duncan Chisholm should have escaped detection for more than a dozen years is a disgrace to the executive, and may be said to shake confidence in that very self-sufficient thing, the whole red-tapist system!

A NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

Among the works of this class that at certain seasons of the year pour in a continuous stream from the press, there are only a few of any mark or likelihood. Occasionally, however, it happens that there is one distinguished from the rest by some beam of thought, some touch of originality, which sets the reader to dream and to meditate, and which, even in the midst of the perusal of more brilliant, and, it may be, more talented works, retains a sort of magical influence over his mind. A book of this kind is termed 'suggestive,' because it supplies the momentum which turns the winged thoughts loose in some prescribed career—when the idea of the author being carried along, as it were, with our own, becomes interwoven in the web of our fancies and reflections.

Such a work is now before us;* but, independently of the leading thought, it possesses considerable literary merit, and, above all, evinces, on the part of the author, a practical acquaintance with society, and the power of reading the human heart through the incrustations of conventionalism. This knowledge the fair writer has repeatedly used for the benefit of our own readers; in sketches, for instance, of the manners of the upper middle classes of this country—those, more especially, who live in the more distinguished kind of country-houses, termed by the English, seats, and by the French, châteaux.

The title—not a very good one—of 'The Cup and the Lip,' refers of course to the proverbial 'slips' that occur so frequently between our wishes and their expected fruition. The book, in fact, is in great part a record of disappointed hopes; but around the principal group of characters there is thrown a philosophical interest apart from the mere adventures that form the staple of romance. The heroine receives the Spanish name of Dolores, in testimony of the disappointment of her parents on seeing the face of a female baby, instead of the male they had hoped for, come to share in their poverty. The description of the first abode of the parents, after they enter upon the scene, is in itself a curious picture, and will be interesting to those who have looked with surprise at certain low, round, odd-looking structures along the coast, called Martello Towers, appearing like pieces of solid masonry:—

'Our readers have probably seen those singular-looking defences on the coast, now used as stations for the preventive-service sailors; but possibly some may not be aware, that at the close of the war they were inhabited by the officers of the coast-guard, and occasionally by their families: better and more commodious dwellings have been since then erected for them, one of which, with its flag-staff and picturesque group of seamen about it, forms quite a pretty object on the summit of the white rock at Hastings. The lower part of the tower, appropriated to Mr Nevil's men, was a magazine of arms and powder. You entered the singular abode by means of a short ladder. The upper part was divided in halves—one of the divisions being appropriated to the men, the other to their officer.

'The home of the Nevils consequently consisted of only two rooms, each in the form of a quadrant; the sitting-room received a faint, imperfect light from a narrow loophole facing the sea; the bedroom had only a borrowed light from the men's compartment of the tower. On first coming from the glare of sunshine, it was almost impossible to see, even in the room blessed with a loophole; but by degrees, as the eye became accustomed to the obscurity, objects grew more distinct, and the few people who visited Nevil's quarters were then made aware that woman's taste and ingenuity had given the dark, small apartment an air of comfort, and almost elegance. The carpet was bright-coloured, adapted to catch every scanty gleam of light that visited it; the chairs were of fanciful and pretty shapes. Close to the loophole was a couch covered with a brilliant chintz, on which lay two or three snowy pillows edged with lace, and a little coverlet, shewing that it was the spot dedicated to the baby's day repose. A harp stood in the sharp corner of the quadrangle. There were book-shelves well filled; and on the table in the centre a vase of beautiful flowers, a lady's work-basket, writing-materials, &c.

'There were also signs of Mr Nevil's participation in the occupancy of the room—a sword and pistols on the side-table, a small gold compass, and some other nautical instruments. It was wonderfully neat and comfortable for such a place; but light was wanting; and what can compensate for the deprivation of that first gift of the Creator to the universe?'

* The Cup and the Lip. A Novel. By Laura Jewry. 3 vols. London: Newby. 1851.

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Dolores is born in a pleasanter home than this; but the murder of her father throws a shade upon the spirits of the family; and after this is dispelled by time, the marriage of her aunt, and other family calamities—for this was indeed one—breaks up the circle. '"Mamma," said Dolores, as that evening they sat in the dim fire-light alone, "I wonder people think a wedding a happy event! Aunt Katie's was quite a break-up to all our merriment. How we used to laugh in the fire-light, and now we are so grave and quiet! Everything and everybody changed by it: Grandpapa is quite cross when he talks of it, though he wished my aunt to marry; grandmamma looks older and sadder ever since; Mr Marsh is grown dull; you have no *confidente* now but your poor Dolores; and dear Flossy has never been well from that time. All this discomfort comes from what people call a "happy event."'

This Dolores was somewhat plain in her person; but 'her intellect was, literally speaking, beautiful. She was highly imaginative, but had a sufficient sense of the ludicrous to prevent the romance of her character ever betraying her into absurdity. Without being the least sentimental or "missy" in manner, her poetical taste infused a certain sentiment into the actions of her every-day life. She was perhaps too grave and thoughtful for her age; but that might be accounted for by the deep sorrow in which her infancy had been cherished—by the tears that had often steeped her infant pillow. If, however, she laughed less than Flora did, she was more frequently the cause of laughter in others by her quaint sayings and wild fancies, by her pretty half-real, half-playful superstitions, and by the originality of her humour, which nevertheless tended less to mirth than to melancholy. She was so warm-hearted that it was impossible not to love her; yet few entirely appreciated her. Mrs Nevil was well educated and sensible, but the mind of her daughter was beyond the comprehension or sympathy of her own; and when Dolores ventured to reveal her fresh, original, and sometimes erring opinions to her mother, she was checked and silenced by the conventional reproof or startled exclamation of alarm that met her confidence. Aunt Katie understood her better, and in many points sympathised with her; but Catherine's mind was rather elegant than profound, rather brilliant than comprehensive, and therefore in her even Dolores could not find all she sought. She was thus driven to hold more silent communing with her own thoughts than is perhaps good for any one. Her opinions and fancies, cherished in silence, and never combated by those of others, grew strong and obstinate, and but for a natural tenderness of disposition would have given her an unfeminine degree of self-reliance. As it was, she had great confidence in herself: there was nothing Dolores would not have fearlessly attempted; and this dauntless reliance on her own powers frequently insured her success. She liked overcoming difficulties, or trying to overcome them; and the mental toil and self-development in which she was continually engaged took all weariness from her quiet mode of life, and rendered her as unsusceptible of girlish day-dreams of love and lovers as Shakspeare's

"Fair vestal throned by the west."'

The interest of the young lady is excited by a very tall and well-looking young man, with a deep, rich voice, and that expression of melancholy which is commonly said to be so interesting to the softer sex. Walter Livingstone has all the advantages of person and fortune which form what is called in the world a good match; but although sufficiently partial to female society, and to that of Dolores in particular, he appears to have no thought of marrying. He hovers, however, round the poor girl; and without any idea of even trifling with her, engages her in correspondence, and yields as if by fatuity to a fascination which can have no result but disappointment and misery. Dolores is astonished; but her perplexity reaches its height upon a conversation held between them at a time of family calamity and excitement which has drawn them into confidential familiarity. The occasion is the elopement of Aunt Katie's unworthy husband.

'Dolores stole softly to his side, and for a few instants neither spoke. There was something solemn and silencing in the scene before them: the quiet expanse of mighty tranquil waters; the dark sky, with its myriads of cold, bright stars; and the hymn, meant to be triumphant, but which had nevertheless a strain of mournfulness in its quaint melody. At last the voices died away, and Livingstone turned towards her: she could not see the expression of his face, but she fancied that he was agitated, and she hastened to deliver her message, adding, as she ended it: "This is a sad Christmas-eve, Mr Livingstone. I wonder if through all England there is any one at this moment more miserable than poor Aunt Catherine."

'She was startled by his catching her hand and exclaiming vehemently: "Yes, Dora, *I am!*"

"You, Mr Livingstone?"

"Ay; a curse has followed me from my birth, and will rest on me till those quiet stars shall shine upon my grave!"

"A curse!"

"Ay; one that I must keep hidden within my own soul—one that cannot be alleviated by sympathy! If I were to tell it to you—even you, tender and truthful as your spirit is, would shrink from me in fear and horror!"

"Surely no! I never could feel fear or horror of you."

"You could—you would! But this is not a time to harass you with a new tale of the wo this wretched earth bears upon its bosom. Good-night, Dora! When you pray for yourself and Catherine, pray also for Walter Livingstone."

'He grasped her hand in his, and pressed it earnestly—then turned again towards the window, shrinking behind the curtain-fold, as if desirous to hide the passionate emotion that shook his frame. Dolores remained stupified: there was terrible anguish in the tone in which his wild words were uttered. She longed to comfort him—to implore him to confide in her—to trust to her sympathy and her silence; but a feeling of shyness stole over her, and she could not utter one word beyond the timid and tearful "Good-night," with which, after an instant's pause, she left him.'

The ponderings of Dolores upon this singular text—the hold taken of her heart by the image of her unhappy friend—the longing that arose within her to soothe and comfort him—all may readily be conceived, for they belong to the ordinary routine of a generous womanly passion. We cannot follow the story, however, even sufficiently to break the wildness of the conception; but Walter Livingstone is *insane*, and knows that he is so! It would have been well for him if his illusions, which were of a harmless and poetical kind, had extended throughout his whole life; but unfortunately they occurred only at rare intervals, and in the whole lucid space between he had the horrible conviction that he was a madman.

Another lover appears upon the scene—the cousin of Livingstone; and in him the family disease assumes a new form, and receives another name. The one has an unsound mind, and the other a depraved heart; and in the contrast between the insanity of the intellect and that of the affections lies the philosophy of the work. Livingstone is stripped of his property, and goaded into accesses of the malady by his cousin; and this gives rise to the exhibition of feminine devotion in a strange and original form. Dolores, who has become, by the accidents of life, a wealthy heiress, receives her insane lover into her house, and nurses him as a mother nurses her sick child. He is legally

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forced, however, from her protection, and immured in a madhouse; from which eventually he makes his escape: whereupon she determines, if there should prove to be no other means of accomplishing her purpose, to give herself a legal claim to the guardianship by *marrying* him! Having helped him on thus far, let the reader pursue the story for himself.

It would be unfair to conclude without adding that, amid all its serious purpose, there is a good deal of amusement in the book. The half-witted major, who is in love with Dolores in the days of her poverty, is sketched with great spirit; and the mode he at last hits upon of making her an offer of his hand, after gazing, and laughing, and asking questions, and saying 'it does not signify' through half a volume, is very ingenious. 'The place was accordingly hired, and the day fixed for their departure from London. Major Simpson was much distressed on learning their intention: he called every morning, asked Dolores "Where she liked best to live?" and answered her reply invariably by the observation, "that it did not signify!" She grew quite used to this daily interrogatory, and at last scarcely heeded it; but the day before they left town a more decisive proof of his interest was vouchsafed her. He came earlier than usual, and, after talking for some little time in a nervous and less connected manner than was his wont, drew from his pocket a very splendid filigree card-case, and asked Dolores to look at it. She examined and admired it.

"Oh, but open it—pray open it, and look at the cards, Miss Nevil."

'She complied, and read "Mrs Simpson," engraved on their smooth surface. Rather puzzled, she looked up inquiringly at her companion: he coloured a good deal, laughed sheepishly, and asked: "Do you like it—eh! eh?"

"Yes; it is a very pretty case, and the cards are very nice."

"Eh—yes—I should say! very nice, eh! It looks well—Mrs Simpson—eh?" And drawing out a card, he examined it as if it were some rare work of art, ending his inspection by the nervous laugh he always found difficult to stop, and in which, in spite of all her efforts to be grave, Dolores now joined.

"Very good," he said at last; "very good—capital, isn't it? Quite my own idea: nobody ever thought of *that* before, eh—eh?"

"Of what?" asked Dora greatly mystified.

"Why—eh! to be sure, you understand? You'll keep the card-case: it is *for you!*" And, charmed at his own sagacity in this ingenious mode of proposing, he gave way to another extraordinary burst of laughter.'

SECRET OF TAMING ANIMALS.

We have no direct means of divining the 'why and because' of certain predilections and prejudices observable in birds and other animals. We daily see actions among them for which we cannot in any way account. Thus, for instance, if a dog enter a room full of company, you shall presently observe him make a careful tour of the apartment, sniffing first at one and then at another of the assembled guests. Towards some his tail will be seen to wag with every symptom of kindliness and good-will; whilst towards others he will, with tail deflected, shew unmistakable signs of suspicion, perhaps of disgust. Depend upon it the animal's discernment is rarely at fault. I would willingly be guided by such a Mentor. Just so is it with the feathered race. Some masters and mistresses can never tame their birds: never get them to be on terms of intimacy. The cause is evident. There are no feelings of *affection* in common between them. They do not love their birds. The latter know as much, and are assuredly aware that they are kept simply for the sake of furnishing amusement. I have noted the same unerring sagacity with all my squirrels. They would constantly detect any person who might be preparing or wishing to play them off some practical joke, and would, to my great delight, fasten on them at once—paying handsomely and in full for all favours 'about to be' received. It was, however, impossible for *me* to anger them. They too well knew the friendliness of my disposition—seeing what merry romps and gambols we had together, both by day and night, up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the garden. No doubt it is a wise provision of Nature thus to endow our little friends with instinctive powers of perception. The face is the index of the mind. They read our *character* when they catch our eye.—*William Kidd, in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

THE VENAL SANCTUARY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

'Where in our churches is the place for the poor? I ask *this* question with shame and sorrow: WHERE IS THE PLACE FOR THE POOR?—* * * Admit that here and there a poor person has a seat: WHERE IS IT? Is he invited to sit with us "in a good place," or do we say to him: "Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool?"'—*Right Rev. Bishop Ives.*

'I will bring your sanctuaries unto desolation.'
Leviticus, XXVI. 31.

I TROD the hallowed ground that bore
A Christian temple tall and proud,
When at each wide and lofty door
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd:
A welcome day bid all rejoice—
A fair and ancient festival,
And the glad organ's mighty voice
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall.

Full many a token marked the fold
Where rich and high believers meet,
The sacred volume clasped in gold,
The costly robe, and drowsy seat:
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate—
That ample fane, from vault to spire,
Looked solemn all and calmly great.

But mark! An old and weary man,
A stranger clad 'in raiment vile,'
With failing steps and features wan,
Went tottering up the fair broad aisle:—
They cast *him* out; oh, faithless race!
On some rude bench—unseen—remote;
Convicted in *that* hour and place
Of a lean purse and threadbare coat!

Yes! and if He, who saved the lost,
Stood fainting on that haughty floor,
Arrayed in weeds of little cost,
Meek as He sought our world before;
In spite of words which none might blame,
And works of goodness freely done,
That sordid post of wrong and shame
Would greet—JEHOVAH'S ONLY SON.

Oh for a prophet's tongue or pen
To warn the great in wealth and birth,
Who build their God a house, and then
Plant there—the meanest pomps of earth:
To brand that church which spurns the poor
From every vain and venal pew,
Where 'clothed in purple' herd secure
To kneel or sleep—the lordly few!

Give me the shed, low, bare, and plain,
Where love and humble truth abide,
Rather than earth's most noble fane,
Defiled by selfish pomp and pride:
Give me the damp and desert sod
Walled in by dark old forest-trees,
Roofed over by the skies of God—
But perish temples such as these!

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THE MYSTERY OF MONEY.

'Hang them!' said Reynard, turning away from the tempting bunch that looked down upon him with its calm and juicy smile from a height just beyond his reach—'hang them!' said he, 'they are as sour as crabs!' The story is somewhat musty, but wondrously true. Even so do we of the human race console ourselves for our deprivations by disparaging that which we cannot obtain. Riches, fashion, power, dignity—every unreached goal of desire, every unslaked thirst of the soul, becomes an object of contempt or denunciation; and a large majority of the world pass much time in sneering at the aims and aspirations which are the very life of their lives.

Take money as an illustration. To judge by the terms in which it is spoken of, you would suppose its possessors to be the most unlucky of mankind. Few poor persons can find any better words for it than dross or trash; the devotee denounces it as the accursed thing; and the moralist discovers it to be the root of all evil. Nay, the hatred and contempt with which it inspires those who are baffled in its pursuit, extend not unfrequently to the individuals who have gained that deadly loss; and the rich, instead of being pitied, are abused for their misfortune! But, setting aside the inconsistencies of men, there is something peculiarly mystical in the word Money, which appears to have been disconnected by time and use from the idea it originally represented, and to have become in itself a substantive thing. It calls up no distinct images before the mind; it does not even resemble a pagan god, whose name is suggestive of his attributes—

> 'And thus from Jupiter whate'er is great
> Proceeds; from Venus everything that 's fair.'

It is rather the superstition than the idol; it is more a feeling than an object; and the larger the sum we contemplate in our thoughts, the more vague and shapeless is the impression we receive.

Money suggests no ideas of grandeur, luxury, or beneficence. Its possessor may be a plain man, of simple tastes and retiring habits; he may be selfish and ungenial; his enjoyment may consist in amassing treasure, in knowing himself to be rich, and in feeling that others know it; or his propensities may be secretive, leading him to hoard and hide, to feign poverty, to steal through the world as an object of compassion, to live in destitution, and die a wealthy beggar. From the word we receive no hint of anything of this. It determines no position, no character; we only know the man *has* money—What is money?

The answer is easy: it comes glibly off the most juvenile tongue; and we are told that 'money is the representative of purchasable commodities' with some air of scorn at the ignorance betrayed in the inquiry. But the definition serves no practical purpose. It is lost sight of the very next time we use the word; and if we only seize our thought as it passes, we shall find that 'money' stands for nothing but itself. To prove this, let us suppose it to be actually the things it represents; that instead of a well-filled purse, or a coffer of coin, or a current account in the bank, we are surrounded by every article of necessity, comfort, or luxury within our pecuniary means. Let us suppose that with the same ease and directness with which we put our hand in our pocket we stretch it forth and grasp the objects it is our purpose to buy—whether houses, lands, raiment, food, or anything else: let us do this, and we shall find what a marvellous effect the mere substitution of the thing for the word will have upon our views, sentiments, and actions.

The rich man who lives in voluntary destitution we designate by the Latin word *miser*, which means a wretched, pitiful, abject fellow; but if we change the money he hoards into the things it represents, we shall find quite another name for him. This man possesses an elegant house sumptuously furnished, its doors open for his reception, and breathing forth an inviting atmosphere of warmth and comfort; but he shuts both doors and windows, allows the house to stand unoccupied, and burrows shivering in a cold and filthy cabin by its side. He is hungry in this dark and miserable den; and straightway a table is before him, furnished with steaming dishes of exquisite meats, and lighted with perfumed wax. But he looks on—longing, yet unmoved. The dainties he will neither touch himself nor allow others to touch; and he satisfies his appetite as well as he may with such scraps as a beggar would look at with suspicion. After his meal he must go forth upon his affairs; and there are lying before him for his choice clean and comfortable or handsome and fashionable clothes of all kinds; but choosing instead some old and filthy rags, he sneaks into the street, an object of mingled pity and disgust. This self-denial is based upon no religious asceticism: his sole motive is the dread of diminishing by use some mystical value he imagines to reside in the articles in question. He is, in short, a *maniac*.

In a former number of this Journal there was an account—only too true, we are informed—of a man in moderate circumstances, of ordinary intelligence, and some accomplishments, whose attachment to money was so great that he allowed his son to perish of disease before his eyes rather than be at the expense of medical aid. A man like this is commonly termed

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'an unnatural parent;' but if we substitute for the money the aid and medicine it would buy, we form quite a different estimate of his conduct. The youth gets worse and worse; his sickly appetite turns with loathing from the ordinary food of the family; and as his father opens a cupboard near him, his hollow eyes are fixed eagerly on a heap of fruits and other delicacies it contains. But the father looks unmoved on the wasted face before him, and locks the cupboard. The patient gets still worse. Oh for skill to investigate his complaint!—oh for medicine to heal and comfort—to cool his parched tongue—

> 'To draw around his aching breast the curtains of repose!'

Medical men stand close by, but no summons is heard from the father's lips: the table is loaded with the necessary medicine, but the father looks at the sinking boy, and stirs not hand nor foot. A draught—one draught—would yet have a chance of saving him. There: the phial is labelled; a glass stands near—quick, quick! The father folds his arms, looks on as before, and the son dies. What manner of man is this? Still an unnatural parent? He is a *murderer*.

In the opposite vice of extravagance the word plays the very same part. We give away money without knowing what we give. Under that name we throw about food and dresses by armfuls: we scatter bags of corn and sacks of wheat upon the wind, and shovel away whole acres of land for a pastime. We exchange for a worthless gewgaw what appears to us to be pieces of gold; but they are in reality a pile of loaves sufficient to feed hundreds of human beings. If we would only think what money really is when we give it away! If we would only think what it is we withhold when we refuse it!

This unaccountable disruption between the word and the thing has another curious effect. A man who has an extreme dislike to parting with his money without an equivalent, is frequently very ready to give away gratuitously that equivalent when it comes into his possession. Look at the scene which takes place at a dinner-party; but in order to understand the better its moral, imagine that the good things on the table are the actual money they have cost.

'What will you have?' says l'Amphytrion ou l'on dine. 'Sixpence? That is too little. Do take a shilling! Here is a shilling. And you? My dear friend, let me give you half-a-crown! There it is. John, carry these gentlemen at the other end a shilling or two a piece. And now sixpences all round. Here is a sovereign: let me divide it among you. You will find as much opposite you—and you—and you: pray divide them liberally. But first another round of shillings'—and so on. The guests in the meantime receive the coined cheer with festive gratitude. A small portion of it they convert into wholesome food; another portion they swallow outright, to the extreme consternation of the digestive powers within; and the rest, which is by far the greater part, they throw out of the window. This entertainer, be it observed, who is so lavish of the things represented by money, would look very blank if asked for the representative. He would part grudgingly to his friends with coin after coin—if he parted with them at all—declaring and believing that he could not afford the liberality.

Some years ago the operatives of this country had a great fancy for styling themselves, *par excellence*, the 'useful classes'—meaning, that by the work of their industrious hands they achieved a pair of boots, or a suit of clothes, or anything else with which they supplied the wants of their useless employers. These employers, it is true, gave them something in their turn; but that was only money. Had they sent them instead a pile of quartern-loaves, a respectable cheese, and a stone or two of butcher-meat, they would have been cheerfully accorded the honour of ranking among the useful classes; yet the two payments are virtually identical, and the mistake of the operatives is merely another illustration of the mystery of money.

This mystery is so unfathomable, that few men can tell correctly whether they are rich or poor. A man in the middle rank, whose moderate income is just sufficient for the comfortable support of his family in the station to which they belong, reckons himself comparatively poor because he has not more than enough. He looks at the stately dwelling of a neighbour, the multitude of its apartments, the number of servants required to take care of them, and the beauty of the promenades in the demesne to which he and others are allowed free access. 'Alas!' exclaims the repining spirit, '*he* is rich!' Why so? He eats no more than you—perhaps not so much; he does not relish his food better; he wears the same number of vestments; he sleeps in a single chamber; and he sits habitually, and from choice, in a single room. If the rest of his food is to be eaten at all, it must be so by other people; if the rest of his house is to be inhabited at all, it must be so by other people. So far as these extras are concerned, he is only better than an innkeeper in having, to some extent, the choice of his guests. For them he keeps numerous apartments in order; for their wants he provides; and for their convenience he employs a retinue of servants. This rich man does not attempt the feats of the circus—he rides but one horse: in short, as an individual, he is in precisely the same position as yourself.

'And the promenades?'

They are yours as well as his, for he has no more means of enjoying them than you. But the fact of their being patent to you and his other neighbours points to a source of enjoyment he really possesses, and the only one from which you are excluded. He has the power to bestow upon those around him a true pleasure, and in the exercise of the privilege consists the only advantage he derives from being what the world—with very little apprehension of the true meaning of the term—calls a rich man.

We are told, in the figurative language of Scripture, that a rich man would find it as difficult to enter into the kingdom of heaven as a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Nothing can be more true, or more forcibly expressed; for it is *impossible* for any person who is rich in the signification commonly attached to the word to do his duty either to God or man. Beyond a certain point, where individual appetite, convenience, comfort ends, a man cannot be legitimately rich. What he is unable to absorb personally is an excess, for the use or abuse of which he is answerable. The popular meaning of the term—in which it is of course used by a Scripture addressed, not to philologists, but to all mankind—involves a solecism occasioned by the disruption that has taken place between money and what it represents. Instead of the vague, formless, but imposing idea suggested to us by the expression, 'a rich man,' if we could only conceive an individual with more houses or rooms than he could occupy, with more horses than he could ride, with a vast storehouse of hats, coats, and unwriteables, and with a dinner spread before him consisting of thousands of dishes, we should understand better his position, and see that in the character vulgarly ascribed to him—in which his possessions appear as a part of his individuality—his

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chance of getting through would not be at all better than the camel's!

Thus we see 'words are things,' and very important things too. If we would only give ourselves the habit of connecting clear and definite ideas with those we use, we should escape many serious mistakes, and get rid of many mysteries; but of none at once so mischievous and so ridiculous as the Mystery of Money.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

The Signor Giulio Mercadante was an Italian nobleman of merry disposition, who delighted in frolic and jovial disportments, whether in season or out of season. But into the villa of this enemy of care death entered suddenly and awfully. One of his followers, Baptista by name, a man of ferocious bearing, of great strength, and of bad repute, was found dead in the garden, stilettoed by an assassin. Report with her many tongues had been busy with his name, whispering that he, as well as another of the signor's servants, named Francesco, had been once enrolled in a bandit troop, but having quarrelled with their chieftain, had thrown off their allegiance, and taken service with the more peaceful Signor Mercadante. People murmured that it was hardly safe to trust them as inmates within the walls of a commonplace, everyday, legally-organised villa. But what was it to them? The signor was surely the best judge of the organisation of his own household; and he knew their former history as well as he knew that at present they were his faithful though rude varlets.

'If,' said his lordship, 'they have been robbers, so much the worse for them: they are good servants now, so much the better for me. May the Holy Virgin'—and here he would cross himself—'intercede for their pardon for the past, and bring before the throne of grace their present faithful service and good deeds!'

When he was told of Baptista's fate he grieved and stormed; he called upon his patron saint to witness his registered vow of vengeance; and then with kindred spirits he sat himself down to his evening repast.

Meantime the body of the murdered man was placed in a kind of summer-house, which stood at some little distance from the villa, and which had Venetian windows opening upon the garden. Here an old crone had paid all necessary duties to the departed, and here his friend Francesco came to see that nothing had been omitted which the custom of his country deemed needful.

'And thou art to be with him this night, Francesco?' said the woman. 'I wish thee hearty joy of thy office! But mind thee, my boy, to leave the window open, that when the Evil One comes for his own there may be no impediment to his entrance.'

'What sayest thou, old mother?' asked the young Italian, stealing a glance at the corpse.

'Why,' said the crone, 'I give you a friendly warning—that's all. Have you not heard, maestro, that when the clock strikes twelve the Evil One comes for his own?'—and here there was a devout touching of the forehead and shoulders, to signify the form of the cross—'and have you not heard that at the same moment the good angels come for *their* own?—and if there be any impediment in the way to or from the chamber of death, wo be to him who causes it!'

'And what, think you, will be the message for our old comrade there?' said Francesco, trying, under a mask of levity, to hide the perturbation within.

'Think!' said the old woman—'I do not think about so plain a matter! In his lifetime it is well known that Baptista sold himself to the Evil One; and he will surely claim his own. So keep a watch, and leave the window open, that his entering may not be barred. And now, good-night, and fair slumbers keep thee from harm.' And the hag, in nowise deceived by Francesco's manner, chuckled and hugged herself with her skinny arms as she tottered from the death-chamber.

The Signor Giulio Mercadante meanwhile was entertaining his guests—three young men as thoughtless as himself—with the hapless fate of his domestic; remarking how curious it was that one with deportment in general so rude and ferocious should have the power of inspiring, where it so pleased him, the strongest attachment. He himself confessed to have been brought in some slight degree under this inexplicable influence, and to have felt a certain affection for his uncouth follower. But the greatest proof of this nameless power, he said, was evinced in Francesco; for this poor fellow, despite his former lawless career, was known to be a most unhesitating believer in all kinds of apparitions, be they good or evil: he dreaded ghosts and goblins—he feared the dead. Yet, with all this, he was going to keep guard in the lonely summer-house beside the corpse of his friend, because he deemed that so doing was a proof of the love and friendship he had ever borne him; and the signor marvelled that the poor fellow had not at least asked some person to keep him company in this mournful vigil. This discourse led to a discussion of the notions entertained by the peasantry respecting the struggle of the good and evil angels for the spirit of man as it left its mortal tenement; and the conversation suggested ideas to the Signor Giulio Mercadante which were infinitely tempting to a practical joker. Forthwith he summoned Pietro, one of his serving-men—a fine soldierly-looking fellow, not at all unlike the deceased Baptista in person, but very dissimilar to the poor watcher, Francesco, in character, being a boastful scoffer at all belief in the agency of the invisible world.

'Here, Pietro,' said his master, 'would you in guerdon for small service like to earn this?' And he held up delicately by the fore-finger and thumb a silken purse, through the open network of which there glittered several silver coins.

'Say but the word, signor,' replied the man, 'and the purse shall be mine!'

'Hark, then!' said his master: 'you know that some vile assassin has given the deathblow to my poor Baptista, who is even now stiffening on his funereal couch in the summer-house; and you know, too, that his comrade Francesco keeps him company?'

The man acquiesced by a bow.

'I should like,' continued the Signor Giulio, 'to cure this simple Francesco of the foolish fancies he entertains respecting the dead: it might make him a better servitor for the future. I care not to have one in my train who starts at shadows after nightfall, though he be valiant enough in the broad daylight; and for this I want your wit and aid.'

Pietro grinned from ear to ear in anticipation of what was to follow. He had had some experience in similar freaks since he had entered the service of the Signor Giulio Mercadante.

'*You* are not afraid of the dead?' questioned his lord.

'I, signor!' said Pietro, as he curled his moustache. 'Many a time have I couched me on the battle-field with none but the slain beside me; and methinks if the dead could ever give cause for dread, they would do so at such a time and in such a place. But, tush! they were as incapable of moving as the soil on which they were stretched.' And he snapped his fingers above his head as he spoke.

'Then,' said his master, 'you will not hesitate to take the place of Baptista for this night, and to play the part of a dead man?'

'Signor!' said the puzzled servitor.

'This,' said the signor, 'is what I require of you—simply to lie motionless and stiff in his stead, to deceive Francesco. Mark well what he does; and when the

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bell tolls midnight, rise up in your bed, and call him by name.'

'I will do it!' said Pietro, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the scene. 'Poor Francesco, he will be scared to death! Ah, we shall have a joke against him for life!'

'But,' said one of the guests, 'have you considered that upon this night, above all other nights in the year, the powers of the air have influence on man; and that Baptista whom you will thus represent led a most wicked life?'

'Tut, tut, my lord!' said Pietro — 'all old wives' fables to scare women and children!'

When the door had closed upon him the guests unanimously expressed their doubts as to the actual scepticism of the fellow.

'Well, let us try him!' said their host, who now fairly found himself in his element, and who with his friends hastily set to work to dupe both Pietro and Francesco.

Two of them proceeded to the summer-house, where they found Francesco keeping watch by his friend's body, and telling him that his master desired his presence, they removed the corpse during his absence, and placed Pietro upon the funereal couch.

Night was drawing her sable curtains round the earth when Francesco returned with a cigar, a bottle of wine, and some old journals, as aids to enable him to pass the night with composure. He placed the table at the farther end of the room, with a lamp upon it, and sat, it may be well believed, with his back to the couch. He tried to become deeply interested in the journals: in vain—his eyes saw the characters, but these would not impress themselves on his brain. Now and then, but evidently with an effort, he turned his head slowly over his shoulder to steal a glance at the supposed dead man; and often he started, and nervously glanced round the room.

All this for a time served highly to amuse the stiff and motionless Pietro; indeed he would have willingly given vent to his laughter, the more so as he dared not; and this inclination gave him a tickling sensation in his throat, which cost a superhuman effort to repress it. What relief a cough or a hem would have given him!

Then after awhile he became weary — the remaining perfectly still for so long a time was a far more difficult task than he had imagined; and in order to nerve himself to the endurance of such a part to the end, he had to bear in mind not only the glittering purse, but also that mocking incredulity which he had seen so legibly impressed upon the faces of his master's guests. 'No,' he thought, 'were I to fail they would attribute it to unwillingness to remain in the dead man's place at midnight, and not to this irrepressible feeling of restlessness.' So he persevered. A blessing it was to him that the plotters had drawn the mosquito curtains in full and ample folds around him; for he could open wide his eyes, he could pout his lips, put out his tongue, stretch the muscles of his feet, or elongate his legs to their greatest tension, or press the hands crossed upon his bosom, without much fear of detection. Once or twice indeed Francesco had turned sharply round, but after an awfully-scared look he had apparently become convinced that the movement had only been fancied by him, or was caused by the fluttering of the light on the distant couch, and he had again turned to the perusal of the journal. But the stillness was far worse for the impostor to bear than the visible indications of Francesco's inquietude. It gave him the fear of falling asleep: if he did, he should assuredly snore; and then there would be a forfeiture of the purse, and the laugh would be against him instead of his dupe. But the temptation was very strong: the bed, the gloom, the stillness, the tic-tic of the timepiece, the rustling of the journal as its leaves were turned over with a peculiar lulling sound—surely never was mortal so tempted by external objects to turn upon his side and enjoy a good nap. He was fain to pinch his skin, to keep himself awake.

The timepiece struck half-past eleven. Another half hour more must he suffer such purgatory; and how fervently he wished that just for a few minutes in that term the journal would prove a soporific to Francesco, and allow him the opportunity of easing his cramped frame!

Now, had poor Francesco been really thinking of the journal, it is ten chances to one that he might have slept; but his thoughts were wandering despite his will. He recalled those scenes in which he had stood side by side with the murdered Baptista—scenes of robbery, of violence, and even bloodshed. He divined full well who had given the deathblow to his old comrade — that it was one of those former associates who never forgave a desertion from their band, and whose vows of vengeance were always kept. But how had they hunted him out? Then there came the conviction that he too was a marked man; and somehow with that conviction there flashed across his mind doubts of the old woman who had laid out Baptista for burial, and who seemed so perfectly acquainted with his former life. He too well knew how many agents among the poor the robbers could command. What if information of his lonely watch should have been communicated to them, and that, in order to give facility to their purpose, he had been desired to leave the window open—advice given under the mask of superstitious fear?

These and similar conjectures chased one another through his brain, until he forgot his ideal alarms in what he considered more substantial causes for fear. Under their influence he rose from his chair and paced up and down the room.

Poor Pietro! No chance of movement for him now. He was obliged to close his eyes for fear of detection, so he could not perceive Francesco's next movement. He, following the current of his thoughts, examined a small pistol which he drew from his vest, primed it, and again returned it to its resting-place.

The timepiece struck the quarter to midnight: Pietro could not help it—he moved a little. Francesco started, sank into a chair: he glared upon the bed; but *then* there followed no movement — all was stiff, rigid, motionless! He took his handkerchief, wiped the clammy moisture from his brow, trimmed the lamp, and tossed off a glass of wine. The old woman's words recurred to his memory afresh: perhaps the warning, after all, was given in sincerity. He approached the window half-credulously, half-mistrustfully. He opens it. He places himself in the shade, and looks out; and soon his attention becomes so riveted upon what he perceives to be going on in the garden, that he forgets the corpse; or if there be some dim idea of its presence, it is only in connection with its being made the vehicle for his own destruction. Now all doubt of the old woman's treachery has vanished; for there, creeping within the shadows of the trees, or resting behind some statue, or stealing on all-fours by the fountains, come four figures, stealthily wending their way to the summer-house. He thought even he recognised the night-prowlers by their separate manœuvres.

In those few minutes Francesco was transformed from a timid coward into the bold, resolute man. He knew that it was mortal agency he had to encounter, and that he must trust entirely to his own arm for defence. He quietly and gently withdrew further into the shade of the room, and took up his position where he could command the open window, near which was placed the couch.

The timepiece struck midnight. As the last sound reverberated, there was an indescribable noise at the open window: a groan, mingled with the clanking of chains or the click of steel, and then a figure darkened

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the entrance: it had come into the room. Francesco waited not to see who or what it was, but quick as lightning he levelled his piece and fired. With a piercing shriek the figure bounded upwards a few feet, and then fell upon the couch.

The three guests, who had little anticipated this termination to their folly, now shouting to Francesco, rushed into the room, where they found Pietro sitting upright in his bed, with eyes glued in an idiotic stare on the frightful object which was stretched across his feet, and to which he pointed, mumbling unintelligibly.

It was the Signor Giulio Mercadante, who, in a black robe, with flames daubed upon it, and horns and wings and glassy eyes, was now pouring out his lifeblood over the desecrated couch of the dead.

It was some time before Pietro entirely recovered the use of his senses; Francesco fled the country; and it may well be imagined that after this terrible lesson the three thoughtless guests never again attempted a practical joke.

THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON ITS AXIS.

The ingenious experiment of M. Faucault of the oscillation of the pendulum as a test of the rotatory motion of the earth, which has of late so much occupied the public attention, has likewise served to bring the whole subject of the earth's rotation into discussion. It is strange to think that, not more than two centuries ago, this same subject occupied the attention of men of science and intelligence throughout the whole of Europe, and, we may say, the civilised world, though in a very different way. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the doctrines of Copernicus, timidly divulged about fifty years before, were taken up by Galileo, and fully and boldly asserted. It took fifty years more, however, before they were even partially credited in Europe; and it is surprising to find the acute and learned, and, on the whole, very candid Sir Thomas Browne, even so late as 1646, denying his belief in such doctrines. In his 'Vulgar Errors' is the following sentence:—'Nor will it acquit the insatisfaction of those who quarrel with all things, or dispute of matters concerning whose verities we have conviction from reason, or decision from the inerrable and requisite conclusions of sense. And therefore, if any affirm the earth doth move, and will not believe with us it standeth still, because he hath probable reasons for it, and I no infallible sense nor reason against it, I will not quarrel with his assertion.' Now the somewhat quaint Sir Thomas was a thinker and writer in many respects far ahead of his times, yet he was on this question behind Galileo and his contemporary countryman, the immortal Milton. In his denial, however, he is not dogmatical; not so his commentator, Sir Christopher Wren, dean of Windsor, and father of the celebrated architect of St Paul's. He denounces the new doctrine with vehemence, and without any reservation whatever, and may well be taken as a type of the prejudiced and ill-informed objectors of the time, as well as of all times, to any doctrine which disturbs the still quiet of old-fashioned and long-received opinion. It is amusing, and in some respects edifying, to glance over the various objections propounded in those days against the earth's rotation on its axis, and its annual revolution round the sun. If the earth rotates with such a velocity, say they, a stone thrown up into the air should be left a far way behind; and so should the air or atmosphere itself, and especially the water of the ocean. Now, to some extent the two latter at least of these phenomena do take place, but not in the way which the objectors suppose. In a general way the atmosphere and the ocean revolve as part and portion of the solid earth, and even the stone 'thrown up into the air' still continues to preserve its motion as a particle of the earth, and rather falls to the eastward than to the westward of its point of projection. But the chief objection was a scriptural one; or rather a list of eighty contradictions from the Scriptures. Turn up a volume of Sir John Herschel, or any celebrated astronomer of the present day, and we shall readily find eighty such objections. With all our knowledge of the earth's rotation, we still speak of the sun 'setting and rising,' of the 'motions of the stars,' and the 'sun's course in the heavens:' in short, we still find it most convenient to use the language of the senses, not the intellectual language of the reality; and throughout the whole of Scripture nothing more is done than this.

The diurnal revolution of the earth is now one of those received and established facts which demand no proof. Abstracting our thoughts for a moment from the incongruities between vision and relative motions, we can at once discover, from watching the position of the sun, that we travel continually in this latitude at the rate of 500 to 600 miles per hour; or at night, fixing our eye on the moon, that we far outstrip her in her progress through the deep blue sky, though she also has her eastward course, as may be demonstrated by fixing on some far-distant fixed star, when we shall find that during every passing hour and minute both the moon and earth recede, though with very different velocities, from the tiny, twinkling orb.

We owe to one of England's most celebrated astronomers of former days, Dr Halley, the first true exposition of the atmospheric currents. He first pointed out that in a current of air coming from the pole to the equator, there is a much less lateral velocity in high latitudes than in low; or, in other words, while the air at the equator is carried from west to east with a velocity of 1000 miles an hour, the air within the polar circles only moves with a velocity of 100 or 200 miles an hour, diminishing almost to nothing at the pole itself. From this circumstance arises the well-known direction of the trade-winds north and south of the equator, which, instead of blowing directly north and south respectively, acquire a direction of north-east and south-east. This circumstance, once ascertained, is perhaps one of the most self-evident proofs of the rotation of the earth—a proof not liable to the deception of vision, as many of the others are, but which can likewise be appreciated and confirmed by the other senses. When a current of cold, and consequently heavy air presses from the polar regions towards the equatorial, every degree it advances it comes over a portion of the earth that is revolving eastward at a greater velocity than that part which the current first left: when it arrives within the tropics, the earth's motion is from 900 to 1000 miles an hour, the motion of the wind-current is perhaps one-half less than this. The consequence is, that the earth outstrips the air-current, which, so to speak, is left behind. Now, we know that in travelling on a railway with a velocity of thirty miles an hour, if the air is not moving at all, we encounter a wind blowing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, forming a stiff breeze; but say that there is a gentle current blowing along with us of fifteen miles an hour, still we outstrip it, and create for ourselves a counter-current with half the velocity, or fifteen miles an hour.

Did the earth, then, not turn on its axis at all, the trade-winds ought always to blow due north and south respectively on each hemisphere.

The experiment of Faucault is, we presume, so well known to our readers, that we need not enter on it here. It derives its interest, as a proof of the earth's rotation, from the well-ascertained fact, that a pendulum continues to rotate in the same plane in which it has been set in motion. From this circumstance, and having a free motion at the point of suspension, it preserves its original plane of rotation while the point of suspension, and consequently the part of the earth's surface

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where it is placed, is making a daily revolution. This simple, ingenious experiment has also the merit of affording a proof, free from the fallacy of vision, of the earth's daily revolution on its axis.

THE UMBRELLA PEDLER.

The trade in second-hand umbrellas is one which is very industriously pursued in every part of the metropolis, although in seasons of dry and fair weather no trace or indication of it may be visible to the most experienced observer. The fall of the barometer, however, lures the hawkers from their hiding-places, and, simultaneously with the pattering descent of the first smart shower of rain, they may be beheld, if not numerous as frogs on the windward bank of a dry pond, yet vocal as their saltatory prototypes, and, like them, rejoicing in the blessed dews of heaven. In them the forgetful pedestrian, who has left his umbrella behind him, encounters accommodating friends, ready to dispense a shelter at any price, from a 'tanner' to a 'bull,' as they phrase it, or from sixpence to a crown-piece. In the neighbourhood of some sheltered court or covered archway, where the crowd have rushed to covert from the rattling storm, the umbrella pedler takes his stand—his back to the breeze, his battered frock buttoned to the chin, his blucher-booted feet firmly planted on the slushy pavement, and his burly figure effectually shielded from the assaults of the tempest beneath the ample dome of gingham upheld in his sturdy fist. With a dozen or two of serviceable umbrellas of every possible colour and material gathered up under his left arm, he stands erect and scornful of the inclement sky; and as you shrink from the driving sleet or peppering hail, jostling uncomfortably with 'damp strangers' beneath the crowded covert, he pits his patience against yours, pretty sure to conquer in the end, unless the heavens prove adverse, and the beams of the returning sunshine put his mercantile prospects to flight. He is an admirable prophet of the weather, and knows far better than did Murphy when the clouds intend to drop fatness. When you see him emerging, stock in hand, from some malodorous alley in the purlieus of Clare Market or Drury Lane, you may set it down as a matter of certainty, whatever be the promise of the hour, that he has derived from some mysterious source or other infallible indications of impending moisture, and that he is prepared to take advantage of it. A sudden change to wet occurring at eight or nine o'clock on a summer's evening is a special providence in his favour, adding 50 per cent. to the value of his goods, and insuring a certain and rapid market for them. He is off at such a crisis without loss of time to Vauxhall, or Cremorne, or some other popular resort of out-of-door entertainment, where thousands of callow Cockneys, who piously believe that to carry an umbrella is to invite wet weather, are to be found fluttering in their Sunday's best, and in the precise condition he would have them for the encouragement of trade. The disgorgement of Exeter Hall after a May meeting, or an Oratorio by Handel, during a summer storm, is a harvest which he is sure to be on the spot to reap. Wherever, indeed, a crowd is caught in the rain he is present to catch the crowd, and on such occasions, it need hardly be said, is pretty sure to be well received and well remunerated.

When fine weather has fairly set in, our moist friend disappears from his accustomed stations, and if, as it ought to be, his stock be greatly diminished, he has now the task of replenishing it to perform against the return of the wet season. With this view he makes the tour of London on a principle peculiar to himself: avoiding all the main and business thoroughfares, he penetrates into the back slums and private-door districts, where, in a monotonous voice, reminding one of the magician's cry in the tale of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp—a voice intended for the ears of servant-girls and peculating servitors—he bawls the interesting announcement: 'Sixpence for any ole humrellar!' Now as he sells hundreds of umbrellas in the course of the year at sixpence a piece, it is hardly to be expected that this announcement is to be taken in its literal sense. It means, in fact, that he will give sixpence for an article that he approves of. If you offer him a dilapidated machine, he will prove to you logically enough that, so far from being a (wh)ole umbrella, it is only a portion of one, and is therefore only worth a part of the price. He will buy it, however, at his own valuation, be it what it may, as he has ample means in store for supplying all deficiencies. If the relic in question be that of a genuine manufacture, with ribs of actual whalebone, and not the substitute of blackened cane, he will hardly let it escape him unless you are really inordinate in your demand. Umbrellas whose sticks and ribs are of iron are his utter abomination, and he tells you to bring them to him red-hot; he 'haves nuffin to do wi' them sort without the chill took orf.' It is not always that he pays for his purchases in ready-money: he carries with him on his rounds a dozen or two of tidy little parasols, not too large for a servant-girl to smuggle out of the house in her pocket, in cases where the mistress forbids her domestics the use of such vanities. When he has overhauled the goods he means to buy, 'Lookee here, my dear,' says he, 'if you got a mind to gi' me a bob (that's a shillin' you know) and these here three or four bits o' humrellars, you shall have an ansome parrysaul fit for arra lady in town, and take your chice.' With that he unfolds his tempting display of bright-coloured sunshades, and the bargain is only delayed till the dazzled abigail has fixed her hesitating selection.

When he is sufficiently provided against a rainy day, and the wet weather, as is sometimes the case, does not set in to suit his convenience, he sets out on a repairing campaign. Furnished with a canvas or leathern bag strapped round his waist, and well supplied with ferrules, handles, tips, and all the little etcetera that go to the construction and reparation of umbrellas, together with a few simple tools, he perambulates the various suburbs and quiet streets of the capital, crying at the top of his voice: 'Humrellars to mend!' His ingenuity in the repair of any disorder incidental to the constitution of these useful articles is really marvellous. Your old companion in travel shall have had his brazen nose knocked off—shall have been actually turned inside out by the blustering assault of Boreas—shall have had the whole of his eight ribs wrenched from his spine, besides sundry other minor injuries—and shall yet emerge from the hands of this peripatetic bone-setter restored to his pristine integrity; hale, hearty, strong, and serviceable as ever—and all for the small charge of 'such a thing as tenpence.' In addition to what may be called his independent trade, carried on on his own account, he is bound by certain contracts to the keepers of retail umbrella and parasol shops. These contracts are not to him of a very profitable description: he has undertaken to do all the repairs required to be done—to medicate the wounds and fractures of each individual sufferer at a price comparable only to that at which a parish doctor is remunerated for attendance upon workhouse patients. Two shillings per dozen is the liberal allowance generally paid by the shopkeeper to the travelling artisan for the repair of umbrellas and parasols, lumping them all together, irrespective of the nature of the injury to be repaired. New coverings of course are not included, and the shopkeeper supplies such new handles as may be necessary: all the rest is furnished by the repairer. Some few of the more liberal dealers allow half-a-crown a dozen, which, seeing that sixpence is the lowest charge ever made for a single job to the public, and that the

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generality of cases cost the customer a shilling, they can very well afford to do.

Sometimes a member of this fraternity will lay by his umbrellas and repairing-kit for a season, and betake himself to an analogous pursuit in the sale of walking-sticks. In carrying out this branch of his profession, he becomes the subject of a temptation to which he is not always superior. True he is a 'natty' hand at a walking-stick; and though he may not be, like Sir Plume, critically correct 'in the nice conduct of a clouded cane,' he is an admirable judge of the quality of canes in general, from the common chair-bottom bamboo to the costly amber-coloured Malacca. The perfection of his judgment in this particular has indeed been the source of the moral declension above hinted at. In his purchases of second-hand umbrellas, or perhaps in his barterings with serving-maids at gentlemen's back-doors, he meets occasionally with specimens of which the stick is a good partridge-cane. This, truth compels us to say, he invariably extracts (substituting a common one of beech), and dressing it up as a walking-stick, readily disposes of it as such at the price of a shilling or eighteenpence—the regular price for such a cane being from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence. The purchaser soon makes the agreeable discovery that he has parted with his money to no purpose, and that his bargain, like most bargains, is good for nothing—the cane proving unsound, and snapping short at about a foot from the lower extremity. He sees when it is too late that his new walking-stick had done service as the rod of an umbrella—that it had been excavated at the part where it has now broken, for the insertion of the spring—that the wood had become rotten from the moisture collected there, and had consequently given way upon the first pressure. It is impossible to detect the imposture by examination before purchase—the cavity being cleverly filled with an imitative composition, and the whole subsequently varnished over.

Not a few of the ambulatory umbrella-merchants and menders are Jews, who are at all times ready and willing to exchange their wares or their skill for any portable species of marketable commodities. The writer many years ago took lessons in Hebrew from a travelling umbrella-mender, who read into such English as he was master of—he being by birth a Pole—any part of the Old Testament with the utmost ease and rapidity. He did the same with equal fluency with a Bible Society copy of the Hebrew New Testament, and plainly showed, by his remarks on what he read, that the contents were entirely new to him.

No farther back than the 14th of last month, a picturesque-looking figure, stately and erect as a young oak, but grizzled with the frosts of near seventy winters, knocked with his knuckles at my window, as I sat tapping at the outer wall of my brain, to try if any ideas were within, and civilly requested to know if I had any umbrellas to mend. There was something in the man's face which forbade the abrupt negative that was already upon my lips: age, honesty, suffering, and something besides that is indefinable, compelled me to comply with his desire. He was clad in a garb which bore very solid pretensions to antiquity—smooth and shining with the unctuous friction of years, yet carefully stitched and mended throughout. I judged him to be an old soldier; and, mindful of the tale of the 'ancient mariner,' I found the means of setting him to work upon a job which occupied him for three-quarters of an hour, during which, in compliance with the inquiries I plied him with, he delivered himself at intervals to the following effect:—

'This here's a French humrellar: I know'd he was a Frenchman afore I laid hold of him. I knows the make of that sort well enough. Ha—I reklect the time when we used to get five or six-and-thirty shillin' for a good silk un. Free-trade in humrellars and free-trade in bread! Well, one tells up agin t'other, I s'pose. I had a pretty good taste of the French once in my time.'

'Have you lived in France?'

'Four year two months and twenty-seven days.'

'You have kept a pretty exact account. I hope you enjoyed your sojourn there?'

'Not a bit of it; bein' I went there again' my will, and was a prisoner of war pretty well the whole time.'

'Pray, how came that about?'

'Why, you see 'tis more nor forty years agone now—full that since I first went and listed in the army. About the end of 1810 I were servant to an officer, and sailed with my master from Lisbon to join the garrison of English and Spaniards as lay beleaguered by the French in Cadiz. I was onfortnitly took ill of a fever the very day as I stepped aboard, and confined to my berth all the voyage. Having the weather again' us, we were sixteen days at sea afore we came in sight of the Isle of Leon. But we never got there: a bad storm druv us ashore full ten miles or more to the west of Cadiz, and we was wrecked. While all hands was trying what they knowed to save the crew and transports, the French kept firing on us all the time.'

'Are you sure of that? Such cruelty is not customary in civilised warfare.'

'I says nothin' but what's true. You see we had been driving in the storm under bare poles, and hadn't got a flag to strike; so that we couldn't shew no surrender: besides, 'twasn't the reglar French army as took us, but a gang of irreglars as worked on their own account again' the British. The want of a flag to strike cost us a good many of our men killed by their shots. There was a good many sick besides myself, for the fever had spread a good deal on board; and when the enemy seen our hands a-gettin' the sick men out in their hammocks, and lowering 'em into the boats, they left off firing; and though they didn't offer no assistance, they allowed us to land as well as we could. We all got ashore pretty nigh, but every one on us was made prisoners to a gang of fellows made up of the raff of all nations—French, Italian, and Irish volunteers for the most part—fighting for the sake of prize-money under the patronage of Marshal Victor. They forced the Portuguese sailors, and a lot of our own fellows too, to bear a hand in plundering the vessel; and when they had got all they could out of her, they set fire to her. I see her blow up as I lay shiverin' in my hammock under a ledge of a rock in the middle of the night. I was dreadful bad for a long time while we lay in prison that winter, wi' nothin' better than straw for a bed, and that most times wet. They turned the sick out of their hammocks, and bundled us all together upon one heap of rotten straw. But our lads stood by one another, and my master done what he could to have me took care of, though he could not come and see me. As the spring come on I got better, along o' many more; though some of the poor fellows died just when they should have got well for want of warmth and nourishment. The Frenchmen wanted us to work in the trenches, and we might have got out of prison if we would ha' done it. But that didn't suit us, and we were allowed to decline it, preferring to be marched off to prison to France. If I was to live for a thousand years—which, thank Heaven, I shan't—I shouldn't forget that there miserable march. We was seven months on the route, sometimes a target for grilly fighters, who never shewed their faces till they sent a volley of shot among us—sometimes short of victuals and water—sometimes camped for the night on the top of a frosty rock without a bit o' coverin' beyond our own flutterin' rags. There was ne'er a bit of shoe or stocking among us by the time we had been a month on the route—no change o' linen—no victuals fit to keep the soul in a man's body—and no bed to lie on arter the horrible fatigue of a march wi' bare

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feet over a mountainous country. Many times we was all druv together into a hole where half on us couldn't lie down at once. A good number of the prisoners got so badly knocked up on the road before we had crossed the mountains, that they was forced to be left behind, where some died, and some got well, and was exchanged, and joined the duke's army. If it hadn't been a little better travellin' in France than it was in Spain, I'm pretty sure I should have left my bones there. We marched all through France into French Flanders. When at last we got to Cambray, there wasn't much more than seventy of us out of wellnigh two hundred that escaped out of the vessel. My master was left behind on parole, and was exchanged, and, worse luck for me and him too, poor man, was killed in battle before I got my liberty. 'Tis a bad thing to go to prison, but 'twas the happiest day of my life, 'cept the day as I got out, when I first got into the prison at Cambray, and had a good bed of clean straw to lie upon, and a mouthful of decent victuals to comfort me. I stayed here near three years, and, considerin' all things, wasn't very badly off. My master, while he lived, didn't forget me, and through a French officer as he had made his friend, I got many indulgences and many a good ration from the governor. Perhaps I might have broke out o' prison, and found my way to the coast, as some of my comrades did—though whether they ever reached home I can't tell—but it wouldn't have been handsome in me to return the kindness of the governor by giving him the slip. There came a release for us all when Bonny had lost the game.'

'Did you get pay for all the time you were in prison?'

'I did; every penny of it, and spent it, like a fool, in double-quick time.'

'Was that the end of your soldiership?'

'No. I was transferred to the 21st, and before the end of the year had landed on the shores of the Mississippi, where I got into a worse mess than the tother.'

'You mean the affair of New Orleans?'

'I do—I was in it. There ain't much talk o' that in England. 'Twas a shameful bad business.'

'It was a fearfully fatal one to the British.'

'All owin' to stoopid management, sir—nothin' else. We should ha' done the business proper enough if we'd a been well officered. Our generals thought, I s'pose, that we could all cat up half-a-dozen 'Merricans a-piece; but they took care we shouldn't get at 'em, by leaving the scalin' ladders behind. So there we stood at daybreak, close up to their heavy guns, while every shot riddled us through. As it was, we might ha' stood some sort o' chance if we'd a been brought up in line; but in close column as we was, thousands of our men was cut down in next to no time. I hadn't been standin' there three minutes afore I could awalked over the muddy canal in front of us, which was about four foot deep, on top o' the dead bodies o' the 44th. I could see an old nigger, not twenty paces in front, grinning at us wi' his white teeth through the fassins, and cramming heavy bags of musket-shot into the muzzle of a thirty-two pounder, and sending certain death to hundreds at every discharge. I would have gave my two arms to have got at the leering devil wi' my teeth. I see Paknum killed by a rifle-shot, and I was druv myself, wi' a lot more, smack agin the fassins by the rush o' the 93d Highlanders, who scrambled over us into the enemy's works; but not a man of 'em come back to tell what luck he found there. We stood there till more than half of us had nothing to stand on, and then Lambert ordered the retreat to be sounded. It made me sick to stagger back through the piles of dead and dyin' men, whose brave lives had been fooled away from the want of a little common prudence. If we had been led on by a 'Merrican, we should ha' done just what we did do—that is, walked into the jaws of the very trap that had been so long getting ready for us. Our bad management, and the want of a little respect for the enemy, cost us some thousands of lives, and spiled the success of Colonel Thornton, who carried the battery on the tother side o' the river, but was also obliged to retreat, because the whole force was blown to pieces, and there was nothing left to back him. If we had mastered that battery before we did anything else, and reduced the town first on that side of the water, we should have had a different tale to tell about New Orleans at this time o' day. After all, the 'Merricans had no pluck. They might ha' druv us into the river if they had the sperrit to come arter us. They had more than ten thousand men, and we was reduced to two thousand effectives; but they let us retreat in order, with guns and baggage, to our vessels fifteen miles off. That scan'lous affair was the first and last of my military service in 'Merricy. Soon arter that the peace was made, and I got my discharge, along of a bad roomatiz picked up through campin' in the swamps of the Mississippi.'

'Of course you have got a pension?'

'No, I han't—no pension, nor no medal, nor no nothin'!'

'How comes that about?'

'I can't tell 'xactly. If I harn't got it, 't aint for want of asking for it. But it seems I didn't take steps as I knowed nothin' about. If I'd done a sartin thing at a sartin time, they tell me that every two years of my service would ha' counted for three, and then the government would ha' had a right to ha' made me a pensioner. They are very sorry, of course, and so am I; but it can't be helped now.'

'It is well, then, that you have a resource in your trade. I suppose you learned that after your discharge?'

'No, I didn't, sir. I served my time regularly to the business in that very house that fell down the tother day in Grayshcr Street, and killed poor Hoolagan, and more besides. Here's your humrellar, sir; I must charge you ninepence for it, and hope you won't think it too much. You see I have new-tipped all the bones, put on a new ferrule and new cap, repaired the spring, and fastened the handle, which was loose.—Thank'ee, sir—much obliged—proud to do anything for you, sir, at any time. I often comes round this way; if you'd lay by any little jobs for me, sir, you won't say I does 'em badly, sir, or overcharges.'

Exit old soldier, carefully closing the garden-gate after him; then, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand, slowly marching off to the tune of 'Humrellars to mend! AINY humrellars to me-e-e-end!'

THE 'INDEFATIGABLE WODROW' AND HIS COLLECTIONS.

THERE are few readers of history who have not heard of 'The History of the Troubles of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution:' a book which has had the rare good fortune of being liked and praised even by those who are thoroughly hostile to its author's opinions. In fact, though Wodrow is a prejudiced, one might almost say a violent partisan, yet there is so much singleness of purpose and genuine honest enthusiasm throughout his writings, that people are inclined to pardon their thorough onesidedness. All he has stated is not true; for he was credulous: but then he had the great merit of never stating anything he did not believe. He has thus often been relied on even by opponents in statements bearing against their own side when they saw that he had sufficient evidence. They might distrust his judgment, but not his honesty. His industry procured him the character of 'The Indefatigable;' and some notion of its extraordinary extent may perhaps be formed from the present sketch. The objects of his labours were pretty multifarious, but they all had a sort of tendency towards one darling end—the illus-

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tration of the persecutions and perseverance of the Church of Scotland during its time of trial. Though he himself belonged to it in the days of its prosperity and power, and was a flourishing and influential man, yet there were a sufficiency of incidents in his family and infantine recollections to bring vividly before him the perils and anxieties of the time. Among these nothing could be a more startling memorial than the circumstances attending his own birth; and no one who knows the story can wonder that the child, often hearing it told at the more secure and cheerful fireside of peaceful days, should have been deeply imbued with the tone of these thrilling events.

His father was one of the covenanting clergy who would not agree to the regulations of Charles II.'s government, and performing their worship in remote places among the mountains and forests, came under the proclamations against conventiclers or field-preachers. He was obliged to abscond from his house in Glasgow; but when his wife's hour of peril was at hand—she being disturbed by a presentiment that she would not survive the event—her husband made a perilous effort to see her. Though it was night, and he had disguised himself to the best of his ability, he was recognised as he passed 'the guard-house in the Trongate,' and his destination being easily guessed, a party was sent to his house to search for him. Delicacy kept them from the sick woman's room until every other possible corner had been searched, and they were about to make this conclusion of their search, in considerable certainty of finding their victim, when the arrival of the physician, Dr Davidson, suspended their proceedings. He came attended by 'a man-servant with a lantern carrying before him—it being now night—and the soldiers allowed him to go in with his servant when he told them his errand.' The military party still watched the premises, and it was during this interval of suspense that the historian of the troubles was born. The mother's life appears to have depended on the safety of the father, and the worthy physician found that his best prescription would be, if possible, to rescue the fugitive. The son thus describes the incident in a memoir of his father: 'A method offered to the doctor, which proved effectual through God's goodness for his escape; and he proposed that my father should change coats with his servant—a pretty large man—and put on his bonnet, and briskly take up the lantern, and go out before his new master with all the assurance he was master of. The thing took; and the soldiers having seen the doctor come in just now with a servant, when he went off let him pass without observing the matter. In a quarter of an hour or thereby the captain returned and searched the whole house, and my mother's room, with the greatest care; so that they stugged with their swords the very bed my mother was lying on, jalousing he might be concealed there. My mother was now easy, do as they would, and told them with much cheerfulness the bird was flown, and they needed give themselves no farther trouble.'

So began and terminated all that could be called adventurous in the career of Robert Wodrow. The child who entered the world at a moment of such wild excitement and peril was to lead a quiet, prosperous life, devoted to his ministerial duties in the pleasant rural parish of Eastwood, and to his literary labours and collections. He had no farther troubles save theological controversies in his own church, and save annoyance suffered from the remaining Cameronians. Of these, his chief worldly source of trouble, he says, on the occasion of his having, contrary to their tenets, observed a government fast: 'Instead of the converse I some time a-day had with exercised Christians about their own spiritual case, I was engaged in disputes about the public and about separation, and how to defend the lawfulness and duty of hearing me preach the gospel, and for the most part to no effect. So that many a time it was a terror to me to go out among them; and coming to particular places, I often looked very blunt, finding myself beset with contemners of me and my ministry, who often kept not within the bounds of common civility.'

The collections made by Wodrow are in some measure dispersed: a portion, chiefly biographical, is in the University of Glasgow; others are in ecclesiastical libraries, and in the possession of private individuals. But the largest and most valuable department is in the Advocates' Library, where its extent and variety is a wonderful testimony to the collector's diligence. The circumstances which brought so large a portion of them to light are interesting. The many manuscripts scattered here and there, which were either in Wodrow's handwriting or bore marks of having been in his possession, prompted the Rev. Dr Burns—his descendant, we believe—to institute a general search, for the purpose of bringing all that could be found to light. 'With the valuable aid,' he says in a letter to the editor of Wodrow's *Analecta*, 'of Mrs Wodrow, grand-daughter of the historian, who had a good many manuscripts in her own possession, and who gave me useful hints as to the probable resting-places of others, I succeeded, partly by domiciliary visits to garrets and other repositories where these exuviæ had remained for a series of years undisturbed, and partly by corresponding with surviving relatives of the historian, in unkennelling from the dust of years some fourscore volumes of various sizes, and almost all in excellent preservation.' One portion of the collection was of use only to a peculiar class of students. It consisted of 'lectures, sermons, homilies, and other compositions of a similar class, by the father of the historian, the historian himself, his brother Alexander, several of the worthies of the covenanting age, and many of the theological students under Professor Wodrow, from 1690 to 1707.' Forty volumes, containing matter of more general interest to history and literature, were transferred to the Advocates' Library, where, along with several others, they constitute 'The Wodrow Collection.' A considerable portion of it consists of the historian's correspondence. He preserved and bound up the letters addressed to him; and having an equally good opinion of his own, he copied them, in his peculiar, compact, square hand, into volumes. Three volumes are still in existence; another, the earliest of the series, has been lost sight of. His writing is as close and compact as small print. The three little volumes contain about six hundred letters, and some of them by no means brief. But all that is worth knowing of his own personal correspondence is now pretty accessible in one of the publications of the Wodrow Society. This is one of the book-clubs which have lately sprung up. It was instituted in May 1841, 'for the publication of the works of the fathers and early writers of the Reformed Church of Scotland.' It was very worthily named after one who had worked so amply in the same field; and besides his biographies of eminent clergymen, of which he wrote many, the society printed his correspondence in three octavo volumes.

The miscellaneous documents in the Wodrow Collection cover a very wide field. A catalogue of them fills a considerable volume, and one wonders how a country clergyman could have got such papers into his possession. Many of them were connected with the great civil wars; and one might turn over a despatch with a reference to 'Oliver Cromwell, Esq.,' on which the sand still adhered, or a letter from the unfortunate Laud, which sometimes puzzled the reader with its signature of 'Gul. Kant.'—a contraction of Gulielmus Kantuariensis—William of Canterbury. Some portions of the Collection go over still more distant ground, as popes' bulls, minutes of catholic councils, foreign diplo-

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matic negotiations, and the like. Many of the papers are copies made in Wodrow's own peculiar, square, regular handwriting; and the extent of these alone, besides his collections and original writings, might have entitled him to his designation of 'The Indefatigable.' Among the most curious of his copied manuscripts is Lord Ruthven's relation of the murder of Rizzio. This strange, characteristic account, though it has been more than once printed, is scarcely known to general readers. There have naturally, notwithstanding its picturesqueness and air of reality, been doubts of its authenticity; but Wodrow's painstaking preservation of a copy is something in its favour. It is a strange piece of brutal rufflanism, and curiously illustrates the manners of the court and aristocracy of Scotland in that day. According to his own account, when the conspirators burst into the apartment, he called out, 'That it would please her majesty to let yonder man, Davie, come out, for he hath been owr lang there!' The purpose for which Davie was thus courteously asked out was that of being killed. The tragedy is described; but almost more characteristic than the deed of violence is the coolness of the ruffian after it is over. 'The said Lord [Ruthven] being so enfeebled with his sickness and wearie of his travel, that he desired her majesty's pardon to sit down upon a coffer, and called for a drink for God's sake! So a Frenchman brought him a cup of wine, and after that he had drunken, the queen's majesty began to rail against the said lord—Is this your sickness, Lord Ruthven? The said lord answered: God forbid that your majesty had such a sickness! for I had rather give all the moveable goods that I have. Then said her majesty: If she died, or her bairn or commonweal perished, she should leave the revenge thereof to her friends to revenge the same upon the said Lord Ruthven and his posterity; for she had the king of Spain her great friend, the Emperor likewise, and the king of France her good brother, the Cardinal of Lorrain, and her unkels in France; besides the Pope's holiness, and many other princes in Italy. The said lord answered, that these noble princes were over-great personages to meddle with such a poor man as he was, being her majesty's own subject,' &c.

Besides the manuscripts there are endless thick volumes of printed pamphlets in the Advocates' Library, collected and bound up by Wodrow, each volume having at the beginning a catalogue of its contents in his peculiar handwriting. They are of great value as containing a mass of that sort of fugitive literature which lets us into the secret history of the times, but is so apt to be lost unless there happen to be a zealous Wodrow collecting and arranging it. Undoubtedly, however, the most valuable morsel in the Wodrow Collection consists of six stumpy volumes carefully written in his own hand, each with an index. The title at the commencement of the first volume is 'Analecta; or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences, mostly relating to Scotch Ministers and Christians.' It is partly written in a sort of contracted or secret hand, as if he wished no one to read it—at least all of it—but himself. In this design, if he entertained it, he has been defeated, since the 'Analecta' have been as completely deciphered as the far more difficult diary of Samuel Pepys, and have been found to be a scarcely less curious and amusing book. This has been printed in four stately quarto volumes; but to the public at large they are still much the same as if they were in manuscript, since the impression is limited to the members of the Maitland Club of Glasgow.

The leading feature of the 'Analecta' is the author's credulity, and the strange, grotesque narratives in which it leads him to indulge. Though the remarkable events *mostly* relate to Scotch ministers and Christians, and they were doubtless collected for purposes of church history and biography, yet there are divergences in all directions, and especially into natural history, if what is altogether supernatural can admit of that name. In one place we have the marvellous consequences where a 'corby bigged in a tree at Balmaclellan, and the Laird of Home, a brisk and venturesome young gentleman, went up and with danger climbed the tree, and took out the eggs, and boiled them hard, and put them again in the nest.' We are sorry to be obliged to tantalise the reader, but the consequences of this anomalous act on the population of Scotland were of a kind which cannot well be told to the polite ears of the present day. Immediately after it comes another natural-history anecdote which will better bear telling:—

'The same person tells me another accompt which he had from a very sensible gentleman about four or five miles from him. There is a rock beside a loch where the earns or eagles do bigg. There was one part of it very convenient, which a corby or raven chose to bigg her nest in. Within a while one of the earns came and dispossessed her. After some struggle for some days, at length the corby went off, and was not seen for several weeks—ten or twelve. At length the corby came back with a little bird with it, about twice the largeness of a sparrow, and waited and hovered about the place. One day the gentleman observed, and the earn is coming out of his nest, and the corby attacks him, and the little bird joined. And after some time's struggle, and the bird striking below the earn at her breast, he observed the little bird strike with the side of its wing at the neck of the earn. At length, after several misses, it struck off the earn's neck as if it had been done with a razor, and the neck and trunk fell down to the earth, with a little feather, which he took up and supposed was the instrument of cutting! It was very stiff, and sharper than a razor, and full of blood.'—(*Analecta*, iii. 88.)

The 'Analecta' are strewed with ghost-stories, some of them very picturesque. There is a long and somewhat tedious description of the troubles suffered by the inmates of a haunted house, the ghostly persecutor of which appears to have been a person of a very substantial kind. 'The family were mostly disturbed in the night-time, and that by unaccountable knockings on the bed, as if done with a great hammer or axe, as if one were dinging it all in pieces; by throwing down of all the pewther vessels in the kitchen, making a great hurling noise, and yet on the morrow morning they find the vessels all in the order they were in before.' The ghost advanced to the still further insolence of seizing the young lady of the house, 'and beat her severely, so that she could not get any rest for several nights.' In winding up the narrative he says: 'Upon one of these days, a servant-man that belonged to the family, as he was at his work in the field, happened to say to the rest of his neighbours that were shearing with him: "Lord be thanked, the ghost has not troubled us this last night!" He had no sooner spoken this word than he got a severe pelt on the back with a stone, thrown at him from some invisible hand, which they all observed to rebound off his back on the ground, and some of them took it up.' A little farther on is a very Highland-like incident of one seeing a vision of a friend with a dirk sticking in his breast. That night he was stabbed by a tinker, whom, as a magistrate, he had punished.

The 'Analecta' contain many anecdotes of distinguished men, not less marvellous than the other portions. Is it possible to believe the following told of Andrew Marvell and Harrington?—

'That Marvell and the advocate [Sir James Stewart, lord advocate] were great comrades to Harrington, the author of the Oceana. That Harrington had this particular fancy, that the flees that were about him were all procreated by the heat of the sun out of his body, which weakened, and would at length destroy

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him! One day discoursing with Marvell on the head, since no reasoning would prevail with him, he advised him to this experiment: to cause make a little cabin of timber, with the one side glass and the top glass, as close as could be, and enclose himself there, and let the sun beat on him; and when all was close, if he observed any flees there come out of his body it was weel; if not, then to cast off the prejudice! The machine was made, and Harrington and Marvell goes in. There is no appearance of flees. Marvell sat with him till, with its closeness and heat, he was almost suffocated. On which he went out, and came directly to the advocate and told him the story, complaining that he was a greater fool himself than Harrington, who continued still in the imagination, saying he did not know but something in the machine might then hinder flees coming out of him.'

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

AUGUST.

HAVING been prevented by the lateness of the hour from botanising the heath and hillside on my return from Daleage bogs, I resolved on taking the earliest opportunity of doing so; and therefore, shortly after that pleasant excursion, I again set forth on my donkey, and with my intelligent young companion, George the donkey-boy, whose ardour for flowers almost equalled my own. There was, however, this difference between us—that with him it was an entirely new pursuit, a passion taken up on the moment, and carried on in a state of profound ignorance, so that oftentimes he brought to me as wonders plants which he must have daily seen, but which, from his attention having never been directed to the subject, he had hitherto passed by unnoticed; whilst with me a love of flowers had 'grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength,' and from that root of love had sprung up a power of discrimination which had led to much pleasure and some knowledge. George's eyes were, however, in a measure opened, and I doubt not that the film has not again gathered over them, but that he will throughout life look on nature with a more enlightened and interested mind than he ever did before. And now that I am on the subject, let me suggest to those who are in the habit of country rambles, and are informed on any subject of interest, how much pleasure they might give, and how much knowledge they might impart, if they were more ready to communicate with others, especially with those below them in station. If you can succeed in drawing the attention of your donkey-boy, or the servant who attends you in your walk or ride, or of the cottage child who acts as your guide amid those rural haunts which you are in the habit of exploring, to natural pursuits, and allure them to search out and understand a little of those bright objects which surround them, and which you are yourself studying with interest, whether those objects be trees, or flowers, or birds, or shells, or fossils, you do them the greatest service. There is no need for giving them technical knowledge: much important and deeply-interesting information may be imparted without using one hard word or technical term; and by opening their eyes to discern beauties and detect wonders in those things which lie within their reach, but which have hitherto been shut out from them from the want of a little instruction, you supply them with a legitimate source of rational amusement and employment for powers and thoughts otherwise idle, and by so doing may in many cases be the means of keeping them from yielding to the temptations which besets vacant minds of finding amusement in scenes of vice and folly. He who delights in a garden, in watching birds, in classing or collecting flowers or shells, or in any other country pursuit, is less likely to be found in an alehouse than he who has no such interests. By all means try to bring as many minds as possible under such wholesome influence, and never count it loss of time or of dignity to endeavour to point out the leading characteristics of the plants, or other natural objects they bring you, and their wonderful structure and uses; and in so doing you will have a good opening to direct their minds to Him who formed all these wondrous and beautiful objects for man's delight, and to lead them to 'look through nature up to nature's God.' Happy he of whom it may be said—

> 'He looks abroad into the varied field
> Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
> With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
> Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
> His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
> And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
> With a propriety that none can feel
> But who, with filial confidence inspired,
> Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say: "My Father made them all!"'

By the time my excursions were over George was almost a botanist. He had certainly a new source of delight open to him, and one which, being easily gratified, I have no doubt beguiled him of many weary hours when, tramping beside his donkey, he would have otherwise been very dull. The day had been very hot, and continued so even after I had set out. I therefore abandoned the high road, which I should have otherwise followed, and diving into the shady lanes, soon found myself again following the course of the brook in its way from sweet Daleage. As I rode on I found that handsome species of the galium tribe—the wild madder (*Rubia peregrina.*) This plant seems to be confined chiefly, if not entirely, to the south-west of England and Wales, and abounds in Devon and Cornwall. Its long branches waving high and wide in all directions, like others of that family, are great ornaments to the hedges. The chief difference in appearance between it and the galiums consists in the hard, persistent character of its leaves, which grow from four to six in a whorl, are elliptical, shining, and smooth, with a fringe of sharp, short teeth, very thickly set at the margin. The stem is square and branched; the flowers of a yellowish green, in compound terminal panicles. (The *panicle* is a sort of loose, subdivided cluster.) The berry is black, and something like an ivy berry; but either it forms seed sparingly, or else the birds eat it early, for though the plant grows profusely throughout the district, I have seldom found it in fruit. Its long branches hang on the hedges all the winter, the leaves being then dead, brown, and dry. It takes its generic name from Ruber, red; to dye which colour some of the species are used.

The wall-pennywort (*Cotylédon umbilicus*) abounds in this neighbourhood, though marked as 'rare' by some authors. It is a singular plant: the leaf is thick, round, and very succulent, the stem being inserted into the centre like a nastartium-leaf; it grows as low as the stone-crops, and from the root rises a purplish flower-stalk of from about eight to twelve inches in height, according to the amount of soil and sun of which it partakes. The flowers are pale, greenish-yellow little bells, arranged in a double row on one side of the stem, like the lily of the valley. One of the cottages at Knowle which I passed exhibits this plant in its greatest beauty, the whole thatch being ornamented with clusters of it, which have apparently grown there for very many successive years—the old decaying plants forming annually fresh pabulum for the crops of the succeeding year, until the whole has become one mass of verdure; the clear, semi-transparent

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leaves and stems, with the bunches of tall, upright flower-stalks and delicate flowers amassed on it, giving to the irregular roof of dark thatch a most singular and beautiful appearance. The tops of thatched houses and sheds, as well as old walls, are very favourite *habitats* of the pennywort; and it is also often found bursting out from between the interstices of the red-sandstone rock which is so abundant in South Devon, on which it looks very handsome, as well as on the high banks which almost overhang our Devonshire lanes.

But if I linger thus amidst these most bewitching lanes I shall never reach my destination, so resolutely turning my attention from the alluring plants on all sides, I hasten Master Jack's pace a little, and turning to the right beyond Daleage Mill, I soon find myself on rising ground, and encircled by distant landscapes and near flowers, scarcely knowing to which first to direct my attention. A richly-undulating ground lies all round me, glowing with the gorgeous hues of the gorse and heath, now in their fullest bloom. To the right I see the mouth of the beautiful river Exe, and the pretty town of Exmouth just in sight. Multitudes of vessels lie in the harbour formed by the mouth of the river; and others, with their white or red sails glancing in the sunbeams, are dancing over the waves —some bearing gay groups of young people, with perhaps a guard of elders, for a happy sail on the bright water, and possibly conveying with them some poor invalid to enjoy the sweet scenery and reviving air after the exhaustion of a hot day. Others are freighted with limestone from the quarries of lovely Babbicombe and Petty Tor, those beautiful cliffs where whole hecatombs of madrepora seem to have been simultaneously caught and imprisoned in the solid rock, whence they are now hewn out in mighty masses, and formed into chimney-pieces, and chimney ornaments, and tables, and a thousand other decorations, for the habitations of a species of beings which had not yet been called into existence when these little half-animate creatures ceased to live. All is bright, all beautiful; and there, on the right, we catch even more noble views of the wide open sea, and of the range of white cliffs between which lie Sidmouth and Lyme Regis, and many other lovely little towns; and even in such a clear day as this we can perceive Portland itself, whilst right before is a wide stretch of heathy hill, interspersed with copses and plantations, and with broad fruitful fields reclaimed from the wild.

But now I turn my eyes and mind from the more distant beauties to the immediate object I have in view; and lo! before me and around me, on all sides, a most inexplicable appearance claims my attention. This singular object, whether animal or vegetable, natural or artificial—for I am in some doubt at first —appears like an interminable mass of tiny scarlet cords, twined in an inextricable maze over and around every twig of heath or furze within my range, and knit together and matted over the tops of the plants, running from one to another in every direction, and both on the lower and the upper shoots. I examine it more closely, and see that it is evidently a vegetable production, and that the red cord-like material is as evidently the stem of a plant, and not, as I at first almost believed, the web of some sort of spider (though the thickness of the cord would, on examination, have refuted such an idea, it being in the stoutest parts as large as a coarse silk thread, though towards the points scarcely thicker than a hair.) I search for leaves, but there are none—a few stunted scales being the only substitute; then for the root, but here I am sorely puzzled, for I cannot trace any of the shoots to the earth; blossoms there are in abundance—the little white knobs which break the lines of the thread in ten thousand places consisting of clusters of little flowers, which I find, on examining them under a microscope, are very elegant, composed of five stamens and two pistils, with one four or five-cleft petal of a pale-whitish flesh-colour. The whole has a waxy look, and forcibly reminds me of the beautiful greenhouse-creeper *Hoya carnosa*. Its characteristic marks confirm my hope that it is the lesser dodder (*Cuscuta epithymum*), a plant which I had not before seen, although it not unfrequently occurs on heath and thyme in exposed situations both in England and Scotland. The dodder is of the natural order *convolvulaceæ*, and is parasitic on heath, furze, and thyme. I call it parasitic, because though springing, I believe, originally from earth, after it has thrown up its shoots sufficiently to lay hold on the plants above, it abandons its hold on the ground, and lives independently of its original root on the juices derived from the plants to which it has attached itself; absorbing them through small tubercles or papillæ, which act as roots, and which start from every part of the stem which remains long in contact with the adopting plant, into the bark of which they penetrate. Lindley gives the following lively description of it:—'Have you never remarked on the stems of the heaths, on nettles, or of the furze, clusters of stout reddish cords, which are so twisted and intertwined that you would take them for a knot of young snakes, if the colour first, and then their touch, did not undeceive you? If ever you have remarked so strange an appearance you have seen dodder, which, originally earthborn, soon lays hold of some neighbouring plant, twists her leafless shoots around it, fixes them firmly to the branches, quits her hold of the soil, and thenceforward, as if ashamed of her humble origin, feeds only upon dews and rains till the frost comes, nips her tender frame, and leaves her dead and shrivelled form still clinging to its place, a monument of the punishment of vegetable ambition.'

There is but one other species of dodder in England—*Cuscuta Europæa*, the greater dodder—which is parasitic on nettles, flax, &c. Griffith speaks of 'a gigantic species in Affghanistan, which even preys on itself, one mass of which half-covered a willow of from twenty to thirty feet high.' A fit emblem this of the morbid self-tormentor who wounds himself, and sucks, as it were, his own life-blood by means of the convolution of his own rootless fancies. In tropical countries orchideous and other parasites abound, but in England we have few which can properly be so called. The misletoe (*Viscum alba*), that plant of Druidical celebrity, is one. In Somersetshire, and in many other counties, the apple-trees are loaded with huge bunches of this very curious plant; but in Devonshire it is not to be found growing, though, from the rapidity and cheapness of conveyance, it is commonly imported at Christmas, and Devonshire people are no longer deprived of its presence among the forests of holly which decorate every house at that mystic season. The misletoe is a curious and interesting shrubby plant, of the natural order *Loranthaceæ*. Its stems, of a peculiar green, are repeatedly forked and jointed; its leaves grow in pairs, are lance-shaped and rounded at the point, the texture being thick and succulent, and becoming leathery as the juices of the plant dry up; the flowers are small and unnoticeable, of a yellowish-green, in terminal heads; and it is only the white semi-transparent berry, almost like white cornelian, which is in perfection at mid-winter, that gives it interest. This berry is globular, smooth, and filled with a sort of slimy substance, in which is contained a single seed. It is supposed that these seeds are carried by birds from tree to tree. Griffiths states, that 'in this tribe the ripe seeds adhere firmly to the substance to which they are applied by means of their viscid coating, which hardens into a transparent glue. In two or three days after application the radicle curves towards the support, and as soon as it reaches it, becomes enlarged and flattened; by degrees a union is formed between the woody system

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of the parasite and the stock, after which the former lies entirely on the latter, the fibres of the succour-like root of the parasite expanding on the wood of the support 'in the form of a *pâte d'oie*.' Prior to that time the parasite had been nourished by its own albumen, which is gradually absorbed. I have seen bunches of misletoe full twenty feet in girth. Birdlime is made from the bark and root of this shrub.

But I must not quit this subject without a word about the old mystic rites with which the name of misletoe is associated. Although in great request as an adornment for servants' halls and farmhouse kitchens, this evergreen is not admitted into churches, being excluded as a relic of the old pagan customs of the Druids; at least so says Brand, and I certainly have myself never seen it used in sacred edifices. Brand quotes from an old author, who says that Yule-tide was the most respectable festival of our Druids, and that they at that season 'laid branches of the misletoe, called also "all-heal," on their altars, as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah: this custom is still prevalent in the north, and was lately at York.' Brand so writes not much more than a century ago: 'On the eve of Christmas-day they carry misletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal pardon and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city towards the four quarters of heaven.' In former years a branch of misletoe was hung up in most houses, I believe, among the gentry, as well as among the rustic population; and it was the privilege of all in the company to kiss each individual whom they could catch under it; but in the present day, when such unrestrained licence does not prevail, it is only to be found thus exalted in the more remote and secluded corners of England, where it still holds its seigneurial rights, and produces much noisy romping and merriment among the farmhouse servants. A pretty scene often occurs when it is suspended over a family group of children, whose merry gambols are greatly enhanced by its presence—the chubby urchins, boys and girls, jumping about and kissing each other with rosy lips and soft, dimpled arms twined round each other's necks, one fair little girl dragging her fat baby brother in her arms to be 'kissed under the misletoe,' whilst another forces grandpapa to the same charmed spot, to undergo the same ceremony; and another fine, bold, curly-headed urchin of seven or eight years old shouts with uproarious delight at having caught some little blue-eyed Annie, or tiny Jeannette, or saucy Helen, at unawares, and seized the kiss which the little damsel, aping her elders, did not mean to have bestowed! In one instance I knew a little girl of some four or five years old secrete a sprig of misletoe under her pinafore, which, when she was taken to visit a little brother, born but the night before, and seated on her mother's bed to look at him, she suddenly drew out, exclaiming with great exultation: 'Bess his itta face, petty itta fellow, nuss kiss him under the misletoe;' which, with all due solemnity, she proceeded to do.

Where the misletoe-bough is intended to be hung up in state, no small twigs are allowed to be placed among the decorations of the hall or kitchen, for fear of interfering with the sport, by drawing off attention from the grand point of interest. The broom-rape (*Orobanche*), a plant of a peculiar appearance, is another of the tribe of parasites — one species growing on the roots of clover, furze, and broom; another on those of the *galium*; whilst a third (*O. ramosa*) is confined to those of the hemp: of this species Vaucher of Geneva states, that 'its seeds will lie many years inert in the soil, unless they come in contact with the roots of hemp, the plant on which that species grows parasitically, when they immediately sprout.' This plant might, by a common observer, be taken for one of the orchis tribe; but it is not so—it and its congener, the greater toothwort (*Lathræa squamaria*), forming a class of themselves without other allies. The species of the broom-rape differ much from each other. It is named from *orobus*, a vetch, and *anychein*, to strangle, because its parasitic habits are frequently the cause of the destruction of the plant whereon it grows. The corolla is tubular and lipped: the whole plant, when it first bursts forth from the earth, is of a yellowish hue tinged with purple; it then becomes of a dingy purplish-red, turning as it matures to a browner hue, and looking so livid, and so like a *dead* plant, that none, till they closely examine it, would believe that it was in the prime of life and vigour. This appearance is common to most of the species; but they vary in some degree both in hue and form, as well as in size—the largest being from 1 to 1½ feet in height, whilst others do not exceed 4 or 5 inches. It is a strange-looking plant, and one which one might well suspect of underhand and murderous proceedings, scarcely doubting that it was quite capable of strangling the young offspring of the clover in their earthy cradles, or of sucking their life-blood if they were strong enough to escape strangulation! Schlauchter says that the seeds of this tribe only attack seedlings, and are unable to attach themselves to plants of larger growth. *O. major* is a powerful astringent.

But I must no longer dwell on the subject of parasites, although the bird's nest (*Monotopa Hypopitys*) and many others should be noticed; for the heaths wait for a word of praise, and well they deserve it. A fine stretch of undulating heathy-ground is a beautiful object, as far as the eye can reach, and bounded only by the blue sea, lies the golden gorse (*Ulex Europæus*), interspersed with the purple glow of the heather and wild-thyme, and here and there varied by a patch of the singular reddish-brown which marks the position of a bog. The air is alive with the hum of bees which have flown miles, perhaps, to procure the honey from the aromatic thyme—and honey drawn from the heathy hillside is even purer and more delicious than that which is procured from any other source. And then there is the cry of the landrail, and the hoarse croak of the rook filling up the harmony made by a thousand free and happy birds, whilst now and then a hare or rabbit scuds across your path, or a covey of partridges rises before you with a *whirr* like the rush of an ascending sky-rocket. But few varieties of heath grow in England—five species of true heath (*Erica*) and one of ling (*Calluna*) completing the catalogue. The common sort which colours our hillside with its deep purple bells is *Erica cinérea*, the badge of the Clan Macalister: this and the ling (*Calluna vulgaris*) are alike abundant and useful, being employed for making brooms, for thatching, and often for ropes. The grouse feed almost exclusively on them, and some part of them is used for dyeing yellow. The cross-leaved heath (*E. tetralix*) grows on this hill, and is surpassingly elegant. It is from six to twelve inches in height, with fringed leaves, four together, bristly and downy; its flowers are in dense terminal clusters of a bright rose-colour, and sometimes white: it is the badge of the Clan Macdonald. We do not find either of the other British species here—the Cornish heath (*E. vagans*) and the fringed heath (*E. ciliaris*) being both confined to Cornwall, whilst *E. medditerranea* is said to be found only on the Connemara Mountains in Ireland. The heath form belongs more particularly to the Old World, those exquisitely beautiful exotic specimens which adorn our greenhouses coming principally from the Cape of Good Hope and the northern shores of the Mediterranean. Humboldt speaks of Italy and Spain, and the Peak of Teneriffe, as localities where he has seen heaths in the greatest luxuriance and beauty. It has puzzled botanists to discover the reason of the fact that the *Calluna vulgaris* suddenly disappears on the eastern declivity of the Ural Mountains, and is not again found to the *east*, though it abounds to the *west* of those moun-

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tains; and it is also remarkable that this plant, though found in the Azores and in Iceland, is wholly wanting throughout all the continent of America, in which, though possessed of such a noble and extensive Flora, only one individual of the heath family has as yet been found. I shall hope at a future time to enter further on hillside topics: I must now forbear, for the setting sun and rising fog warn me to seek my home before the evening is too far advanced; therefore, with fine specimens of dodder, &c. for my *hortus siccus* in my case, I set forward, hoping that to-morrow will lead me to 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

INCIDENT DURING THE MUTINY OF 1797.

The nineteenth century may now be said to have attained middle age, and in the brilliant noonday of its intellect and science the important events that marked the close of its predecessor are becoming dim and indistinct, like the vanishing images of a dissolving view. Progress has been so rapid since the peace that a wider chasm intervenes between 1799 and 1851 than any dividing the preceding centuries: much more than half a century appears to separate us from the eighteenth. But a stirring and a troublous period lies before this interval. Life, doubtless, was more rife with interest and excitement to those whose youth belonged to it than it is in this calmer age. One feels that the 'old people' of to-day have more of a 'history in their lives' than our age will have; and even while we acknowledge with devout gratitude the blessing of peace, it is pleasant to listen to stories of 'the War-time.' One evening, whilst sitting with a relative of our own gazing on the waters of the Channel, which were trembling and quivering beneath the rosy sunset, we expressed some such sentiments, and after agreeing in our opinion that life in those days was more animated by hope and fear than at present, he added, smiling: 'For instance, in '97 I narrowly escaped hanging!'

We were much surprised at such a declaration from one who, at the time he spoke, was a brave and distinguished admiral, and eagerly asked the 'how and why' of the adventure; and he told us. We regret that we cannot recall the exact words of the animated relation, but we will try to give the substance as nearly as possible.

In 1797 mutiny broke out among the seamen at Spithead—an inexcusable crime in the opinion of naval men, but which he who related the story palliated in some degree by candidly acknowledging that in those days the poor fellows who were guilty of it had great and just cause for complaint. They were not only ill-paid, but their food was of very bad quality; many captains in the navy were harsh and tyrannical—as, in consequence of the perversity of human nature, will probably always be the case; and the men whose blood was freely poured out in the defence of their native land were, to say the least, neglected and uncared for by their rulers. Oh happy consequence of peace and advancing knowledge! these men are now well-fed, have the means of instruction afforded them, and homes provided for them when, returning from 'the dangers of the sea,' they are discharged and sent on shore. The poor mutineers at Spithead dreamed not of such advantages as these.

Admiral R—— was a junior lieutenant on board the *Saturn* when the mutiny broke out; but promotion was very rapid then, and though bearing that rank he was still only a youth in his teens. Probably the mutineers had discovered, and in a measure appreciated the kindliness of his nature, for, exempting him from the thraldom of his companions, whom they had confined in the ward-room, they fixed on him to bear their propositions and their threats to the port-admiral—swearing at the same time that if he did not bring them back a favourable answer they would hang him on the yard-arm! He was obliged to obey their will of course, secretly resolving, however, not to give them the opportunity of fulfilling their kind intentions by returning to the ship; but the young officer calculated too much upon being his own master. He was put on shore at the Point, and proceeded at once to the admiral's house in the High Street. The naval chief gave him a good-natured and cordial reception, and listened patiently to the message he delivered from the mutineers, which was to the effect that they must have an immediate advance of wages, good biscuit, pork, &c. or that they would carry their ship over to the French.

'Go on board again, sir,' was his reply, 'and tell these gentlemen that none of their demands can be listened to till they return to their duty: inform them also that the moment they attempt to weigh anchor hot shot will be fired on them from the Isle of Dogs, and their vessel and themselves sent to the bottom.'

The lieutenant bowed and left the office. Outside he paused. He was going, in obedience to his superior, to certain death. It was a fearful trial of courage and professional discipline. A mother whom he idolised lived at no great distance: he would at least bid her a last farewell! But the admiral, aware of the sacrifice he exacted, so much greater than that of perilling life by mounting 'the deadly breach,' had followed the poor boy, and lightly tapping his shoulder, told him he would walk with him to the beach. Thus even the last look at home for which he longed was denied him. A waterman's wherry reconveyed him to the ship. It was May—a bright glorious May, such as England used to enjoy 'once upon a time;' and very sad were the feelings with which the young officer looked back upon the retreating town, and round on the glad sunny waters and blue-tinted Isle of Wight, deeming that he beheld them for the last time. Occasionally also, he told us, his eyes would revert, in spite of his endeavours to forget it, to the fatal yard-arm, distinct with all its tracery of cordage against the clear blue sky. He gained the ship, was received on board, and conducted to the forecastle, where the chief mutineers had assembled. Here he delivered his message. They were greatly enraged, and commanded him not to repeat the admiral's threat of sinking the ship to the crew. He replied simply that it was his duty to obey the orders of his superior officer. Their looks and words threatened him at first with instant and summary vengeance; but after a short consultation they agreed to try him by a court-martial, and proceeding aft, ordered him to be brought before them. It was a fearful scene; the men were terribly excited, frightfully ignorant, and believed that their cause required a victim.

The courage of the youth bore him through the trial, however, bravely. He ventured boldly to reproach them with their guilt in confounding the innocent with those whom they looked upon as their enemies; taunted them with the cowardly injustice of the deed they contemplated; and persisted, in opposition to the ring-leaders' commands, in repeating the admiral's message to the crew. He was heard by the officers in the ward-room, and their loud cheers when he spoke probably gave him fresh courage. The ringleaders becoming alarmed at the effect his words and bearing might have on the British instincts of the ship's company, condemned him to be hung in two hours' time, and ordered him to prepare for death meantime in his cabin. There a new and singular scene awaited him: one of the seamen had taken possession of it, opened his lockers, and finding some brandy, had been drinking till he was perfectly intoxicated, and lay in the sleep of drunkenness on the floor, which was strewed and littered with the lieutenant's clothes, books, &c. A deep oath escaped the lips of the ringleaders at this sight. Throughout the fleet the mutineers had forbidden drunkenness on pain of death; for, fully aware of the

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peril of their position, they kept up among themselves a terribly severe discipline. They were raising their insensible comrade in their arms, and coolly preparing to throw him overboard, when, aware from their words of their intentions, the condemned officer struck one of them to the floor, and standing over the again prostrate drunkard, declared that while he lived he would not see men who had sailed beneath the British flag guilty of murder! The mutineers paused, touched probably by this generous defence of a foe—for the insensible seaman had been peculiarly bitter against the officers—and after a muttered oath or two they left the cabin.

The lieutenant remained alone with his disgusting and unwelcome visitant, and the two hours following he described as the most painful of his life. It was less the fear of death than the destined mode of it which tortured him: not that he was insensible or indifferent to the blessing of life, for he was by nature of a happy, joyous temperament, and fair prospects of advancement were before him; but in 'war-time' existence was held on such a precarious tenure that the idea of death in battle would scarcely have troubled his equanimity. Two hours waiting to be hanged, however, is a far different trial for courage, and we have never read or imagined anything more painful than the description which the aged admiral gave us of that (to him) endless period of time. As if to add to the horror of his position, the silence on board was so great that it appeared as if he could hear the pulsation of his own heart, while the low snoring of the drunken man struck with painful distinctness on his ear. At last the bell struck the fatal hour, and steps were heard on the ladder. His door opened; he rose prepared to shew no symptoms of faltering courage, when the leaders of the party advancing, told him 'that the people had taken his case into consideration, and as they believed he individually had no ill-feeling towards them, and as he had recently given proof that he cared for the men, they had changed his sentence from death to *flogging!* He must therefore prepare to receive three dozen on the following morning.'

My kinsman, with the ready humour that never deserted him, returned thanks with mock gravity for their clemency, and begged them to carry his compliments to the gentlemen who sent them, and assure them that he could not have believed he should ever have felt so much satisfaction at the prospect of a whipping. The men, always susceptible of fun, laughed. From that moment he was safe! Falstaff wisely despairs of gaining the love of Prince John, 'because he could not make him laugh;' the young lieutenant acted as if he possessed Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature when he awoke by his jest the slumbering sympathies of the sailors. He was detained a prisoner, but no further notice was taken of the threatened flogging.

The mutiny subsided on the 16th of May, when parliament passed an act to raise the seamen's wages, and the royal pardon was bestowed on the mutineers; not, however, before some sacrifice of human life had ensued, as Admiral Colpoys, on the recommencement of the mutiny on board the *London*, had ordered the marines to fire on the people, and three seamen fell. The funeral of these unfortunates was described to us as a singularly-impressive and touching spectacle. The townspeople were fearful of some violence or riot on the part of the sailors when they landed to bury their dead, and consequently closed their shutters and retired into their houses. The mournful procession moved therefore through deserted and silent streets on its way to the village churchyard, in which the victims were to be interred. But there was no cause for alarm. The men walked silently and solemnly, two and two, after their slain comrades, a stern, quiet sorrow, legible on their weather-beaten faces; and nothing could exceed the reverence and propriety of their conduct beside the grave. It is a quiet, pretty village churchyard in which these most pardonable rebels have their resting-place, not far from which is the large grave where three hundred bodies of those who perished in the *Royal George* are buried.

One can scarcely forbear wondering at the little real mischief which proceeded from this alarming mutiny. It afforded, on the whole, a noble display of the principal characteristics of the British seaman—the frolic-spirit peculiar to him manifesting itself even when he is most sadly and seriously in earnest. A captain of marines, who was especially the object of the mutineers' aversion, was brought on shore by them, and compelled to parade up the High Street to the 'Rogue's March,' which was drummed before him. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with a singularly long neck. The day after his expulsion from his ship, the crew sent a man to his house with a message, ordering him to 'come on board again and be hanged!' The unpopular veteran sent back his compliments; but considering his throat unbecomingly long *naturally*, he did not wish to have it stretched: he declined, therefore, accepting their invitation. The men went away laughing. The people and the times were both extraordinary!

HATCHING FISH BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

Among the Chinese, who are not so indifferent about their fisheries as Englishmen appear to be, a curious method of hatching fish by artificial means is very extensively practised. 'The sale of spawn for this purpose,' says Mr Martin, 'forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an eggshell which has been fresh emptied, through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water (warmed by the sun.) The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.'—*United Counties Miscellany.* [Sir Francis Mackenzie of Gairloch has succeeded, by some process not yet made public, in assembling a shoal of young salmon fry hatched in a pond during spring, and ready, at the proper age, to be turned into their ancestral river—the Ewe.]

CURIOUS SCENE AT SEA.

While a passenger from Aden to Bombay on board the East India Company's steamer *Queen*, in December last, it was our lot to fall short of coals; having had contrary winds and a heavy sea nearly the whole distance, our trip was prolonged to fourteen days, usually performed in eight. The vessel had coaled in Aden only for ten days' steam, and luckily she had besides a considerable quantity of small coal or dross; but still it was found that it would be absolutely necessary to burn part of the ship's stores to bring her into harbour. Orders were accordingly given to that effect, and it was with a kind of terror mingled with surprise that we saw, one after another, the long-boat, spare spars, junk soaked in ghee and oil (to facilitate its burning), the engine hatches, and the topmasts, cut up and burned. Then came the turn of the orlop deck, which was torn up from beneath our feet and stuffed into the insatiable maw of the furnace; then went the gun-slides, and then a number of packages of government powder barrel heads and staves; and at length rumours were rife among the seamen that their sea-chests were to share the same fate. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the passengers, more especially of the ladies, when looking on at the ship thus being torn to pieces before their eyes, and when listening throughout two sleepless nights to the noise of sawing, and chopping, and throwing. It would be equally

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difficult to describe the relief with which, on the fourteenth morning, they beheld through the telescope, by the light of the rising sun, a faint outline of the island of Bombay, the harbour of which we duly reached. In explanation of this extraordinary scene, I may mention that the instructions of government insist peremptorily upon the commanders of mail-steamers, in the event of the fuel running short, burning anything and everything that will assist in bringing the vessel to her destination.—*Extract from a private Letter from Bombay, dated 14th May last.*

BENEDETTA MINELLI.*

I.

THE NUN.

It is near morning. Ere the next night fall
I shall be made a bride—Heaven's bride. Then home
To my still marriage-chamber I shall come,
And spouseless, childless, watch the slow years crawl.

These lips will never meet a softer touch
Than the cold crucifix I kiss: no child
Will clasp this neck. Oh, Virgin-Mother mild,
Thy painted bliss will mock me overmuch!

This is the last time I shall twist the hair
My mother's hand wreathed, till in dust it lay:
The name—her name, given on my christening-day,
This is the last time I shall ever bear.

Oh weary world—Oh heavy life, farewell!
Like a tired child that creeps into the dark
To sob itself asleep where none can mark,
So creep I to my silent convent-cell.

Friends, lovers whom I loved not, kindly hearts,
Who grieve that I should enter this calm door,
Grieve not! since closing softly evermore,
Me from all sorrows, as all joys, it parts.

Love, whom alone I loved! who stand'st far off
Lifting compassionate eyes that could not save,
Remember, this my spirit's serenest grave
Hides me from worldly pity, worldly scoff.

'Twas not thy hand but Heaven's that came between,
And dashed my cup down. See, I have no tears;
And if I think at all of vanished years,
'Tis but to bless thee for what joy has been.

My soul continually does cry to thee:
—In the night-watches—ghostlike—stealing out
From its flesh-tomb and wandering thee about—
'So live, that I in heaven thy face may see!'

Live, noble heart; of whom this heart of mine
Was all unworthy. Build up actions great,
That I, down-looking from heaven's crystal gate,
Smile o'er my dead hopes hid in such a shrine.

Live! keeping aye thy spirit undefiled;
That when we stand before our Master's feet,
I with an angel's love may crown complete
The woman's faith, the worship of the child.

Then thou shalt see no sorrow in these eyes;
And even their love, by God's great love subdued,
Shall never grieve thee with a pang too rude:
The incense-clouds have veiled the sacrifice.

Dawn, solemn bridal-morn! Ope bridal door!
I enter. My vowed soul may Heaven now take!
My heart, its virgin-spousal for thy sake,
Oh love! keeps sacred thus for evermore.

II.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

Is it then so? Kind friends who sit and sigh
While I lie smiling—is my life's sand run?
Will my next matins, hymned beyond the sun,
Mingle with those of saints and martyrs high?

Shall I, with these my gray hairs changed to gold,
These aged limbs enrobed in garments white,
Stand all transfigured in the angels' sight,
Hymning triumphantly that moan of old—

'*Thy will be done.*'—It was done. Oh my God,
Thou know'st, when over grief's tempestuous sea,
My broken-winged soul fled home to Thee,
I writhed, but murmured not beneath Thy rod.

It fell upon me, stern at first, then soft
As parents' kisses, till the wound was healed,
And I went forth a labourer in Thy field—
They best can bind who have been bruised oft.

God, Thou wert pitiful! I came, heart-sore,
To drink Thy cup, because earth's cup ran dry;
Thou slew'st me not for that impiety,
But mad'st Thy cup so sweet, I thirst no more.

I came for silence, dark, dull rest, or death:
Thou gavest instead life, peace, and holy toil:
My sighing lips from sin Thou didst assoil,
And fill with righteous thankfulness each breath.

Therefore I praise Thee, that Thou shut'st Thine ears
Unto my misery: did'st Thy will, not mine:
That through this length of days Thy hand divine
My feet from falling kept—mine eyes from tears.

Sisters, draw near! Hear my last words serene:
When I was young I walked in mine own ways,
Worshipped—not God; sought not alone *His* praise:
So He cut down my gourd while it was green.

And then He o'er me threw His holy shade,
That, though no other earthly plants might grow,
Mocking the glory which was laid so low,
I dwelt in peace, and what He willed, obeyed.

I thank Him for that joy, and for its pain:
For healed pangs, for years of calm content:
For blessedness of spending and being spent
In His high service where all loss is gain.

I thank Him for my life and for my death;
But most, that in my death my life is crowned,
Since I see there, with angels gathering round,
My Angel!—Ay, love, thou hast kept thy faith—

I mine. The golden portals will not close
Like those of earth, between us. Reach thy hand!
—No 'Miserere,' sisters! Chant out grand
'Te Deum laudamus!'—Now—'tis all repose!

* A noble Florentine lady, whose family belonged to the political faction of the Guelphs, while her betrothed joined the opposite side of the Ghibellines. They were forced to renounce each other: she went into the convent of San Chiara, but afterwards, during a pestilence, became a Sister of Mercy—dying very aged, and in great sanctity.

ECONOMY IN CANDLES.

If you are without a rushlight, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly-burnt candle, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed-chamber: the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt, and consumed in the wick.—*The Economist.*

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POSITION OF WOMEN.

There is a strange, muddling, under-current of opinion, which occasionally gurges up to the surface, and appears before respectable company, to the effect that women are not done justice to by men; in so far as they are not allowed the same political privileges, and are excluded from several professions. The movement has hitherto been most conspicuous in America, where there have been one or two conventions of females for the purpose of issuing declarations, and taking other measures for the purpose of obtaining the rights assumed to be withheld by the opposite sex. Even in this country, where there is usually a soberer feeling towards novel views, there are some writers who seriously avow their belief that it is right and fitting for women to intermingle in politics, and to contribute their votes along with men at all elections, and who can foresee no impropriety whatever in inviting women into every profession for which they may conceive themselves to be fitted. It will readily occur to most people, as a serious difficulty in the way of granting them common electoral rights, that in nearly every part of our empire they would in that case outvote the sterner sex, there happening to be 800,000 more women in the island of Great Britain than men. We refer, however, to this merely as a jest, for the other objections are so overwhelming as to require no such aid to make them hold with the rational part of society.

It is either blindly overlooked or perversely ignored by the arguers for women's rights, that nature has, in the very first place, given women a different physiological constitution, and therefore a different social destiny from men. There never could be any true political equality between the sexes; and even their legal rights can scarcely be equal, simply because they are naturally unequal. It might be more polite to say they are different; but we shall still prefer the honest, downright course of saying they are unequal.

A late writer on the side of the Women's Rights' Movement was content to do no more on this point than to quote a passage from the writings of Sydney Smith: 'A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women, as if women were more quick and men were more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of sensation, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both perfectly alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them in a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon.'

Now, in the first place, we never could be content to rest so great a question as this upon the opinion of Sydney Smith or any other man, as to the mere mental organisation of the sexes. In the second, we deny that the opinion of the reverend canon of St Paul's is right. We appeal to every father of a family who has had both sons and daughters, and to every teacher who has had both boys and girls in his charge, if he did not observe a substantial difference in the mental organisation of the sexes. We have put the question to hundreds, and never did we fail to get for answer that boys are from the earliest period of infancy different from girls, and require a different kind of management. In truth, it is so notorious a fact among those who judge from experience, that we cannot look but with a kind of pity on a writer avowing an opinion so heterodox to the simplest principles of mental science. It is indeed true that the human mind is the same thing in the two sexes; and it is not less true that there is more intellectual power in some women than in some men. How a Mrs Somerville, for instance, downweighs a whole load of common men! But these particulars are nothing to the purpose. We must take women in general against men in general; and we must consider not merely the amount of intellectual acuteness or force which may be in the two sexes respectively, but the entire female character against the entire masculine character.

What is so striking to those who have really entitled themselves by observation to speak on this subject is, that while the girl may learn her lessons as fast as her brother, and speak on most subjects as much to the purpose, she is in her entire character a softer and weaker being. The boy is rough, difficult to control, adventurous, self-dependent, obdurate—this as a rule: of course there are exceptions. The girl is at the same time found gentle, docile, timorous, submissive: this also as a rule, fully admitting that it fails in particular instances. We have heard numberless parents of families declare that they could more easily manage six girls than two boys. In attributing the difference usually observable to the boys and girls being trained

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to a particular set of actions and opinions, Sydney Smith has only pronounced himself, to our apprehension, as ignorant of the whole matter. The idea deserves only to be ranked with that of certain philosophers who have gravely argued—we believe it has been argued several times from the days of Plato downwards—that there is no native difference of talent or disposition in men, and that all the differences seen in their mature days are the effect of education. From how many foolish philosophical fancies would a little actual observation free us!

We cannot stop to adduce proofs in support of our view; but we have no doubt that the great mass of sensible and reflecting men will support us in assuming that it is on the whole correct. If it be so, it takes all plausibility away from the claim put forward for women, that they ought to be excluded from no privilege which is enjoyed, and no profession which is open to the opposite sex. Public life and all its concerns require those qualities of resolution and reflection in which women are in general deficient. If intrusted with votes, they would, in ninety-nine out of a hundred instances, use them at the command or entreaty of some male connection; so that no fresh independent opinion would be infused into the election. True we accept a female as a sovereign; but so also should we in that situation support a moderately-endowed man. In that case the genealogical idea constitutes the quality required: we do not look for personal qualities beyond a medium share of the ordinary human faculties. As to the professions, we might at once bring the claim to the *reductio ad absurdum*, by asking if the army ought to be composed of equal parts of women and men. But we proceed to wider ground, and say that the general sense of fitness and expediency has hitherto determined, and will continue to determine the point. A woman obviously cannot be a soldier or a sailor. There are many occupations which she cannot cope with from want of physical strength. There are others, both high and low—as an example of the former we might adduce the law—which women might undertake, if mere intellectual acuteness and diligence were the sole requisites; but it often happens that in such professions there is a necessity for personal vigour and combativeness such as can only be regularly looked for among the hardier sex; in others a certain rudeness of circumstances is unavoidable, and from this it is most desirable that women should be exempt. We here lay no stress whatever upon the liability of women to be diverted or withheld from any duties they undertake by those connected with maternity, for we regard that difficulty as one of an occasional character which might to a great extent be overcome. But we cannot but attach consequence to those objections which refer to the preservation of feminine delicacy. It is entirely a question of comparative advantages.

On the one hand, it must be admitted that the enforced idleness in which a great number of women belonging to the middle classes are kept, by reason of the scruples which forbid their entering into any kind of business which brings them in contact with the public, is an evil under the sun, and one which is attended by many bad effects. On the other hand, the lady who is confined to the retirement of elegant domestic life possesses a charm which most people would think poorly exchanged for the fruits of any professional activity she could exert, attended as these would necessarily be by more or less damage to that fine moral enamel which is so highly appreciated. Here we think there is some room for debate. It may be fairly questioned whether the refinement of the retired lady is not bought at too high a price—whether the evils apprehended from a freer intercourse with the world are not less than those which actually arise from the vacancy of thought resulting from a harem-like seclusion. We, for our own part, are most ready to deplore the unnatural vacuity in which women are left, and the hardships to which they are often exposed from the difficulty of procuring a means of independent subsistence without a sacrifice of their position in society. But we believe that these are evils which the progress of society, and nothing else, will cure. Humanity and refinement are extending every day through the mass of the people. Generous, forbearing, and protective feelings towards women must, in the course of things, supersede much of the reckless levity and the unworthy sensuality with which the softer sex are now regarded. An improved *morale* will enable women to venture into spheres of exertion which they cannot now safely approach. In the meantime, if women are injured by the public opinion which prevents them from entering upon various occupations, we must lay the evil to the charge of the public morality and civilisation, which is not yet competent entirely to protect them.

The advocates of what are called Women's Rights make a loud complaint of the subordinate state in which women are kept by men, as if they were the victims of some monstrous tyranny, and never exercised any influence as women. This seems to us truly absurd when we recollect the equality of consideration, the deference, and the protecting tenderness shewn to women almost everywhere throughout society. It is a suspicious fact against the views of the new party, that the women themselves do not as a class grumble at their situation—unless we look upon the attempt now making in America at a change of costume as the beginning of a general revolution. It must be considered, however, that the appropriation by the transatlantic ladies of that mystical garment usually monopolised by men is not so much an invasion of the rights of the male sex as an expression of their discontent at the inconvenience suffered by their own. There can be no good reason why our drawing-rooms should continue to the end of the chapter to be filled with Mother Bunches, or why our streets should be swept perpetually with muslin or satin besoms; and for this reason we think it no abandonment of our theory to suppose, and to hope, that the movement alluded to may end in some modification of the female dress. But in other matters tasteful women are by no means the malcontents they might be supposed from agitation of a less reasonable kind. The fact is, they are generally sensible that their proper position is one which allows of man standing forward to bear the shock and struggle of the world. They feel that it is their proper part, not to make and support a home, but to adorn it when it has been made by a being more fitted by nature for that duty. There are some points, we believe, in their legal position which might bear amendment; but on the whole their condition, when they observe moral rules, is not a severe one, and they may take further comfort from the consideration that it will continually improve.

FADLALLAH.

People who have been employed in official situations under absolute and irresponsible princes, though from old habit not very communicative, sometimes, in their moments of expansion, as the French phrase it, indulge in strange revelations of the secret workings of authority. As a matter of course their sympathies are engaged for the most part on the side of power; and it is curious to observe the exclusion from their narratives of all moral reflections, of all positive opinions, and, above all, of that natural indignation which the contemplation of uncalled-for cruelty arouses in the majority of men. This state of mind is brought about by an attempt to satisfy their own consciences. They try to persuade themselves that they have been the instruments of a kind of human destiny, to which no more

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responsibility attaches than to the motions of a steam-engine. A consciousness of some fallacy in this theory lurks of course in their mind, but it rarely betrays itself in language, though not unfrequently in an uneasy manner, and a scrutinising look at the face of the listener. The following anecdote is told in the words of one of the Frank secretaries of the celebrated Boghos Bey, chief minister of Mohammed Ali, late viceroy of Egypt.

I was sitting one day in the private office arranging some papers, and waiting the arrival of my principal, when a rapid dialogue in the outer room, the doorway of which was covered by a curtain, drew my attention. Both voices spoke in Arabic—the loudest in a tone of passionate entreaty, scarcely justified by the indifferent objections urged by the other against an invasion of the privacy of my apartment. I was in the act of clapping my hands, when the curtain was thrust hastily aside, and a person dressed in the European style entered, followed by a black slave expostulating, as in duty bound, on the intrusion. The newcomer looked surprised and annoyed at seeing me, and muttered something about its being of the greatest consequence to him to have an interview with his excellency. I begged him to be seated, and wait for half an hour; dismissed the slave; and proceeded with the arrangement of the papers. Properly speaking, I should have inquired his name and business; but so great and evident was his agitation, that I thought it best to allow him some time to recover. He threw himself on a divan, and endeavoured to appear calm, but without success. From time to time I cast a glance towards him, and gradually felt my curiosity and interest increase. He was a young man, not more than two-and-twenty years old, and of marked Oriental physiognomy. I could not, however, make out to what race he belonged—such delicate and expressive features being found in nearly equal proportions amongst Turks, Arabs, and Levantines of various classes, without being common everywhere. He was dressed rather elegantly in the Parisian style; and the more I observed him the more I was struck by the contrast between the general polish of his manner and the uneasy cowering expression that occasionally flashed across his features. It is due to my sagacity to say, that I arrived at last at the conclusion that he was an Eastern slave in the disguise of a European gentleman.

My curiosity went on increasing, and the desire to speak was becoming irresistible, when the bey entered the apartment. I shall never forget the look of perplexity and compassion that appeared in the countenance of the old minister, nor that of mingled fear and hope by which it was met. 'Fadlallah here!' at length exclaimed the bey. I was surprised at the rapidity with which I understood the whole affair in the sound of that name; and probably my settled conviction that it was a hopeless case disclosed itself in my look, for the young man, seemingly anxious to collect all opinions, bent his eyes intently upon me when he saw me start, and then, burying his face in his hands, wept like a child.

The case was this: Fadlallah was one of the young men who had been sent for education to Europe. He formed part of the Leghornese College, and I knew that various very unfavourable reports upon his conduct had been forwarded by the superintendent; and that, in fact, some time previously, it had been announced that he had not only broken the bounds but turned Christian, and claimed protection from the native authorities. This was an unpardonable offence; and for him voluntarily to throw himself into the hands of the Egyptian government appeared to me to be sheer madness. Possibly his excellency thought as I did, for after some silence he muttered, 'Poor fellow!' and then recovering his official serenity, coldly asked what was the meaning of this visit.

The meaning was evident enough. Poor Fadlallah wanted to be forgiven, to be taken again into favour, or at anyrate allowed permission to join his family—wealthy people in Cairo. He spoke a long time, and said some eloquent things; but it was evident that his protracted residence in Europe had caused his views of the state of Egypt to differ considerably from the truth: and when he two or three times based his hopes of pardon on the fact which he had read in newspapers, that Mohammed Ali was now the 'father of his people,' I could see a smile, half-satirical half-contemptuous, play for an instant round the thin lips of my sagacious master. When the appeal was concluded, I began to suggest some questions; but the bey interrupted me, saying: 'There are three facts ascertained: Fadlallah has disobeyed orders, has claimed foreign protection, and has embraced Christianity—fatal, unpardonable acts; on the other hand, he has trusted in the clemency of his highness. We shall see whether that trust be well founded.'

Fadlallah was handed over, not exactly to my custody, but to my care; and he was advised rather than ordered to keep the room allotted to him next to mine. He had probably expected to be sent to prison, or at least to have a sentinel placed at his door, and augured well from the omission of these precautions. For my own part I scarcely knew what to think, and could not refrain, the first time I was alone with the bey, from asking what his real opinion was. But he at once checked my inquisitiveness, and rather roughly turned to another subject. This was enough for me; and considering that, after all, I had no particular reason for feeling an interest in this young man, I contented myself with quoting the highest result of Oriental philosophy: 'God is merciful. What is decreed will come to pass.' It is astonishing of what vast utility this doctrine proves in the East, even to us Europeans. There is scarcely any other justification to an honest man for remaining in these countries; certainly there is no other preservation for the sensitive man from despondency and despair. Fortunately everything, even the climate, seems to inculcate its truth and necessitate its adoption. Practical fatalism is the growth of these hot and dreamy latitudes.

Nevertheless I could not but feel some interest in the fortunes of young Fadlallah; and though he was melancholy, and at first averse to society, in two or three days we began to be sociable. We took our meals and smoked together, but it was some time before he alluded to his own circumstances. Indeed, we had not exchanged more than a few words on the subject, until one afternoon, when I had concluded my usual work, the bey took up a letter, and with a very grave countenance read the following paragraph:—'His highness has been made acquainted with the case of Fadlallah, and has paid attention to the extenuating circumstances. What is needful to be done will be ordered.'

'And what may be the inference?' I began to inquire.

'Communicate this paragraph to the person whom it concerns,' said the bey dryly.

I took a copy, and was retiring. The bey called me back, and having looked very steadfastly at me for a moment, observed with an affectation of carelessness: 'I believe the Greek barque *Otho* sails for Smyrna to-morrow morning at break of day.'

'I will make inquiries,' I said.

'Pshaw! I know she does. You ought to know it too,' replied the bey peevishly, and motioning to me to retire.

His meaning was now evident. I went to join my new friend Fadlallah, and with as much gentleness as possible told the news. He listened over and over again to the paragraph, read it himself, and so far from entertaining any sinister apprehensions, believed that

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his pardon would surely be given. It was in vain I suggested that the bey ought best to understand his master's character, and strongly urged the prudence of flight, according to the hint that had been thrown out. He only hesitated for a moment, smiled at my fears, and jocularly asked where the money was to come from. He had not got a piastre. I offered to advance him money, which I was sure his family would repay; but he could not be brought to believe that there was any immediate necessity for action. 'To-morrow,' he cried, 'a positive decision will arrive, and then, if it be unfavourable, there will be time to fly.' I shrugged my shoulders, and as if by mutual consent we dropped the subject—I remaining anxious and gloomy, he becoming full of hope and spirits, and talking with incessant vivacity.

After supper he asked me if there was any objection to his walking out to enjoy the evening air. I saw none, and proposed to accompany him. We went forth together, and soon found ourselves on the then deserted beach of the Cape of Figs, between the castle of the Pharos and the lighthouse. The moon had already run the greater part of her course, and sloped her yellow beams over a broad extent of dancing waves that came to break in flashes of melancholy light amidst the ruined barrier of rocks that nature has extended to protect the shore. The massive forms of the palace and its attendant buildings were nearly buried in gloom; but the white houses of the Turkish town clustering at the base of the promontory shewed in fantastic and spectral beauty in the distance. These objects, however, were visible only for awhile. We soon went down close to the water's edge, and could see nothing but a dim bank on one hand, and on the other, as I have said, the shadowy sea, from which ever and anon gleams of light seemed to arise.

It is not often that I feel the effect of external nature on my spirits; but there are times when, if I may so express myself, my individuality is not on the watch, and I suffer certain scenes and outward objects to play their own tune upon my mind. Not that I believe there is any mystical communion on such occasions more than on others between man and nature, but our attention not being particularly directed to some absorbing topic, physical impressions do not merely beat against the senses, but carry their vibrations as it were into the centre of our being. Probably it was the combined result of previous intellectual fatigue, of the confined prospect, the imperfect light, and the cold, damp wind that blew, as well as of some childish association between the confused rustling sound of the waves, and the idea of fear—possibly an undue solicitude about the fate of one who really had no particular claims on my interest; but I must confess, that after we had walked to and fro for about twenty minutes, I fell into a horrible state of despondency and mental discomfort, felt myself shivering, and could not resist the inclination every now and then to look over my shoulder. A medical man has informed me that had it not been for a violent shock I subsequently received, the consequences sooner or later might have been a severe fever.

I am not the man, however, to yield tamely to such a defeat. I resolved to rally and regain lost ground, and accordingly entered into conversation with Fadlallah, and by degrees persuaded him to give me an account of some of his adventures, and of the motives which had led him in the first place to quit the college, and which had now induced him to put himself once more in the power of an irate master. He seemed rather eager than otherwise to satisfy my curiosity, and told me his whole history—how he had been taken very young from his parents, and sent to Leghorn; how he had studied with enthusiasm, and become an adept in the learning of the Franks; how he had expected to astonish the Egyptian world on his return by the brilliancy of his acquirements. It was evident that he had left Egypt so young that he had totally forgotten the spirit of its civilisation, if that word can without derision be applied in such a case. His ideas were entirely European: there was nothing Oriental in him, except that fear of superior power, and that absolute acquiescence in its decrees; that cringing hope of favour, and that impotence of imagining an escape from wrath which I had noticed when I first saw him, and which was made still more manifest by his unwillingness to entertain for a moment seriously the proposition I had that night made to him—not to depend on a doubtful clemency, but to gird up his loins, and fly for his life and liberty.

About a couple of years before his return he had gone to Pisa; and there, in a season of unexampled happiness, his errors and misfortunes took their rise. Having visited the Campo-Santo, the Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower, in company with several companions, he had strayed alone down a long and silent street, partly overgrown with grass, and flanked by houses which seemed to be dreaming of centuries past, and to take no note of the present time. At the farther end was a garden surrounded by a low, half-ruined wall and the remnants of an iron paling, behind which, forming a better defence, rose a hedge of solid green. A number of trees—as willows, lilacs, acacias, and others—drooped, moreover, their green and purple and golden tresses overhead, and flung fragmentary shadows on the pavement without the ruined wall. Fadlallah went up to the gate, attracted by these cheerful objects, and finding it ajar, with true Eastern familiarity entered, and sitting down by a quaint fountain on a rickety bench, very soon fell into such a state of trance, that he fancied himself in the gardens of Shonbra, or perhaps in those of Paradise itself. The latter imagination might have been encouraged by a sight which presently appeared, and disturbing his unsubstantial reverie, gave his waking senses something to feed upon. This was a young girl who issued forth from the door of a house, which, I had forgotten to say, stood at the bottom of the garden, and came slowly in the direction of Fadlallah's resting-place. His presence was not soon observed, partly because the new-comer was occupied in watching the progress of a variety of shrubs and flowers, planted probably by her hand, partly because the willow-tree under which the young man sat threw its drooping branches around him in a kind of natural screen.

I will not attempt to repeat the rapturous encomiums which Fadlallah bestowed on the beauty of this young girl. By a not unnatural consequence of an education in opposition to his temperament, he spoke of her in terms of incoherent admiration—now as an angel, now as a houri; now almost materialising her into the sultana of a harem, now subtilising her into a spirit. Suffice it to say that he loved her—not with the feeble, squeamish affection which boys call love, and which young ladies, with truer taste, call 'inclination,' but with that passionate, all-absorbing love of which we read in romances, and which I have no doubt is sometimes felt by natures of mingled tenderness and ferocity. For my part I never experienced more than a gentle friendship for any woman, and can with as much difficulty put myself in the position of the impassioned Fadlallah as in that of a raving madman.

I can understand better the delight with which he saw her draw near—now seeming to be a dim shade beneath the trees, now a ray of sunshine more bright and tangible than the others. Standing on that dark and desolate beach, Fadlallah raised his voice above the hoarse lashing of the waves, and told with garrulous enthusiasm how his vision of beauty came on—now stopping to trim a plant, now to gaze at an exquisite flower; sometimes streaming slowly on in one of the pensive reveries of youth, sometimes trip-

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ping lightly under the impulse of a lively thought: as I heard all this I began to feel a friendship for him perfectly incompatible with my official character, and which, thank Heaven! a stranger does not often succeed in exciting in me.

The path wound, and the view was sometimes intercepted by a clump of trees. More than once as the young girl lingered behind one of these, Fadlallah feared that she had changed her intention of advancing, and had gone back or turned aside; but at length she came to the opposite front of the fountain, and observing a stranger, stood for a moment in an attitude of surprise and confusion. Fadlallah's presence of mind seemed not to have deserted him in his admiration. He spoke, apologised for his intrusion, praised the garden, and said something of the beauty of its mistress. Her answers were brief and apposite; but she was too timid to enter into a regular conversation, and Fadlallah was beginning to feel that he was prolonging his intrusion beyond reasonable limits, when an old gentleman, who had been approaching unobserved by him in a different direction, made his appearance.

I leave you to work up a romance out of this narrative if you please. For my part, I shall adhere exactly to truth. The old gentleman was Count ——, the head of a noble family reduced almost to poverty, and scarcely able to continue inhabiting the large mansion of his fathers. The garden was tended by his own hands and those of his daughter Fenella; and in spite of their aristocratic origin they were both very simple, nay, humble people, except when one or two hereditary prejudices were brought into play. You seem to think that such characters are not necessarily unromantic; but where, in the harmonious monotony of their existence, can you find the materials of the sublime: what mighty passions can have played around their tranquil hearth—what greater sorrows are likely to have occurred to them than the bursting of a bottle of the count's good wine, stored up for special occasions? or the death of Fenella's linnet; or the rebellion of the aged domestic, sent round unreasonably often to beat up credit amidst plebeian shopkeepers? You smile; but my ideas of romance include spacious halls and battlemented castles, and haughty dames and gallant knights, and elegant squires and prancing horses, and hooded falcons and the glistening of warlike weapons; and quite exclude a decayed, old, shabby-genteel nobleman, living on economical principles with a daughter who makes her own clothes, and is as often seen in the kitchen as in her bower!

Admitting, however, that something might be made of all this—what do you think of our schoolboy, Fadlallah, representing himself as an Eastern prince on his travels, and suppressing altogether the fact of his Mohammedanism?—what do you think of his thus acquiring the confidence of the old count under false pretences, as well as the love of his daughter? This came not all to pass in a day, but it came to pass very shortly. Fadlallah played the truant; remained a fortnight instead of a day at Pisa; spent every day in the society of the count and his daughter; and returned only to restraint and reprimand when every farthing of money he possessed was exhausted. Of course he contrived to construct a plausible excuse; and of course, after a brief period, he started off to Pisa again without permission. One or two escapades of this kind produced a threat from the superintendent that he should be sent back to Egypt; upon which he openly rebelled, scorned all authority, and absented himself entirely from the school. He obtained a little money by selling some jewels and weapons he possessed, and naturally repaired to Pisa, to drink in draughts of love and hope from the eyes of his fair Fenella.

Whether from a conscientious motive, or from a desire to produce a decisive impression on a somewhat superstitious mind, he was led to confess to being a Moslem, and to express a desire of conversion. He solemnly and publicly abjured his religion, and adopted that of the delighted Fenella. Soon he openly declared himself her suitor, was accepted, and looked forward to being speedily united with the object of his love. His means, however, were drawing to a close, and he was ashamed to confess the falsehood he had originally uttered about his wealth. He wrote to his family in Egypt, but received no answer — all his letters being intercepted in our office; and at length, in a fit of rash confidence, or under the irresistible impulse of fate, went down to Leghorn and again entered into communication with the Egyptian agents. These persons, it appears, considered it to be of paramount importance that an example should be made of him, and adopted very unjustifiable means; such as stating that the pacha had expressed benevolent intentions towards him, to induce him to go on board an Egyptian frigate that happened to be in the harbour. Thus he had come to Alexandria, entertaining high hopes of forgiveness, but determining in his own mind that when he could lay hands on a certain sum of money he would again make his escape, and return to claim the hand of Fenella. A letter to the count had already explained that sudden business had called him back to his country; and he had prepared a very beautiful and probable story for his return—to the effect that he had been driven from his dominions by a rival prince, and had only escaped with a small sum of money.

Laying aside all prudential considerations, I repaid this story by overthrowing every hope expressed by poor Fadlallah during its relation, and earnestly besought him to accompany me at once down to the old port, where I could easily get a boat at any time of the night, and I engaged in half an hour to put him on board the bark *Otho*. He seemed staggered by my serious tone, and asked me in a very trembling voice what the usual punishment of such disobedience as he had been guilty of might be. He did not understand that the most important charge was the change of religion; and when I mentioned the galleys for life, or perhaps death, he laughed; but it was an uneasy, fearful laugh, representing the strange and terrible ideas that were arising amidst his reverie of love like a huge loathsome snake roaring its head above a beautiful bed of flowers. He told me then, in a few rapid, pathetic phrases, such as I have heard no other man pronounce, how his whole soul was wrapped up in Fenella; and how he feared death only because it would cause a separation between him and her. Then certain doubts and anxieties shook his mind, but they were expressed in disconnected sentences; and I could only guess that his soul was rising towards that delirium which it only attains when earth seems to have broken all its bright and glorious promises, and heaven, closing in its marble vault, sternly shuts out the golden vista of futurity, and coldly echoes back the shout of agony which scepticism and despair hurl up against it. I tried to bring him into a better spirit, and recollecting the words of some good old German pastor considered appropriate for such painful occasions, preached to him very effectively, though more in the style of a jail chaplain who has no time to lose than in that of a casual friend.

In this kind of dialogue we lost some time; but I was again urging the absolute necessity of flight, and pleading for Fenella as if I knew and loved her, when a number of torches rapidly advancing from the direction of the palace drew our attention.

'What are those?' inquired Fadlallah, frightened at anything now.

'Nothing but the patrol,' I said; 'let us remain close down by the water's edge. They will pass along the high bank; and when they are out of sight we will cross the promontory to the boat, and you shall go aboard.'

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'Yes,' he answered, half-crouching as if to hide; 'I will do as you tell me. I will quit this place of blood —I will fly for my life. What if I be poor, will Fenella love me less? I will tell all—I will offer to work to gain my living. I can be a physician, a lawyer—anything, so that I get free from this horrible country. Don't you think that Fenella will love me poor, as she loved me supposing me to be rich? Is it probable she will change? Oh fool, madman that I was to tell that lie, which the effort to conceal has brought me into the Valley of the Shadow of Death!'

He was talking in this strain when the torches reached abreast of us and suddenly came to a halt. It was the patrol; but with them was the terrible Billal Aga, governor of Alexandria, whose presence under such circumstances always told of vengeance and blood. I had nothing to fear for myself, but my whole frame trembled. I could not utter a single word, but stood by gasping whilst that tragic scene took place. It passed rapidly like a hideous phantom borne on the wings of a tempest-dream. Not a sound but the hoarse murmur of the waves disturbed the air—no cry of menace, no shriek of terror. The Billal Aga stood forth, and on the lofty, pure brow of that unhappy youth, who only drew himself up as if recovering his dignity at the last moment, the deadly mace rushed like a sledge-hammer. An expressive sign commanded the head to be severed from the body; then the corpse was thrust into a sack ready prepared; and presently I saw two soldiers in their white uniforms staggering along a projecting ledge like two dim spectres, with the surf rushing about their feet, and the glare of the torches flashing feebly and more feebly upon their forms. A heavy splash, awfully distinct, came at length to my ear; the two soldiers returned; the patrol, which had stood impassively looking on, resumed their marching order; the Billal Aga smiled one ferocious smile; and away they swept along the solitary beach, watched alone by me until the blood-red gleam of the torches lighted up the gloomy walls of a mass of ruined houses, and then disappeared.

The narrator paused, endeavouring to regain his composure. But he afterwards added, that he had written an account of this tragic occurrence to Fenella's father. No answer ever came; and thus we must remain ignorant whether Fadlallah was remembered as he deserved to be, or whether the love he had inspired was buried with him in the hungry waves.

'THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF.'

Having seen the fruits of the world's industry, let us go and see the world itself. Our journey will be to no greater distance than Leicester Square; and in that region, sacred to needlework, panoramas, and foreigners, we will see a representation of our earth, unique in its design, unparalleled in its magnitude, and unsurpassed in its accuracy. In fact, since the world was a world it has never contained such a portrait of itself.

In the centre of this close and dingy-looking square there has been erected by the enterprise of Mr Wylde, the well-known map publisher, a large circular building, surmounted by a dome, and approached by four neat loggias opening into the four sides of the square. Entering by one of these we find ourselves in a circular passage about 250 feet in circumference, the walls of which are profusely hung with some of the finest maps ever engraved. Atlases and other geographical works are seen on every table, and globes, terrestrial and celestial, from six inches to three feet in diameter, meet the eye in all quarters. Overhead are many supporting beams beautifully decorated, and hung with globular lamps, in admirable harmony with the purpose for which the building was erected. These beams support part of the convex side of *the* globe, all of which within the building is painted blue, with silver stars grouped according to their position in the southern hemisphere, and delineated according to their magnitude. The portion of the globe within the building is, however, so small, and the breaks caused by the supports so numerous, that this mapping of the stars is of little value educationally, and from their irregularity of still less value as decorations. A few astronomical diagrams, illustrative of celestial phenomena and celestial bodies, might with as much, if not more propriety, and certainly with greater utility, be substituted.

Having seen thus imperfectly the exterior, you cross the dimly-lighted corridor, and as soon as your eyes have recovered from the sudden change of the light of day for that of gas, you see that you are standing on a small circular floor at the bottom of a huge sphere, the whole interior of which is occupied by a series of floors or galleries about ten feet apart, giving one the idea of a dumb waiter on an extraordinary scale. Casting an eye upwards at the margin, you see that they increase in dimensions as they approach the centre of the sphere, and leave a clear space all round of about three feet in width. Thus from each floor a view of a zone of the globe some ten feet in width is obtained. The globe is about sixty feet in diameter — that is, twenty times the diameter of the largest yet made—and about the seven-hundred-thousandth part of the real diameter of our earth. It is of course impossible to get a complete view at once of the surface of the globe from the galleries; but as you ascend, numerous gas-lights, so disposed as to be hidden from the visitors, throw a brilliant illumination upon each portion of the concave surface on which the earth is delineated.

It was at first intended to represent the earth on the exterior of the globe, but the objections to such a plan were so numerous and obvious that it was abandoned, and the interior was chosen; so that the visitor, though inside the earth, must suppose himself viewing it from the outside. The representation belongs exclusively to physical geography—that is to say, it is not broken up or varied by the divisions of countries, by lines of latitude and longitude, or by names. The horizontal or plane surface is represented on a scale of one inch to ten miles, while the vertical is on three times that scale. Thus a mountain is shewn three times larger in proportion than a plain. Had the proportions been the same, the elevations on the surface would have appeared so small as to be almost imperceptible. Even on this larger scale, the highest mountain-ranges appear at a very small elevation above the general surface, giving the spectator the most perfect realisation of a fact hitherto so imperfectly illustrated by the 'protuberances on the rind of an orange.' The snow-line of the mountains is beautifully delineated by a white incrustation that sparkles in the gas-light, just as the snow on the real mountains may be supposed to sparkle in the beams of the rising sun. The volcanoes are all represented in a state of eruption, their peaks being painted a fiery red, and surmounted by a little cotton-wool, teased out very fine, to represent smoke. The rivers are marked by blue meandering lines, and the line of sea-coast is more or less of a bright yellow. According as on the real earth, the shore is sandy or rocky. Deserts are represented of a light tawny colour, and fertile districts by a bright green. Thus standing on one of the galleries opposite the eastern hemisphere, a very correct idea is obtained of the extent to which the cultivation of the soil has been carried in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Our own islands, Central Europe, and the shores of the Mediterranean, indicate the highest state of cultivation; while large portions of Northern Africa and Central Asia stretch in one dreary line from the mountains of Atlas to the Kurile Isles, broken only by a few bright oases in Zahara, and by fertile valleys like those of the Nile and Cashmere. The sea is pictured a light-green or blue (it is difficult to tell which in the

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gas-light), and a better idea of the vast magnificence of the Pacific Ocean it is impossible to obtain than from one of the galleries, where nothing can be seen but a vast expanse of water, that seems 'a sea without a shore,' dotted here and there by those

> 'Flow'ry islets that do lie
> Calm beneath a Pacific sky.'

Pursuing the route we took from the bottom, we perceive the blue expanse of the South Atlantic, South Pacific, and Antarctic Oceans; nothing but 'water, water everywhere,' till you come to the southern extremity of America, comprising part of Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and the islands, one of which forms the redoubted Cape Horn. With the exception of the Falklands and the desolate isle of Georgia there is no other land to be seen, as the floor fills the space in which would appear the more southern lands—the antarctic continent, with its mighty volcanoes. While wondering at the apparent insignificance of the land in comparison with the vast extent of water around it, you mount by a convenient stair to the first floor, and see in the upper part of the zone which it discloses the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, a corner of New Holland, New Zealand, and some of the smaller islands, while a broad patch of South America, from Valparaiso to the mouth of the La Plata, with its rivers, hills, and pampas, presents an interesting study. The sense of disappointment felt on first entering now disappears—the place seems lighter, the land assumes a distincter relief, and a growing interest in the object around takes possession of you. Another stair: there is Madagascar, our little island of Mauritius, and a good portion of the *terra incognita* of Africa. Crossing the ocean you come to Australia, its whole solid form taken in at one view; and commencing with the ocean beyond, there are the numberless islands that enliven its surface. Measuring the distance between Africa and South America with your eye, it is easily seen that Cabral could not help discovering Brazil: the wonder would have been had he missed it. Here, too, are the highest peaks of the Andes, and the mighty region drained by the Amazon and its affluents.

Mount again: the broadest scope of Africa is before you from the Cape de Verds to the Red Sea. There seems something awful in such an extent of unknown territory! Lake Tchad and the Niger are conspicuous on the left; and on the right the Nile, flowing through 'old hushed Egypt,' at sight of which the wonders of Scripture history recur to the mind, and the whole region becomes invested with a solemn and touching interest. There is besides the Overland Route, on such a scale as to convey a positive idea to the mind. Continuing eastward, Ceylon and a portion of the Indian and Malayan peninsulas come into view, and the Eastern Archipelago large and distinct; and far away in the ocean is Hawaii—so small and so solitary, that its ever having been discovered seems almost marvellous. Presently you reach the American isthmus, and may form your opinion as to the rival routes across it by way of Panama or Tehuantepec. There, too, are Mexico, the West Indies, the great basin from which issues the Gulf stream, and the vast valley and stream of the Mississippi.

Up once more to the topmost gallery. Here you are as much struck by the prodigious extent of land as you were below by that of water; and to this part you will perhaps devote more attention than to any other. Immediately overhead is the Arctic Sea. Or you can cross Behring's Straits, and trace the course of Russian discovery along the desolate shores of the Asiatic continent. The United States from Massachusetts to California are in full view—the great lakes, Niagara, the St Lawrence, and the Canadas.

To any one unacquainted with geography the great globe proves a disappointment; but an informed mind on viewing it may learn much, and in [illegible] of its last drop ing way. Concrete ideas of geography [illegible] the haystack; for obtained in place of those abstract notio[illegible] starting, but the earth and its surface which mere re[illegible] creates; while for comparing positions, and re[illegible] con- what places lie opposite each other or on the s[illegible] and parallel, this globe affords peculiar facilities. It ha[illegible] been suggested that by carrying round a few red and blue tapes close to the surface, the lines of equal heat and equal magnetism might be represented without confusing the general view.

A few words on the construction of this remarkable work. The concave surface of the globe is composed of casts taken in plaster-of-Paris, each cast being about three feet square, and about an inch in thickness, or more when it is of a mountainous district. These casts are screwed on to a series of beams, somewhat like barrel-staves, and then neatly joined. Their number is said to be about 6000. Three operations were necessary after the correct draught had been made on paper: First, a model had to be made in clay; then from it a mould was formed, which again produced the cast. Now, when it is considered that all these separate casts must not only join to each other with perfect accuracy, like the sheets of a map, but must also have each its peculiar curve, so that all may form a perfectly concave surface, some idea may be formed of the vast amount of patient labour and skill that have been expended on the work, and the formidable difficulties that have been overcome. The surface was of course not painted until after the casts had been fixed, and this again must have proved a task of great difficulty.

AN EVENING BY THE ISIS.

It is just past six o'clock on an evening in May, and the last of the hall-divers are lounging 'across quad.' The scouts have already nearly folded the cloths, and you see them passing out laden with the plates and tankards, or chatting by the buttery-door in eager anticipation of to-night's boat-race; for they are almost as sensitive as their young masters to the honour of upholding their place upon the river—not to mention the sundry bets the more adventurous have staked upon their boat, and the bright hope of sharing the glory of success in the shape of foaming ale.

There is a sound of merry voices; and on looking up you see half-reclining on the window-seat a few 'outlying' members of a wine-party that is going on inside.

'Holloa, S——! where are you off to? Here! we want you!'

'No, no! come here; I am off for the river: I like to be down early to watch all that's going on before the race. Get your beaver, and come along!'

'Very well; stop a moment,' is the reply; and in five minutes we are sauntering arm in arm in the direction of the river.

Already what crowds are pouring towards Christchurch Meadows. Look at them as they go—men, women, and children; young and old; tradespeople, townsfolk, strangers, gownsmen, 'dons;' the lately-plucked, the expectant classman; fast men and slow; the money-lending Jew, the indefatigable dun, debtor, creditor; maid-servant, mistress; stable-men and billiard-markers—pressing alike eager to the scene of action. Here a college 'messenger' hastening to the barge with his master's hat or tie; and there a crew with their bright-ribboned straw-hats and 'flannels.' How proudly they press on, as if the glances they attract as they pass by were theirs of right! And well they may, for they are each and all fine specimens of the spirited and open-hearted boating-man.

And now we have turned in through the big doors opposite the livery-stables, and are in the lane, thronged from one end to the other, that leads from St Aldate's

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'Yes,' he answ[illegible]h Meadows. See! there goes the will do as you [illegible] velvet sleeves and his attendant 'bull-—I will fly [illegible] a pace he is going! There must be nella love [illegible]cious quarry in view.

to gain [illegible]a, Blakeley, you're scarcely late; you'll take any [illegible]sline out of yourself before it's wanted!' we cry to [illegible] man' passing us at speed.

'Well, what are the odds now? Will Christchurch catch Brazennose?'

'Not a chance of it, although they have their old stroke, P——, up; and it is said that he put himself into training in the country; and B—— and C—— are going into the middle of the boat. But what do *you* think to do?'

'Oh! we mean to walk gloriously into Wadham at the Gut.' (The Gut is a bend in the river where the steerage is difficult, owing to the meeting of two streams.)

'Not you; that level, steady, stealing stroke of theirs makes them go a tremendous pace without appearing to do so: they are, I calculate, one of the best, certainly, of the strongest crews on.'

We are soon among the elms just opposite to Hall's yard and establishment, and cross over to the Berkshire shore. How well the university barge looks! It is quite an ornament to the river, with its gilded decorations and elegant build; and yet they say that M—— was sadly blamed, when president of the O. U. B. C. (Oxford University Boating Club), for buying it at L.200. It was a London state-barge, I believe. What a pretty contrast it presents to those unsightly hulks that are moored along the shore before it and behind! though the Christchurch barge does not look bad, being all the better for its recent painting: and there is the band upon it. I wonder who pays those fellows: I suppose, the O. U. B. C. out of the common fund; for a few years back they used to dun each college. Listen! they are playing the Bridal Waltz. How I love that air! and you don't know how easy it is to pull to.

Whew! look at B. N. C.'s (Brazennose College) new flag! They are determined, it seems, to keep their place. Meanwhile the different crews, in various moods of despondency or gaiety, are hanging about the barges of the different colleges; either their own, or hired for the term: some with their coats on, others stripped, and giving orders for the alteration of a stretcher or a row-lock; some securing small bags of powdered resin for their hands, so as to give them a firmer hold of their oar; others conversing with their friends, who are lingering by them till the last moment to keep up their pluck, and who promise to be down to start them; and others again 'chaffing' a rival crew, or consulting with an interested or friendly waterman.

There are some loungers with their spruce dress and massive chains, their rings and dandy-canes, their summer coats, white hats, and contemptuous eye-glasses, lisping as affectedly as if the whole world were made for their pleasure, and nothing ever could arise to disturb their equanimity. There go by a laughing trio along the shore in a punt well-laid with cushions; two with bare arms, and, as we have observed, generally bright scarlet braces, are propelling alternately and leisurely, as they step from stem to stern (if the ends of a punt are so distinguishable); their indolent companion, who, in real Epicurean, Nile-life enjoyment, lounges so complacently on his soft couch, calmly contemplating the sky between the puffs of his cigar, and occasionally nodding to or exchanging a word with the parties as they pass them on the bank.

Here comes stealing, like a wild duck over the water, a light new skiff, apparently without exertion from a [illegible] of him that sits it so evenly and secure; a craft at once de[illegible]delicately fragile, elegant, and perilous. It is W——, the great skiffer, nephew of the late never-to-be-forgotten W——. And there is a brace of 'freshmen' in 'green skiffs' (an antique boat of awful build, the only merit of which is, that it is warranted to swim without capsizing.) What a variety of boats! What an abundance of laughing faces! By the opposite bank is stationed 'Charon' in his huge punt—an old skeleton-looking man, with a long brown topcoat reaching to his feet, and a ghastly grin upon his countenance as the naughty ones bully him in passing. The Humane Society, I believe, pay him to keep a look-out on the river.

Ever and anon goes by a Robinson-Crusoe-kind-of-craft, with a fellow sitting at the bottom holding the string of a three-cornered sail, and steering his course by an oar behind him over the side. These will leave their boats at the bridges, and run up with the race. See, there is an old 'Master' (that is, M. A.), who has come up from the country to 'lionise' his wife and daughters: he has persuaded some unfortunate connections or acquaintance to sacrifice their pleasure for the evening in duty-service, and give a helping-hand to pull along that ancient craft, so necessarily weighty for the safety of its fair burden.

But we must not loiter or we shall never reach the starting-place; for you lose half the fun if you do not see the excitement, the catastrophes, the flurry of the start. You see behind you the men are turned and looking towards the river, and a row of nodding heads is visible above the bank. There is a boat coming beyond the bend by 'the willows.' Here they are in sight!

But what a glorious evening! I must say I am thankful that I am not pulling to-day. How calm, how placid all around! The clear, bright river, with the small roach darting to and fro and glancing in the sunlight, as they bite at drifting stuff or chase the evening flies! How sweet the distance of soft woods by Magdalene Tower—which, by the way, is the mark the steersmen aim at in coming up the first reach—with what is seen of distant Christchurch over the glory of her old elm walk! How beautiful the fields, too, look with their fresh green growth, all studded with patches of the graceful wild tulip (*meleagris*), both white and speckled lilac, the golden mallow, and the hawthorn hedges! Joy—joy for all! How the brain, overwrought with study too long continued and intense, regains here its elasticity amid Nature's charms! How the toilworn mechanic there, with his apron and paper-hat, seems recruited by the gladdening scene! There is a glow on all around, which the human breast partakes as we watch the pointed, long, warm-tinted clouds that streak the summer sky floating listlessly upon it like 'islands of the blest!'

You saw that fellow erecting a kind of stage upon the bridge? He is a regular attendant at the races, and shews off in diving from the height into the pool below, fleecing in return the timorous new possessor of an independence who has just 'come up.' There are some delicate-looking men, in capacious bag-like coats, trying the mettle of their long-haired Scotch pets at a round-backed, artful, determined-looking rat, that has been just let out of a cageful of the like by one of those rough fellows, the pockets of whose fustian shooting-jackets might hold an infant each. There he goes cantering, half-sneaking through the long grass, under the conviction that prudence is the better part of valour, but still evidently resolved upon 'war to the knife' in case of an attack. And he is right: his master may pay for his amusement, but our friend the terrier has no notion of anything so serious, and contents himself with cautious sniffs, accompanied by deprecatory appeals to his indulgent owner.

But here comes an 'eight' down the reach. What can it be? *Oriel*, by the light-blue. How regularly and well they pull! It is a remarkably fine crew. Look at that great fellow 'Six,' with his brawny arms and the black hair curling over his front like that of a Spanish bull. Number 'Eight' seems a small man, but

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he is full of muscle and pluck, and gives a good swinging stroke. 'Three,' with a showy upright figure, does little despite his fine pretensions.

We shall be late if we do not mind, for here is *Baliol* coming along in their clean spirited style. How well they look!—so fresh and clear, they seem to have caught a tint from their striped pink jerseys. There now is a pattern of a boat! These fellows 'read' hard with scarcely an exception. 'Seven' is a first-class man; the coxswain is a 'first,' and tutor of his college; 'Three' is a 'second;' and 'Bow' a 'first;' and the rest are all likely men for the schools.

You see a man need neither be a beer-drinker nor an idler to succeed upon the river; for where is there a more promising crew than the one we have just seen pass? And here is *Exeter*, and close behind them *Jesus*—the one with their neat uniform, white trimmed with green; the other, white with red. The white and green of those Welsh fellows, I understand, represent the root and leaf of the leek—the emblem of their country.

But come on, or we shall never reach Iffley before the boats start. There is a lot of people coming by 'the weirs,' where the pigeon-shooting goes on, though the proctors have almost put a stop to that work. Where can they be coming from? Principally from Oxford. They have preferred that way either for the sake of a longer walk, or because they avoid the ferry. One boat, it is *Merton*, is already alongside, and her crew are watching with keen eye each of the others as they pass down to turn by the lock.

'Look ahead, sir—look ahead!' and the coxswain is upon his legs. 'Easy all; hold her!' But it is too late. Crash, and they are over! She could not check her way in time. An adventurous 'pair-oar,' without a steersman, just coming round the corner, at a time when no boat but the racing ones should be about, is run down by an 'eight;' but the stream is shallow, and they easily, though breathless and frightened, reach the shore.

'How long till the boats start, Mr Wyatt?' we ask a plain, blunt-looking man, standing beside a brace of small brass cannon which are to give the signal for the start.

'Very soon, sir, now: it is already past the time—half-past seven gone; but here comes *Christchurch*. They will be off directly now;' as a neat-looking crew, with an easy swing, and keeping the most faultless time, but peculiar in having no fixed uniform, dash by, their oar-blades, as they feather, high above the stream; and strike in with a sweeping cut, a forward stretch, and a quick pull home, that sends all dripping from the blade. How beautifully they row together! Did you ever see anything so perfect? It is a treat to see their swing alone; but they have pulled together at Westminster from boys: there is the secret of that united crew. Last year they had in their single boat no less than three men who had been severally Stroke of 'the *University*;' but this year they are weaker. Those fellows in the bows, although they pull so gracefully, want vigour. They will not have the good fortune we wish them, I fear. They say, moreover, that 'Stroke' is too weak; but I cannot think it. Despite his delicate appearance he has strength, and lasting, and pluck indomitable; his 'reach' is, moreover, the longest on the river, though almost too slow.

But see, they have turned, and are 'spirting' to their place. How they lift her!—beautiful indeed! With each impulse she leaps forward, and seems literally to 'walk the waters,' her light keel alone immersed. And now they are ready. How cleverly that was steered!

Bang!

The first gun, and many a heart leaps; captains grow anxious for missing men; stragglers are hastening to their places, generally too nervous to return the banter of their friends; and there runs one who has been for an orange to the refreshment-room beside the lock; and many a flask is drained of its last drop among the willows there, or beside the haystack; for many 'coaches' recommend a thimbleful of brandy for each man to recruit his frame with just at starting, but it is undoubtedly a pernicious practice.

Each boat has now beside it a group of friends, consisting principally of members of the same college; and here and there a tutor—one of those whom the men love and really respect, who toil hard in the lecture-room, but are foremost to sanction and encourage, and many sometimes to share, their due and proper [illegible] girl They are exhorting the desponding and self-doomed to make a struggle: they may get off. They are adding fuel to the spirits of the sanguine and likely. And here, for the information of the uninitiated, it may be as well to mention that the boats are placed in a line along the bank, and behind each other at an interval of fifty yards, in order according as they stood the last year, or the previous evening after the first race. Four minutes are to elapse between the first and second gun: two have already expired. The crews are mostly in their boats, with their coats stripped, but wrapped around their shoulders, as there is a treacherous chilliness in the evening air, and the distant windings of the river are beginning to look gray. An uneasy feeling pervades even the men upon the shore. One or two of the more inexperienced and irrepressibly-anxious boats are already out, and with difficulty maintain their position against the stream.

Bang!

The second gun, and they are almost across the stream. Now, throw your coats ashore—push out, steady; and with a slice of lemon between their lips, and their clean white trousers rolled up the leg, halfway to the calf, the crews are bending forward till the moment comes, each chest thrown out, the arms at full stretch, the heels together on the stretcher, the oar-blades laid back, but not too far for the first stroke, and near the surface of the water: they are ready. Five seconds gone—ten—be ready; start with the flash when I tell you. Half a minute gone—forty seconds—look out!

Off!

The oars have dashed in when the third report is heard. What a roar of voices! 'Steady, steady!—you are too wild.' 'Now you're gaining!—now you're gaining! That's the style! Keep it up! Well pulled! Capital stroke—gaining every pull! Hurra! You'll have them at the "free water stone!" Only ten—only five yards ahead of you! You're on them!—now's your time! Now Stroke, now "Five" and "Four," now "Bow," now *all!* Hurra! Yoicks! It's all up!' And a wild maddening shout rings through the air. What a conflict of excited voices! What counter-cheering as the crowd rush along the towing-path, their eyes fixed upon the river, jolting one against another; while ever and anon some one more vehement than the rest forces his headlong way amid the rage and indignation of those he tramples on or jostles from their course; while here and there is one tripped up, and sprawling on the grass, or laid along the river-side, having just escaped being hurled or twisted into the river, as he stopped imprudently an instant in that living stream. There they rush—friends, tutors, scouts, backers, cads, exquisites, 'bargees,' in one frantic throng! How they squeeze through the gateways on the bridges, the more prudent and capable leaping by preference the gutter!

The best way, we may observe, and the pleasantest, to view a boat-race, is to drop behind the throng that accompany the boats, or run outside them in the field. You then escape being bruised or knocked about. The contending boats are now close together; the last has nearly reached the object of their chase; they are both rocking on the same troubled wave that the rush of boats before has raised. Each crew is straining every

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nerve: the pursued in hope that if they can but hold out a little longer their pursuers may flag; the pursuers in hope that their agony of intense exertion will soon be over, and that they shall have an easy pull up. A few are gasping faint in either boat.

'Now pick her up! Only three strokes more!'

'Come, give it up!—it's no use—shut up—shut up!' replies an adversary, in hope to daunt.

'Now pick her up! They're quite done! Now then! For shame "Three!" Beautiful stroke! Well-pulled "Seven!" There, you'll have them; keep it up!'

And thus for some way the rival boats proceed, the coxswain of the pursued doing all he can to wash off the enemy by the stream from his rudder, which he jerks suddenly—a most suicidal plan, by the way, for there is no real advantage gained and much ground lost.

'There you'll have them!' And a perfect yell of excitement rends the air. The crew thus stimulated, respond to the cheers, and again 'put on the steam.'

'Overlapping!' 'One stroke more!'

But it is in vain. That last 'lift' has exhausted the pursuer; and with a feeling of release and thankfulness the 'chase,' reinspired, has drawn a few feet ahead.

'Beautifully pulled, Trinity!—they'll never catch you! Keep it up!'

But their 'opponent' (as Robert Coombes technically phrases it) has 'picked up.' Their friends are cheering again. 'That's it!—that's the style! Hurrah! You'll have them in "the Gut!" Gaining every stroke!—there you are! Hurrah!' And the bank shakes with the din. The steersman of the first boat shaved the bank too nearly; one oar grounded, and the bows caught the stream, and were carried out too far.

'Easy all!' And the two boats bear on their way together for a few yards, the beak of the victor beneath the outrigger row-locks of stroke Number One.

'Easy all!' And with a sullen feeling of disgust the beaten boat pushes their invader off. Both then withdraw, by the rule of the river, from the line of the race.

Come, let us run up and see what they are doing ahead. *Brazennose* keeps her place, yet they should be farther ahead. *Baliol* has 'bumped,' and there is a tremendous struggle between three boats, each pressing on the other, as the shouts along the shore might testify. A few minutes more, and the excitement is over. The hopes and fears of the contest are at an end. The crews are resting on their oars, or cautiously stepping from their unsteady craft. Instead of the throng that lined the shore just now, there are only the loiterers below the bridges; the few who, although they liked to see, took not sufficient interest in the race to run along with the boats; or those who have turned down to prolong their walk beside the river, or to watch 'the *University*' go down. They are all heaped together, opposite the barges, breathless with running, or discussing eagerly the merits of the race; scanning the crews, as the boats lie waiting for their turn to go alongside, or pushing in the direction of the ferry.

Let us go across to see what the result of the evening is—what boats have bumped, and which have lost their place. But look!—there is a boat over. And so it was. The *St John's* Eight had got entangled somehow, either by running on too far, and getting under the outrigger row-locks of another boat, or had been run into herself. But there they were all in the water, gasping and plunging—punts pushing towards them—a storm of cries upon the shore. The upset, however, is close beside the barges; and, see! the coxswain, a small man, has swum ashore.

But what means that roar of laughter? Surely it is too serious a business for such mirth. The fun, however, is soon explained. Number Five, a giant of a fellow, gallantly following his coxswain's example, struck manfully out for the shore, when lo! his knees grounded, and now you see him, with his scanty and dripping habiliments plastered on him, wading to the shore amidst the fun and jokes of hundreds on the bank.

We will cross to King's barge to see the flags lowered. What excitement at the ferry! How the punts, crammed with men, clinging for safety to each other, are rocking to and fro! They will certainly be over. How recklessly the rival boatmen strike against each other! And the punts swerve wildly to and fro, as they drive them furiously in their anxiety to get across, that they may be the first back for another load.

There go the flags! and the men of the different colleges are cheering as the changes in their disposition please.

'Three cheers for Baliol!' and the air re-echoes.

'Brazennose!' and again the shouts strike the sky.

'Christchurch!' and there is a mingled storm of cheering and disapprobation, for there is considerable jealousy felt towards them.

'Worcester,' 'Queen's,' 'Jesus,' Merton,' 'Trinity;' all have their turn. 'Pluck' seems ever to win approbation. How those ladies on the lawn opposite seem to enjoy the fun! Have you ever noticed the singular position of that house built upon the stream that pours through arches beneath its parlours, for the sake, it is said, of avoiding some rates or other, I know not exactly what? The inmates must often fancy themselves a sort of semi-Venetian family; and the noise of the water must at evening remind them, if they are at all poetically minded, of the

'Adrian wave
Dashing against the outward Lido's bulwark.'

But come, let us go up. The crowd is already dispersing: the crews are dressed, and sauntering to college in laughing knots, if satisfied, or striding up in pairs or trios, if disappointed—venting their spleen on Steersman, Stroke, Number Five, the horrid boat that got in their way, deficient training, some unfortunate luxury of ice or wine, an accident, or what not, as they feel inclined.

Stay a moment till that air finishes. How well they play! It is so sweet along the water. Now I'm ready; and we soon have left the crowd behind to pour back gradually into Oxford, so empty and lonely awhile since.

LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

One is not accustomed to contemplate this princess, with her romantic and tragic history, as a person of great industry. Yet that this must have been the fact, has been established beyond all question by those industrious investigators who have failed to establish what they originally set about—her innocence of any connection with the death of her husband Darnley. That her guilty accession has been proved by the few who have taken up that side of the controversy it would be harsh and dogmatic to assert. Where there are so many zealous defenders ready to break a literary lance for her reputation with all comers, it were presumption to maintain that they are under a miserable delusion. Still those who are not enlisted by their enthusiasm in the cause are slow to admit that the evidence and arguments of the chivalrous counsel in defence of outraged beauty have been entirely successful—the question would lose all its romantic and exciting interest if they were. But one thing, as we have already said, and in itself a very interesting matter, they have been successful in proving—that the beautiful queen was a woman of great industry; we should also say of great talent and varied accomplishment. Though living in an age when writing was no common qualification, and a command of the pen extremely rare, the letters from her already in print would have entitled

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her to be termed a prolific correspondent even in Horace Walpole's days. There are but few letters extant of her able and enterprising rival, Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps it may be said that she had other things to do, and little time to give to correspondence, while Mary had too much; but, on the other hand, poor Mary spent a long period of her life in durance, when she could only correspond by stealth and artifice, and had often to use the circuitous medium of a cipher. The extent to which, under all her difficulties, she managed to blacken paper, may be conceived by an inspection of the collection of her letters published at Paris in 1845 by the Russian prince, Alexander Labanoff.

The prince has proved himself the most truly disinterested and romantic of all her chivalrous champions, since even the vanity of literary distinction has not been courted by him, and he has been content to hunt the world for her letters, transcribe them, and accurately put them in type. In the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Advocates' Library, the archives of the Scottish Catholics; in the collection of several private gentlemen; in the archives and libraries of Paris, Rome, Vienna, Florence, and many others, did the prince gather the objects of his search; and the result was that he printed the 'Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart' in seven well-filled octavo volumes—a goodly correspondence for one person to indite. Whatever expectations the minds of persons fresh from reading Sir Walter Scott's novel of the 'Abbot' might form about anything connected with the romantic history of Queen Mary, the greater part of this collection is dull enough. Many of the letters are on business; and that they are chiefly written in antiquated French does not make them more inviting. Some of them are of course extremely interesting, as bearing on the more striking parts of her history; but, as a whole, the chief impression imparted by the collection is the notion we have already referred to of Queen Mary's industry. She appears to have had an active mind, ever desiring something to occupy itself upon. Quantities of needlework are shewn as the work of her hands; and though much of it is perhaps spurious, there must have been a considerable portion of it genuine to set imitators at work. One letter, written when in captivity at Sheffield, shews an earnest hankering for occupation:—'I have nothing else to tell you except that all my exercise is to read and work in my chamber; and therefore I beseech you, since I have no other exercise, to take the trouble, in addition to the rest, for which I thank you, to send me as soon as you can four ounces more or less of the same crimson silk which you sent me some time ago, similar to the pattern which I send you. The safest way is to inquire for it at the same merchant who provided you with the other. The silver is too thick: I beg you will choose it for me as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first conveyance, with eight ells of crimson taffeta for lining. If I have it not soon my work must stand still, for which I shall be very vexed, as what I am working is not for myself.'*

The most interesting of Queen Mary's letters to inspect in autograph are certainly those which were written in extreme youth, and are contained in the Balcarras Collection of Papers in the Advocates' Library. There are fourteen of these letters addressed to her mother—Mary of Guise, the queen-regent of Scotland. They have been pronounced by critical inquirers to be in the young queen's own handwriting, all except two, and they must have been all written ere she was fifteen years old. At what precise period of her life the earliest one may have been written it would be difficult to determine. Only two of them have dates: that of the earlier is 23d June 1554. She was born on the 8th December 1542. They are written with extreme clearness, each letter being finished by itself. Their form is the modern written hand known for a long time after her period as the Italian. Indeed she must have been one of the first out of Italy who employed it; for a sort of corruption of the old Gothic form was used not only at that time, but for a century and a half later. There is no miscading her words, and any one with a tolerable knowledge of French will be able to make out her letters in their antiquated diction. The lines are long and straight, containing many words; and, on the whole, the letters of this young girl have a matured, almost manly air of systematic strength which is very remarkable. The signature, 'Marie,' is particularly large, square, and powerful. As an onlooker remarked, it was more like that of a surveyor of taxes or a messenger-at-arms than of an accomplished high-born female; but it has been long a practice to accustom royal personages, even of the gentler sex, to write a large, bold signature, as that of her present Majesty Victoria may testify. The letters of mere children are spoiled in translation, as their interest consists in the simple peculiarities of expression. In English, therefore, and to the English reader not very deeply versed in old French idioms, there is nothing very remarkable in these letters. One of the shortest may be thus rendered:—

'MADAM—I feel assured that the queen and my uncle the cardinal make you acquainted with all the news, and I am thus deterred from writing you at great length, or farther than to beg you very humbly to hold me in your good grace. Madam, if it is your pleasure to increase my establishment with a groom of the chamber (*huissier de châmbre*), I pray that it may be Ruflets, my groom of the hall, because he is a very good and old servant. I send you the letters which madam my grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord to give you with long health a happy life, your very humble and very obedient daughter, . MARIE.

'To the Queen, my Mother.'

The address on the cover is in the same brief terms: '*A la Reyne, ma mere.*' Royal letters went by special messengers, who knew well for whom they were intended without specifying the place. It was a peculiarity, too, especially in the letters of great personages, that the address should indicate nearly as distinctly the writer of the letter as the person it was sent to; so in the same volume there are letters from her uncle, Henry of Lorraine, with the address—in French of course—'To my good Sister, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland.'

The short letter above quoted indicates an amiable feature in the young queen's character, which adhered to her to the last, and seemed to grow in her adversity—a kindness and concern for her dependents and adherents. From the Bishop of Ross to her 'three Maries' she identified herself with the interests of those who were faithful to her—a point very interestingly brought out by Sir Walter Scott. In the instances of Chatelar and Rizzio, this feeling became a weakness, which was the occasion of her worst calamities; but there is no doubt that it laid the foundation of the chivalrous devotion which procured her so many champions during her life, and vindicators of her memory after death.

Some of these letters are of considerable length. They generally bear on matters of family business, have little sprightliness or youthful carelessness, and are, on the whole, scarcely like the productions of so young a person. Nor do they seem to have been written by dictation or instruction, as they contain here and there the alterations and erasures which a letter-writer makes in changing the intention or expression. But the interest attached to them is not in their substance so much as in the associations connected with them, and the wonderful and melancholy history which passed over the writer between the

* Translation in Mr Turnbull's selection from Prince Labanoff.

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bright dawn of hope in which they were penned and the darkness which closed over her in her latter days. History scarcely records an instance where, at an age so early, the prospects were so magnificent as those of the writer of these scraps. Queen of Scotland ere she was conscious of existence, she was acknowledged by nearly all Europe as the heiress of the throne of England, and it was generally believed that any opposition offered to her claims was a mere partial, factious attempt, that would blow over. Then she was betrothed to the king of France, and people naturally expected that this couple would be the parents of a line of monarchs ruling the greatest empire of the world. An accident at a mock tournament destroyed all these brilliant prospects, leaving the young queen only the comparatively poor, and the very factious and turbulent kingdom of Scotland. With her fate there every reader of history is acquainted.

The collection of documents in which these letters appear is an instance, like that of Sir James Balfour already noticed, of the importance of preserving the collections made by persons whose rank or official position have given them the means of procuring such documents. The Balcarras Papers, bound up in nine thick volumes, were collected by John Lindsay of Menmuir, secretary of state to James VI., who died in 1598. He was a clergyman and a judge, and appears to have been a man of some scientific acquirements; for he was appointed master of the metals, the king having noticed 'his travellis in seiking out and discovering of dyverss metallis of great valor within this realme, and in sending to England, Germanie, and Denmark to gett the perfeite essey and knawlidge thairof.' He was for some time ambassador in France, and it was probably when holding this office that he enriched his collection. An interesting account of Lord Menmuir will be found in Lord Lindsay's 'Lives of the Lindsays.' The papers collected by him were very liberally made over to the Advocates' Library by Colin, Earl of Balcarras, in 1712. For upwards of a century they lay a shapeless mass, little known, and it was only when they were arranged and bound up in volumes that their rich contents were really appreciated. They are more interesting to the students of French than of English history, containing many letters from the Lorraine family, including the celebrated cardinal, the Orleans, and other branches of the royal family—the Constable Montmorency, Diana of Poitiers, and other personages.

THE SCALP HUNTERS.*

It is now generally recognised that the pictures of American savage life given by the novelist Cooper are far more pleasing than true; and that, in fact, his Indians and trappers are little more than the phantoms of a somewhat feeble imagination. Dr Bird came after with a rough, coarse, masculine touch, which startled European readers into a conviction that in his 'Nick of the Woods' they saw for the first time the denizens of the transatlantic forest; and since then more than one writer has followed in the same 'trail.' Captain Mayne Reid, although his scene is in a different part of the continent, is of the Bird school, but with a curious eccentricity—his genius being distinguished by more literary refinement, and at the same time more moral coarseness. It is strange to think that any man should choose for his heroes a band of professional murderers; but the taste is quite unaccountable in an author who possesses an exquisite relish for the beauties both of nature and sentiment! In the work before us this oddity is carried to an extravagant excess; for the leader of the gang—who is represented as an amiable and estimable person—has no other motive for becoming a wholesale butcher of human beings than the abduction by the Indians of one of his children, whom they obey and reverence as a kind of priestess-queen.

Notwithstanding this prodigious fault, there is a freshness and vigour about the book which render it quite a readable production; and in spite of some obvious exaggerations, we feel the conviction as we read that the sketches, however highly coloured, are really from nature. The scene is in the 'wild west,' a general sketch of which is given at the commencement. There is the 'weed prairie,' a seemingly limitless plain surrounded only by the blue heavens, and carpeted with flowers—the golden helianthus, the scarlet malva, the purple monarda, the silver euphorbia, the orange asclepia, and the pink cleomé—all waving in the breeze like the undulations of a sea, into which dip myriads of insects which look like winged flowers themselves. There is the 'grass prairie,' where there is an expanse as far as the eye can reach of living verdure, only varied by the shadows of the passing clouds. There is the 'rolling prairie,' disposed in parallel undulations like the soft, smooth swell that remains on the waters after a storm has swept by. There are the 'mottes,' or islands of the prairie sea, rising in what might seem to be a boundless park, where buffaloes, antelopes, and wild horses are the cattle, and turkeys and pheasants the poultry. There is the autumn forest, where the red, brown, and golden leaves resemble flowers, and where birds of glorious plumage flit through the long vistas and sunlit glades that open everywhere. There is the cactus forest, where strangely-shaped trunks and branches grow out of clefts, and hang over rocks scattered on the brown, barren earth. There all is silence and loneliness, save when the solitary owl sails into the thicket, or the rattlesnake glides into the shade, or the cotoyé skulks through the gloom. There are the Rocky Mountains, where, as you mount height after height, there are still peaks beyond clothed in perpetual snow. Cliffs hang stretching over your head, gulfs yawn at your feet, and there the grisly bear drags himself over the ridges, and the bighorn bounds from crag to crag. 'Such are the aspects of the wild west,' says our author, after describing them in full; 'such is the scenery of our drama. Let us raise the curtain and bring on the characters.'

The characters are eminently picturesque: they all look like portraits, and might stand for originals to be copied. Rube the trapper is one of the most striking of them—maimed, disfigured, his ears cropped close to his head, and the skull minus its scalp! This Rube we shall shew in action. Garey, a fine young hunter, has been surpassed by an Indian in a shot; and determining to vindicate his reputation, he calls to his comrade the old trapper, and gives him a round white shell to hold about the size of a watch.

'"Whar do 'ee want me to go?" said Rube. The other merely pointed to an open glade, and answered: "Sixty."

"Take care o' my claws, d' yur hear! Them Injuns has made 'em scace; this child can't spare another."

'The old trapper said this with a flourish of his right hand. I noticed that the little finger had been chopped off!

"Never fear, old hoss!" was the reply; and at this the smoky carcass moved away with a slow and regular pace, that shewed he was measuring the yards.

'When he had stepped the sixtieth yard, he faced about, and stood erect—placing his heels together. He then extended his right arm, raising it until his hand was on a level with his shoulder, and holding the shell in his fingers, flat side to the front, shouted back:

'"Now, Bill-ee, shoot, an be d—d to yur!"

* The Scalp Hunters; or Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico. By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of the 'Rifle Rangers.' 3 vols. London: Skeet. 1851.

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'The shell was slightly concave—the concavity turned to the front. The thumb and finger reached half around the circumference, so that a part of the edge was hidden; and the surface, turned towards the marksman, was not larger than the dial of a common watch!

'This was a fearful sight. It is one not so common among the mountain-men as travellers would have you believe. The feat proves the marksman's skill: first, if successful, by shewing the strength and steadiness of his nerves; secondly, by the confidence which the other reposes in it, thus declared by stronger testimony than any oath. In any case, the feat of holding the mark is at least equal to that of hitting it. There are many hunters willing to risk taking the shot, but few who care to hold the shell.

'It was a fearful sight; and my nerves tingled as I looked on. Many others felt as I. No one interfered. There were few present who would have dared, even had these two men been making preparation to fire at each other. Both were "men of mark" among their comrades—trappers of the first class.

'Garey, drawing a long breath, planted himself firmly—the heel of his left foot opposite to, and some inches in advance of, the hollow of his right. Then jerking up his gun, and throwing the barrel across his left palm, he cried out to his comrade: "Steady, old bone and sinyer! hyar's at ye!"

'The words were scarcely out when the gun was levelled. There was a moment's deathlike silence, all eyes looking to the mark. Then came the crack, and the shell was seen to fly, shivered into fifty fragments! There was a cheer from the crowd. Old Rube stooped to pick up one of the pieces; and after examining it for a moment, shouted in a loud voice: "Plum centre, by G—d!"

'The young trapper had, in effect, hit the mark in the very centre, as the blue stain of the bullet testified.'

The Indian, thus defied by the successful shot of Garey, does not avoid the contest. He is a most gentlemanlike person, speaking good English, but dressed in very picturesque attire.

'I looked at the Indian with increasing interest. He seemed a man of about thirty years of age, and not much under seven feet in height! He was proportioned like an Apollo, and on this account appeared smaller than he actually was. His features were of the Roman type; and his fine forehead, his aquiline nose and broad jawbone, gave him the appearance of talent as well as firmness and energy. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt, leggings and moccasons; but all these differed from anything worn either by the hunters or their Indian allies. The shirt itself was made out of the dressed hide of the red deer, but differently prepared to that used by the trappers. It was bleached almost to the whiteness of a kid-glove. The breast, unlike theirs, was close, and beautifully embroidered with stained porcupine quills. The sleeves were similarly ornamented, and the cape and skirts were trimmed with the soft, snow-white fur of the ermine. A row of entire skins of that animal hung from the skirt-border, forming a fringe both graceful and costly. But the most singular feature about this man was his hair. It fell loosely over his shoulders, and swept the ground as he walked: it could not have been less than seven feet in length. It was black, glossy, and luxuriant, and reminded me of the tails of those great Flemish horses I had seen in the funeral carriages of London. He wore upon his head the war-eagle bonnet, with its full circle of plumes—the finest triumph of savage taste. This magnificent head-dress added to the majesty of his appearance. A white buffalo robe hung from his shoulders with all the graceful draping of a toga; its silky fur corresponded to the colour of his dress, and contrasted strikingly with his own dark tresses. There were other ornaments about his person: his arms and accoutrements were shining with metallic brightness, and the stock and butt of his rifle were richly inlaid with silver.'

During the scene described this personage has 'stood silent, and calmly looking on. His eye now wanders over the ground, apparently in search of an object. A small convolvulus, known as the "prairie gourd," is lying at his feet. It is globe-shaped, about the size of an orange, and not unlike one in colour. He stoops and takes it up. He seems to examine it with great care, balancing it upon his hand, as though he was calculating its weight. What does he intend to do with this? Will he fling it up, and send his bullet through it in the air? What else?

'His motions are watched in silence. Nearly all the scalp-hunters—sixty or seventy—are on the ground. Seguin only, with the doctor and a few men, is engaged some distance off pitching a tent. Garey stands upon one side, slightly elated with his triumph, but not without feelings of apprehension that he may yet be beaten. Old Rube has gone back to the fire, and is roasting another rib.

'The gourd seems to satisfy the Indian for whatever purpose he intends it. A long piece of bone—the thigh-joint of the war-eagle—hangs suspended over his breast. It is curiously carved, and pierced with holes like a musical instrument. It *is* one. He places this to his lips, covering the holes with his fingers. He sounds three notes, oddly inflected, but loud and sharp. He drops the instrument again, and stands looking eastward into the woods. The eyes of all present are bent in the same direction. The hunters, influenced by a mysterious curiosity, remain silent, or speak only in low mutterings.

'Like an echo, the three notes are answered by a similar signal. It is evident that the Indian has a comrade in the woods, yet not one of the band seems to know aught of him or his comrade. Yes; one does: it is Rube.' Rube has had some previous knowledge of the Indian, and the conjecture he now makes is verified by the result.

'A rustling is heard, as of some one parting the bushes, the tread of a light foot, the snapping of twigs. A bright object appears among the leaves. Some one is coming through the underwood: it is a woman; it is an Indian girl, attired in a singular and picturesque costume. She steps out of the bushes, and comes boldly towards the crowd. All eyes are turned upon her with looks of wonder and admiration. We scan her face and figure and her striking attire.

'She is dressed not unlike the Indian himself, and there is a resemblance in other respects. The tunic worn by the girl is of finer materials—of fawn skin. It is richly trimmed, and worked with split quills, stained to a variety of bright colours. It hangs to the middle of the thighs, ending in a fringe-work of shells, that tinkle as she moves. Her limbs are wrapped in leggings of scarlet cloth, fringed like the tunic, and reaching to the ankles, where they meet the flaps of her moccasons. These last are white, embroidered with stained quills, and fitting closely to her small feet.

'A belt of wampum closes the tunic on her waist, exhibiting the globular developments of a full-grown bosom, and the undulating outlines of a womanly person. Her head-dress is similar to that worn by her companion, but smaller and lighter; and her hair, like his, hangs loosely down, reaching almost to the ground. Her neck, throat, and part of her bosom are nude, and clustered over with bead-strings of various colours.

'The expression of her countenance is high and noble. Her eye is oblique. The lips meet with a double curve, and the throat is full and rounded. Her complexion is Indian; but a crimson hue struggling through the brown upon her cheek gives that pictured expression to her countenance that may be observed in the quadroon of the West Indies. She is a girl, though

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full grown and boldly developed—a type of health and savage beauty.

'As she approaches, the men murmur their admiration. There are hearts beating under hunting-shirts that rarely deign to dream of the charms of women. I am struck at this moment with the appearance of the young trapper Garey. His face has fallen—the blood has forsaken his cheeks—his lips are white and compressed, and dark rings have formed around his eyes. They express anger, but there is still another meaning in them. Is it jealousy? Yes. He has stepped behind one of his comrades, as if he did not wish to be seen. One hand is playing involuntarily with the handle of his knife; the other grasps the barrel of his gun, as though he would crush it between his fingers.

'The girl comes up. The Indian hands her the gourd, muttering some words in an unknown tongue—unknown at least to me. She takes it without making any reply, and walks off toward the spot where Rube had stood, which had been pointed out to her by her companion.

'She reaches the tree, and halts in front of it—facing round, as the trapper had done.

'There was something so dramatic, so theatrical, in the whole proceeding, that, up to the present time, we had all stood waiting for the *denouement* in silence. Now we knew what it was to be, and the men began to talk.'

The conversation referred to the further proceedings of the Indian; but the general opinion was that he intended to shoot the gourd from the girl's hand; that it was no great shot after all; and that, at anyrate, it would merely equal Garey's.

'What was our amazement at seeing the girl fling off her plumed bonnet—place the gourd upon her head—fold her arms over her bosom—and stand, fronting us, as calm and immobile as if she had been carved upon the tree!

'There was a murmur in the crowd. The Indian was raising his rifle to take aim, when a man rushed forward to prevent him. It was Garey!

"No, yer don't! No!" cried he, clutching the levelled rifle; "she's deceived *me*, that's plain; but I won't see the gal that once loved me, or said she did, in the trap that-a-way. No! Bill Garey ain't a-goin' to stand by and see it."

"What is this?" shouted the Indian in a voice of thunder. "Who dares to interrupt me?"

"I dares!" replied Garey. "She's you'rn now, I suppose. You may take her whar ye like; and take this too,' continued he, tearing off the embroidered pipe-case, and flinging it at the Indian's feet; "but ye're not a-goin' to shoot her down whiles I stand by."

"By what right do you interrupt me? My sister is not afraid, and"——

"Your *sister!*"

"Yes—my sister."

"And is yon gal your sister?" eagerly inquired Garey, his manner and the expression of his countenance all at once changing.

"She is. I have said she is."

"And are you El Sol?"

"I am."

"I ask your pardon; but"——

"I pardon you. Let me proceed!"

"Oh, sir, do not—no! no! She is your sister, and I know you have the right, but thar's no needcessity. I have heerd of your shootin'. I give in—you kin beat me! For God's sake do not risk it—as you care for her, do not!"

"There is no risk. I will shew you."

"No, no. If you must then, let me! I will hold it. Oh, let me!" stammered the hunter in tones of entreaty.

"Hilloo, Billee! What's the dratted rumpus?" cried Rube, coming up. "Hang it, let's see the shot. I've heern of it afore. Don't be skeert, ye fool! he'll do it like a breeze—*he* will!" And as the old trapper said this, he caught his comrade by the arm, and slung him round out of the Indian's way.'

This is a fine bit of nature; and our author may take our word for it that it will excite more admiration than the most terrible scene in the book. But to proceed with the adventure.

'The girl, during all this, had stood still—seemingly not knowing the cause of the interruption. Garey's back was turned to her; and the distance—with two years of separation—doubtless prevented her from recognising him.

'Before Garey could turn to interpose himself, the rifle was at the Indian's shoulder, and levelled! His finger was on the trigger, and his eye glanced through the sights. It was too late to interfere. Any attempt at that might bring about the dreaded result. The hunter, as he turned, saw this; and, halting in his tracks, stood straining and silent.

'It was a moment of terrible suspense to all of us—a moment of intense emotions. The silence was profound. Every breath seemed suspended, every eye was fixed on the yellow object—not larger, I have said, than an orange. O God! will the shot never come?

'It came. The flash—the crack—the stream of fire—the wild hurra—the forward rush—were all simultaneous things. We saw the shivered globe fly off. The girl was still upon her feet—she was safe!

'I ran with the rest. The smoke for a moment blinded me. I heard the shrill notes of the Indian whistle. I looked before me. *The girl had disappeared!*

'We ran on to the spot where she had stood. We heard a rustling in the underwood—a departing footstep. We knew it was she; but, guided by an instinct of delicacy, and a knowledge that it would be contrary to the wish of her brother, no one followed her. We found the fragments of the calabash strewed over the ground. We found the leaden mark upon them: the bullet itself was buried in the bark of the tree, and one of the hunters commenced digging it out with the point of his bowie. When we turned to go back we saw that the Indian had walked away, and now stood chatting easily and familiarly with Seguin. As we re-entered the camp-ground I observed Garey stoop and pick up a shining object. It was the *gage d'amour*, which he carefully readjusted round his neck in its wonted position. From his look, and the manner in which he handled it, it was plain that he now regarded that *souvenir* with more reverence than ever.'

The reader has now before him a specimen of the living interest of the work; and if he will only fancy such pictures framed in the romantic and gorgeous scenery we have noticed at the beginning, he will be able to form a pretty accurate idea of a production as original in its faults as in its excellences.

Column for Young People.

INDIAN SWEETMEATS.

You are all, no doubt, fond of rock, lollipop, or that delicious sweetmeat kept in the confectioners' windows in large glass-bottles, which bears the name of a hard substance, and yet melts in your mouth like snow. Rock is very popular in India too, and the Old Indian is now going to tell you something about it. It is pleasant to read how things are made in other countries; and although the Indians are far less civilised than we, and work with far inferior tools than ours, yet some of their manufactures—sweetmeats, and their rock among other things—are very good.

The Hindoos, like ourselves, eat peculiar sweetmeats and peculiar dishes at certain seasons of the year. We have our Christmas-bun, cross-bun, twelfth-cake, and mince-pie; and so they have their various sweetmeats,

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with, to you, unpronounceable names, and their rock, called *tilwah*, which is only made at a certain festival—namely, the festival of Kali. You will be amused to read of the rock in all its stages of preparation. Every confectioner in October has a pole about six feet high at his door, and to this is nailed a great hook, about a foot long, and thick in proportion. On one side of this *halwahee's* (confectioner's) shop—everything in the East is done in the open air, and every one may gaze and ask questions, and will be civilly answered—you may behold a brisk fire, with a huge earthen-pan on it. Before this pan a man may be seen sitting—for nobody stands when he can sit—with a kind of wooden ladle, and with this he briskly stirs a quantity of bubbling, black-looking sugar till it becomes quite tough: he then scrapes it together, and puts it on a piece of board to cool a little, and then getting up, and dexterously throwing it on the large hook, he begins to pull out the tough substance. He draws it out to the length of four or five feet at a time, and throws it back, and elongates it again: and so he pulls and manipulates it till the mass becomes as white as snow.

At this stage of rock-making the halwahee, you may be sure, is tired enough; and so he wipes his brow, and sits down, and powders over his mass of sweets with bruised camphor and cardamums—two sweet-scented substances. He butters a few bright-looking brass trays, and rolls out the sugar into these, and strews it over with a thick coat of a nutty-flavoured seed called *till*—the Sesame of the 'Arabian Nights;' and it is then cut into squares, and the rock is made.

In the next shop there is displayed another sweetmeat of the season. Call not what we shall find a Noah's Ark, for you will see a great many more things there than the patriarch had under his roof. Here are presented groups of ladies and gentlemen, some a foot high, of light, yellow-looking sugar; there are also milkmaids and water-carriers, with *ghurrahs* on their heads and pots on their hips. There are also little barking-dogs, lounging Brahminy bulls, majestic cocks and pigeons with large crops, and the stately *Rut'h* (the car of Juggernaut.) One gets quite bewildered in this heterogeneous mass of sweets. The figures seem to have been made by pouring the sugar into moulds, and are, generally speaking, well-proportioned, shewing also a considerable spirit in their action and expression. Inquire the price of an article, and everything is wonderfully cheap—one, two, or three pice is the utmost that is asked; for sugar-cane in that land is plentiful, and labour little esteemed. I must not forget to tell you that, as an admixture with these sweet things, a preparation of wet rice, flattened by a heavy block, and toasted over a brisk fire of dried leaves, is eaten, which is called *choura*. It is crisp, and, when fresh, well-flavoured enough; but it requires good teeth to masticate it, and a good stomach to digest it.

Turn we now to another shop. There is something here which likewise belongs to the festival of Kali, and is very interesting, although not a sweetmeat. You fix your eyes on a long wooden bench, rising like an amphitheatre, covered over with a snow-white cloth, and upon this there are arranged all, and perhaps many more articles, than I have described before as being made in sugar, but formed here of baked clay, beautifully and appropriately painted with oil-paint, and varnished, and some besides powdered with talc. The display is gay in the extreme; and I have often looked at it with pleasure, and pronounced the potter of the East an ingenious man, who fashions with his hands the greatest of his idols, and the smallest lamp which is burned before it, and supplies also the cheap dish in which the sacrifice is placed before Mahadeo.

The toys which I have named are as reasonable in price as the sugar, and three or four rupees would buy the whole of the contents of the toyman's shop.

What I have now described may be seen at any time of the day; but the procession of the horrific idol Kali—which is a fierce, black-looking Amazon, with coarse, flowing hair, and bloodstained hands—commences at four in the afternoon. She is carried, with beating drums and sounding gongs, and the din of thousands of voices, to the river, and deposited in the Gunga amidst the plaudits of her worshippers. Gradually the day declines, and the shades of evening close over these extraordinary scenes; the air becomes cool; and the dust settles down. When it is about dark, preparations are made for an illumination; stakes and bamboos, fanciful trellises, arches, and festoons of split bamboos, which had been previously prepared and dotted over with patches of wet clay, are now covered with little lamps filled with oil, in which floats a small cotton-wick. As if by magic, the flickering lights begin all to blaze at once; for there are hundreds of idle loungers and boys about the shops, who take a delight in lighting them. *Now* is the time for European little boys and girls to sally forth and see the gay scene. Displays of toys, paint and tinsel, look best by candle-light; and so the toys shine, the sugar glitters, and, 'like snow in moonshine,' the rock looks whitest by the blaze of these innumerable oil-lamps: even the choura then appears a tempting thing.

O what happy little faces I have seen on this fantastic day! and how happy I have been myself carrying away basketfuls of toys and men of sugar!

The festival of Kali, I may add, which is styled *Dewâles*, is held on the last four days of the decrease of the moon in October. The last night—on which the procession takes place—is the grandest and noisiest. Fine weather may almost with certainty be looked for at this time of the year; and so the crowds of gazers run no risk of being put to flight, or the illumination of being extinguished, by the showers of rain that have such a habit of 'assisting' at an English festival.

REASON IN ANIMALS.

Mr Cunningham, banker, Dunse, has a Skye terrier of noted cat-hunting propensity, and which frequently accompanies its master on shooting excursions. Some time ago, it treed a cat one morning in the garden, and after yelping and scratching at the foot for five minutes, it suddenly turned away and ran into the house! Its master soon after heard a noise in the kitchen passage down stairs, and on going down found that the dog had contrived to disengage a gun from its nail, and was now eagerly dragging it by the woollen case up the short flight of steps leading to the front of the house. No doubt was entertained that the sanguinary little creature, remembering the destructive powers of the gun in the field, was acting under a belief that the same weapon might secure the death of the treed cat—reason having carried it thus far, but having at the same time failed to shew how little use it could have made of the gun after dragging it into the proposed scene of operations.

Major B——, a retired military man, possesses a handsome little villa on the sea-side at the town of North Berwick. In the surrounding garden is a small pond encircled with pebbles, a favourite haunt of a couple of gulls which the major has established for the repression of the slug population. Three or four years ago, the major was one Saturday expecting a couple of bachelor friends to dinner, and designing to treat them to his best, he popped a bottle of champagne into the pond that it might be kept cool till it should be required at table. Half an hour or so thereafter, hearing a great flutter and cackle going on in the garden, he went out to see what was the matter, when behold the two gulls were found enjoying themselves uproariously over his champagne! They had contrived to break the bottle about its shoulder by letting it fall hard on the pebbles, and no sooner was the breach effected than they had proceeded to regale themselves with the liquor. They were now thoroughly tipsy, yet not so far gone as to be unconscious of the immorality of their proceedings, for immediately on catching a glimpse of the major, they hopped off with a great cry of alarm, and were no more seen that afternoon.

These two anecdotes have reached us through such channels as to give us perfect assurance of their authenticity; they could, indeed, be probably matched by most persons who have noticed the efforts at reasoning in some of the lower animals. For example, we possess a favourite

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dog of the small spaniel variety, Fiddy, by name, which does very surprising things in the way of observing. On one occasion, when we were from home, Fiddy was found in a state of extreme agitation opposite our portrait which hung on the wall, and which, to all appearance, she recognised and mistook for the original—by the way, as high a compliment to the artist as that which was paid to a certain painter by the birds which pecked at the representation of fruit on his canvas.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

TIME *was* when Shinar's eastern plain
Was peopled with the tribes of earth,
Sworn in their pride to rear a fane
To grace the scene of Empire's birth,
Where man with man in union strong
Might firmly fix the rule of wrong.

The dread design was vain as vast
Before high Heaven's aroused wrath;
And o'er the face of earth outcast,
Each nation soon its separate path
Of wealth, or war, or peace pursued,
Subduer oft, and oft subdued.

Thus man's dark passions, self-destroyed,
To crush the good have powerless been
That, still upspringing in the void
Their strife had left, arose unseen,
Till in its calm and hallow'd shade
Her home lost Love again hath made.

Time *is* when to the western shore
From farthest east, and north, and south,
The nations of the world, once more
Together banded, pour them forth,
Their mighty monument to raise
Of Arts' new triumphs now in praise.

Fair first-fruit of Love's genial sway,
And foretaste of a happier hour,
When woes of war have passed away,
And 'neath her noon of peaceful power
Shall Science, bursting Error's chain,
Its rule o'er all the earth regain! FRITZ.

IMPOSSIBILITIES POSSIBLE.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride! What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth! and that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time! Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch! But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see. Nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—*Herschel.*

ADVERTISEMENT DUTIES.

IT will be learned through the public channels of information, that there has been a careful and lengthened investigation by a committee of the House of Commons respecting the stamp-duty on newspapers. In the evidence taken on this interesting subject there appears to have been some curious information furnished by the manager of the 'Times.' He mentioned that the 'Times' proprietary had paid L.66,000 last year, the average circulation of the paper per day being 39,000 copies; and that the supplement attached to this large number was actually too great to pay. He goes on to say:—"The value of the supplement consists of advertisements, and those advertisements pay a certain sum, of course, to the proprietors; that sum is fixed; it is the same on a small impression as it would be on 100,000. As the sum which is paid for paper, printing, and so on, fluctuates, and is increased by the amount of circulation, of course there is a certain point at which the two sums balance each other. Suppose that the value of the advertisements in the supplement was L.200, you would know that you could publish as many papers as would cost L.200 to manufacture in paper, stamps, and printing, and if you go beyond that you publish at a loss; that is, of course, obvious. The greater the circulation the greater the loss, beyond a certain limit." It was asked: "Do you not mean that the profit is less!" To which the manager replied: "No; the greater the absolute loss from a circulation beyond the point at which the expenditure and receipts balance each other." He repeated: "an absolute loss;" and he made the point clear, beyond all possibility of mistake, by taking the instance of the very day before he gave his evidence—namely, May 27—when the value of the advertisements in the supplement precisely balanced the expenditure on the paper, and the printing of further copies was stopped. The government charges paid that day by the "Times," in the shape of direct taxation, for that one publication, amounted to L.395! Again, he says: "I have no doubt in the world that, if there were no considerations beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, that it would double itself within a couple of years;" and at present from ten to twelve columns of advertisements are excluded daily from the "Times" for want of room notwithstanding the supplement.'

To compare small things with great—the position of the 'Times' may be said to illustrate our own inability to accept advertisements for our pages. We are occasionally advised to extend the size of our sheet, or issue a supplement, so as to afford space for advertisements, 'which would be so very profitable.' The truth being that the expense for paper and printing of our impression—from 60,000 to 70,000 copies—goes far beyond what could be realised by any charge for advertisements. The thing, therefore, is practically impossible. Latterly, however, to meet a very general call, we have begun to print an Advertising Sheet, which is done up with our Monthly Parts. As these Parts use up about 35,000 copies of the impression, there is a system of advertising so far in connection with our circulation, although the cost to advertisers is necessarily high. Should any modification take place in the fiscal burdens affecting the press, it will be for us to consider how far any improvements of an acceptable nature may be made on 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; D. N. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & Co., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

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CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

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LOSERS.

Whether life be a game of skill, as the winners generally infer, or of chance, as the losers uniformly assert, it is evidently one in which no man gains always, whatever industry, forethought, or caution he may bring to the attempt; while, without these adjuncts, losing appears to be certain in spite of the fairest opportunities. Those lucky cards of the world are indeed strangely dealt, with no reference, it would often seem, to desert or abilities. Every man, it has been said, gets hold of some of them at one period or other in his time; and but small research among the waymarks of common life will suggest that their distribution is by no means so unequal as one might imagine on first view. The winners in every case secure the largest share of attention, and certainly present the most agreeable subject for remark; but the qualifications for losing are in some individuals so prominent, and in society at large so various, that they may well be noted among the curiosities of character.

The beaten ways to loss of worldly goods and advantages—intemperance, gambling, living above the means, and so forth—are too direct, and unfortunately too common, to merit special notice; but some men have facilities for getting rid of anything like property, which, compared with these everyday methods, seem the very effects of genius. The best or the worst of such people's history (one knows not which to consider it) is, that their efforts in the losing line are never accompanied by that degree of selfish gratification which at once attends and tempts the ordinary spendthrift. They are generally hard-workers and spare livers, taking little enjoyment out of the funds they dispense, and allowing still less to those in their immediate vicinity. I once knew a man of this order in a small country town. Mr Slater had a small family, and inherited what his neighbours regarded as a respectable share of house and landed property; his personal expenditure was strictly economical; his helpmate was a proverb for uncompromising carefulness; and their domestic arrangements leaned rather to the stingy side. Yet Mr Slater's income diminished with a celerity which the most determined aspirant to high life could not surpass. The man had a taste for improvement, but it was peculiarly his own; and not only all his time, but all the funds he could command, were put in requisition to keep carpenters, masons, and others of the constructive kind in employment on some portion of his premises. Slater's repairs were always ruinous. He had a special gift for making things unsightly, and could turn either house or garden into a specimen of the waste-and-howling-wilderness variety on the shortest notice. Besides, his great designs were never completed—time, money, or patience generally failing about midway, when the work was abruptly concluded by the roughest of all patching, which, after a season's complaint and nuisance, once more gave employment to the mechanics of the neighbourhood. By these means, and an immovable attachment to high rents, Slater contrived to reduce the returns of his property every year—the natural consequences of bad tenants. Litigations and disputes with the lord of the soil also came in due course, till part of his holdings were leaguered by the law, and the rest utterly uninhabitable; while his right in the whole was purchased by a stranger at a miserably low price, which the necessity of his latter days obliged him to accept. His neglected and pinchedly-brought-up family sank and settled, as might be expected, far below the condition of their birth; and business having retired from Slater, the old man spent his ill-provided leisure in warning all who would listen against repairs of any kind, with literal quotations of the sums he had lost in improvements.

There is another class of losers from whom property passes away like the waters from certain lakes, without any visible outlet—close-handed people who live in the faith and practice of save-all, and will not part with a farthing easily. They are generally inheritors, though often heirless themselves, and by what chance they escape riches is the natural wonder of their neighbours. Most of them enjoy a reputation for wealth at some time in their lives; but just when gayer or more needy relations begin to calculate with certainty on their testaments, the long-practised economy is found to be a financial requisition, and tales of usurious but ill-secured loans, great and bad bargains, or neglected interests, come out, though they never half explain to the many disappointed why the childless uncle or bachelor cousin is, after all his saving, so little to be reckoned on. It is curious to remark what an amount of penny wisdom inveterate losers often possess. Small expense is generally a terror to them, and they occasionally make shifts to avoid it which might edify real penury; but Franklin's celebrated maxim, 'Take care of your pence, and your pounds will take care of themselves,' is rendered null and void in their case—the pence being usually saved at the expense of the pounds. No risk is too great to run if a comparatively trifling economy appear on the foreground; and the miser who triumphantly boiled his gruel in the silver tea-urn his aunt bequeathed him, rather than purchase a cheaper and more suitable utensil, though perhaps a proverbial myth, has many a humble imitator of his policy. A different but congenial order of

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minds are those whose hopes go out so desperately after gain, that any promise, provided its tone be high enough, is sufficient to make them peril their whole stock or provision. Quack schemes for fortune-making owe their existence to such men, and the advertisements one meets with in metropolitan papers proclaiming thousands to be had for the gathering by one project or other, evince that they are not supposed to be extremely rare. This belief in spontaneous profit is not restricted to any limit of fortune or division of rank. The scion of nobility and the artisan's widow are alike to be found among the shareholders of self-enriching banks and companies expressly constituted for gold-gathering in Britain; but they are seldom individuals engaged in active business, and few of the bold adventurers have ever scraped together with their own hands the funds they embark so fearlessly. The professional alchemists who almost monopolised the quackery of Europe till far on in the eighteenth century, appear to have been peculiarly fitted for attracting and profiting by such trusting souls. An offer to transmute all the pots, tinware, and old iron about his house into virgin gold—how it must have captivated a worthy of the kind in times when the state of popular education still permitted a belief in the philosopher's stone! The story of those ages abounds with instances of losing in that fashion, and the loss was generally wholesale. 'I will buy the lead of all the churches in London and have it transmuted,' says the dupe in Ben Jonson's play, out of the fulness of his expectation; and a Polish nobleman actually carried that design into execution, by expending on the dull metal his entire fortune, or rather the remnant left from supplying the scientific demands of a sage who, after labouring with furnace and crucible for eighteen months in a certain apartment of his castle, which no uninvited foot might enter, was at length missing one day, leaving the count with his mansion and offices literally full of lead.

Less credulous and far more energetic spirits also swell the ranks of the losers: men of great business and bustle, who hurry through work and life as if in pursuit of Fortune's wheel, and clutch with eager hand at every chance of gain. They are ready-reckoners of probable and present profits, and keen-sighted as regards the nearest advantage; but their vision carries a short distance. In their hasty generalising, particular details are overlooked, and their active and busy days are passed in continuous alternations of hard earning and rapid loss. These men act as channels for their own gatherings, and have an extraordinary knack of multiplying dependents round them; not so much from liberality of disposition, though they are never niggards, as from a perpetual inclination to *do* and *rule*, which is apt to turn the stream of their patronage on the worthless and the indolent. They make, however, most uncertain holds of trust, and probably leave more reduced and helpless families than any members of the losing community. Successful quacks mostly belong to this order, and so do many of those honest and enterprising men who devise new branches of industry, or open unthought-of avenues for trade. Mighty are they in expedients, and of all but exhaustless energy; yet the least clever of their generation at times get and keep the start of them in life, and their superannuated days, should they ever come to such, are too often poverty-stricken and comfortless, except through the recollection of great and working times, concerning which their memory is apt to be amazingly perspicuous. I remember an old man in my native village, who lightened the burden of age, infirmity, and misfortune, by tales of the time when he kept two shops, a saw-mill, a stage-coach, and a tavern, in one of the western townships of the United States. He had emigrated early and poor, made earnest efforts to better his fortunes, and succeeded to the extent so faithfully chronicled in his many narrations. How the two shops, &c., melted away and left no trace in his finances was never satisfactorily explained; but he had returned, increased in years, though not in goods; and many a day when the township of his tavern and shop-keeping exploits had grown to an American city, did he astonish old neighbours with accounts of the unparalleled profits and marvellous exertions he had made within its borders.

Some men seem appointed by nature or destiny money-conductors to certain dispensing hands. They are active and careful gleaners, even where others have reaped, in the fields of fortune, economical in all their thoughts, and unsparingly devoted to business. Yet with every qualification for realising wealth, they live in a continual process of losing—the fates having provided a constant drain on their gatherings in the form of a grandeur-loving helpmate, an expensive family, or a race of decidedly ill-doing relatives.

It is sad to look on the profitless toil and unenjoyed savings of such a life; neither the gala days of the spendthrift, the magnifications of the great busy man, nor the miser's reward of mere accumulation, with all its attendant homage from legacy-hunters, are there, and the spenders of that poor earner's gains may miss, but they seldom mourn him. One meets with another order of very provident losers in almost every society, for its members are widely scattered. People who toil, and spare, and lay up through prudent industrious years, till some speculation which glitters with honour as well as profit in their eyes charms the well-reckoned hoard out of strong-box and bank, never to be gathered back again. These lures to misfortune come in different shapes to our worldly-wise men, but always spiced with something of the pride or vanity of life. Sometimes they appear in the building form, sometimes they tempt to untried branches of trade, and very often to an extension of business, with all the pomp and circumstance of commercial increase. Those who thus venture beyond their depth doubtless merit loss, and generally meet with it; yet there is a melancholy lesson in the shipwreck of so much trust and striving. It is not only the fruits of meagre and laborious days, the reward of patient toil, or the purchase of lengthy sacrifice that one regrets to see dwindling away with the unlucky scheme, but the hope and the glory that was in it, the thousand day-dreams that were built on that foundation, and the various efforts of which it was the goal; for in many an instance the fine house or great shop has been the plan and promise of years. The saddest example of losing in this line I ever knew was a member of the gentle craft; in short, a cobbler. The aim and high place of his ambition was a shoe-shop in a back street of the little town in which he had been born. For that he toiled and hoarded from his youth, remained unmarried, kept no holidays, and put in practice such expedients to keep and gather money that his neighbours set him down for a miser. It is marvellous what mere determination can accomplish in the way of saving out of almost any income. The cobbler persevered in his plan through many a vicissitude of health and trade, keeping the outlay far below the earning, till, at the close of almost twenty years, he found himself in possession of the sum long resolved upon as a capital sufficient to establish the shoe-shop. His fancy had chalked out its arrangements years before, and intimates had grown familiar, through his confidential details, with the sign-board, the windows, and the back-parlour, with a glass-door, wherein he was to entertain his most deserving customers. They were all completed, to the serious diminution of his capital—for the cobbler's memory could spare no jot or tittle of that cherished design—and the back street talked of nothing else for a fortnight; yet, whether his selection of goods was injudicious; whether the surrounding tradesmen thought it incumbent on them to put down the *parvenu*; or whether his pride in the great Babylon went beyond his neigh-

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bours' toleration, I could never ascertain; but custom would not come. All the commercial manœuvres within his knowledge were tried in vain; low prices and liberal credit were the only methods by which he could succeed in creating a sale, and these ruined the cobbler. He had laid up too much of the trust and store of life in that scheme to have any chance of recovering from its disappointment. The man's mind seemed to fail with his shop, for he utterly mismanaged its closing affairs; and when the Insolvency Court had discharged him, and the premises were occupied by a grocer, who, I am told, daily praised their convenience, and grew actually rich there, he could return no more to his old working ways, but spent his time lingering about the door in a state of melancholy stupor, which deepened into broken health; and he died, they said, with a low lament for the shoe-shop!

Two fertile sources of loss among the more intelligent classes are civil lawsuits and impracticable projects in mechanism. Difficult of explanation as the fact appears, no losses are more readily referred to at home with greater equanimity than what are incurred through these methods. The sufferers in general seem to survey the havoc made in their finances with a mournful complacency resembling that of a veteran looking on his scars. It may be that the idea of having sought justice, however vainly, which most losers by law entertain, gives a salt and a savour to their losses; while the projectors who would have served science, and through it the world, but for some cross accident, besides being sure of eventual success, honour, and riches, had they only some additional thousands to spend, gain from theirs a noble opportunity to rail at the generation which would neither appreciate nor encourage the great design.

I had two old neighbours long ago in a little country town, who turned their respective failures to the very best account by making out of them an interest and an occupation for their declining days. One of them had been the chief of a prosperous business which his father established and bequeathed to him. He was a steady, quiet, obstinate man, who might have plodded to his grave in the track on which Providence had set him, and left the concern much as he found it to his heirs, had not a pugnacious brother-in-law quarrelled with him about a small bill, and dragged him into law. The case of Struthers *versus* MacLoskie is doubtless yet familiar to some of those professional persons who had to do with it during the many years of its progress through the courts. Which of the brothers-in-law eventually won, my memory cannot certify; but I know that the one died a bankrupt, and the other lived an old man in a small house with his equally aged partner, pinchedly supported by the contributions of a married daughter and two nephews. Nevertheless MacLoskie (for he was the survivor) had reserved to himself a consolation. Enshrined in an old desk, which had once done duty in his counting-house, were sundry bundles bound with red tape, and consisting of all his lawyer's letters, with every scrap of the accounts connected with his lawsuit. This hoard was set up in a secret corner of his habitation; and thither, in the dearth of all amusement or interest, would the poverty-stricken man retire to pore over those endless bills, as the miser does over his more substantial, though not more useful, treasures. One can imagine the proud glow with which the old man would reperuse these proofs of a past importance, reflecting that it was about *him*, veritably about himself, humble as he was, that so much had been written.

My other neighbour had inherited a small but respectable fortune, which might have enabled him to live in secure comfort, or make a promising start in business; but the man had a perilous turn for mechanics, and after the usual exercises with clocks and turning-lathes, it prompted him to imagine one of those self-moving machines—the dream of all mechanical speculators since the dawn of useful art. It was to dispense alike with water, air, and steam, and save labour in every direction from the plough to the pianoforte. On it the inventor laboured and spent till his money was gone and his hair had turned gray. It might be that repeated disappointments stimulated the latter process, for often had the machine fulfilled his highest expectations in private, but failed on a public trial. On one occasion I believe the model actually moved some twenty feet, and then stood still, to the great chagrin of several country gentlemen, who had been induced to patronise the undertaking. That was the last opportunity granted to his genius, and when I knew the man he taught a very little school; but the thought, the time, and the money expended on that engine formed the Talmud of his life, which he mused, enlarged, and commented on with the zeal and relish of the elder rabbins. In the early stages of their acquaintance, MacLeod (for so they called the schoolmaster) and MacLoskie had many a skirmish touching the greatness of their respective losses; but peace was at length established between them, on the tacit understanding that each should hear the other's tradition to an end; and as MacLeod's conclusion was always the signal for MacLoskie to begin, their meetings were a terror to the neighbourhood. The old men are long gone, and I have lived to learn, as most people may, that life has other gains and losses than those of worldly or even visible things; yet as failures in such matters are more obvious, and therefore more easily discussed, they seem the natural subject of a spare hour's *Essay on Losers*, by

ONE WHO HAS NOTHING TO LOSE.

A PEEP INTO THE OBSERVATORY.

PROFESSOR BOND'S CLOCK FOR REGISTERING ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS BY ELECTRICITY.

THE great globe on which we dwell spins round in space with an even movement from day to day and year to year. It has not made any important change, either in the direction of its revolution or in the rate with which it goes, since the dawn of human history. Out of this unvarying uniformity the most exact of all the sciences springs. For man, having learned to trust to its enduring steadiness, plants his telescope firmly upon the revolving surface, and looks out through its tube as it sweeps along in its circular course. Again and again he sees the same star returning across the visual area of his instrument. He fixes a delicate thread in the centre of this, and counts the minutes and seconds that intervene between the periods when the star appears to make its recurring contacts with the thread. If those intervals are always of equal amount, he calls the star a fixed one; but if they are of varying length, he notes the difference as the measure of the wanderings of the star; and the telescope thenceforth becomes the observatory of an astronomer.

The great object of astronomical observation is the exact determination of the times when certain important luminaries pass behind threads placed within the tubes of fixed telescopes. From multiplied observations of this nature a knowledge of the planetary and stellar systems is deduced. But in order that the deductions may be sound, it is necessary that even seconds shall be split into fractions. The observer must be able to say, not only in what second, but also in what part of a second, the star has been observed behind his thread. Both his eye and his ear must be trained by long custom to a state of exalted activity.

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The threads within the visual field of his instrument must also be of the utmost degrees of fineness; for fifteen spider-threads, held three feet and a half away from the eye, will cover the breadth which a star seems to move through in a second. Dr Wollaston has succeeded in drawing out platinum wire for the use of astronomers to such extreme tenuity, that 150 of them may be twisted together to make up the thickness of a silkworm's fibre; and yet one of these will suffice to cover the point of a star when placed behind it under favourable circumstances. But the better to understand how it is that such gossamer material can be employed in the solid work of the observatory, let us enter for a little while into the interior of one of those interesting temples of science during the performance of its ordinary rites.

It is night, and the fixed transit telescope is just about to sweep over the star Arcturus. Through a slit, which rises in the opposite wall high into the roof of the room, we perceive a galaxy of twinkling stars. As our eyes grow accustomed to the dimness of the light which alone is allowed to pervade the space in which we stand, we notice before us a grave-looking telescope, supported by means of a firm, transverse axis upon two solid piers of stone, and pointing up towards the higher portion of the slit. An observer in a loose coat and close cap has already taken his place in a comfortable reclining-chair, which enables him, without fatiguing effort, to keep his eye before the end of the telescope. He holds his tablets and pencil in his hand, and a large clock—the living genius of the place—is audibly ticking near. The beats of this clock the observer is mentally counting. Before he placed himself in his chair he took the second from the clock face—that is, he began his enumeration by noting the number of seconds that had already elapsed in the current minute. His ear is now strained to catch with precision each succeeding beat, and his eye is strung to concentrate its attention upon the star as soon as it impinges upon his sight. The earth moves on with its almost imperceptible and stately pace, and carries the telescope and observer with it, until at last the expected object is found within the range of the tube, and the advancing star appears at the margin of the visual field.

The circular space in which the star is seen is illuminated by a subdued tinge of artificial light thrown in from a lantern at the side of the telescope. By means of this light fine upright threads are discerned crossing the illuminated field at equal distances. Towards the first of these the star advances with a twinkling gait, but with its whitish hue, nevertheless, distinct on account of being contrasted with the yellower field. Onwards it moves; the observer following it carefully with his eye, and counting the clock-beats as they fall. 'Thirty-two' was the last reckoning: 'thirty-three' follows as the next. Then for an instant the star disappears behind the thread—appears again, and beat 'thirty-four' is heard. The obscuration has taken place not half-way between the beats, but nearer to the following than the preceding one in the proportion of four to six: 33·6 seconds is therefore jotted down upon the ready tablets as the period of the occurrence. By the time the record has been made the star has approached the second thread. The observer is therefore again on the alert, and counting the clock-beats that he may register the transit behind it. This process he repeats afterwards with the three remaining threads. The five recorded numbers are then added together; the sum-total divided by five; and the result, with the hour and minute taken from the clock-face inserted before it, is registered as the exact time at which the star passed the central wire.

The five threads are used, and five observations taken, simply that any error incident to the process of observation may be diffused among the five. If the observer has estimated and jotted down the fractional second of one observation a little too soon, the chances are that the error will lie in the other direction with the next; and the one inaccuracy will thus tend to correct and neutralise the other. By this contrivance the process of observing has been brought to so great a nicety that even personal errors are taken into account. The eye of one man sees quicker than that of another. The peculiar power of the observer's organ is therefore tested by comparative experiment, and a refined correction in accordance with this is made in the record of the observation.

Notwithstanding all that has been thus done to perfect the process of observing, the astronomer still continues to find cause for dissatisfaction. It is not enough that he has made his instruments analyse and define their own faults of construction; it is not enough that he has fitted them with optical powers that magnify hairbreadths of space into vast areas; it is not enough that he has split the errors incident to his own inexpertness into fragments by causing them to divide themselves; it is not enough that he has entered into successful competition with spiders in forming fine threads for the visual fields of his instruments; it is not enough that he has made his own rate of perception to enter as an element into his estimate;—for there yet remains the important fact, that the eye and the ear are not themselves in perfect accordance with each other. When the eye notes an occurrence, and marks it as simultaneous with a sound that is recognised by the ear, the two perceptions are caused by phenomena that are perhaps some fraction of a moment asunder from each other in time. The message that comes through the ear takes longer to pass into the seat of perception than that which enters by the eye. Every observation therefore includes a residuary error dependent upon this source, which is sufficient to distort, to a certain extent, the symmetry of the deduced results, making cycles to seem longer or shorter, and causing suns to give in an erroneous account of themselves.

The Americans have taken the initiative in attacking this source of inaccuracy: they have invented a plan for making electricity register upon paper instantaneously both the clock-beats and the exact time of observation. The observer makes the record of the latter by merely pressing an ivory key which he holds in his hand. This gives a more exact result, because the consent between the eye and the sense of touch is much more intimate than that between the eye and ear. When the eye is engaged in observing, the hand can obey almost instinctively a suggestion coming through it, and indelibly register the instant by a grasp; for this is a form of obedience that it is practising all life-long. The hand becomes wonderfully skilled from habit in effecting rapidly the purpose that has been willed under the influence of the quick sense of sight; whereas the mental comparison of a sound with a visible sign involves the necessity of a far slower and less familiar process. It is this principle that constitutes the value of the American contrivance. Professor Bond, of Harvard University, United States, is the inventor of the instrument by which the electrical register is proposed to be made; and this was exhibited in operation at one of the sectional meetings of the British Association, at Ipswich, on the Thursday morning during the visit of Prince Albert.

In one corner of the council-chamber of the town-hall, in which the meeting was held, stood a small square frame of mahogany, supporting a cylinder covered with paper. This cylinder was kept revolving by means of a weight-and-clock movement, so that it completed each revolution in a minute. Upon its top the point of a glass-pen rested, whose interior cavity was filled with ink, so that, as the cylinder turned beneath it, a continuous trace appeared upon the paper, which was lengthened out into a spiral line by a slow

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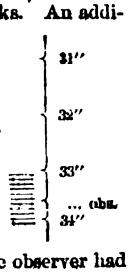
shifting of the cylinder sideways. Upon any given portion of the paper this ink-trace appeared, after the cylinder had made a few turns, in parallel columns somewhat thus—

Behind the frame containing the revolving cylinder peered forth the face of an astronomical clock. From this connecting wires might be seen passing backwards into a cupboard containing a charged galvanic battery, and forwards to the registering cylinder. The steady click, click of the clock was telling off the seconds in the usual way; and so long as no electrical communication was established between it and the registering apparatus, the cylinder continued to move on with stolid indifference, covering itself with parallel columns of even lines; but as soon as the clock and the cylinder were brought into electrical relation by an altered arrangement of the wires, the aspect of affairs was strangely changed. The pen, before so quiet and sedate, became all at once convulsed with a paroxysm of twitches, which of course registered themselves upon the paper of the cylinder; so that the parallel columns produced by a few successive turns of the apparatus now presented this appearance—

Each little offset in each column had been made simultaneously with a beat of the clock, and was in fact the permanent record of a corresponding second. The eye and ear could easily trace the connection while the operation was in progress. Each twitch of the pen was evidently instantaneous with a sonorous beat of the pendulum: some mysterious sympathy connected together the movement and the sound.

The secret of the sympathetic connection was simply this: the pen was fixed to an armature of steel, placed close to the extremities of a horse-shoe of soft iron. This horse-shoe was surrounded by a coil of the connecting wires. Whenever a current of galvanic electricity was passed along the coil, the horse-shoe iron became a magnet, and attracted the pen and armature into close contact with itself. Whenever the galvanic current was interrupted, the magnet lost its power, and allowed the armature and pen to spring away for a short distance under the influence of an elastic force. Each springing away of the pen registered itself by an offset upon the paper. Whenever the pen was held in close contact with the magnet, the even line was traced. The clock itself was placed in the line of connecting wires, so that each time the pendulum swayed from side to side it broke the contact of the conducting line, and thus arrested the passage of the electric current for an instant: and thus each offset formed by the pen, when the horse-shoe ceased to be a magnet, came to be simultaneous with the beat of the clock which arrested the galvanic current that sustained the magnetic power.

When an observation is to be recorded by the aid of this instrument, the observer takes a small key of ivory, attached to the end of a wire in his hand. He places the clock and registering-cylinder in communication, and then fixes himself at the telescope. Concentrating his attention upon the star, he gives a momentary pressure to the key, when the luminous point disappears behind the thread: by so doing he breaks the galvanic circuit for an instant, and this break is registered among the clock-breaks. An additional offset is interpolated among the ordinary second offsets, and the result appears somewhat thus—



The observation is here recorded as having been made at thirty-three seconds and six-tenths. The fractional part of the second line at which the interpolated offset is found is measured off as the exact estimate of nine.

In the old mode of observing by the ear, the fine threads of the telescope were necessarily placed so far asunder that the observer had time to record the passage of the star behind one, and prepare himself for its contact with the second, before that occurrence could take place. But in observing by the aid of Professor Bond's apparatus, the wires may be so close that the successive star-contacts may be made almost in consecutive seconds, for the hand will be ready to register them as quickly as they can happen. In this way a considerable saving of time will be effected in making each observation—an important piece of economy when many are to be taken in the course of a day.

It has been proposed that this instrument shall be made a means of ascertaining the rate with which the electric current travels. Suppose, for instance, the case of a break-circuit clock working at London, and registering its time simultaneously upon two cylinders at once—the one placed close by in London, and the other at the end of a long connecting wire in Liverpool; and let it be assumed that the electric influence that ran along the wire to register the seconds in Liverpool took a quarter of a second to travel to its journey's end; then, although each clock-beat was registered a quarter of a second later in Liverpool than in London, there would be no possible means of ascertaining the fact. But now, again, imagine that in this state of affairs an observation is made in Liverpool of the passage of a star behind the transit-thread of a telescope, and that the observation is registered simultaneously upon both the Liverpool and London cylinders by an offset effected through the instrumentality of a break-circuit wire held in the observer's hand, then the record in London would be made a quarter of a second later than the record in Liverpool, owing to the time taken by the transmission of the recording influence. And when the records upon the two cylinders were placed side by side, and compared together, this would become immediately apparent: in fact, there would be found a difference of half a second between the registers. The effect would have been doubled, for the second was registered in Liverpool a quarter of a second later than the second was in London; and the observation made in Liverpool was registered another quarter of a second later in London than in Liverpool. It was therefore registered later, and, so to speak, by earlier time, so that both the lateness of the register and the earliness of the time became elements in the result. It will be understood that the rate assumed for the velocity of the electric influence is greatly exaggerated for the sake of familiar explanation. It is well known that it would not need anything like a quarter of a second for its transmission from London to Liverpool. But it is anticipated that its velocity is by no means so great but that it may be detected by the break-circuit apparatus when the longest possible circuit of wires has been selected for the performance of the experiment.

The astronomer-royal is contriving a modification of the break-circuit apparatus for the use of the National Observatory. He proposes, for economical reasons, to give the signal by the formation of an electric current instead of by breaking one already established. The record will then appear in interrupted dots instead of in continuous offsets. He also proposes ultimately to make the same clock both drive the cylinder and record the seconds. The cylinder, which is already prepared, is twenty inches long and twelve in diameter, and is to be made to revolve once every two minutes, affording space upon its surface for a six hours' record. For the present, the rotation of this cylinder is to be effected by a separate train of wheel-work, and is to be kept uniform by means of a mercurial pendulum revolving in a circle of 20 degrees diameter instead of oscillating backwards and forwards. The driving power is to be transmitted to this radial arm by a modification of the steam-engine

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governor, which will be able to shut off any accidental excess of force that would otherwise disturb the uniformity of the result.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

Such of our readers as have their superfluous cash invested in the remote colony of New South Wales will have had ample opportunities within the last few years of moralising sadly over the mutability of all things earthly—antipodean or otherwise—in the shape of banks bankrupt, and property that profiteth not. Diverse have been the discussions as to the cause of these reverses among the hardy colonists, by many of whom, especially the squatter portion, the whole was ascribed, and perhaps not unjustly, to the sudden withdrawal of convict labour, thereby depriving them of what they had no means of replacing, and throwing them unexpectedly on their own resources. That convict aid was the chief element in the rapid prosperity of the settlement cannot be denied; yet, as bringing in its train numerous evils, not quite so evident at first as the advantages, it was not surprising that long before penal labour was abandoned there were many persons who felt that the time had come to put the colony fairly on a trial of its merits for a due supply of working *matériel*, and who still feel, that if its capabilities are equal to the representations made of them, there will always be a sufficient inducement for persons to emigrate from the mother country, and thus supply the want complained of.

Perhaps had there been greater circumspection in the arrangement of the ill-fated outlaws to their masters, the system would have existed to the present. In my time almost any person who could prove that he was in possession of a few acres of land could have one or more convicts assigned. Often these small proprietors were themselves recently liberated felons, not more reputable or trustworthy than some of the persons committed to their care; generally in such cases master and assigned servant lived together in the same gunyeh or little hut—a communion not unfrequently terminating in horrible details of murder, perpetrated on or by the ignorant and criminal masters. Nor was it uncommon, as inquiry proved, that persons of great respectability abused their trust; neglecting the moral welfare of those assigned to them, punishing them with undue severity, and providing them with scanty and unwholesome food; while others again, with ill-judged leniency, allowed their convict servants such licence that they became unmanageable, and fell from one step to another, until some glaring atrocity brought them back to gang-labour.

No wonder, then, if such a tree produced bad fruits; and of these not the least evil was the number of bushrangers it called forth, giving rise to a romantic but very disagreeable state of insecurity to those who pursued their avocations in the distant backwoods of the colony. Once entered on the path of crime, nothing seemed too atrocious for the bushrangers: they lived in a state of continual excitement, endeavouring by inebriating stimulants to banish from their minds the forebodings of evil; wandering from place to place like evil spirits, and afraid of the gaze of their fellowmen, except when the way to plunder was safe and expeditious.

In those days persons who lived in the remote stations, or who had frequent occasion to visit Sydney, seemed to make up their mind to be plundered occasionally by the 'baling-up' gentry. Arms or numbers served not to protect from these cunning and adventurous vagabonds, who, unexpectedly making their appearance with ready-cocked double-barrelled guns, or other unpleasant-looking weapons, left their victims no choice but to surrender unconditionally. Even to this hour the sound of 'bale up,' when so saluted by an Australian friend, brings with it anything but agreeable feelings, and I always expect to hear the accompanying click of a gun-lock.

Of the many brigands who traversed the country in 1832 and 1833, raising 'black-mail,' none were more daring or notorious than the Bold Donoghue and his band. Songs were written extolling the prowess of himself and his lads; and the morning-chant of the convict servant, as he hied to labour, was often in praise of this gang of villains. The daring, the known sanguinary character of the leader, together with his almost ubiquitous powers, by which he seemed to put time and distance out of the question, caused his name to become a general source of apprehension. Scarcely a week passed over in which some impudent robbery was not recorded against him, and the mounted police sent out on his trail; but while perhaps they were hunting for him at Maitland or Scone, they would receive intelligence of a later crime on Liverpool Plains, or some other more distant locality. Two other runaways, Webber and Walmsley, were usually his accomplices—Underwood, his first associate, having been put out of the way, as will hereafter appear. I was then residing near the Hunter River, and although in the most likely place to receive a visit from Donoghue, had so long escaped that much of the zest of 'pleasing expectation' had subsided, and my family of young cornstalks ceased almost to think of the bold highwayman.

In the summer of 1832, having occasion to visit Sydney for the purpose of balancing accounts with my wool agent—which business was arranged to my satisfaction, for prices were then remunerative—I set forth, intending to take a circuitous route homewards by Paramatta, Wiseman's Ferry, and Mangrove Creek, where some little matters were also to be adjusted. Mounted on an excellent nag, and accompanied by my faithful native servant Buka, I wended my way merrily towards the then flourishing village of Paramatta, the road leading through a beautifully-diversified country, and well frequented with noisy bullock-teams and other signs of progressive improvement, which made the fifteen miles appear but a short ride. Inns are of course just the places to meet with adventures; and had such a taste formed part of my composition, it might perhaps have reconciled me to the annoyances of an Australian country tavern; but the rough, everyday pursuits of a squatter's life had long taken away from me any zest of that sort, and I would gladly have availed myself of the usual hospitality of the respectable country settlers had not business ruled it otherwise. Innkeeping, or rather pothouse-keeping, has always been one of the most lucrative though most disreputable ways of money-making in New South Wales. Such places are too often there, as in the mother country, the haunts of all the bad and dissipated characters; with this addition, that translation from the mother country, whether as bond or free, has generally altered for the worse the habits of the lower orders; and it would perhaps be impossible to meet with similar scenes of rioting, drunkenness, and swearing in any other colony as are met with in these rural taverns. Moreover here,

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as in all newly-risen colonies, there was a freedom of thought and action common to high and low; and in the country-houses of entertainment, the man who had a little money, and sober enough not to 'break glass,' might take his place in the best room with the richest settler, thereby bringing the traveller sometimes into very strange company.

On the present occasion I was not more fortunate than usual. The general reception-room contained a party of eight or ten who were enjoying the 'stone-fences' (brandy and ginger-beer), while the smoke emitted from about the same number of pipes almost obscured the struggling rays of the candle intended for our illumination. Some of the neighbouring squatters present, with whom I had slight acquaintance, soon entered into conversation; and we were afterwards joined by a stranger, who, leaving his own companions, seemed very desirous of introducing himself to our notice, but in such an awkward, half-confident, half-sheepish way, that I felt almost at a glance that he was what is usually styled a 'lag,' or convict on leave. His dress was that of a poor squatter—a cloth shooting-jacket, the worse for wear, and a pair of moleskin nethers, kept up by a leathern belt. The face, as far as could be seen under the broad grass-hat, was pleasing, and indicative of mildness, which his voice also confirmed; but his restless, uncertain manner made me regard him with extreme suspicion. Neither the place nor company was such as to induce me to remain long; and accordingly I retired to my modest sleeping apartment, where I had been for some time trying to accommodate myself to the attacks of the fleas and B flats, those very numerous enemies of mankind in the antipodes, when to my astonishment Master Buka entered very unceremoniously, his manner indicating that he had something of importance to communicate. It may be well to mention that Buka had been taken at an early age from his tribe on Lake Macquarrie, and brought up with much care to eradicate the propensities of the savage; but although personally attached and strictly faithful to my interests, he retained much of the irreclaimable wildness of character which pertains to the race. It was no uncommon thing with him to betake himself to the bush for a season, joining his own or any other tribe which would admit him, whence he would again return to my service. He was, therefore, in the habit of addressing me in his own language, or the patois introduced among them by the settlers. Giving a cautious look round, he whispered in my ear: 'Bale me like that wanagail fellow, piyaller with you to-night—that fellow Webber.' In short, he informed me, very much to my disquiet, that he had recognised Donoghue and Walmsley in the darker corner of the parlour, and that the timid gentleman was no other than their companion Webber, who had probably been sent over, on hearing my name, to ascertain my route on the morrow, and which in the conversation had been inadvertently made known to one of the squatters.

My first impulse, on learning that this notorious gang was so near, was to call the landlord and ask assistance to secure them; but Buka told me they were off soon after I retired; that, being well mounted, they were far beyond the possibility of capture; that 'no-thing but devil devil could catch them;' and that if we made the attempt, or raised any alarm, their friends in the village would assuredly inform them, thereby entailing the certainty of an early visit at our station. Having passed a restless night, what between the real attacks of fleas and the imaginary ones of robbers, we got on our road at an early hour, taking care not to apprise mine host of our knowledge of the parties who had been entertained in his house the previous night. He might perhaps have not been aware who they were; but at that time most of the country tavern-keepers considered only that these bushrangers were lavish of their easily-acquired gold, and that giving unsuccessful information was the surest way to bring them to the establishment, not to spend money, but to extort it.

Who that has visited Australia can readily forget the delightful freshness of the morning air, breathing its acacia odours, and reminding him of the blooming heath on mountain or moor in his distant native land? Its mildly-bracing effects put rider and horse in good spirits, and in about two hours we reached the quiet, sequestered hut of an old miser, well known by the sobriquet of Dirty Jemmy, whose gunyeh was the usual halting-place of those travelling northward, and where most persons stopped to bait their cattle. On reaching the hut, Buka hailed the inmate; but instead of receiving the usual reply, was accosted with 'Who the devil are you? Stand off—I'll bale up no more for mortal man!' at the same time the tip of a rusty musket was protruded through one of the loopholes with which the tiny edifice was perforated—an attempt at fortification which testified to the insecure nature of the district. With some difficulty old Jemmy was made to understand that ours was a friendly visit, on which he allowed us to enter, while he took charge of the horses. The cause of his exasperation was soon learned. In the middle of the previous night the Bold Donoghue and friends had been on a visit to Jemmy; and although they took no money—possibly on account of the old man having been once a convict—yet, as he said with a sigh, 'they made me cook the best parts of some sheep intended for the day's market at Paramatta, and fed their horses without payment,' which, to old Miser Jemmy, were mortal offences. His account of Donoghue certainly did not afford me any increased feeling of security for the money in my pocket. 'Oh, he's a devilish-looking ruffian, and so's Walmsley; but Webber's a quiet chap.' Before settling with Dirty Jemmy, I asked him how he would have acted had money been demanded. He replied: 'Why, all the little I have I'll keep; I've been "baled up" three times—I never gave money. O no; blood they might take, but old poaching Northamptonshire Jemmy never would give up the dust.' He advised me, in conclusion, to take the path to the Maitland side, and not the main road, as he had heard them mention that as being the probable route of some one they expected shortly. From this retired spot all our ride was now through a magnificent forest country, traversed by lines of hills, along the summits of which our path lay, every now and then looking down into immense valleys, in which scarcely anything was visible but rows of towering red gum, blue gum, and swamp oak, while here and there, matted on the rocks, were numerous dendrobias, with their clusters of yellow-white or mottled flowers. With some reluctance Mr Buka informed me under what circumstances he had first become acquainted with Donoghue; and as the general truthfulness of his leading statements was afterwards confirmed by the confession of the bushranger, I may as well put it in a connected form before the reader.

'You remember, bingai (friend), the feud that existed between my tribe and the Wyongali about the capture of a jin or native wife, and I had promised the husband and brother to go with them to avenge the wrong. Well, last year we spent many days on the Wollomtai range, for we had been told that some of the Wyongali were abroad in the neighbourhood, and with cautious step we prowled about on our mission. Evening had closed in upon us. Fearing to light a fire, we lay down beside a fallen tree, as is our custom, covering ourselves with the soft, yielding bark of the tulka or tea-tree—for you know that the gatti (dead men) and povrang (the evil spirits) are then flying about, and we dared not move after dusk. In about an hour my companions, Pir-ra-ma (the Wild-duck) and Mot-to (the Black Snake), called my attention to the glimmer of a fire at some distance. "Now," exclaimed the bereaved husband, "the piyaller blood for my jin!"

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Slowly and stealthily we crept over the ground, and approached the fire, our spears ready for instant work, as we felt convinced it must be a party of Wyongali. Much to our surprise we saw two white men in a furious contest, one holding the other by the throat. "I have found you out at last, Underwood," yelled this one, who seemed to be the master; "here's your book, villanous traitor, and everything ready to sell me by peaching; but by the blood of myself, Donoghue, I'll square accounts with you this minute. Down on your knees till I settle you!" relinquishing his grasp, and cocking a double-barrelled gun. The victim seemed at once to lose all self-possession, whether overcome by a sense of his discovered perfidy, or of the unrelenting nature of his companion in crime, he fell down in the attitude of prayer. "Let me first pray, Donoghue, for forgiveness of all the dark deeds you led me into. Wont you spare me for old times' sake, Donoghue?" "No, you traitor: five minutes must finish you and your prayers; so make haste." The doomed man went on muttering a prayer, till at last Donoghue fired both barrels, and his victim rolled over dead. The aborigines of New Holland have a superstitious dread of a dead body—nay, even to be near the spot where one is laid—and we also shrunk back into the thick bush. This unusual noise caused Donoghue to start up. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you police devils, are you come for me? But he deserved it." Then finding no response made, he set up a loud laugh, like a madman—"Ha, ha, ha! Was it only the wallabai" (small kangaroo) "that disturbed the Bold Donoghue?" Slowly we crept away, and at early dawn started off, having had quite enough of looking after the Wyongali. Wild-duck, who had known Underwood to be a companion of Donoghue, went some time after and gave notice to the authorities, who sent out and discovered the remains of the murdered bush-ranger, which quite corroborated the account of his death; and indeed Donoghue confessed to some of his companions that he had despatched him, and no good had ever followed him afterwards.'

Buka had scarcely finished his narrative—which, had I not known the native dislike to refer to scenes of murder or death in any shape, would have made me wonder at his keeping it so much a secret from me—than he suddenly reined his horse up, observing: 'Three yanaman (horses) pass out this wood; bale me (I do not) like him.' He then dismounted and looked narrowly around, as if to assure himself. 'Yes, 'tis them wanagail dogs—Jemmy piyaller me—that Webber rob one shoe his nieze yanaman, to put on him mumy carbon yanaman.'

He pointed to the ground in proof of what he stated—namely, that one of the horses had a smaller shoe than it ought to have. He might as well have shewn me hieroglyphics, as I could discover nothing but a series of irregular marks on the hard road; yet here the experienced eye of the New Hollander could trace even that slight difference in the indentations. There was now no doubt as to the fact of the daring outlaws having passed along the only path then open to us, and I could not help feeling certain that their object was to waylay me, under an impression that I possibly had more money with me than usual; for had they not had something specific in view, they would probably have turned up by the Windsor Road, where they might expect better game; and, moreover, the only house along our route was Wiseman's, at which they might look for determined opposition.

The enemy was getting on apace, and we were yet seven miles from Wiseman's Ferry, our destination, and under the circumstances I was rather puzzled what to do. To go forward would be to meet the party; our horses were too tired to carry us to Windsor or back to Dirty Jemmy's; and if I hid the money, and met the party, certain death was to be looked for in revenge for being cheated out of their booty. Master Buka soon came to my aid: 'Ah, bingai, me mill-mill (look after) those dingoes;' and giving me his horse to lead, and desiring me the moment I saw him running back, or, if dusk, when he imitated the cry of the little hawk (pipita, pipita), it was a signal of danger, and I was to turn at once into the adjoining thickets.

Probably I had followed on as directed for about an hour, my vision on the rack to discover in the multifarious forms which seemed to hover about in forest twilight, and my ears on the stretch to catch the first indication of alarm, when I heard the little hawk's screech, and in a moment turned into the wood, concealed by long reeds; which I did so hurriedly, that in the imperfect light my head came into violent contact with the remains of a gum-tree, and put me in a train of reasoning on the comparative influence of a waddy or native bludgeon used on the occasion. Buka soon joined me, and commenced rubbing the ears of the horses to keep them quiet, and with much satisfaction I could discern the bushrangers approach and pass on without discovering our whereabouts. Donoghue's rough Irish voice sounded above the others; for I heard him say we could not be far off, but perhaps we had turned up by Maitland way. My faithful servant told me afterwards that he was very close upon them before he was aware of it. They were resting in a bo-i-kon-umba, or fern-covered spot, apparently discussing some plan of operation, but the kea-ra-pai (white cockatoo) gave him notice. 'Yes, bingai, 'twas this mur-ra-mai (pointing to a round crystal he carried in his opossum girdle as a charm) which saved us. Some day me piyaller you how that murry hoojerry (very good), that murramai (charm) for budgel (sickness): but murry (make haste),' saying which he mounted and set off at a brisk canter, although nothing but the expectation of a return of the brigands would have tempted us to rattle along as we did over a rough, in many places steep road, which lay very often close to the edge of a precipice.

Trusting to my lynx-eyed guide, I was not long in reaching the path leading down to the southern bank of the river Hawkesbury, whose tortuous windings lay mirrored below us in a series of broad bright sheets, on which the moon, just rising, threw her sober light. We took up our night's quarters at Wiseman's. Early on the following morning we were ready for our journey, and leaving the hospitable roof of the old lag—once a convict, but now worth thousands—passed through the gateway, each side of which was (and I believe still is) decorated with the statuary attempts of some exiled Nollekins: an emu marvellously resembling a goose with very long legs, and a kangaroo nondescript-sort-of-animal, as a squatter would express it, between a jungle-dog and a window-shutter. In answer to Buka's coo-wee, the ferry-boat, plied by two convicts, came across for us—the standing order being that whenever a native came to either bank he was to have immediate and free transit. Once landed, we commenced the ascent of the northern bank, one of the most surprising roads in the colony, cut as it is in most places out of the solid rock. The scenery in this locality is some of the finest in New South Wales. In winding up the first range, the lofty dark rocks on the right tower sullenly over the narrow road, which on the left looks down into a series of yawning, precipitous, but well-wooded valleys; while here and there might be caught among the trees a glimpse of the Hawkesbury, winding broadly and brightly down between its mountainous limits, resembling more a chain of lakes than a river. It was truly one of the most delightful pictures of nature's own painting I had ever looked on.

My attention was at length withdrawn from the fair scenery by the conversation of some convicts who were wending up the hill before us. 'Yes, he'll be scragged this morning, and no mistake, for old —— is

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to sit in the gibergunyeh to-day.' 'Halloo!' 'Here they are at it now.' On looking forward, and something to the right, I noticed a few soldiers standing under arms near the road, their faces upturned, as if gazing intently on some object above them. Thither the road led me. The gibergunyeh, or rocky hut, as it was then styled, is a natural excavation in the rock, over which a sort of pulpit projected; steps had been cut in the stone leading up to it, and here sat the magistrate to try the delinquent convicts of the immense gang then employed on the road. We arrived just at the moment the unfortunate wretch was about to expiate his offences; for under such circumstances little time elapsed between the sentence and its execution. A few paces below where sat the judge was a little spot cut out of the rock, on which was erected the gallows, and from which, in almost as little time as it requires to narrate it, the finale of the morning's work was evidenced in a yellow and gray striped object which dangled from the little triangle. The few convicts assembled for the purpose of witnessing this sad example were marched to their respective duties under the military escort. Having stopped for a moment to inquire the cause of this execution—repeated robberies with violence—I proceeded on my journey, just hoping and wishing that if the gentry who were yesterday in pursuit of my cash should cross the river, they might never pass the gibergunyeh.

As we cantered over the crest of the fine range of the Wollambari, the beauty of the scenery was greatly enhanced by the variety of brilliant flowers which gemmed the road skirts, among which the splendid mountain tulip, rising from its sword-leaved bed to a height of six or eight feet, displayed its enormous crest of dark pink blossom; even the philosophic Buka could not help remarking that the minmai was 'murry burdgery.' Nor failed he to criticise some of the equally fair though less pretending orchidaceæ, which hung in many-coloured festoons from the impending rocks. My chief reason for taking this route homewards was to inspect a property I had recently purchased near Mangrove Creek, and I hoped to reach it at an early hour in the afternoon. In this, however, I miscalculated. We had arrived within seven or eight miles of it, when, happening unfortunately to halt for a short time at the hut of shingle-splitters to inquire the nearest way, Master Buka, whose olfactories were of the most critical acuteness, detected the remains of roasted kangaroo. Under pretence of lighting his pipe, he dismounted, and was not long in getting what he termed a belly-tightener. Of this I was not aware until, calling upon him to mount, he returned a sort of low growl not unlike that of a wild beast disturbed in his food. In short, he had crammed himself to repletion, and, like every other New Hollander in a similar case, move he would not without a siesta. Neither threats nor cuffs availed: all I could extort out of him was 'Bale me go—bale me go;' or, in plain English, 'I'll not stir.' This had occurred so often before to me that I knew there was no resource but an hour or two of patient waiting; after which I tried my foot on a sensitive part of his person, and thereby prevailed on him to rouse up. The old shingler informed me that four persons had passed the gunyeh in the course of the day; but there was nothing by which I could identify any of the bush people. As this detention had somewhat interfered with my prior arrangements, I was unavoidably obliged to choose a less direct and little-known path between Ten Mile Hollow and my destination, instead of the usual route, which was quite unfit for twilight travelling. Master Buka was of course, like other savages, rather out of humour at being disturbed so soon after his meal, and scarcely a word was exchanged until something seemed to rush suddenly across him. His eye brightened up, and after listening for an instant, he exclaimed: 'What comee that? That not black fellow comee—that some payal gomeral white;' and when assured by me that it was some squatter out in search of his distantly-strayed cattle, his face assumed the stupid inanimate look of his countrymen when just recovering from a feat of gluttony.

A few minutes only elapsed, however, before I was sensible of my mistake. A voice neither loud nor rough saluted me from behind a large springy bark-tree with 'Bale up, or you are a dead man!' In an instant I discovered it was Webber's voice; and the sounds of others rapidly approaching convinced me there was only one hope of escape—to stand and fight, and perhaps disable with my pistols any one of them that might advance. I cocked one of my pistols, and was just on the point of levelling it at or about the situation where Webber was in ambush, when Buka called out: 'Murry, make hast—Murry, make hast!' at the same time whipping his horse, which darted off at full gallop close to the spot where Webber stood. My nag instinctively followed, and so rapidly, that I passed through the smoke of the barrel fired at Buka, which possibly saved me from the effects of the second, sent whistling after me.

I could hear Donoghue apparently swearing at his horse, which might have become restive by the firing. Still I halted not to assure myself of the fact, but let my yanaman take his course, as he played a game of follow my leader—almost as dangerous as the bush-ranger's rifle—through clove trunks, over fallen trees, and down precipitous rocky pathways which would have made a Galway steeple-chaser halt. We reached a point at last where we were obliged to dismount and drive our horses down a series of precipitous rocks, which the poor creatures, as if aware that mischief was behind us, went down, sliding and jumping in a way nothing but a squatter's stock-horse could accomplish.

It was now so dark as to render it unsafe to proceed at the pace we had lately been going; and as we were within two miles of Mangrove Creek, I suggested to my attendant that we might safely take more time, particularly as we were so close to the village, where I could hardly expect the villains to follow us. 'Bale—bale, bingai; I smell poito (fire), mill-mill that!' pointing to a blaze in the bush about half a mile ahead. 'Ha-ha; that dingo Walmsley make that. Donoghue has sent him before us to make poito; but Buka strike-alight (understands) all same ki-ko-i (native cat), hate he catch us dis time.' As soon as the nature of the ground would allow we again mounted, and as the path improved, made as much dispatch as the indifferent, dusky light permitted, and in a few minutes we were close to the fire, which blazed furiously on the right, our proper path. Buka, however, led me down by the edge of a morass, along which we were obliged to advance very cautiously, being a sort of quagmire overrun with water-lilies, excepting at a narrow stripe, in which our horses picked their way with much trepidation.

We had scarcely entered on this, before the smoke to windward came rolling down so densely that I felt my breathing becoming quickened and choked. The *comee* of our assailants, however, at no great distance, roused me, and dismounting, I staggered on a few paces. I fancied I could hear a person swearing, which Buka afterwards told me he believed to have been Walmsley; but the dreadful suffocating sensation soon prevented my being conscious of anything going on around me. My sagacious companion was not long in guessing at my state: he threw himself off his horse, gave it a switch with his stock-whip, and drove it into the bog, then grasping my hand, he called out, 'Murry, make hast — Murry, make hast; bale you mind yanaman; let him go devil, devil!' Letting fall the bridle, I was dragged along what seemed to me to have been miles, but was in reality only about a hundred yards, expecting every instant to drop under the pain-

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ful effects of choking and thirst. At length we reached a tolerably clear space, and got past the fire, which I now observed with satisfaction was rapidly spreading towards where we had distanced our pursuers, whom I was uncharitable enough to wish it might overtake.

My poor horse, with the attachment and instinct of some of his race, had followed closely behind us, and thus enabled me to ride into Mangrove; and on the following morning Buka set out to recover the one he had been riding the previous night, but the poor creature was found dead in the bog, and with difficulty even the saddle was recovered. Another yanaman was procured for him, and crossing the Warren-warren Mountains, in two days reached my station on the Hunter River, not a little thankful to have escaped the Bold Donoghue and his friends.

About a week afterwards I received a hurried note from a neighbouring magistrate requesting me to give all the information I could relative to the dress and appearance of these wretches, as a foul murder had just been committed by them on a Mr Clements. It appeared in evidence that this amiable person had set out from Sydney, taking with him a considerable sum of money; he was going to Captain Bingle's station, and had with him two armed attendants—Hickey, a discharged soldier, and another styled Billy the Welshman. The party was crossing the Bulga Road towards the Hunter, little anticipating an attack, as they were so well prepared to defend themselves. Three persons were observed coming towards them with guns in their hands; but being dressed like squatters, and having kangaroo dogs, Mr Clements supposed they were merely sportsmen. Donoghue walked up at the head of his party, and after the usual salutations of the country, asked Mr Clements to give him some tobacco. This he was preparing to do, when the bushranger said to him in a rough, quick way: 'Come, come, mister, what are you humbugging about it so long?' Mr Clements, perceiving at once into what company he had fallen, endeavoured to draw out one of his pistols; unfortunately they were fastened through the trigger-cover to his belt—a matter which had not escaped Donoghue's attention. In this dilemma Mr Clements called on his servants to fire; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before Donoghue killed him by discharging both barrels of his gun. At the same time, the other bushmen presented their arms against the attendants, who quickly surrendered. Both of them acted with so much want of decent courage that it led to the supposition that they were accessories; but perhaps their pusillanimity was excusable if we remember the characters of the men they had to deal with, and if, as has happened, a whole coachful of armed persons could be 'baled up' by three or four bushrangers, two not very stout hearts might be pardoned for yielding without a shot.

After this outrage became known, a strong force was sent out in various directions, and a reward of L.100 was offered for the apprehension of Donoghue. For several weeks the mounted police were in pursuit, but his intimate knowledge of the country enabled him to elude their endeavours for some time. At length, separated from his companions in crime, and wandering up and down the country—the most miserable of Cains—he became less particular about his haunts. Information was given of his being in the neighbourhood of the Bargo-Brush, between Campbeltown and Berrima, on the southern road. A patrol of mounted police came unexpectedly on him, but not before he had first fired and slightly wounded one of them, who, taking a good aim at Donoghue, killed him on the spot.

Walmsley and Webber escaped for some little time, but were ultimately hunted down, and suffered that penalty which I had secretly wished for them in passing the gibergunyeh. After that the neighbourhood was tolerably free from bushrangers; but to this day, in the district of Hunter River, the name of the Bold Donoghue is connected in the squatter's mind with murder and terrorism.

POETRY OF THE DAY.

'HARDLY a magazine is now published,' observed Moore to Scott, when talking of the poetry of the day, 'but would once have made a reputation.'—'Ecod!' said Sir Walter, 'we were very lucky to have come before these fellows!' If one were not disarmed by the good-humour of the remark, it might be hinted that both the interlocutors have now subsided into the rank of the minor poets of their own generation, and that therefore the compliment paid to the lesser lights of our day was not very extravagant. There may be plenty of Scotts and Moores among us, but assuredly we do not boast of many Wordsworths and Byrons, or Shelleys and Keats! But nevertheless there is in these last days an astonishing under-current of poetry welling constantly on, and working its way towards the light. The struggle after excellence, however, though brave, is fitful. The difficulty of concentrating the thoughts becomes greater and greater; for although the whole world of mind is astir, its attention is snatched hither and thither by the events and exigencies of a time in which all men are busy from morning till night in hearing or telling some new thing in art, science, or history. If this is not the cause of an interregnum in poetry which threatens to rival in duration the peace, we know not what is; for the age is essentially poetical, and even in its everyday life are seen the embodied forms of what in earlier times were only dreams and prophecies.

We have caught up at random two of the poets of the day, and shall set them to do their spiriting for the delectation of our readers; in some hope of being able to force from them the secret, why they are not great poets, but merely the producers of such works as 'would once have made a reputation.' It is possible that the titles of these volumes may call up only a faint recollection—if any at all—in the mind of some readers, but that is of no consequence. It is a peculiarity of the time that even genius of a high order is frequently stumbled upon in unknown books—for unless the genius has concentration and sustained power, it takes no decisive hold of the palled and jaded mind of the age—and if this should be so in the present case, we are all the more thankful to have the opportunity of drawing attention to real merit.

The first of these books is 'Lelio,'* in the principal piece of which we see as clearly as is possible (though that is not very clearly) into the character of the poet's mind. His idea seems to be to give a kind of personification of Conscience, or rather of the operations of conscience, such as would have the same effect upon an intending criminal 'as the animated eyeball, as it were, of the Phidian Jupiter, fixed on him, and flashing with divine indignation.' He would "give a local habitation and a name to our avenging thoughts, and which must be in some sort suited to the nature of the crime.' His pictures are no mere creations of sentiment, but 'the embodiments of an evil conscience, put forward in poetical garb and prominence,' and which he supposes 'to be forced upon the reflective part of man's nature while he is carrying on his schemes of worldly pleasure and aggrandisement.'

This great and difficult attempt commences with a light conversation on love and wine—two kinds of enjoyment which are poetically entwined by one of the speakers; but in the next scene the poem really begins. Lelio is wandering among the Apennines immersed in twilight musings on 'the ways of God to

* Lelio, a Vision of Reality; Hervor; and Other Poems. By Patrick Scott. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

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man,' in the course of which he earnestly longs to behold in real form and presence that mystical power —if we comprehend the author—which operates by means of the conscience:

'Or see before me pass in specular vision
The distant truths that form the essential sound
Of which the world's hard life is but an echo.'

His meditations appear to have a creative power:—

'—Ha! the time fits these thoughts, and these wild thoughts
Have given formation to the dusky air;
Or, do I dream, or is the gloom around
Heap'd into shape, such fitful shape as suits
Impalpable things! Again 'tis there! I see it
Deepest amid the deepening shades, and growing
In fearful life; its features only seem
Distinctly fashion'd, yet shew less the impress
Of physical nature than the hot reflection
Of a sun-like soul; as if creative power,
Willing to give to mind a visible clothing,
Materialized a God's intelligence!'

This phantom is an Angel, his 'bodied thought,' by whose ministration he is forthwith conveyed to the world of spirits.

'*Angel.* What seest thou, Lelio?
Lelio. Nothing!
A. Look again; thine eyes
Are not yet cleansed from earth. What seest thou?
L. Nothing
Distinctly, but as 'twere the flickerings
Of undulating gloom.
A. Once more, what seest thou?
L. That which might shake a statue! All around
Dim shapes are looming into light, as flashes
Of a pale flame, instinct with morbid life,
Reveal the infernal palace of the dead.
Some lie as if the sickness of despair
Had fed upon their strength, and stolen its colour
From the unhoping eye; on glittering thrones,
Raised haply by magnificence of crime,
Are seated kingly and yet drooping forms,
The burning aristocracy of hell!'

All this is explained by a personage called Eidolon; a word which means image generally, and which the poet applies to signify ambition—pleasure—avarice; any of those treacherous cupbearers of the heart which drug the bowl with poison. Eidolon is all in turn, and exhibits the extremes of enjoyment and remorse, giving matter for didactic conversation between the seer and the angel. Unsatisfied, however, with this view of the unveiled passions, Lelio desires to see beyond them—to see power itself in the work of creation. This, too, is accorded.

'*Angel.* Away then—in thy breast
I breathe the spirit that will bear thee up
Unfaintingly above the realms of matter.
Away, on rushing wings that leave behind
The sunbeam in its flight, and to the regions
Unvisited by Heaven's extremest star!
What seest thou, Lelio?
Lelio. Let me look again,
For my sense swims upon a boundless ocean,
Struggling against its own magnificence.
I see the flashings of bright points that pierce
The solid night, whence floats a spinning sound
Of a low melody—while round me ripples
Impalpable ether, whose conflicting waves
Breaking in flame, the evanescent bloom
Of blackest darkness, shew nought near but thee
Standing beside me in untenanted space!
Behold, immeasurable shadow creeping
O'er the clear void, and from a form that might be
The form of man, could the weak eye take in
Its limitless outline, stretches forth a hand,
Within whose hollow rests a new-born world;
The other arm extends a mantle o'er
Its naked limbs, and showers all forms of matter
And fire of mind upon its mighty surface,
Heaving the pulse of a stupendous life!
A little while those awful fingers poise
The trembling globe, then hurl it flashing from them;
Away, it rushes through the lash'd air, waking
Time into life, and night to light—away—
Lifting its voice of giant joy, and shouting
To the unbounded universe, to welcome
A radiant brother of God's ancient stars!'

The next vision is the typical history of the new-born planet—which may be supposed to be our own—and which, passing through the reign of war and vice, arrives at length in the course of ages at the perfection of virtue and happiness—and then vanishes in space. On this consummation the Angel declares—

'Thus will it be, but on the highest point
Man is not placed at once, nor nature bids
The gradual seed spring instant to a tree.
Up the slow path he toils enduringly—
Such is Heaven's law—and gathers strength by climbing.
And think not that the buried past hath hid
Its treasures with it—that the single soul
Work'd singly, and then died—it cannot die
In its large life! The spirits of all time
Are but the swelling waves of one vast ocean.
The meanest mind that thinks, but forms a part
Of an eternal whole, the faintest flash
Flows in to aggregate the living sun
Of glory, less than God's!'

It will be seen from these quotations that there is much lofty and genuine poetry in the volume; but the clue to the philosophy is lost ever and anon, till, before the close of the piece, it is entirely forgotten. We receive the idea that Mr Scott while writing had either no distinct conception at all of his own subject, or that, owing to the want of a power of concentration, it vanished every now and then from his mind. The mixing up with so fine and lofty a strain a commonplace story of human passion is of itself a symptom of weakness; but independently of this, our author makes the vulgar mistake—to which *he* ought to be superior—of confounding lovesomeness with beauty. On this subject, however, we have perhaps already said more than enough,* and shall now therefore only give it as our opinion that if Mr Scott had been able to separate the two ideas, he would have avoided what must strike every reader of judgment as an incongruity, and have so far supplied the wanting clearness in his design. His descriptions of beauty, notwithstanding—of which we add one as a specimen—are certainly among the finest things in a volume of poetry which we look upon as one of the most remarkable of the time, both in power and promise.

'*Lelio.* Oh! let me not
Faint ere I fill my gaze! Before me springs
Expanding visibly the fresh growth of beauty,
An exhalation of divinity
Clings to her like an atmosphere, each limb
Seems moulded by the Deity anew,
While the blue veins swell proudly, as if crying
It were a damning shame on him who tried
To soil that glorious temple! 'Tis a shrine
Where saints might worship!
Angel. She was form'd from dust.
Lelio. Dust! ay, a most brilliant dust, of which
Each atom was a star! I may speak madly,
But to be madden'd by a cause like this
O'erweighs a world of reason. I dare tell thee,
All angel as thou art, thou hast not seen
In Heaven's own courts a thing more beautiful

* See 'New Theory of Beauty,' in No. 382.

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Than that I gaze on; mind and matter there
Are so consummately fused by the great Artist
Into a strange and most divine communion!
Life, were too short to look. I do, I do
Look on the master-effort of a God,
The point at which Omnipotence arriv'd,
And stopp'd when it made Woman! She is gone,
Moving along in stately beauty, like
The chariot of a king—And yet not gone;
Space seems made up of mirrors, multiplying
Her magic presence, as if viewless spirits
Cloth'd their immortal essence in the form
She wore, as next to Heaven's; whose musical lips
Draw the rich air she breath'd, and then exhale it
In one enchanting measure—listen!—listen!'

We now turn to another poet whose genius presents some curious contrasts with that of the author of 'Lelio.' Calder Campbell, we believe, has never even attempted a long flight, but has continued for many years showering around him, with a prodigal hand, all sorts of lyrics that address themselves to the sentiments and affections. There is no name better known than his in periodical literature; and not a few of his pieces will bear comparison with the best of the kind that have been produced in his own generation. But his range is limited. He is satisfied with the external world which presents itself to his senses, and busies himself with the humanities of life. His muse flies neither high nor far, but her wings are always laden with the perfume of the earth.

We shall select our specimens from the principal poem in the volume before us—of which, however, it fills only seven or eight pages.*

'The joyous young Loïde!
She boundeth, in her childlike happiness,
Where her tame linnets breed
Among the golden broom, which she no less
Loveth for its bright radiance and sweet smell,
Than for its guarding her young linnets well.'

This Loïde is twelve years of age, and is loved and watched over by everybody around her.

'Pass'd is the merry brook,
Spann'd by her feet, as fairy-feet might do,
At one light bound! A look
Upon the blue forget-me-nots she threw
As on she hied—low-singing a sweet song
To which the skylark answered loud and long.

Pass'd is the hazel copse—
Pass'd the gray village church, whose graves call up
No idle fears: she stops
To pluck a weed, and place a buttercup
From and upon a new-made grave—then o'er
The meadow glides—*not singing as before.*'

We have italicised these words, but without that they must have struck the reader by their eloquence. On goes the child—

'Pass'd is old nurse's cot—
Pass'd is the fairy lady's crystal well;
And so she nears the spot
Where breed her linnets dear. The fragrant smell
Of furzes, all aglow, spreads up round her
An incense, which sets all the bees astir.'

The young birds are flown! They are flashing through the blue heavens, and with their gleeful songs laugh at her tears and her despair! This is the first trial of Loïde.

But she has still her father's and her mother's love, by which she is encompassed like clasping arms; and she proceeds on her path of young life with sunshine on her head and flowers at her feet. One summer morning—but let her speak her *réveille* herself, for it comes upon the ear with an Elizabethan freshness:—

'"Waken, my father, wake!—
Waken, sweet mother! lie-a-beds too long!
Come forth for my dear sake,
And hear the early lark's rejoicing song:
Waken!—I 've flowers for ye—your favourite ones,
They 've had no kisses yet, but mine and the sun's!"

And in the bloss'ming sheaf
She flingeth at the lattice. No reply
That gift of bud and leaf
Welcomes—but one low, pained, wailing sigh
(That crept out o' the window, like a sound
Of something weird and wild) made her heart quail
and bound!'

Her parents are dead! This is the second trial of Loïde.

But Loïde is kept up by another love. That, too, is lost in turn; and there lies upon a white stiff breast on the battle-field a lock of her auburn hair!

'She did not wed, she ne'er could love again:
A widow's holy weed
Upon her heart she wore; but o'er her pain
She placed no blazon—calling folk to see
How she lamented her virginity!

By ones, by twos, by threes,
Sorrows steal on us; trials to be borne
Not in mad ecstasies—
Not in hard apathy—not in proud scorn—
But with our human tears in human eyes,
And breaking hearts, and all but hopeless sighs!

Her early childhood's birds,
Her parents, and her faithful lover, these
Were lost in turn! Sad words
Are "parting," "death," "the grave;" but Faith foresees
Such things as meetings, where no Death hath room
To dig a grave, 'mid Life's eternal bloom.

And thus did our Loïde
Live on, nor sink beneath her TRIALS, staff'd
By Faith and Hope, whose creed
Quencheth the fever of the heart, when quaff'd—
We die, to live and meet! only, upon
The road of Life, farewells, like thorns, are strewn!'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

August 1851.

By the time these lines appear in print the majority of your readers will have seen the Exhibition, and returned to their homes with a reminiscence of which they will become prouder the longer they live; and not a few will now be able to comprehend the force of the Spanish saying—'See Seville, and die.' What a subject wherewith to delight and instruct the minds of future grandchildren! As day after day passes over, pouring its sixty or seventy thousand visitors into the Palace of Glass, so do the perceptions and experiences of the executive officers become clearer and wider. Differences in taste, skill, and handicraft, before unobserved, become appreciable in the articles exhibited; comparisons can be more fairly instituted; and, as a consequence, we must hope that the judicial awards will be the more conscientiously pronounced. There will of course be complaints, but if justice be done even the dissatisfied may be conciliated.

Such is the sum of one division of our metropolitan talk; another topic, and a notable one, is whether the building shall, in accordance with the terms of the contract, be pulled down after the close of the Exhibition. As yet the 'noes' have it until next May; but unless parliament, or some other equally efficacious power, make the temporary preservation permanent,

* The Three Trials of Loïde; Sunshine and Shadow; The Phantasmal Reproof; and other Short Poems. By Calder Campbell. London: William Shoberl. 1851.

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we shall lose the means and opportunity of establishing a winter garden—a perennial recreation-ground—scarcely less attractive than the Exhibition itself, and a desideratum much hoped for by all who love to see nature yielding to art for man's behoof, and more especially by those of delicate lungs condemned to wear respirators. After the intimation which has been given, that if the nation wills it the building shall stand, it will be the nation's fault if the building falls. Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd proposes to purchase the raw materials, models, &c. now exhibited, to create 'a vast and most useful collection of the products and works illustrating the arts and manufactures of the world, which might form the nucleus of a still more extensive museum of practical knowledge and manufactures, the want of which has long been felt in this country.'

The past few weeks have to a considerable extent realised the expectations that were formed as to the influx of visitors. Our crowded streets have been more crowded than ever; and notwithstanding the complaints made in many quarters that business is stagnant, there are many retail-shopkeepers who consider this as their lucky year, and find their cash-boxes grow plethoric. It is easy to understand that of the thousands who come to London, a large percentage will naturally carry away with them a keepsake, or some sort of tangible evidence of their visit, and thus the phenomenon is accounted for. Apropos of this influx, it forms not the least interesting of metropolitan sights at present, as may be readily proved by watching the coming in of trains at any one of our railway stations, the arrival of from fifteen hundred to two thousand passengers by one train, producing a scene of bustle and bewilderment anything but agreeable to timid travellers, however striking it may be to studious spectators. It is not less an evidence of locomotive facilities than of the attractions of the Exhibition.

Of other matters, I may tell you that the poet-laureate has betaken himself for awhile to Italy; that Mrs Browning has come over to see the Exhibition; and that her noble poem 'Casa Guidi Windows' has been translated into Italian by Mazzini for the edification of his countrymen. Lamartine is busy with a 'History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France,' intended as a sequel to his Girondists; Mr Gladstone's 'History of the Roman State,' translated from the Italian, is an acceptable addition to our knowledge of that apparently exhaustless subject; then we have a 'History of Adult Education,' by the secretary of the Manchester Athenæum; and De la Rive of Geneva is to give us a 'Treatise on Electricity,' with such historical details and elucidations as will add largely to its value; and Liebig is increasing knowledge and his own reputation by a new edition of his 'Familiar Letters.' Thus you will see that all business is not at a standstill. Besides these, there is a work published at Lyons on the 'Metaphysics of Art,' in which the author takes a logical view, and says; 'The best endeavour in the interest of art is not to study it in itself and abstractedly, but to appreciate it in a single point of view, in its general relation to nature, and the actions and destiny of man.' And next, a poem in six cantos by a noble viscount on a singular subject—'Abd-el-Kader;' and Mr Babbage's 'Exposition of 1851,' a book much talked about. It discusses, among other questions connected with the Exhibition, the vexed one of prices; and in not affixing these to the goods displayed the author contends that the commissioners made a grievous mistake. Unfortunately the utility of his work is neutralised by the personal matters which he has mixed up with it. A prize essay, too, on the Exhibition has made its appearance; and the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year' has found in the Crystal Palace material for a romance, of whose merits readers will shortly have an opportunity of judging. These are but a few among the works waiting for purchasers. Could you see the number and variety of 'Guides,' 'Handbooks,' 'What to See, and How to See,' &c. &c. &c., you would hardly wonder at the advance in the price of paper. Truly there is no end to the making of many books.

Signs of what is called 'progress' are apparent in the formation of a committee with a view 'to establish a uniform rate of postage throughout the world,' comprising natives as well as foreigners; the latter to undertake the task of bringing the subject before their respective governments, and of inducing them, if possible, to assent to the proposed arrangement. The proposal to make penny receipt stamps universal is still talked about, with more or less of favour, as well as the newly-announced 'Plan for Registration-Offices for Needlewomen;' 'the intention of which,' according to the prospectus, 'is to improve their (the needlewomen's) condition, and prevent their pauperism by securing to them the profits of their own work. The plan promises the consumer a superior article for his money; and to enable men, without any previous knowledge of the trade, to procure their garments as easily, and with as much economy, as experienced females can do. It also proposes to afford every facility to families in finding suitable needlewomen, either to work by the day or by the piece, and securing them against loss by damaged work or non-fitting garments.' The promoters of this measure—who, by the way, might advantageously bestow a little pains on the syntax of their manifesto—consider that if set agoing by subscriptions during the first year, it would afterwards prove self-supporting. If they can accomplish what they propose, many a

> ——'sempstress lean, and weary, and wan,
> With only the ghosts of garments on,'

will thank them for their benevolent endeavours.

We are soon to hear what took place during the eclipse along the line of its totality, from some of the observers who went abroad for the purpose of watching the phenomenon. And apropos of astronomy: government has been asked to establish a large reflector in some part of our Australian colonies, as the atmosphere there is much more favourable for observation than our own. The askers will have to wait a little longer. A similar request for a reflector on the Neilgherry Hills has been made to the East India Company by Mr Jacob, the astronomer at Madras—and refused: that gentleman, therefore, has set to work upon a twenty-feet reflector, which, should he meet with no assistance, he will finish at his own cost.

The programme or prize-list issued by the Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem has excited some attention: they have awarded a gold medal to Dr Cramer of Groningen for his able paper on the question—'What certain knowledge has been gained by the researches of naturalists on cryptogamous plants, which infect the organs of living animals, and especially of man? In what relation is their development with that of unhealthy products, and will their natural history, when well understood, lead to a rational medication?' Among the questions proposed, to be answered before 1852, is one—On the presence of arsenic in mineral springs: On the chemical combinations of metals: Whether negative Artesian wells might not serve for the drainage of lakes and marshes if sunk in an absorbent soil: On the change of colour in birds according to the change of season: Which is the actual organ in the eye that accommodates vision to distances: As cinchona forests disappear so rapidly in consequence of the gathering of bark that there is cause to fear a failure of the supply, is there any reason to hope, from what is known of the natural history of this tree, that its culture might be successfully undertaken in the Dutch colonies? Whether the sails of windmills, which have scarcely undergone a change during the last two centuries, are susceptible of improvement: Whether electricity has any share in the

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Daguerreotype process: On the effects of electric clouds on telegraph wires, and the means of prevention: On the physical properties of water as touching its colour, propagation of sound through its mass, &c.: Are sponges animal or vegetable?—how are they produced and multiplied? On the nature of clouds and fogs, and what is the force which holds their component globules separate? And last, the Society call for further information concerning the dodo; and suggest that, besides the fragments now existing of this extinct bird, others may yet be met with if sought for with intelligence. These are only a sample selected from a voluminous list embracing a wide range of scientific subjects, the bare enumeration of which would serve to shew that the Society is not disposed to be inactive or incurious on points which have for some time baffled philosophical investigation. The prize medals are valued at 150 florins, and in certain cases the same amount is granted in money additionally. Competitors may choose their language, and write, as best suits them, in Dutch, French, English, Latin, Italian, or German. With such a scope we shall surely get something worth the reading.

Have you heard that Boutigny's theory of the spheroidal condition of water has been in part adopted as an explanation of the cause of volcanic action? It is a point on which both chemists and geologists may exercise their wits. The latter may also cogitate on the statement put forth by M. Nilson, in a work on the ethnology of Sweden, that at Fjellbacka, in 58 degrees 35 minutes north latitude, there is a rock which was two feet below the surface of the water in 1532; seven to eight inches above in 1662; two feet above in 1742, and four feet above in 1844—making a rise of six feet in three hundred years. Besides this, which is, as you know, a debatable subject, M. Ed. Collomb says, on another question open to discussion, that the appearance of ancient glaciers took place at a period less remote than is commonly supposed. He considers that 'glaciers and floating ice did not exist on our globe at the palæozoic, jurassic, or cretaceous periods, as no traces of the action of solid water have been met with in the strata of these periods. This action commenced at the close of the tertiary period, and very probably but a short time before the appearance of man.' Such glaciers as are at present in existence he regards as 'relics of a great phenomenon, whose greatest intensity corresponds to the period of the dispersion and establishment of man on the earth.'

Give me leave here to interpolate a few miscellaneous items, as there is more geology to follow. An important one is, that there are now 22,000 miles of electric telegraph in the United States: the Danish government have authorised the construction of a submarine telegraph to connect Copenhagen with some of the provinces; two Englishmen have obtained a charter for the work. An act has just received the royal assent which provides for the improvement of common lodging-houses. These establishments are to be registered, to be visited whenever the inspector may think fit, and cleansed should he so decide; and the proprietors are to give notice in the proper quarter whenever fever or contagious disease breaks out among the inmates. A commendable enactment this. From the published returns, it appears that 26,813 persons were committed for trial in 1850, being 1003 fewer than in 1849. Of these 2578 were transported, 17,602 imprisoned, and 49 executed, leaving some thousands still unaccounted for.

There has been some talk about an account of a recent exploration of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, by Professor Silliman, junior, who, in company with one of Dr Mantell's sons, visited that remarkable locality. There is sufficient interest in the details to warrant my introducing them here by way of conclusion. After stating that a barometric measurement of the cave shews it to be 325 feet below the adjoining level, Mr Silliman observes: 'One atmospheric phenomenon attracted our attention, and tasked our ingenuity for a satisfactory explanation. If the external air has a temperature above 60 degrees Fahrenheit, the observer, on approaching the mouth of the cave, is met by a blast of cool air blowing outward from the mouth; and if the external temperature is high—say 90 degrees Fahrenheit—the blast amounts to a gale. . . . In hot weather this contrast of temperature and its accompanying blast of air are at first quite overpowering, and you feel as if immersed in a cold bath.'

'If the air without has a temperature of 59–60 degrees, no current is observed, and the flame of a lamp held in a favourable position indicates none.' Mr Silliman ascertained that there were not two currents flowing in reverse directions, as at the entrance of a room; and from observations made by the guide during a considerable period, he was satisfied 'that only one current existed, and that this flowed *out* when the external air was above 60 degrees, and *inward* when this was below 60 degrees. Going in one day at noon, we found the outward blast very strong: we prolonged our stay until past midnight; meanwhile a storm of rain, accompanied by lightning, had come up, and at three A.M., when we again emerged, the temperature outside had fallen to 50 degrees, and the inward gale blew so strongly as to extinguish our lights several hundred yards from the mouth. In fact the guide told us, when more than two miles in the cave, that a change had taken place in the outer air, and that we should probably find a storm raging without. His accustomed senses detected the gentle current inward which we did not notice at so great a distance; and he perceived, as he afterwards told us, a change of level in the subterranean rivers since our crossing them in the morning, the rain, which had fallen copiously, having already affected them.'

The explanation offered for this phenomenon is, that as the galleries and avenues of the cave extend for many miles in different directions through the solid limestone, there is always a vast collection of air, having no other outlet than the one chief entrance. The prodigious extent of the branching galleries may be inferred from the fact, that the blast at times continues in one direction, either outwards or inwards, for several weeks together, and occasionally months.

Of living things within the cave, the explorers found 'a sort of cricket with enormously long antennæ;' 'several species of coleopters, mostly burrowing in the nitre earth;' certain water insects, and some varieties of fish—the latter all blind, notwithstanding they have eyes. Bats hang to the roof by millions; and besides these the only mammal is a rat, covered with fur bluish in colour, with a white breast, and 'possessed of dark black eyes of the size of a rabbit's eye, and entirely without iris; the feelers also are uncommonly long. We have satisfied ourselves that he is entirely blind when first caught, although his eyes are so large and lustrous. By keeping them, however, in captivity and diffuse light, they gradually appeared to attain some power of vision.'

Mr Silliman is of opinion that the excavation, or rather denudation of the Mammoth Cave, is due to the action of running water, which by some convulsion was suddenly drained off to a lower level. His views will help to set geologists speculating; and until confirmation comes, we must admit that his statements possess considerable interest, particularly as regards 'an entirely new feature.' While traversing the galleries, he says, the sound of falling water is occasionally heard; and 'approaching cautiously to the spot from which the sound proceeds, we find usually a deep pit often surmounted by a dome. These pits are of various depths, but mostly not less than one hundred feet, and cut down with walls of limestone so entirely vertical, that in many cases we were able to measure them from the

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edge with a line and plummet.' These *pits* or *domes* are in some instances 200 or 300 feet deep or high. At one point of Gorin's Dome, the most remarkable, 'the outer diameter of the circle bounding it comes so close to one of the adjacent galleries, that the thin shell of interposed rock has been removed for a space two feet square, through which, as through a window, the observer may put his head, and obtain an imperfect glimpse of the interior. You perceive that the loop-hole through which you look is midway between the ceiling and the first gallery below; and by a powerful illumination a tolerable view is obtained of this monolithic structure, built without hands. I was provided with the means of producing the Drummond light; and with the guide, my assistant, and Mr Mantell, we succeeded in making the perilous descent, where only by groping in the dark over profound chasms could we find a foothold to a point some hundred feet below the opening above described. Here we erected the Drummond light, and by its aid obtained the first view of the lofty ceiling. The dome is of an irregular outline, in the main ovoidal; and from the ceiling hangs a great curtain of sculptured and vertically-grooved rock, unsupported below, with the graceful outline and apparent lightness of actual drapery. A small stream of water falls from the top, which is broken into spray long before it reaches the bottom, and keeps the whole interior wet with its splashing. No gallery has been found which leads to the bottom of this most beautiful dome. We found other similar domes in which the pendent curtain just described had fallen, and portions of it but little removed from their original position seemed poised to a second fall.'

Mr Silliman hints further at 'mysterious rivers, with their many-tongued echoes; the mounds of mud and drift which they annually heap up; the long miles of avenues which stretch away beyond them, rugged or smooth; and of the vaulted ceilings, crystal grottos, and gypsum coronets, which tempt the mineralogist to untiring exploration.'

THE INNES TRAGEDY.

Among the family papers belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, there is a manuscript history of the House of Innes of Innes, from which his Grace is descended. It was printed in 1820, but its circulation is limited to the small class who occupy themselves in genealogical inquiries. Among other matters of family history, the volume contains the following series of incidents, all connected with each other in a manner to justify the title we have given to the narrative. We may observe, that we have seen these events narrated already by an English genealogist, but without that reference to the Scottish habits and manners, or that adherence to the tone of the original which are, we think, necessary to fully comprehending their tenor and character.

To understand the motives of the actors in this tragedy, it must be kept in view that the family of Innes had possessions both in the Highlands and the Lowlands. The former carried with them the important right of chiefship, held by the head of the family. The estates of Lowland proprietors at that time—the sixteenth century—followed the regular line of hereditary succession; but it was otherwise with the Highland chiefs. They were a kind of patriarchs chosen by the clan, and it did not always follow that the next heir in the hereditary sense was selected. It often happened when the son of the deceased chief was a youth that his brother succeeded him. The law, it is true, was against any such practice; but the civil courts were not strong enough in the Highlands to suppress it. The matter was more complicated, however, when, as in the case of the Innes family, the same man became both Highland chief and Lowland laird. The next heir in the feudal sense was the indubitable possessor of the Lowland estates; and this gave him so much influence in the Highlands, that it would be difficult if not vain for any other member of the family to stand against him for the chiefship. It happened that a cadet of the family of Innes had acquired an estate for himself called Cromy. It was always the desire of such families to accumulate whatever property might be dispersed among the branches, in the possession of the head of the house; indeed a cadet nearly related to the owner of a great estate had more influence and a higher position than in the absolute possession of a small estate in his own person. It was desirable that the Innes and the Cromy property should thus both belong to one owner, and a 'mutual bond of tailie' or entail was entered into by the two relations, to the effect that if either died without a son, the whole property should go to the other. As the Laird of Innes was childless, Cromy assumed the dignity of being his representative and the virtual head of the house.

It happened that a Laird of Innes several generations earlier, called 'Ill Sir Robert,' or Wicked Sir Robert, the brother of 'the Red Tod,' had three sons—the eldest, 'James with the beard;' the second, Walter, called 'Wyllie Watt;' the third, Robert of Drynie. The descendants of Wyllie Watt acquired the considerable estates of Innermarkie and Balveny. The representative of the branch had married into the powerful House of Atholl, and though not so nearly related to the existing Innes of Innes as Cromy was, he formed the design of getting himself made head of the house. In the words of the chronicler: 'The House of Innermarkie, about this tyme, haveing attained to the possession of a considerable estate, had for that reason thought themselves the next in respect to their cheiff; and finding the family of Innes like to be childless, Robert of Innermarkie grudged exceedingly that Cromy, who was inferior to him in estate, should be advanced so farr befor him, as he behooved to be by such a succession.'

The matter was laid before a sort of parliament or jury of the House of Innes, who decided that their head 'Laird John,' as he was called, did rightly in arranging that the heir-at-law Cromy should be his successor. Cromy himself, who appears to have been a chivalrous, gallant fellow, offered to leave the matter to single combat—to lay the entail 'on the grass,' and see if Innermarkie 'durst take it up.' But open warfare was not Innermarkie's nature. He set about secretly poisoning the ear of Laird John against his representative, shewing how he assumed all the pomp and circumstance of Laird of Innes, leaving their real owner 'no better than a masterless dogg.' Laird John, who seems to have been a weak man, yielded to these insinuations, and was brought to the point that 'he would have given anything to have that undone which was done.' Then came out the dark design of the treacherous kinsman. 'Innermarky haveing once thus possesst him, told him that it was impossible he could recover what he was cheatted out of any other way but by killing of Cromy, who certainly would never part with what he had gotten but with his life. And if he pleased to concur with him, he would be the doer of the thing himselfe, be the hazard what it lyk'd—he would undertake it rather than see his cheiff made a slave as he was.'

The design of the murder took full possession of Innermarkie's mind, and he carefully watched all the motions of his victim, that he might fall on him apart from the usual attendant followers who generally then accompanied a northern chief. In April 1580, Cromy's son, who was at college in Aberdeen, fell ill, and his father went to visit him. Innermarkie, ascertaining where he lived, collected a band of his followers, and stealthily entered the town. At that time every considerable town in Scotland was a sort of battle-field, where the neighbouring families fought out their feuds.

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In the country each kept to his own territory and his own castle; but when they repaired to the town on business or pleasure, they must needs come in contact with each other, and they could not do so without bloodshed. The confusions thus occasioned gave ample opportunities for such crimes as Innermarkie desired to perpetrate. There was at that time a feud between the Gordons and the Forbeses. Cromy was a partisan of the former; and as the courtyard of the house where he lived had been carelessly left open, his enemy knew that he had nothing to do but to raise the Gordon rallying-cry within the court. Accordingly Cromy, hearing shouts of 'Help—help! a Gordon—a Gordon!' ran down half dressed to a postern opening to the court. He had no sooner opened it than Innermarkie, who was prepared with his matchlock, shot him, and the followers rushing on him, despatched him with their dirks.

The old Laird of Innes had accompanied Innermarkie on his murderous expedition, probably in the belief that his intention went no farther in the meantime than coercion. At all events, he seems not to have been prepared for so tragic a scene. Innermarkie swore, however, that he should be as deep in it as any of them; and taking one of the dirks which had stuck in the body of the murdered man, he held it to the old man's throat, and threatened to plunge it into him if he did not strike the body with his dagger, 'and so,' says the chronicler, 'compelled him to draw his dagger, and stab it up to the hilt in the body of his nearest relation, and the bravest that bore his name. After his example, all who were there behooved to do the like, that all might be alike guilty. Yea, in prosecution of this, it has been told me, that Mr John Innes, afterwards Coxtoun, being a youth then at school, was raised out of his bed, and compelled by Innermarkie to stab a dagger into the dead body, that the more might be under the same condemnation.'

The next object of the murderers was to despatch the sick youth, Cromy's son and representative. They had, however, lost time with the dagger scene, and by the connivance of some neighbours he had escaped by a secret passage—'the Lord in his providence,' says the chronicler, 'preserving him for the executing of vengeance for these murtherers for the blood of his father.'

The next object was to get hold of the entail, which was of course safe in Cromy's own fortalice. They took the dead man's signet-ring, and having got over one of his followers to their side, sent him with it on one of Cromy's horses, to desire the lady of Cromy to send the charter-chest instantly with the bearer, as it was so urgently needed that her husband had not time to send a written order for it—a tedious operation sometimes to a Highland laird. 'Though it troubled the woman much,' says the chronicler, 'to receive so blind a message, yet her husband's ring, his own servant, and his horse, prevailed so with her, together with the man's importunity to be gone, that she delivered to him what he sought, and let him go.'

It happened that there was present a young relation of the family, called Alexander Innes, of Cotts, a companion and friend of the lady's sick son. He was exceedingly anxious to pay a visit to his friend, and believing this to be a good opportunity, desired the man to give him a seat on his horse. The man refused with a sternness and determination inconsistent with the habits of one in his position, and the youth becoming exasperated, the man, in his attempts to explain and apologise, fell into a series of inconsistencies and contradictions, which made young Alexander resolve to accompany him at all hazards. Accordingly, he waited at a spot at a small distance from the door where the man required to ride past, and in the darkness leaped on behind him. The man drew his dirk, but Alexander snatched it from him, and in his fury buried it in his bosom. He returned to the house with the charter-chest, and had scarcely set it down when a messenger from Aberdeen told of the tragedy that had been perpetrated.

The lady immediately fled to Edinburgh with the precious documents in her possession, and sought the protection of her kinsman, Lord Elphinston, the high treasurer. But Innermarkie had his friends, who rallied round him, and in the name of the old laird he kept for some time possession of the estates of Innes. He had no difficulty in getting the chief to execute various documents in his own favour, but nothing could obviate the fact, that Cromy's son was not only the next heir, but was in possession of previous documents which could not be recalled. The young man in the meantime made favour with the lord treasurer, and married his daughter. This put the preponderance decidedly in his favour. He obtained a sentence of outlawry against his father's murderer, and was authorised to proceed northward with letters of fire and sword against him—a sort of general commission to hunt an outlaw—and kill or take him, breaking through all impediments. 'As to Innermarkie,' says the chronicler, 'he was forced for awhile to take to the hills, and when he wearied of that, he had a retreat of difficult access within the house of Edinglassie, where he sleeped in little enough security; for in September 1584 his house was surprised by Laird Robert, and that retireing-place of his first entered by Alexander Innes, afterwards of Cotts, the same who some years before had killed the servant who came from Innermarkie with the false token for the writs, and who all his life was called Craig-in-Perrill (throat in peril) for venturing upon Innermarkie, then desperate.' The murderer was despatched at once, like a wolf found in his hole. His head was cut off, and taken as an acceptable present to the widow of the victim. She in her turn, properly appreciating its value, sent it to Edinburgh, to be laid at the feet of the king—'a thing too masculine,' says the chronicler, 'to be commended in a woman.'

CURIOUS ZOOPHYTE.

Sir John Graham Dalyell, Bart. of Binns (under whose ancestor, in the time of Charles II., originated the celebrated cavalry regiment of Scots Greys), has lately devoted two elaborate and profusely, as well as delicately illustrated quarto volumes, to the rare and remarkable animals of Scotland, being chiefly the zoophytes, some of them fresh-water specimens, but the major part derived from the Firth of Forth—as, for example, the simple *tubularia*, or 'oaten-pipe coralline' (*Tubularia indivisa*), an animal product, resembling a flourishing vegetable, dwelling at the depth of thirty or forty feet from the surface of the sea, with a living head resembling a fine scarlet blossom, and often pendent, cluster-like grapes, and having the ornamental aspect of a strict resemblance to a bouquet of vivid flowers from the hand of nature. These creatures, by the way, are generally found on shells, entire or decayed, empty or tenanted. A brilliant group was on one occasion seen on a shell carried along by the crawling inhabitant.—*Fife's Summer Life on Land and Water.*

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THE PROPHETIC THOUGHT.

CHILDREN are a prophecy. They contain in themselves the yet unrolled future, and they contain, too, the predisposing causes which give that future its general form and contour, and even its hues and tints. Coming out of one infinity, and going into another, they receive from the Divine Hand the endowments which stamp life with its image. If every one has a character of his own, the mould of that character is born with him, and in him; and he can no more depart from the type than he can throw off his humanity. And if the varieties of character are endless, then, in all their minute and mingling shades, their causes and occasions are innate—as much a part of a man's primal being as are the impulses which determine the colour of his skin, fix the outline of his features, and form and mould his stature. Circumstances are powerful, but theirs is only a secondary influence in human life: they yield to the internal pressure of the soul. They may encroach on the weak, and become masters of the wicked, but it is a usurped dominion they exert—they have no legitimate throne; and for their deposition, it is needful only that the rightful heir should awake to the consciousness of his prerogatives.

Children are a prophecy. Their future they in each case bring with them into the world, as much as the rosebud, the sapling oak, the callow lark.

This prophecy, like others, is difficult to read. Children cannot read their own prophecy—who can read it for them? No one perfectly, very few well, most not at all. In order to read the prophecy, you must know the characters in which it is written. In that book of God every component element of each one's life is written down. But it is a sealed volume, although some transcripts therefrom are imprinted on the infant soul. Who has the eye to discern and the skill to decipher those dim and scattered characters? In them is *The Prophetic Thought* of each one's life. A babe lately struck my attention as it lay in its sister's arms. I believe it was the broad contrast between the two that attracted my eye. The babe itself was very lovely. Of pure Saxon blood, its large light-blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fair oval face, afforded the sweetest sight I had seen for many a day: blood of darker hue flowed in the veins of its nurse, whose face was commonplace, and almost mean. Broad as was the physical contrast between the sisters, yet more diverse was their attire, as well as their general appearance. The infant, clean in its person, was clad in white garments which might have been bleached on the Alps; the girl, with hands and face begrimed in dirt, wore an old woollen dress, in which rags and stains seemed to strive for the mastery.

Attracted by the singularity, I stopped to take a closer view of the two children; when out of the deep liquid ether of the infant's eye issued and glanced away a look which, for a child's look, was full of meaning, and struck me as a prophecy of that child's history. 'Yes,' I said to myself, 'thy future is there; dimly dost thou see it: in no distinct consciousness does it stand before thee, but I discern its general outlines—I know what thou wilt be.'

It is what the infant will *be* I know, not what it will *do*. Whom it will marry I know not; where it will dwell I know not; the number of its children I know not: yet I can tell its fortune—I have discovered its prophetic thought. I know, therefore, what will be the great bearing of its life.

Before I attempt to lay down its horoscope, I will explain myself a little as to the nature and efficacy of this prophetic thought, which, as I have intimated, envelops the future of that child, and of every child.

Systems of philosophy have each their prophetic thought. The imaginative which predominates in Plato laid down by anticipation the history of the Platonic philosophy; and in like manner in the common sense of Socrates was the germinating principle of his influence. If you had heard Plato lecture in the Academy, if you had seen the fire of his eye, marked the deep tones of his eloquence, observed how his chest swelled, and his figure became erect, on occasions when he was under the inspiration of a great thought, you would then have known what impression his writings would make on the world—who would be his admirers, who his opponents. Not more certain is the chemist of the result when he puts oxygen and hydrogen together in one vessel, than might you have been that those words would have affinity for men of soaring thoughts, and delicate sensibilities, and refined speculations—with the elements of whose soul they would blend and unite, adding 'fuel to fire,' until, as with a hot iron, they would burn their own likeness on individuals, systems, and institutions.

All great men have their prophetic thought, which is a condensed summary of their lives. The classics were aware of the truth which we are endeavouring to expound. Accordingly they made the infant Hercules strangle a serpent while yet in his cradle, and tell how bees gave sweetness to the infant lips of Plato. Could we see and study the features of illustrious men ere they left their mothers' arms, we should discern their essential qualities, and be able to lay down the chief outline of their history. Those smiles that pass across the countenance of the sleeping babe are sparklings of the heavenly waters of its soul; they are flashes from the past into the future: rending the veil of the inner

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temple, they shew things to come in the shadowy light of things that are.

Some illustration and enforcement of our views may be found in the great diversities which children present in the cradle and the nursery, and long before the outward can have had any marked influence on their characters. Of the existence of these diversities every thoughtful mother is well aware. I have myself observed them in great number. Indeed every child may be said to have moral and intellectual qualities peculiar to itself; and so intimately interwoven with the fibres of his being are these qualities, that they make him what he is—forming his disposition, giving expression to his features, and determining even the tones of his voice. Any attempt to classify and describe these idiosyncrasies must fail—so minute as well as numerous are they, and so imperfect an organ is language when it has to speak of spiritual realities. Look round your own family, and you will understand what I cannot set forth. And in your fears for this child, and your hopes for that child, in the choice of a profession which already you have half-made for a son who yet sits on the lowest form in the school, you have divined the prophetic thought of each, and believe in it so firmly that you act under its suggestions.

Would that its mother and its father could discover and respect the prophetic thought of that infant whom I left nestling in its sister's arms! No ordinary history lies in embryo in its bosom. The first germs of that history may have to be sought in the blood of some distant Saxon dame—so linked to the past is our present life; and the remotest branches of that history run out into a futurity which no human being can measure, so close on the infinite does the soul of man press. But who shall estimate the weal and the wo which lie between these two extremes? Who shall say which will be the greater? Intense in that child's case will both be—the joy exquisite, the wo terrible. No, I cannot tell whether she will be an actress, and marry a coronet, or prove a castaway, and perish while yet little more than a girl. But I do know that hers will be no common lot. Her sister may become a kitchen-maid, and marry a chimney-sweep. She herself is both lovely and loving: lovely and loving will she long remain. As she is loving, so will she be loved. Such a soul as hers will burn with affection: some return, a large return it will exact. Will it be a pure return?

I see that sweet child again. No longer innocent, she sits in the corner of a prison, her face towards the door, as if to salute the comer with a look of defiance. As I contemplate her face, the prophetic thought passes in thick shadows over her brow. Once, again, in a thousand times her past determines her future; and force having done its best, or rather its worst, and found no response in a heart which would have answered to the lightest touch of love, she is set on shore in a distant land, and falls a prey to the degradations of a penal colony. Thus a human spirit which might have become an angel has to stand before its Maker in the attributes of a demon.

This paper has its prophetic thought. I have written it because I have a burden for the public. If the man lies folded up in the infant, as the oak in the acorn, then the condition which is first in time is first also in importance. Whence comes our infantine condition? From sources of influence over which we have no immediate control, but also from sources which in process of time we may at least modify. The Saxon blood in that infant's veins came without the will of man; but the will of man may in time to come determine whether more of the Teutonic or more of the Celtic peculiarity shall enter into generations that will be born. To some extent we of this age hold future ages in our hands, for we have an option as to what qualities we will propagate. In these remarks I have confined myself to general qualities—the Saxon and the Norman. But inborn qualities are very numerous. By nature some persons are melancholy, just as some are scrofulous. The melancholy temperament forebodes sorrow, as much as the scrofulous constitution threatens idiocy: why should the one or the other be transmitted and perpetuated? If allowed, may not the evil gain preponderance, and the race become incurably degraded?

Temperament and constitution ought to be regarded in marriages far more than a pretty face or a large fortune. 'Of good blood?' Yes, I would see my own children marry none but such as are of good blood; but then by blood I do not mean 'men of blood,' warriors of ancient renown, and nobles who have the felicity of knowing the names, and it may be the features, of their grandsons fifty times removed; but by blood I mean 'a good stock,' a healthful and vigorous race, a virtuous and cultivated family. I add the last qualification because, beyond a doubt, moral tendencies of a more or less decided kind are propagated from father to son.

These facts seem to declare that education requires to be enforced, regarded, and cultivated in a new aspect. The education of the race—in plain English, the improvement of the breed in man—demands and must receive attention, else society is now pregnant with a thought prophetic of a fearful doom.

If in our birth we are all big with our future selves, parents at the earliest day should study, learn, and watch the prophetic thought of each of their children. Very soon is there some manifestation thereof. One child will bite and kick, another child will sulk, if interfered with. This child is forgiving, that child is vindictive. See what an affectionate nature shines forth in the eyes and looks of that little girl! That boy has the soul of a braggadocio, and that other possesses the self-denial and generosity of a hero. Do not all these qualities require cultivation? Some may be encouraged, others must be restrained; and others again must be counteracted, overcome—nay, eradicated. A wise parent has now to soften a disposition, now to give firmness and strength to a character. Here restraint is required, there impulse. In all cases proportion and harmony are of great consequence: what is weak should be fostered, what is defective should be supplemented, what is low should be raised, what is gross should be refined; all excess should be pruned away; and head, heart, and soul should be brought into a well-balanced and effective operation. If so high a work is to be accomplished, it must be begun in the very first days of our earthly existence.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE PUZZLE.

TEMPUS FUGIT! The space of but a few brief yesterdays seems to have passed since the occurrence of the following out-of-the-way incidents—out-of-the-way even in our profession, fertile as it is in startling experiences; and yet the faithful and unerring tell-tale and monitor, Anno Domini 1851, instructs me that a quarter of a century has nearly slipped by since the first scene in the complicated play of circumstances opened upon me. The date I remember well, for the Tower guns had been proclaiming with their thunder-throats the victory of Navarino but a short time before a clerk announced, 'William Martin, with a message from Major Stewart.'

This William Martin was a rather sorry curiosity in his way. He was now in the service of our old client Major Stewart; and a tall, good-looking fellow enough, spite of a very decided cast in his eyes, which the rascal, when in his cups—no unusual occurrence—declared he had caught from his former masters—Edward Thorneycroft, Esq., an enormously rich and exceedingly yellow East India director; and his son,

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Mr Henry Thorneycroft, with whom, until lately transferred to Major Stewart's service, he had lived from infancy—his mother and father having formed part of the elder Thorneycroft's establishment when he was born. He had a notion in his head that he had better blood in his veins than the world supposed, and was excessively fond of aping the gentleman; and this he did, I must say, with the ease and assurance of a stage-player. His name was scarcely out of the clerk's lips when he entered the inner office with a great effort at steadiness and deliberation, closed the door very carefully and importantly, hung his hat with much precision on a brass peg, and then steadying himself by the door-handle, surveyed the situation and myself with staring lack-lustre eyes and infinite gravity. I saw what was the matter.

'You have been in the "Sun," Mr Martin?'

A wink, inexpressible by words, replied to me, and I could see by the motion of the fellow's lips that speech was attempted; but it came so thick that it was several minutes before I made out that he meant to say the British had been knocking the Turks about like bricks, and that he had been patriotically drinking the healths of the said British or bricks.

'Have the goodness, sir, to deliver your message, and then instantly leave the office.'

'Old Tho-o-o-rney,' was the hiccoughed reply, 'has smoked the—the plot. Young Thorney's done for. Ma-a-aried in a false name: tra-ansportation—of course.'

'What gibberish is this about old Thorney and young Thorney? Do you not come from Major Stewart?'

'Ye-e-es, that's right: the route's arrived for the old trump: wishes to—to see you.'

'Major Stewart dying! Why you are a more disgraceful scamp than I believed you to be. Send this fellow away,' I added to a clerk who answered my summons. I then hastened off, and was speedily rattling over the stones towards Baker Street, Portman Square, where Major Stewart resided. As I left the office I heard Martin beg the clerk to lead him to the pump previous to sending him off—no doubt for the purpose of sobering himself somewhat previous to reappearing before the major, whose motives for hiring or retaining such a fellow in his modest establishment I could not at all understand.

'You were expected more than an hour ago,' said Dr Hampton, who was just leaving the house. 'The major is now, I fear, incapable of business.'

There was no time for explanation, and I hastily entered the sick-chamber. Major Stewart, though rapidly sinking, recognised me; and in obedience to a gesture from her master the aged, weeping housekeeper left the room. The major's daughter, Rosamond Stewart, had been absent with her aunt, her father's maiden sister, on a visit, I understood, to some friends in Scotland, and had not, I concluded, been made acquainted with the major's illness, which had only assumed a dangerous character a few days previously. The old soldier was dying calmly and painlessly—rather from exhaustion of strength, a general failure of the powers of life, than from any especial disease. A slight flush tinged the mortal pallor of his face as I entered, and the eyes emitted a slightly-reproachful expression.

'It is not more, my dear sir,' I replied softly but eagerly to his look, 'than a quarter of an hour ago that I received your message.'

I do not know whether he comprehended or even distinctly heard what I said, for his feeble but extremely anxious glance was directed whilst I spoke to a large oil-portrait of Rosamond Stewart, suspended over the mantelpiece. The young lady was a splendid, dark-eyed beauty, and of course the pride and darling of her father. Presently wrenching, as it were, his eyes from the picture, he looked in my face with great earnestness, and bending my ear close to his lips, I heard him feebly and brokenly say, 'A question to ask you, that's all: read—read!' His hand motioned towards a letter which lay open on the bed: I ran it over, and the major's anxiety was at once explained. Rosamond Stewart had, I found, been a short time previously married in Scotland to Henry Thorneycroft, the son of the wealthy East India director. Finding his illness becoming serious, the major had anticipated the time and mode in which the young people had determined to break the intelligence to the irascible father of the bridegroom, and the result was the furious and angry letter in reply which I was perusing. Mr Thorneycroft would never, he declared, recognise the marriage of his undutiful nephew—nephew, *not* son; for he was, the letter announced, the child of an only sister, whose marriage had also mortally offended Mr Thorneycroft, and had been brought up from infancy as his (Mr Thorneycroft's) son, in order that the hated name of Allerton, to which the boy was alone legally entitled, might never offend his ear. There was something added insinuative of a doubt of the legality of the marriage, in consequence of the misnomer of the bridegroom at the ceremony.

'One question,' muttered the major as I finished the perusal of the letter: 'Is Rosamond's marriage legal?'

'No question about it. How could any one suppose that an involuntary misdescription can affect such a contract?'

'Enough—enough!' he gasped. 'A great load is gone!—the rest is with God. Beloved Rosamond'—— The slight whisper was no longer audible; sighs, momently becoming fainter and weaker, followed—ceased, and in little more than ten minutes after the last word was spoken life was extinct. I rang the bell, and turned to leave the room, and as I did so surprised Martin on the other side of the bed. He had been listening, screened by the thick damask curtains, and appeared to be a good deal sobered. I made no remark, and proceeded on down stairs. The man followed, and as soon as we had gained the hall said quickly, yet hesitatingly, 'Sir—sir!'

'Well, what have you to say?'

'Nothing very particular, sir. But did I understand you to say just now that it was of no consequence if a man married in a false name?'

'That depends upon circumstances. Why do you ask?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing: only I have heard it's transportation, especially if there's money.'

'Perhaps you are right. Anything else?'

'No,' said he, opening the door: 'that's all—mere curiosity.'

I heard nothing more of the family for some time, except with reference to Major Stewart's personal property, about L.4000, bequeathed to his daughter, with a charge thereon of an annuity of L.20 a year for Mrs Leslie, the aged housekeeper; the necessary business connected with which we transacted. But about a twelvemonth after the major's death, the marriage of the elder Thorneycroft with a widow of the same name as himself, and a cousin, the paper stated, was announced; and pretty nearly a year and a half subsequent to the appearance of this ominous paragraph, the decease of Mr Henry Thorneycroft at Lausanne in Switzerland, who had left, it was added in the newspaper stock-phrase of journalism, a young widow and two sons to mourn their irreparable loss. Silence again, as far as we were concerned, settled upon the destinies of the descendants of our old military client, till one fine morning a letter from Dr Hampton informed us of the sudden death by apoplexy, a few days previously, of the East India director. Dr Hampton further hinted that he should have occasion to write us again in a day or two, relative to the deceased's

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affairs, which, owing to Mr Thorneycroft's unconquerable aversion to making a will, had, it was feared, been left in an extremely unsatisfactory state. Dr Hampton had written to us, at the widow's request, in consequence of his having informed her that we had been the professional advisers of Major Stewart, and were in all probability those of his daughter, Mrs Henry Allerton.

We did not quite comprehend the drift of this curious epistle; but although not specially instructed, we determined to at once write to Mrs Rosamond Thorneycroft or Allerton, who with her family was still abroad, and in the meantime take such formal steps in her behalf as might appear necessary.

We were not long in doubt as to the motives of the extremely civil application to ourselves on the part of the widow of the East India director. The deceased's wealth had been almost all invested in land, which went, he having died intestate, to his nephew's son, Henry Allerton; and the personals in which the widow would share were consequently of very small amount. Mrs Thorneycroft was therefore anxious to propose, through us, a more satisfactory and equitable arrangement. We could of course say nothing till the arrival of Mrs Rosamond Allerton, for which, however, we had only a brief time to wait. There were, we found, no indisposition on that lady's part to act with generosity towards Mr Thorneycroft's widow—a showy, vulgarish person, by the way, of about forty years of age—but there was a legal difficulty in the way, in consequence of the heir-at-law being a minor. Mrs Thorneycroft became at length terribly incensed, and talked a good deal of angry nonsense about disputing the claim of Henry Allerton's son to the estates, on the ground that his marriage, having been contracted in a wrong name, was null and void. Several annoying paragraphs got in consequence into the Sunday newspapers, and these brought about a terrible disclosure.

About twelve o'clock one day, the Widow Thorneycroft bounced unceremoniously into the office, dragging in with her a comely and rather interesting-looking young woman, but of a decidedly rustic complexion and accent, and followed by a grave, middle-aged clergyman. The widow's large eyes sparkled with strong excitement, and her somewhat swarthy features were flushed with hot blood.

'I have brought you,' she burst out abruptly, 'the *real* Mrs Allerton, and'——

'No, no!' interrupted the young woman, who appeared much agitated—'Thorneycroft, not Allerton!'——

'I know, child—I know; but that is nothing to the purpose. This young person, Mr Sharp, is, I repeat, the true and lawful Mrs Henry Allerton.'

'Pooh!' I answered; 'do you take us for idiots? This,' I added with some sternness, 'is either a ridiculous misapprehension or an attempt at imposture, and I am very careless which it may be.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' rejoined the clergyman mildly. 'This young woman was certainly married by me at Swindon Church, Wilts, to a gentleman of the name of Henry Thorneycroft, who, it appears from the newspapers, confirmed by this lady, was no other than Mr Henry Allerton. This marriage, we find, took place six months previously to that contracted with Rosamond Stewart. I have further to say that this young woman, Maria Emsbury, is a very respectable person, and that her marriage-portion, of a little more than eight hundred pounds, was given to her husband, whom she has only seen thrice since her marriage, to support himself till the death of his reputed father, constantly asserted by him to be imminent.'

'A story very smoothly told, and I have no doubt in your opinion quite satisfactory; but there is one slight matter which I fancy you will find somewhat difficult of proof: I mean the identity of Maria Emsbury's husband with the son or nephew of the late Mr Thorneycroft.'

'He always said he was the son of the rich East Indian, Mr Thorneycroft,' said the young woman with a hysterical sob; 'and here,' she added, 'is his picture in his wedding-dress—that of an officer of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. He gave it me the day before the wedding.'

I almost snatched the portrait. Sure enough it was a miniature of Henry Allerton: there could be no doubt about that.

Mr Flint, who had been busy with some papers, here approached and glanced at the miniature.

I was utterly confounded, and my partner, I saw, was equally dismayed; and no wonder, entertaining as we both did the highest respect and admiration for the high-minded and beautiful daughter of Major Stewart.

The Widow Thorneycroft's exultation was exuberant.

'As this only legal marriage,' said she, 'has been blessed with no issue, I am of course, as you must be aware, the legitimate heiress-at-law, as my deceased husband's nearest blood-relative. I shall, however,' she added, 'take care to amply provide for my widowed niece-in-law.'

The young woman made a profound rustic courtesy, and tears of unaffected gratitude, I observed, filled her eyes.

The game was not, however, to be quite so easily surrendered as they appeared to imagine. 'Tut! tut!' exclaimed Mr Flint bluntly: 'this may be mere practice. Who knows how the portrait has been obtained?'

The girl's eyes flashed with honest anger. There was no practice about her I felt assured. 'Here are other proofs. My husband's signet-ring, left accidentally, I think, with me, and two letters which I from curiosity took out of his coat-pocket—the day, I am pretty sure it was, after we were married.'

'If this cumulative circumstantial evidence does not convince you, gentlemen,' added the Rev. Mr Wishart, 'I have direct personal testimony to offer. You know Mr Angerstein of Bath?'

'I do.'

'Well, Mr Henry Thorneycroft or Allerton was at the time this marriage took place on a visit to that gentleman; and I myself saw the bridegroom, whom I had united a fortnight previously in Swindon church, walking arm-and-arm with Mr Angerstein in Sydney Gardens, Bath. I was at some little distance, but I recognised both distinctly, and bowed. Mr Angerstein returned my salutation, and he recollects the circumstance distinctly. The gentleman walking with him in the uniform of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry was, Mr Angerstein is prepared to depose, Mr Henry Thorneycroft or Allerton.'

'You waste time, reverend sir,' said Mr Flint with an affectation of firmness and unconcern he was, I knew, far from feeling. 'We are the attorneys of Mrs Rosamond Allerton, and shall, I daresay, if you push us to it, be able to tear this ingeniously-coloured cobweb of yours to shreds. If you determine on going to law, your solicitor can serve us; we will enter an appearance, and our client will be spared unnecessary annoyance.'

They were about to leave, when, as ill-luck would have it, one of the clerks who, deceived by the momentary silence, and from not having been at home when the unwelcome visitors arrived, believed we were disengaged, opened the door, and admitted Mrs Rosamond Allerton and her aunt, Miss Stewart. Before we could interpose with a word, the Widow Thorneycroft burst out with the whole story in a torrent of exultant volubility that it was impossible to check or restrain.

For awhile contemptuous incredulity, indignant scorn, upheld the assailed lady; but as proof after proof was hurled at her, reinforced by the grave soberness of the clergyman and the weeping sympathy of the young

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woman, her firmness gave way, and she swooned in her aunt's arms. We should have more peremptorily interfered but for our unfortunate client's deprecatory gestures. She seemed determined to hear the worst at once. Now, however, we had the office cleared of the intruders without much ceremony, and as soon as the horror-stricken lady was sufficiently recovered, she was conducted to her carriage, and after arranging for an early interview on the morrow, was driven off.

I found our interesting, and, I feared, deeply-injured client much recovered from the shock which on the previous day had overwhelmed her; and although exceedingly pale—lustrously so, as polished Parian marble—and still painfully agitated, there was hope, almost confidence, in her eye and tone.

'There is some terrible misapprehension in this frightful affair, Mr Sharp,' she began. 'Henry, my husband, was utterly incapable of a mean or dishonest act, much less of such utter baseness as this of which he is accused. They also say, do they not,' she continued with a smile of haughty contempt, 'that he robbed the young woman of her poor dowry—some eight hundred pounds? A proper story!'

'That, I confess, from what little I knew of Mr Henry Thorneycroft, stamps the whole affair as a fabrication; and yet the Reverend Mr Wishart—a gentleman of high character, I understand—is very positive. The young woman, too, appeared truthful and sincere.'

'Yes; it cannot be denied. Let me say also—for it is best to look at the subject on its darkest side—I find, on looking over my letters, that my husband was staying with Mr Angerstein at the time stated. He was also at that period in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. I gave William Martin, but the other day, a suit of his regimentals very little the worse for wear.'

'You forget to state, Rosamond,' said Miss Stewart, who was sitting beside her niece, 'that Martin, who was with his young master at Bath, is willing to make oath that no such marriage took place as asserted at Swindon church.'

'That alone would, I fear, my good madam, very little avail. Can I see William Martin?'

'Certainly.' The bell was rung, and the necessary order given.

'This Martin is much changed for the better I hear.'

'O yes, entirely so,' said Miss Stewart. 'He is also exceedingly attached to us all, the children especially; and his grief and anger when informed of what had occurred thoroughly attest his faithfulness and sincerity.'

Martin entered, and was, I thought, somewhat confused by my apparently unexpected presence. A look at his face and head dissipated a half-suspicion that had arisen in both Flint's mind and my own.

I asked him a few questions relative to the sojourn of his master at Bath, and then said: 'I wish you to go with me and see this Maria Emsbury.'

As I spoke, something seemed to attract Martin's attention in the street, and suddenly turning round, his arm swept a silver pastil-stand off the table. He stooped down to gather up the dispersed pastils, and as he did so, said in answer to my request, 'that he had not the slightest objection to do so.'

'That being the case, we will set off at once, as she and her friends are probably at the office by this time. They are desirous of settling the matter off-hand,' I added with a smile, addressing Mrs Allerton, 'and avoiding, if possible, the delays and uncertainties of the law.'

As I anticipated, the formidable trio were with Mr Flint. I introduced Martin, and as I did so watched, with an anxiety I could hardly have given a reason for, the effect of his appearance upon the young woman. I observed nothing. He was evidently an utter stranger to her, although, from the involuntary flush which crossed his features, it occurred to me that he was in some way an accomplice with his deceased master in the cruel and infamous crime which had, I strongly feared, been perpetrated.

'Was this person present at your marriage?' I asked.

'Certainly not. But I think—now I look at him—that I have seen him somewhere—about Swindon it must have been.'

William Martin mumbled out that he had never been in Swindon; neither, he was sure, had his master.

'What is that?' said the girl looking sharply up, and suddenly colouring: 'What is that?'

Martin, a good deal abashed, again mumbled out his belief that young Mr Thorneycroft, as he was then called, had never been at Swindon.

The indignant scarlet deepened on the young woman's face and temples, and she looked at Martin with fixed attention and surprise. Presently recovering, as if from some vague confusedness of mind, she said: 'What you *believe* can be no consequence: truth is truth for all that.'

The Rev. Mr Wishart here interposed, remarking that as it was quite apparent we were determined to defend the usurpation by Miss Rosamond Stewart—a lady to be greatly pitied, no doubt—of another's right, it was useless to prolong or renew the interview; and all three took immediate leave. A few minutes afterwards Martin also departed, still vehemently asserting that no such marriage ever took place at Swindon or anywhere else.

No stone, as people say, was left unturned by us, in the hope of discovering some clue that might enable us to unravel the tangled web of coherent, yet, looking at the character of young Mr Allerton, *improbable* circumstance. We were unsuccessful, and unfortunately many other particulars which came to light but deepened the adverse complexion of the case. Two respectable persons living at Swindon were ready to depose on oath that they had on more than one occasion seen Maria Emsbury's sweetheart with Mr Angerstein at Bath; once especially at the theatre, upon the benefit-night of the great Edmund Kean, who had been playing there for a few nights.

The entire case, fully stated, was ultimately laid by us before eminent counsel—one of whom is now, by the by, a chief-justice—and we were advised that the evidence as set forth by us could not be contended against with any chance of success. This sad result was communicated by me to Mrs Allerton, as she still unswervingly believed herself to be, and was borne with more constancy and firmness than I had expected. Her faith in her husband's truth and honour was not in the slightest degree shaken by the accumulated proofs. She would not, however, attempt to resist them before a court of law. Something would, she was confident, thereafter come to light that would vindicate the truth, and confiding in our zeal and watchfulness, she, her aunt, and children, would in the meantime shelter themselves from the gaze of the world in their former retreat at Lausanne.

This being the unhappy lady's final determination, I gave the other side notice that we should be ready on a given day to surrender possession of the house and effects in South Audley Street, which the Widow Thorneycroft had given up to her supposed niece-in-law and family on their arrival in England, and to reobtain which, and thereby decide the whole question in dispute, legal proceedings had already been commenced.

On the morning appointed for the purpose—having taken leave of the ladies the day previously—I proceeded to South Audley Street, to formally give up possession, under protest however. The niece and aunt were not yet gone. This, I found, was owing to Martin, who, according to the ladies, was so beside himself with grief and rage that he had been unable to expedite as he ought to have done the packing intrusted

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to his care. I was vexed at this, as the Widow Thorneycroft, her *protégée*, and the Rev. Mr Wishart, accompanied by a solicitor, were shortly expected; and it was desirable that a meeting of the antagonistic parties should be avoided. I descended to the lower regions to remonstrate with and hurry Martin, and found, as I feared, that his former evil habits had returned upon him. It was not yet twelve o'clock, and he was already partially intoxicated, and pale, trembling, and nervous from the effects, it was clear to me, of the previous night's debauch.

'Your mistress is grossly deceived in you!' I angrily exclaimed; 'and if my advice were taken, you would be turned out of the house at once without a character. There, don't attempt to bamboozle me with that nonsense; I 've seen fellows crying drunk before now.'

He stammered out some broken excuses, to which I very impatiently listened; and so thoroughly muddled did his brain appear, that he either could not or would not comprehend the possibility of Mrs Allerton and her children being turned out of house and home, as he expressed it, and over and over again asked me if nothing could yet be done to prevent it. I was completely disgusted with the fellow, and sharply bidding him hasten his preparations for departure, rejoined the ladies, who were by this time assembled in the back drawing-room, ready shawled and bonneted for their journey. It was a sad sight. Rosamond Stewart's splendid face was shadowed by deep and bitter grief, borne, it is true, with pride and fortitude; but it was easy to see its throbbing pulsations through all the forced calmness of the surface. Her aunt, of a weaker nature, sobbed loudly in the fulness of her grief; and the children, shrinking instinctively in the chilling atmosphere of a great calamity, clung, trembling and half terrified, the eldest especially, to their mother. I did not insult them with phrases of condolence, but turned the conversation, if such it could be called, upon their future home and prospects in Switzerland. Some time had thus elapsed when my combative propensities were suddenly aroused by the loud dash of a carriage to the door, and the peremptory rat-tat-tat which followed. I felt my cheek flame as I said: 'They demand admittance as if in possession of an assured, decided right. It is not yet too late to refuse possession, and take the chances of the law's uncertainty.'

Mrs Allerton shook her head with decisive meaning. 'I could not bear it,' she said in a tone of sorrowful gentleness. 'But I trust we shall not be intruded upon.'

I hurried out of the apartment, and met the triumphant claimants. I explained the cause of the delay, and suggested that Mrs Thorneycroft and her friends could amuse themselves in the garden whilst the solicitor and I ran over the inventory of the chief valuables to be surrendered together.

This was agreed to. A minute or two before the conclusion of this necessary formality, I received a message from the ladies, expressive of a wish to be gone at once, if I would escort them to the hotel; and Martin, who was nowhere to be found, could follow. I hastened to comply with their wishes; and we were just about to issue from the front drawing-room, into which we had passed through the folding-doors, when we were confronted by the widow and her party, who had just reached the landing of the great staircase. We drew back in silence. The mutual confusion into which we were thrown caused a momentary hesitation only, and we were passing on when the butler suddenly appeared.

'A gentleman,' he said, 'an officer, is at the door, who wishes to see a Miss Maria Emsbury, formerly of Swindon.'

I stared at the man, discerned a strange expression in his face, and it glanced across me at the same moment that I had heard no knock at the door.

'See Miss Emsbury!' exclaimed the Widow Thorneycroft, recovering her speech: 'there is no such person here!'

'Pardon me, madam,' I cried, catching eagerly at the interruption, as a drowning man is said to do at a straw: 'this young person *was* at least Miss Emsbury. Desire the officer to walk up.' The butler vanished instantly, and we all huddled back disorderly into the drawing-room, some one closing the door after us. I felt the grasp of Mrs Allerton's arm tighten convulsively round mine, and her breath I heard came quick and short. I was hardly less agitated myself.

Steps—slow and deliberate steps—were presently heard ascending the stairs, the door opened, and in walked a gentleman in the uniform of a yeomanry officer, whom at the first glance I could have sworn to be the deceased Mr Henry Allerton. A slight exclamation of terror escaped Mrs Allerton, followed by a loud hysterical scream from the Swindon young woman, as she staggered forward towards the stranger, exclaiming: 'Oh merciful God!—my husband!' and then fell, overcome with emotion, in his outstretched arms.

'Yes,' said the Rev. Mr Wishart promptly, 'that is certainly the gentleman I united to Maria Emsbury. What can be the meaning of this scene?'

'Is that sufficient, Mr Sharp?' exclaimed the officer in a voice that removed all doubt.

'Quite, quite,' I shouted—'more than enough!'

'Very well, then,' said William Martin, dashing off his black curling wig, removing his whiskers of the same colour, and giving his own light, but now cropped, head of hair and clean-shaved cheeks to view. 'Now, then, send for the police, and let them transport me: I richly merit it. I married this young woman in a false name; I robbed her of her money, and I deserve the hulks, if anybody ever did.'

You might have heard a pin drop in the apartment whilst the repentant rascal thus spoke; and when he ceased, Mrs Allerton, unable to bear up against the tumultuous emotion which his words excited, sank without breath or sensation upon a sofa. Assistance was summoned; and whilst the as yet imperfectly-informed servants were running from one to another with restoratives, I had leisure to look around. The Widow Thorneycroft, who had dropped into a chair, sat gazing in bewildered dismay upon the stranger, who still held her lately-discovered niece-in-law in his arms; and I could see the hot perspiration which had gathered on her brow run in large drops down the white channels which they traced through the thick rouge of her cheeks. But the reader's fancy will supply the best image of this unexpected and extraordinary scene. I cleared the house of intruders and visitors as speedily as possible, well assured that matters would now adjust themselves without difficulty.

And so it proved. Martin was not sent to the hulks, though no question that he amply deserved a punishment as great as that. The self-sacrifice, as he deemed it, which he at last made, pleaded for him, and so did his pretty-looking wife; and the upshot was, that the mistaken bride's dowry was restored, with something over, and that a tavern was taken for them in Piccadilly—the White Bear I think it was—where they lived comfortably and happily, I have heard, for a considerable time, and having considerably added to their capital, removed to a hotel of a higher grade in the City, where they now reside. It was not at all surprising that the clergyman and others had been deceived. The disguise, and Martin's imitative talent, might have misled persons on their guard, much more men unsuspicious of deception. The cast in the eyes, as well as a general resemblance of features, also of course greatly aided the imposture.

Of Mrs Rosamond Allerton, I have only to say, for it is all I know, that she is rich, unwedded, and still splendidly beautiful, though of course somewhat *passée*

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compared with herself twenty years since. Happy, too, I have no doubt she is, judging from the placid brightness of her aspect the last time I saw her beneath the transept of the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of its opening by the Queen. I remember wondering at the time if she often recalled to mind the passage in her life which I have here recorded.

NON-TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE ECLIPSE.

A COMPLETE eclipse of the sun is a very exciting event for the astronomers; but there are others who take as great an interest in knowing how the earth and its denizens behave themselves under the dispensation. Of such is Mr Robert Chambers, who has sent from Gottenburg in Sweden to the 'Edinburgh Evening Courant' a non-astronomical view of the scene, which we are in hopes may be satisfactory to many of our readers. We all know how unphilosophically the lower animals are said to have conducted themselves on the last occasion of the kind—the oxen, for instance, forming into a circle in the middle of a field with their horns outwards, as if they had believed with the Chinese that Eclipse was a monster in the act of swallowing the sun. It is pleasant to think that these animals have ruminated to some purpose since then, and that at Gottenburg they went coolly on with their dinner during the progress of the phenomenon. We wish we could say as much for the diffusion of enlightenment among their human masters; but we must let our friend tell the story in his own words.

The intrusion of the non-scientific being deprecated by all the philosophic observers, I resolved to head what I called a Zoological Section, to be placed in some convenient spot where the general effect might be well seen, and where we should have opportunities of watching the conduct of the lower animals during the progress of the phenomenon. We found a suitable place in the fertile island opposite to Klippen, about three miles from Gottenburg, an eminence about a hundred feet above the sea, where cattle, horses, pigs, and geese were feeding. Here we took our station at two o'clock. Besides hand-telescopes and lorgnettes, with slips of dimmed glass, we had no philosophical instruments except a thermometer to determine any change of temperature which might take place, and a compass to ascertain the meridian line, with a view to our use of a small chart of the position of the stars and planets with which Mr Swan had furnished us. There being few loftier eminences near Gottenburg, we had here a tolerably full view of the sky in all directions.

At about five minutes to three o'clock, which had been calculated as the local time for the commencement of the eclipse, we detected the first intrusion of the moon's body upon the western limb of the sun, and from that time an extraordinary excitement prevailed in our party. The dulling of the daylight was soon detected. Then the wind, which blew briskly, was felt to be chilly. Glasses were handed from one to another, that each person might have an opportunity of trying all. Remarks on the amount of the sun's body obscured, on his appearance as he gradually assumed a crescent form, and on the slightly-ragged character of the edge of the moon, passed between us. I kept a good watch upon the animals round about; but cows, pigs, horses, and geese all alike continued to feed, as if nothing unusual were impending. In the midst of my anxiety on this subject, the neighbouring farmer sent boys to drive home his cows, thinking that they would be safer there, and, notwithstanding our remonstrances, we lost the attendance of those ruminants. After all, they were left out close to the house, and a lady was good enough to take her station there to observe them.

It may be readily imagined that as the moment of total obscuration approached the excitement waxed in intensity. It was indeed scarcely possible at that time to maintain anything like coolness, so anxious were we all to make the best use of the short time which we knew was to be allowed to us. A great dulness had now taken possession of the landscape, and settled in ghastly fashion upon every upturned countenance. Yet, while even a very thin slip of the sun's body remained out he maintained a very considerable brightness, and the sky in that quarter was full of light. The degree of illumination over the face of the country seemed to me much the same as that which prevailed during the annular eclipse of 1836. It was a good twilight, but of a very peculiar hue, and shedding a sort of horror over external nature, instead of the usual soft shades of evening. On the whole, however, there was less darkness up to this time than might have been anticipated. I could almost say that the change of the temperature was more intrusive upon our observation. The thermometer had sunk from 67° to 59° Fahrenheit, and the ladies had all found it necessary to invest themselves in shawls and cloaks.

The last thing which I remember observing just before the sun was wholly covered, was the deep gloom of the sky in the north-west—a frown like that which heralds the most dreadful storm. The moment of the totality was a striking one, for the transition from the considerable light described to that very much reduced amount which attended complete obscuration, was extremely abrupt.

'At one stride comes the dark.'

We suddenly found ourselves able to look at the sun (so to speak) with the naked eye. There we were, gazing fearfully on the wondrous object in the western sky, while exclamations of wonder and awe burst confusedly from every lip. It was, as it were, a black sun with the usual corona of radiation flaming around it; but only for a short space, and the colour changed to a blue livid tint. Some were eager at this moment to detect the stars, others to observe the conduct of the animals; but in the fluttering horror of the scene, and the intense solicitude about the brevity of the opportunity, less was done than we could have wished. We readily found Venus, which was a little way below the sun, to the right; but I vainly looked for Mercury equidistant in the opposite direction. Jupiter presented himself near the meridian, and some one was convinced he saw a star, which I think must have been Alphuret, in an intermediate position. Meanwhile our flock of geese went off homewards, flapping their wings, and our host's watch-dog ran away in a strangely excited state. Some one observed a canary, which had been brought to the hill, resting at the bottom of its cage, with its head under its wing. Another found the wild bees beginning to cluster about a spot near us, where their nest was supposed to be. The cattle, however, and the horses and pigs, continued to feed, as if nothing had been the matter. I had no opportunity of observing any birds; but the lady who attended to the cows saw some chickens leaping in a singular manner in the farmyard, and she heard the cocks crow several times.

Although Gottenburg was only a few miles from the centre of the shadow, I cannot say that the darkness nearly amounted to that of a moonless night. I suppose that diffraction theoretically forbids our looking for perfect darkness—the light from beyond the shadow pressing in to some degree all round. Nevertheless, by a natural exaggeration, even scientific observers have spoken of the totality as a transient night-time. My report would be, that the darkness is very great, *to be a thing occurring during the day*, and words cannot convey a sense of the impression it makes on the beholders; but it certainly is far from being comparable, in point of obscurity, to true night. Our seeing only two planets and one star throughout the whole sky seems sufficient proof of this.

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It was interesting to observe the rapid changes of the sky during the passage of the shadow. First there was the gloomy north-west, as the shadow came on; and at the same time an evening-like glow of amber light in the opposite quarter. Then the gloom gradually shifted to the south-east, and a kind of dawn began in the quarter which had before shewn so terrible a frown. If I were not afraid of being fanciful, I could almost say I saw the shadow pass in the air over our heads; nay, could almost say I heard it, for at such a moment one can hardly tell by what sense it is that he becomes conscious of what is going on.

At length the too short three-and-a-half minutes having passed, a piercing illumination broke out, apparently from a single point, in the eastern limb of the obscured body, and we felt that all was over. There was now nothing new to occur, for of course the clearing of the sun was just a reversal of the process of his obscuration. Our party, therefore, instantly proceeded to act as if the eclipse were at an end, gathering up their instruments and other articles, and preparing to move homewards. Though it was still a kind of dusk, we felt that the ordinary world was restored to us.

I am glad to learn to-day that at least one of our scientific observers has been fortunate enough to observe those rose-coloured prominences, from the obscured body of the sun, which have been observed on several former occasions, but are hitherto matter of considerable doubt. It is probable that some progress will now be made towards the clearing up of that mystery.

We have had a great deal of amusement in hearing of the manner in which this eclipse was regarded beforehand by the ignorant people of this country. A general sense of alarm was felt amongst the peasantry for several weeks, insomuch that in some places agricultural operations were suspended, or very imperfectly performed. A clergyman of the neighbourhood, the Dr —— of Sweden, preached that the world was coming to an end, and that he would undertake to maintain all who should survive the eclipse. Yesterday it was found that some things sent out to be washed could not be got ready, by reason of the terrors under which the *blanchisseuse* was suffering. The daughter of our friend's cook came here in the morning, that she and her mother might perish together; while another daughter, unable to get leave from her mistress, bitterly bewailed her being debarred the same privilege. Another notion was, that the language of the people would be changed by the eclipse. I rather think there is a kind of ill-will felt towards us English, as if we had come the other day by the *Courier* on purpose to *make the eclipse*. The clustering of groups in the streets, and their expressions of astonishment and terror, would, I am told, have formed a by no means unsuitable study for the Zoological Section. The low state of Sweden in point of education, and the natural effects of such a phenomenon upon the unenlightened mind, are thus strongly brought before us.

SAM SUNDRIES AND HIS CONGENERS.

Sam Sundries—to give him the name by which he is universally known among his neighbours—lives in the Bagnigge Wells Road. He keeps a shop, the physiognomy of which, being of a very unpretentious, bottle-blue colour, is anything but prepossessing. Bottles of every known form of configuration, with their concave bottoms uniformly ranged against every pane, fill up the entire window; and the very little light which can succeed in struggling through the prostrate files, reveals to you within a succession of shelves, range above range, still covered with bottles, among which, however, you may discern whole rows of pickling-jars, preserve and jelly-pots, and every species of crockery and corkable glass applicable to the business of the dispensing-room or the kitchen. Bottles, however, are but a small part of his wares—the ostensible head and front of his commercial speculations. The whole domain of Sam Sundries is a warehouse or storeyard, crammed to excess with the *disjecta membra* of past realities. Bricks, pantiles, slates, chimney-pots, wainscottings, doors, windows, shop-fronts, sashes, counters, blocks of stone, bars of metal, rolls of lead, iron-railings, gateways, stoves, knockers, scrapers, pipes and funnels, copper pots, pans, and boilers, and everything which has a name or a use, and many things which have neither, are stored in rich and rusty abundance in the ample yards and sheds in the rear of his residence. He will buy anything and everything which the regular dealers have rejected—from the roof of an old house to its rotten kitchen-floor, and from the wardrobe of the master to the perquisite bones and grease of the scullion-wench. Besides a good connection among the medical practitioners of his district, whom he supplies with phials at a fraction under the market-price, he has intimate relations with Monmouth Street and Rag Fair—the denizens of which localities clear off his collections of 'toggery' at their periodical visits. His depôt is the daily resort of little speculating builders and repairers; and he reaps a considerable profit by the ready sale to cheap contractors of an infinite variety of materials which it is possible to work up again in the construction of a new edifice. He has a standing agreement with the artists' colourmen, to whom he scrupulously transfers all the old and well-seasoned oak and mahogany panelling that comes in his way, and by whom it is scientifically primed and prepared for the artists' use.

He is, moreover, a builder in a small way himself. In this department he is what the Americans would call a smart man. Having a sharp eye for prospective advantages, he is often unexpectedly discovered to be the proprietor of a little square patch of land lying directly in the track of a new suburban street, where he has run up a wooden hut, tenanted by an Irish labourer, and which has to be purchased at a swingeing price before the new buildings can be completed. He has a dozen or two of nondescript cottages—queer-looking compilations of old bricks and older timber, perched upon 'spec.' in the precise path of the advancing improvements in different quarters. He constitutes himself not the pioneer, but the stumbling-block in the march of civilisation. He is part and parcel of the rubbish which has to be moved out of the way. His erections are built up to be pulled down—the sooner the better for him; but his speculations of this nature have a disastrous effect upon the public, through the introduction of vermin not to be named into new buildings—his colonised old bricks being invariably worked up in the party-walls, probably to save the trouble and expense of carting them away. Though possessed of a vast amount of a rather equivocal description of property, Sam has but little ready money at his command; and the reason is, that much of what is refuse in other men's eyes is treasure in his, and he constantly converts his cash into stock, being tempted by the famous bargains which in his line of business are always to be had. With a floating capital of some 'seven pun' ten,' he considers himself well furnished for the market; and if any sudden emergency necessitates a greater outlay, he gives his bill, and honours it duly when presented.

Arrived at your dwelling in the pursuit of his vocation—on the eve of the removal-day, we shall say, when you are in a hopeless smotherment with rubbish of all kinds—it is astonishing to witness the ease and celerity with which he sorts, arranges, and values the heterogeneous mass you are anxious to get rid of. He gets through a gross of bottles in a few minutes, rejecting the starred culprits almost instinctively, and, ranking the sound ones in rows, licks them off at so

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much per dozen. Boots, shoes, boxes, hampers, old hats, old clothes, old books and papers, deal-boards, and abandoned utensils of every sort, are all despatched with equal celerity; and having informed you that 'thirty bob is his money for the whole bilin'—take 'em or leave 'em'—a sentence, by the way, from which you could no more move him than you could transplant Niagara to Spitalfields—he politely insinuates that he will, if it is any accommodation to you, remove the broken glass into the bargain, which, as he is known to deal very largely in that material, is not greatly to be wondered at.

Sam Sundries is considered a substantial tradesman, and 'warm man' by his compeers in his immediate neighbourhood, and piques himself not a little upon that respectability, which, having achieved for himself, he proudly regards as his most valuable possession. Though he and his whole family live up to the eyes in lumber of every imaginable sort, and may be seen of a hot summer day dining together from a pound of apocryphal sausages, forked out of the frying-pan and caught upon a hunch of bread, yet the pride of independence gleams in every eye, from the young bottle-imp who rattles shot in oily phials the livelong day, to the indefatigable mother of the seven Sundries, who to the care of her numerous family adds the service of the shop. Sam has a host of imitators in the various districts in and around London, of the majority of whom it may be said that, lacking his spirit of speculation and his command of a species of natural arithmetic, which together have been the foundation of his success—for he is utterly devoid of education—they cut but a sorry figure upon small and uncertain gains. Their shops abound in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill and the Cowgate, and in the whole of the back-way track that leads from Liquorpond Street westward, and in a hundred similar localities besides. Many of them are professedly brokers; but the last page of the auctioneer's catalogue is their vade-mecum; and they may be seen straggling into the saleroom at the termination of the day's business, when the regular professional brokers are leaving, with the view of monopolising the few last lots of sundries at their own price. In this laudable purpose, however, they are often defeated by the presence of one or more sturdy old dowager cook or housekeeper, or owner of a lodging-house, who having sat doggedly through the whole sale without bidding, elevates her sonorous voice at last in favour of the entire shoal of pots, pipkins, pans, and pickle-jars, which are knocked down to her at their full value, to the rage and consternation of her grim and aggravated rivals.

As the current of business does not flow very briskly in the narrow, tortuous, and poverty-stricken thoroughfares where necessity has compelled these dealers in odds-and-ends to locate their shops, they find themselves compelled to sally forth in pursuit of that traffic which in some shape or other is indispensable to their existence. Having no very profound or scrupulous convictions on the score of morality to contend with, their invention and ingenuity have free scope; and many and various are the machinations and contrivances by which they manage to recommend their services to certain sections of the public. A small hand-bill, not four inches square—both paper and print being of the last-dying-speech-and-confession quality—is lying upon our desk as we write. It was picked up in the area, where it had been dropped for the special information of the servant-girl; and it instructs all whom it may concern, and female domestics in particular, that John G——, of —— Lane, Clerkenwell, 'gives the best price for bones, bottles, rags, and kitchen-stuff, all sorts of wearing-apparel, china, glass, and every description of property whatever, *without trouble or inconvenience*;' and further, that the said John G—— 'may be relied upon *in all circumstances*.' Another, issued by a member of the same fraternity, copies of which are plentifully circulated at the approach of every recurring quarter-day, and which is palpably intended for the grave consideration of 'heads of houses' who may be contemplating a march by moonlight, enlarges upon the immense convenience proffered by Ezra L——, 'who has money at command to any amount for the especial accommodation of his friends, and who will take charge of their securities, of whatever kind, *at any hour*—advancing the needful sum before removal.' These disinterested announcements, there can be little doubt, procure them favour and encouragement from certain sections of the community, and may go far to account for the abnormal increase in the amount of tradesmen's bills, so mysterious to unsophisticated housekeepers; and also for the sudden abandonment and dismantling of many a well-furnished house, to the alarm and consternation of the defrauded landlord. But these are bold speculations, contrived and carried into execution by the choice spirits of the class—the underhand Napoleons of industry—and are far above the genius and enterprise of the great majority. Honesty is a policy with some, who to their profession as general dealers add the exercise of some useful craft, which, when there is no demand for it at home, they carry forth into the suburbs, lifting up their voices in the streets, or making application at the doors and areas. Thus if your parlour-window has a broken pane, and you do not immediately send for the glazier, it is odds but one of these travelling professionals knocks at your door, and offers to do the necessary repairs at five-and-twenty per cent. less than the trade-price; which, having consented to, you find, from the quality of the glass he has inserted, is no bargain after all. Others mend cane-chairs, and will weave a new seat in the course of an hour and a half, at the charge of ninepence, including the materials. Some are unlicensed hawkers of china and glass; but they evade the penalty pronounced by the act of parliament by refusing to take money for their goods, which they barter for any species of domestic refuse or cast-off apparel. Of these there are a very numerous class who perambulate periodically a regular beat, and who keep up an extensive connection in the prosecution of this kind of barter. Not a few of them are assisted by their wives, who divide the labour with them, taking alternate journeys. The co-operation of the wife is found of considerable advantage in the department of trade, as by her means a greater degree of familiarity with the patrons of this kind of commerce, who are invariably females, is established than could ever be accomplished by the cajoleries of the husband alone. When he starts out upon his expedition, he carries a large basket on his head and a capacious sack slung upon his shoulders. He takes his silent way along the accustomed track, never opening his lips in public, but calling privately upon his several patrons. 'Anything in my way to-day, marm?' is his modest appeal. If a negative is returned, he loses no time, but vanishes at once. Should, however, the slightest symptom of hesitation be manifested, down drops the basket upon the door-step, and the glittering display of glasses, cruets, bowls, basins, jugs, and dishes, soon operates a decisive effect. The contents of his basket are gradually exchanged for the exuviæ of the various members of the several families on his list, or for such household requisites of a portable description, which with him comprises a wide range, as long service has divested of their original integrity and respectability of appearance—all which go into the bag, very much, there is scarcely reason to remark, to the advantage of the peripatetic dealer, who, in reverting to the elementary practices of commerce, becomes necessarily from his position his own appraiser and umpire. The wares he carries about with him for disposal are uniformly the defective and rejected productions of the potteries and glass-houses,

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and are purchased in large quantities, at a very low rate, for this peculiar description of trade.

Sometimes a brace of speculators in sundries will sally forth together on what is technically termed the 'pick-up.' Their object is to buy—no matter what—with a view to a round profit. One of their favourite plans is to call at every open door, professing to give a high price for bottles and old clothes. The farther they get from Bow Bells the more liberal become their offers, until when fairly out in the country, they boldly offer three shillings a dozen for bottles which your wine-merchant sells you for two. But, in fact, bottles they don't want; and, what is more than that, bottles they won't have. The following scene, detailed by an eye-witness, exemplifies their *modus operandi*:—

Scene,—A Wayside Farm. Enter Two Tramps with Sacks on their Shoulders.

First Tramp. Yah, yah! Now, ladies, bring out your bottles and old clo'es! Three shillins a dozen for bottles; now 's your time! Bring out your old clo'es! Three shillins a dozen—bottles, ho! bottles! bottle—ottle—ottle—ottle—ottles [*With a gurgling noise like the eruption of double-stout from an uncorked bottle of Guinness.*]

Second Tramp. Yah—ah—ah! Now for the old hats and bonnets! Never mind the dust! Now for the old coats and gownds, pangtyloons and gayters—hainy-think! Rummage 'em out—now 's your time, ladies!

Farmer's Wife. (*Calling from the casement.*) Here, come in my good man; I 've got a mort o' bottles.

Scene changes to Farm-house Kitchen. The Goodwife drags forth a couple of dozen of Black Bottles, and ranks them on the Floor.

First Tramp. Now, look alive, Ned. Go over them there bottles while I looks at the toggery. Where 's the old clo'es, marm?

Farmer's Wife. Clothes! I got no clothes to sell as I know of: I haven't a sed nothin' about no clothes.

First Tramp. I daresay you can look up a few, marm. Can't buy all bottles and no clo'es: must be some o' both sorts, marm. Bottles is very well, but must be some clo'es.

Farmer's Wife. Well, let me see; there be an old coat I do think my maister ha' done wi': I 'll go and see. Setty down a minnit. [*Exit, and returns in a few minutes with a coat and pair of pantaloons.*] Here be a coat and trousers; what be 'e gwain to gimmy for they?—they baint very hard done by you see.

First Tramp. Let 's have a look at 'em. Come, I 'll give you a shillin for the two—eightpence for the coat and fourpence for the pants.

Farmer's Wife. Eightpence for theas coat! Whoy, a's wuth a half-crown, anybody's money!

First Tramp. Lor' love your 'ansome face! How d'ye think I can give half-a-crown for that there coat when I 'm a goin to give three shillin a dozen for bottles?—'taint in reason!

Second Tramp. (*In an audible whisper.*) These is thundrin' good bottles, Bill!

Farmer's Wife. Well, let me see; that 'll make seven shillings altogether. Well, well, I s'pose you must have 'em.

First Tramp. Here, Ned, clap them togs in the bag. I may as well pay you for 'em at once, marm. [*Pays her a shilling, while Ned sacks the clothes.*]

Farmer's Wife. But the bottles? B'aint ee gwain to pay for the bottles?

First Tramp. Oh, sartinly, marm. But you see, lor' love you! we don't car bottles in a bag: we must go and fetch a hamper for them. We 'll pay of course when we fetches 'em away. [*Exeunt Tramps—manet Farmer's Wife in a cloud.*]

The good woman keeps the bottles waiting for the hamper so long as she has any faith in its arrival, but as that consummation is delayed from hour to hour, she at length comes by degrees to appreciate the true nature of the transaction.

The modes of cheating are as various as those of getting a livelihood. The above is but one sample out of thousands of the manner in which the simple are daily mystified by the sharp-witted knaves of the metropolis.

With the exception of some few successful examples who, like Sam Sundries, have got the world under their feet, the dealers of this class occupy a position midway between the keepers of rag-shops, who beneath the auspices of a black doll suspended aloft over the doorway, keep open-house for the reception of bones, rags, and grease, and those connoisseurs in mahogany and French polish—the furniture-brokers. They carry on a branch of commerce which the necessities of a numerous section of society have called into being. In their dark and dingy shops and sheds the poor labourer and the scantily-paid artisan finds, at a price commensurate with his means, the various utensils and appliances of such humble housekeeping as he can afford to maintain; and but for some such a market as their obscure depositories supply, thousands of our fellow-creatures would be reduced to shift without the domestic conveniences of life. It is their task to rescue from the fire and the axe, and from the very jaws of destruction, the worn-out and abandoned implements of housewifery and comfort contemptuously cast forth from the dwellings of the upper and middle classes, and to refit and re-establish them for the accommodation of the very poor. In the exercise of this vocation they are found to manifest a degree of ingenuity and perseverance worthy of a better reward than it sometimes obtains, seeing that the parties with whom they have mostly to do are even more indigent than themselves. That as a class they are frequently brought into very intimate relations with the police force, and find their wanderings confined for a season to the limited area of a prison cell, does not invalidate the fact, that there are among them many honest and worthy individuals, to whom the world is indebted for much painstaking and ill-requited labour.

BROADSIDES.

This is not an article on naval warfare. Our broadsides are merely those sheets of paper printed on one side, that they may be pasted for public perusal on a wall or some conspicuous place. They are otherwise called placards, and the French call them *affiches*, on account of their being so fixed. The term broadsides is one of late use in the bibliographical world, where it has become a passion to collect these documents, their oddity, absurdity, and triflingness being generally considered to enhance their value. Nor is such an appreciation utterly groundless if we consider the nature of the greater part of these publications, intended to be merely temporary, and to express the passing excitements and agitations of the moment. Immediately after they have served their purpose they are useless; no one has an interest in preserving them, and they are easily and naturally destroyed. Hence any that may happen to survive and reappear in a different age and state of society are welcomed as curious and expressive memorials of the past, shewing 'the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.' For instance, nothing will tell more emphatically the history of an election than those boasting or sarcastic announcements to the gaping crowd, which are so fugitive that they often do not last an hour, being spitefully destroyed by 'the other side,' or covered over by rival proclamations. A series of election placards of Sir Robert Walpole's day would be extremely interesting, as doubtless a like collection relating to our own age would be a century hence.

A history of placards might involve great investiga-

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tion and learning, and afford a valuable chapter of the history of the human race. Before the invention of printing this form of announcement, by which one document could be read by many, must have been of great importance, as the only method, besides vocal utterance, by which news or statements could be rapidly made public. But in barbarous times the importance of the placard would necessarily be limited by the number of individuals able to read. Scripture furnishes many solemn instances of this kind of publication, and the student will remember Virgil's compliment to Augustus, affixed to his palace and claimed by Bathyllus, whom the poet so effectually exposed, by affixing some imperfect lines which the false appropriator could not complete. At later times in the same city, an endless succession of placards received the memorable name of Pasquinades or Pasquils, still used by literary collectors, and applied to whatever is short, witty, and severe. It seems to be considered essential to a pasquil that it should be malicious, and calculated to serve no good purpose. The origin of the term is curious. Near the Ursini Palace at Rome was the booth of a shoemaker, or, as he is sometimes termed, a tailor, named Pasquino. Centuries must have elapsed since he existed, as the writers at the commencement of the seventeenth century speak of his shop as a matter of tradition: that shop, it was said, had been a centre of wit and repartee—a place of idle, useless chat, as the moralists call it. It chanced that after Pasquino's death, a colossal but mutilated armed figure was dug up in the neighbourhood, and erected in a conspicuous place. It became a practice with the citizens who had written any bitter, personal gibes which they desired to publish anonymously, to write them out and paste them on the statue. Thus the fragment of statuary having become a silent communicator of the same kind of bitter wit which emanated from the tradesman's booth, succeeded to his name, and bore that name of 'Pasquino' so long, that its origin may be considered doubtful. The satires or lampoons were generally pasted on the statue during the night, and here, in the centre of papal authority, appeared some of the most bitter attacks on the reigning pontiffs: it was, indeed, the importance attributed to these that made the term pasquinado so celebrated.*

This leads us by association to another and more serious kind of placard which came to be levelled against the same quarter. The old universities of Europe were not, like our modern colleges, isolated bodies with separate regulations—they had a free interchange, a kind of masonic community, by which a person holding a position in one of them was admitted as a brother by all the others, and held his rank, whatever it might be, in each seat of learning. As the counterpart of such a uniformity — which perhaps could not have been carried out but for the general supremacy of the pope over all educational establishments—the student who claimed university distinctions had to stand his trial or examination in the face, as it were, of the whole republic of letters. He thus fixed a placard on the door of his college, challenging all comers to dispute certain points with him, which were set forth in Latin, in distinct portions or *theses*. The debate was conducted in the same language, and was often long and tedious; for in those days scholars spoke Latin, at least a species of it, as readily as their native tongue, and they were fully as fond of disputation as the learned of the present day. The disputant was entitled to certain hospitalities from the college, and in particular cases, if he shewed a certain amount of skill, to a pecuniary reward. It was through these disputations that the Admirable Crichton made his renowned sensation in the learned world. He was so perpetually placarding every church and college, however, with his defying challenges, that he almost brought the practice into ridicule. It is commemorated, that a wit wrote under one of these boastful announcements—'And those who wish to see him may go to the Falcon Inn, where he will be exhibited alive.' This was the form in which the itinerant exhibitors of wild beasts invited people to their show, and it created considerable ridicule against Crichton.

In some places the practice of 'impugning,' as it was termed, lingered so long that Goldsmith profited by it in his continental wanderings. One body of lawyers in this country still keeps up the practice, and we have seen at the entrance-door of the court in which they practise the theses pasted up, challenging an argument. This sort of intellectual gladiatorship has, however, sadly degenerated; for we have been told that practically the individual who requires to go through the form of disputation, can get no one to be at the trouble of acting the part of antagonist unless he be provided with a counter argument fairly written out. Besides these ceremonial occasions, the practice of placarding theses at a university gate was a common one when any one wished to conduct an argument against all the learned world on some point of importance. The controversial spirit of the age got out in this form as it now does in newspapers and pamphlets. The hot-headed, ill-tempered, perverse disputative men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries thus began and carried on their controversies. For instance, a Scotsman who had been ill used, as he believed, in his own country, thus made an attack on it, pasting his theses on the gate of a college at Oxford. His fate was somewhat memorable, as the act was construed into high treason, and he suffered death. It is far more important to notice that most of the great debates during the Reformation were conducted in this form. The reader of history will at once remember Luther's theses against the indulgences, pasted up in Wittenberg at the festival of All Saints.

We wonder if an actual original copy of this document be extant? We question it. In miscellaneous collections of broadsides, however, if they be a century or two old, one cannot help falling on very curious and interesting documents. Thus in a bundle before us, we take out and read one printed in black letter, as it was the fashion to print public documents in Britain in the seventeenth century. It is the proclamation by Charles I., adjourning the parliament of 1628, on account of the petition of rights, the attacks on his favourite the Duke of Buckingham, and the remonstrance against the tax of tonnage and poundage. To those who read the royal communications to parliament at the present day, the haughty, imperious tone of the document will seem startling. The king says:—

'It hath so happened, by the disobedient and seditious carriage of those said ill-affected persons of the House of Commons, that we and our royal authority and commandment have been so highly contemned, as our kingly office cannot beare, nor any former age can parallel; and therefore it is our full and absolute resolution to dissolve the same parliament; wherefore we thought good to give notice unto all the lords spirituall and temporall, and to the knights, citizens, and burgesses of this present parliament, and to all others whom it may concerne, that they may depart about their needful affairs without attending any longer here. Nevertheless, we will that they, and all others should take notice, that we doe, and ever will distinguishe between those who have shewed good affection to religion and government, and those that have given themselves ever to faction, and to worke disturbance to the peace and good order of our kingdome.' Along with this comes 'a proclamation for suppressing of false rumours touching parliament,' against ill-disposed persons who have spread abroad false rumours, 'as if the scandalous and seditious proposition in the House

* See for a full account of Pasquin, No. 189 of this Journal.

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of Commons, made by an utlawed man, desperate in minde and fortune, which was tumultuously taken up by some few after that by our royall authority we had commanded an adjournment, had been the vote of the whole House, whereas the contrary is the truth.'

The 'utlawed' or outlawed man is an allusion to John Pym, who afterwards hunted to the scaffold Strafford, the principal adviser of these arbitrary acts. It suggests many striking reflections to find in the same collection of scraps a broadside which appears to have been hawked through the streets of London, called 'Verses Written by Thomas Earle of Strafford a Little before his Death.' Though Strafford does not appear in Walpole's 'Royal and Noble Authors,' these verses, if they be genuine, might have given him a better title than many who are included in that work. We shall give the first three stanzas, which shew that the poem has a good deal of solemn eloquence:—

'Go, empty joyes,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone
In sweet, sad silence to bemoane
Your vain and fleet delight,
Whose danger none can see aright
Whilst your false splendour dims his sight.

Go, and insnare,
With your false ware,
Some other easie wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light;
Rain on his head a shower
Of human favour, wealth, and power—
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause:
Let him not fear all curbing laws,
Nor king nor people's frown,
But dreame of something like a crown,
And, climbing towards it, tumble down.'

The placards during the progress of the Revolution—a bundle of which lies before us—must have been intensely exciting. Although there was no actual civil war, except what afterwards took place in Ireland and the Highlands, yet the wisest men of the day believed a conflict inevitable. There never was, perhaps, a period in history when there was more anxiety and smothered excitement. Hence one cannot touch these now mute and dusty announcements without remembering how they were at one time fraught with the deepest vital interest to the breathless crowds who read them. While James was still in his palace, and the Dutch prince with his army had been but faintly welcomed, a piece of paper, about the size of an ordinary letter, and intended perhaps for circulation among members of parliament and corporations, contains 'the proposals of the Right Honourable the Lords Hallifax, Nottingham, Godolphin, to the Prince of Orange.' This was a proposal from the king, intended to be popular, as it offered to call 'a free parliament.' In another mere slip of paper, such as porters hand to one in the street, is the prince's answer, also intended to be popular, and more successful, because more specific. He proposes that the two armies shall be kept at an equal distance from London, and that Tilbury Fort be put into the hands of the city. The next document is so dusty, stained, and worn as to be scarcely legible—it is the declaration of the association 'for the defence of the Protestant religion, and for maintaining the ancient government and the laws and liberties of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' It is brief but emphatic. It was, in fact, the announcement that the Whig party were prepared to support the prince's cause with arms in their hands, the announcement being contained in these threatening words: 'Whereas we are engaged in this common cause, under the protection of the Prince of Orange, by which means his person may be exposed to dangers, and to the desperate and cursed attempts of papists and other bloody men: we do therefore solemnly engage, both to God and to one another, that if any such attempts are made upon him, we will pursue not only those who make them, but all their adherents, and all that we find in arms against us, with the utmost severities of a just revenge, to their ruin and destruction.'

At the conclusion of this emphatic denunciation comes an '*Advertisement*. Such as have not signed this association may do it at St James's (in the room formerly called the Duke of York's Council-Chamber) every day between the hours of ten and one in the forenoon and five and seven in the afternoon.' Thus the revolutionists were already in occupation of a chamber where the Stuart monarch had once presided. In a few days his heartless daughter was to be running through his palace, and estimating her new possessions. In the meantime a narrow slip of paper, the most important of all, signed 'Jo. Brown,' clerk of parliament, proclaims 'William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, to be King and Queen of England, France, and Ireland, with all the dominions and territories thereto belonging.' Scotland, it will be observed, is not mentioned in this document: it was a separate independent kingdom, transacting its business in its own way, and its sovereignty could not be settled by the English parliament; but that body included Ireland as a dependency, and France because it was a mere sovereignty of pretence. The initial letter of this important document is decorated with two grinning apes, whose grimaces are at variance with its solemnity. It would almost seem as if the printer had been a Jacobite, who intended thus symbolically to put his tongue in his cheek while proclaiming the Revolution; but in reality he probably troubled himself no more about the placard than if it had related to Smithfield Market, and took the first type that came to hand.

A bundle of placards is likely to be as miscellaneous a collection as the contents of a pawnbroker's shop. The next we turn up is an advertisement of a highly-inflated character, by an individual named Mack-Gregory. There is something interesting in the name itself, as it had evidently been adopted to avoid the penalties against using the surname of Macgregor. The Gregory family had adopted the same termination, dispensing, however, with the Highland patronymic, 'Mac.' It has been recorded that the father of Dr John Gregory was seriously disturbed in his philosophical retirement by Rob Roy Macgregor claiming relationship with him. The Mr MacGregory whose placard comes to hand had, it appears, desired, what is a very common object at the present day—to get some account of his wonderful qualifications to serve the public set forth in a newspaper, as a piece of information which it was important that the world should possess. What also frequently occurs where such modest requests are made, the editor to whom he applied—he of the 'Edinburgh Courant'—would only give his statement a place as an advertisement. Nay, even in that shape, he insisted on divesting it of its flowery decorations, and, as we shall presently see, this was not wonderful. Having, he tells us, sent 'some articles concerning his profession of geography and history and the languages, and the Couranteer having, out of a mistake, changed them, placed them among his advertisements, and by so doing spoiled the sense of them, Mr MackGregory himself has now ordered an advertisement of his own to be published, which gives an account of the nature of his profession,' &c. Mr MackGregory's account of himself is, that he is a licentiate of both laws, civil and canon, of the university of Angers. 'Having, since the Peace of Ryswick, at several courses travelled over all Europe, and over a part of Asia and Africa, as far as the river Euphrates, the Red Sea, and the Nile, and having had extraordinary occasions of seeing and ob-

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serving everything remarkable both by land and sea, in the Orient as well as in the Occident, what remains of antiquity as well as what is modern; having lived at most of the courts of Europe, especially at that of France, and at those of Italy and Germany, and of late in Switzerland; having been employed in the public business, in managing and carrying on the confederate designs, and in traversing those of the two crowns, by virtue of a joint commission of resident at Basle for the ministers of the emperor, the queen of Great Britain, and the States-General.' He intimates that, having returned home, he intends to put the knowledge acquired in these important capacities to the humble duty of teaching. What he undertakes to teach might be briefly expressed as—everything. Mr MackGregory is not, however, a man of brevity. He is not content with laying down his qualifications in general heads—as history, geography, art, science, or the like—but he fills the several departments with an enumeration of everything, whether a large subject or the minutest matter, that his memory recalls to him. Thus in announcing his capacity to teach geography or topography he proceeds in this manner:—'Exactly describing countries, situations, ports, mountains, vallies, hills, plains, woods, marshes, rivers, brooks, canals, sources, cataracts, mouths, lakes, channels, banks, seas, gulphs, streights, bays, harbours, shores; the coast of the Mediterranean, the channel of the Euxine, the roads of the Red Sea; climates, soils, products, riches, merchandise, money, forces, armies, fleets, ways of travelling, courses, roads, distances of places, land and water carriages, public offices, inns, entertainment prices, caravans, camels, provisions, cafarages;' and so on in an endless jumble. This is about a fourth part only of the details enumerated under the head of geography. One can imagine what an affair it is to go over all knowledge in such a manner. Mr MackGregory must have had a very illogical mind—such as that of the man who is mentioned by the old logicians as dividing his library into books in divinity, folio, quarto, medicine, black-letter, Latin, vellum, and leather.

THE HINDOO FUNERAL.

Scene.—A Grove near a Village. Three Old Men, one of whom is a Brahmin, are seated on a little rush-mat.

1*st Old Man.* Hark! what sounds of wailing!

2*d Old Man.* Ramdohâë!* I think our poor neighbour in yonder hut is dead or dying; she was seized yesterday forenoon with cholera.

Brahmin. That is the most dreadful scourge in the hands of Yama, the god of death.

1*st O. M.* Yes, Maharaj; who can fly from his unerring shafts? Are not our fates written upon our foreheads in black lines which no one can decipher?

2*d O. M.* I could scarcely sleep for the hooting of the owl last night; and my wife kept piously calling out 'that she would cut off the witch's nose, and beat her with a besom.' It was of no use; on went the unearthly wail, as the foul creature called for her prey; and, Ramdohâë! if I did not see on yon nlemba-tree two black carrion crows early this morning as I opened the door. They were holding dark counsel together, and devouring their hideous breakfast.

B. These are sure forerunners of death—birds of Sani, the god of time. The period of their life is a hundred years, and yet how few of them we see on this earth! These very birds were doubtless devouring their own offspring, as Sani himself does his children.†

1*st O. M.* God only can tell—but list how the poor women yonder are wailing; asking their mother why she is dying; why she is going into another state of existence; and expressing their anxiety to know in what new form she will next wander about for her sins in the world.

2*d O. M.* Whether our neighbour be dead or dying, I must say that she was an exemplary wife during her life, and will surely go into a cow, an elephant, or some other clean thing. She could not become a suttee—although her husband died long since, before the pious custom was prohibited—because she was soon to become a mother for the second time. However, I saw her with her eldest boy—then five years old, and when she herself was about twenty—going round the pile upon which her lord's body was laid, with averted face, her long graceful locks streaming in the wind. Ramdohâë! if she did not look like Devi herself. The poor little boy held the lighted brand, and gazed upon his pale mother, who was like a stricken deer. He strewed the asôôka blossoms, and at last set fire to the pile; but the prayer he could not say.

B. A beautiful one it is, addressed to the sacred fire:—'Whether this mortal offended God or practised religion, transgressed knowingly or unknowingly, do thou by thy energy consume with the body all its sins, and bestow final happiness.'

2*d O. M.* There, the door of the hut opens; if it is not the doctor may I perish. Ramdohâë! how he is running and looking back, like a hunted jackal!

1*st O. M.* How you talk, Ramchunder! He is only afraid of being unclean for the day, and so is hurrying away before the patient expires. It would put Sumbo sadly out to be obliged to bathe and dress anew in clean clothes, now that he has so many sick upon his hands.

B. Yes, yes, you are right; for see, the dying woman is brought out. I shall just step aside, so as not to delay with my presence the pious business of the sons; for being their Gouroo, and a Brahmin, they would have to perform their prostrations. Do you two, therefore, advance and assist in the obsequies; and I shall come with flowers, sandalwood, khoosah-grass, and some sacred fire, as soon as I can.

Both Old Men. Nomoskâr, Maharaj, the two sons of the widow, are carrying her on the little bed—slowly and sadly they come.

Sons. [*While the procession moves on, with invocations to the god of time and to Gunga.*] Let us make a little more speed, that our mother may gaze upon the holy river, and have her feet immersed before she dies.

[They go on at a brisker pace, and speedily reach the river, where the bed is set down, and the invocations renewed. The Brahmin arrives shortly at the ground, and the two brothers, sons of the dying, prostrate themselves before their Gouroo, and put his right foot upon their necks.]

B. Arise, my sons. God has sent you a severe trial, but proceed in your duty; we cannot weep and lament like women. One of you must go off to the village and get what is necessary for the obsequies. We that stay behind will see the rest attended to.

The Sons go up to the bed. Ma! ma! (mother, mother) can you see? [*She opens her eyes feebly.*] Do you hear us? [*She waves her hand gently.*] Call upon Gunga—there are the rushing waters that wash away sins. [*They raise the dying woman.*] Say, 'Gunga, save me!' Oh, she cannot speak; let us lay her down on this clean mat, and strew it with khoosah-grass.

B. Make room for me. Place her feet in the water: death is almost upon her. I must anoint her with some holy clay out of Gunga's bed, and sprinkle her with its water. Sallegrama and Tulsie are already beside her, also some sweet flowers. One of you must be going for the combustibles, as the day declines.

Eldest Son. Brother, here are five rupees: hasten to the village; that money will get you everything.

Shortly the son returns with new clothing, earthen-pans, and the necessary offering of rice and pulse; and

* A religious exclamation; such as the Catholic 'Our Lady!'
† Sani is the Hindoo Saturn.

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two coolies bring loads of wood, consisting of two maunds (180 pounds' weight), together with ghee and rosin. Being of a lower caste, they retire to a distance to rest and look on. All this time the Brahmin has not been idle: the head of the dying has been sprinkled with river-water, and the hands and chest rubbed with mud, and portions of the 'Veda' have been chanted aloud.

Such is the scene that may be witnessed daily by any observant person, and was always watched with interest by the Old Indian. As soon as the sufferer is certainly dead, the body is washed and dressed according to its sex, and if of an affluent person, anointed with perfumes; the spot selected for the pile is swept clean, and a shallow drain is dug to allow a flow of moisture towards the river. The pile is then built, and ghee and rosin mixed with the wood and straw. The mouth of the dead body is now touched with money, and some eatables are offered. A clean new cloth is spread over the pile, and upon this the body is laid, with its head to the north: if a man, with his face towards the earth; if a woman, upwards. The cloth is then wound round it, and the nearest of kin takes a lighted brand, and with averted face repeats the short prayer already given; and while the mortal remains are consuming, such elegiac verses as these are recited from their holy writ, the Brahmin and followers walking solemnly round the flames:—

'Foolish is he who seeks for permanence in the human state—a state unsolid like the stem of the plantain-tree, transient like the foam of the ocean.

'When a body formed of five elements, in order to receive the reward of deeds done in life, reverts to its five original principles, what room is there for regret?

'The earth is perishable; the ocean, the gods themselves pass away; and how should that bubble, mortal man, escape destruction? All that is low must perish; all that is lofty must fall; all compound bodies must end in dissolution; all life must be concluded with death.'

When the body is consumed the ground is washed and the ashes carefully gathered. The affluent pay the boatman well who conveys these remains to the middle of the river to be thrown into deep water. The obsequies of the poorer classes are performed according to their means. The body is frequently only half-consumed; or sometimes it is, after the face has been merely burned with straw, launched into Gunga with a heavy stone round the waist, to furnish a revolting but common spectacle to the European when putrefaction comes on and the stone drops.

The funeral ended, all who have attended bathe and put on a clean dress at the expense of the mourners, and then return home and undergo a second purification at the doors of their houses by holding their hands to the fire and stepping over it. The mourning lasts forty days, and is concluded by a shradho and liberal gifts to the poor. Unlucky is he deemed who has no descendant to light the pile: a son is preferred, but a daughter may also perform all the requisite formalities.

The prejudices of the Hindoo prohibit the treasuring of relics or keepsakes: no such thing is known among them as the precious lock cut off from the head of a much-loved child or a revered mother; everything that belonged to the departed is burned or given to the Parias and beggars, excepting the jewels or trinkets. In many instances these are distributed to their favoured Brahmins, or shared among the relatives, but they are not given or regarded as souvenirs. Let it not be supposed, however, that the heart of the Hindoo is unfeeling. Bitterly does a mother weep over her child, and with the deepest grief is the husband and parent consigned to the flames. Men, however, are silent and dignified in their sorrow: the women—always among the Hindoos more ignorant—the reverse; they beat their breasts, tear their hair, and are loud in their wailing, manifesting their feelings, like children, by shrieks and tears.

'HOME TRUTHS.'

A LATELY published duodecimo, under the title of 'Home Truths for Home Peace, or "Muddle" Defeated,'* imparts a number of useful hints on the subject of domestic life, and rates pretty soundly those young housewives who, starting on false notions, contrive to make firesides uncomfortable and everybody about them miserable. 'Muddle' is the familiar term for disorder in all its branches, and no kind of Muddle is so offensive as that which prevails in ill-conducted households.

Very incredible things, we are told, take place in the properly muddled dwelling. Articles of a brittle nature are found to break in a manner singularly supernatural. 'Cups slip out of the maid's hands; and this, not when she has let them go, but whilst holding them "as tight as ever she could hold." Glasses, &c. are constantly falling off the edges of dressers and of tables, although declared by competent judges to have been far removed from such a dangerous position, so that they have evidently moved back again for the purpose of dashing themselves into a thousand shivers. Other articles of fragile materials, but less daring resolution, vary the monotony of their existence, and assert their right to tender consideration by "getting" such chips, cracks, and contusions as no rational person could ever venture to inflict. Nor are the harder and less sensitive portions of our household furniture innocent of similar offences: the locks, which, as fixtures, are secure from injury by falling, will nevertheless "get hampered"—stools "come unglued"—nails "work themselves out"—paint, varnish, &c. "rub off"—the best-made chairs will dislocate their arms—the strongest tables break or distort their legs—whilst other objects, too cowardly for self-inflictions, but equally perverse in spirit, will choose the very moment when their presence would be most desirable, to "get lost;" that is to say, to hide in some out-of-the-way corner, to which no living soul has ever had access, and in which consequently no member of the family would ever think of looking. I appeal to the general experience and phraseology of my countrywomen, as to the common occurrence of such household "facts," and the implied existence of those latent material energies which, as comprised in the personification "Nobody," are virtually acknowledged without a moment's hesitation.'

The young lady who conducts her affairs on the principle of Muddle has a fair opportunity of displaying her qualities in the matter of financiering. Her account-book is usually her memory, and a complicated book it is! When she has to square up some trifling disbursements with a domestic, the following count and reckoning probably ensues: '"Let me see, I gave you 10s. on Saturday and 9d. the day before. Was it 9d.? No: it must have been 11d., for I gave you a shilling and you gave me a penny out for the beggar; then there was 5s. 6d. on Monday, and 8d. you owed me from last month; and then the 1s. 6d. your master gave you for the parcel—you brought him 2d. back—and 8½d. out of the butcher's bill; no, you had to give 8½d. to the butcher, but you came to me for the ½d., and I had no coppers, so we still owe him the ½d.—by the way, don't forget to pay him the next time you go. Then there's the baker—no, I paid the baker myself, and I think the housemaid paid the butterman; but you got in the cheese the day before, and I have a sort of a recollection that I may possibly owe you for that, all but a few pence you must have had left of mine, that I told you to take from off the chimneypiece. Well, cook, I think that's nearly all! now, how do your

* London: Effingham Wilson. 1851.

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accounts stand?" This the poor cook, who is a cook and not a conjurer, finds it no easy matter to discover.'

Time and patience will overcome all difficulties. Quite true, as a proposition; but we need to add the qualification—'always provided that one makes a reasonable effort to remove the said difficulties;' for it is undeniable that petty annoyances do not vanish of their own accord. Our author moralises on that wonderful amount of patience which leads some people to put up with daily annoyances which the outlay of a few shillings, or the exertion of a few minutes, would effectually remove. 'Narrow means, an inconvenient house, a disagreeable situation, tiresome children, stupid servants; or, worse than even these, toothache and an ill-tempered husband—these are trials for which patience is the best and almost only remedy; and all who have patience enough under such circumstances are entitled to our sympathy and admiration. But, in addition to the unavoidable afflictions of their lot, how many go on, from day to day and year to year, with doors that never shut, windows and drawers that nobody can open, keys that will not lock, grates that never draw, blinds that won't keep up, and curtains that won't come down—nails that tear their things, and things that tear their nails; and whilst professing to be above noticing such petty grievances, how many expend so much of their stock of patience upon these unnecessary evils, that they have scarcely any left for inevitable annoyances! Could such persons calculate, at the year's end, the amount of time and strength expended in daily struggles with only *one* drawer "that always sticks, so that there is the greatest difficulty in pulling it out; and when out, it is all that anybody can ever do to push it in again;" and if they could recollect and believe the singular verbal manifestations of their indifference to "these trifles that no one should make a moment's fuss about, in a world where there is so much real trouble," it is probable they would be quite as much surprised as those who have long wondered at the perversity which has cherished such needless causes of "botheration" to themselves and others. To ladies who do not perceive any harm in adding to the comforts and diminishing the inconveniences of our mortal life, I recommend the condensed philosophy of the following well-known but little heeded rhymes:—

> "For every evil under the sun
> There is a remedy, or there 's none:
> If there is one, try and find it;
> If there is none, never mind it."'

It does not escape this shrewd observer, that an excessive punctiliousness in keeping a house neat and orderly may give as much annoyance to visitors as the discomfort of untidiness. It is our own impression that some English housewives go beyond all proper bounds in this respect. Tying up every article of furniture in pinafores, they appear to consider that 'drawing-rooms' are toys to be looked at, not to be used. Of this species of vulgarity there are some graphic definitions. 'The only easy-looking chair is introduced to you as "one that nobody should sit upon;" another is recommended to your attention, as "one you are on no account to lean against." You are civilly requested "not to draw certain curtains," and rather uncivilly reminded "you should have let down certain blinds." A case is made for the cover of the embroidered ottoman, lest the dye of your garments should come off upon it; and, whilst the marks of other people's carelessness are exhibited for your instruction and construction, you contemplate the face of the polished mahogany of your appointed washstand in helpless embarrassment, how ever you shall wash your own. In a word, you are expected, like every other inmate of the dwelling, to exist solely in reference to the excessive order and cleanliness around you; and every energy of your mind, at every moment of the day, must be exerted over every energy and movement of your body, to avoid your doing mischief or giving offence continually.

'I appeal to all who have experience in the state of things alluded to, whether the feeling of disorder and confusion was not produced in them by the very precautions used for their perpetual banishment! A confusion worse than any mere material confusion can be—a confusion of ideas and principles, of fears and fidgets, of pleasures and of pains, of luxuries and lumber; an undistinguishable mixture of venial oversights and unpardonable transgressions, low seats and high treason, large rooms and little minds, sweet portraits and sour faces, whole china and cracked tempers; besides the ever-recurring puzzle, as to whether people were living in a house or for a house; or whether the things, about which such a coil is made, do really belong to their *soi-disant* possessors, or the individuals who claim for them such attention and respect, are merely *belongings of their things*. . . . . And, after all, what is the end obtained by this perpetual care and sorrow? The depriving everything about us of its lawful use, and consequently of its real value; the establishment and practice of an idolatry that the veriest heathen might be ashamed of. . . . . Of all the Muddles that bring misery and ruin in their train, defend me from the love-destroying and comfort-killing Muddle of inexorable cleanliness and order!'

The detestable meanness of living beyond honestly-earned and available resources is very properly included among the common errors of domestic life; and of this species of dishonesty there is the more reason to speak plainly, as it is too frequently practised by individuals who assume airs of superiority, and are the veriest bigots in matters of religious concern. We shall, therefore, conclude our notice of this clever little volume with a quotation on the subject of wantonly-incurred debt.

'What comparison is there, in fact, between the guilt of the poor uneducated wretch who ventures, in rags and misery, to steal from the apparent superfluities of his neighbour a portion for his starving family, and the crime of the well-fed, well-dressed, much-accomplished lady, who sails into the shop of the unwary tradesman for articles of useless luxury, and under cover of the respectability of her appearance and the address she gives, "defrauds him of property to a considerable amount?" The ragged culprit is watched and driven from the window—the fashionable thief is welcomed in complacently and bowed out gratefully, with the promise that "her esteemed orders shall be attended to immediately." When the goods she has nominally purchased are sent home, and they, like their real owner, are readily taken in, the grand piano is perhaps heard in her elegantly-furnished villa, or the carriage of some wealthier friend is standing at the door. The lady's place in church and in society is gaily filled, and for a certain, or rather an uncertain period, the custom and company of "such a highly respectable family" are considered an acquisition in the neighbourhood. But a change comes over the spirit of the dream: in course of time the lady who ordered with the greatest ease, is discovered to pay with the greatest difficulty, and her commands are not so much esteemed as formerly. The dishonest beggar, if detected, is committed to prison; but when things come to a crash with the fashionable thief, the lady's husband is simply declared "unfortunate;" and if forced to remove into a humbler dwelling, in a district in which she is not known, the lady is at liberty to pursue her former practices of shop-lifting as far as circumstances will allow! Alas for the rottenness of the state in which such things are not only possible but common! What a false, what a fatal standard of respectability is that which allows individuals who have lost their credit with the poorest shopkeeper, to

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mix with unblushing confidence in what each quarter terms its "best society!" This carelessness in regard to debt is one of the most deadly evils in the world, and, like all such, it has its rise from small beginnings of practical error, and from a great and important deficiency in the fundamental principles of moral conduct. . . . . The whole court-calendar does not contain a title conferring so much real dignity, and so many substantial privileges, as that of "A PERSON TO BE TRUSTED."'

FIBROUS SUBSTANCES APPLICABLE TO MANUFACTURES.

We have seen a specimen of the fibrous substance of a plant growing wild in our Indian possessions, and which may be had in any quantity. It has not been in this country before. The fibre is long, soft, tough, and silky. We have also received a specimen of the fibres of another East Indian production, of a finer description, which might probably be converted into a new and useful material for wefting fancy stuffs of a mixed kind, such as those made at Bradford. We understand that one or two bales of the latter production have reached this country, and are for sale. In the Great Exhibition there are several fibrous substances well worthy the inspection of manufacturers. Amongst the contributions from Ceylon, west from the transept, will be found a number of these, all more or less adapted for being spun into yarn. In the contributions from Spain will be found a beautifully-fine embroidered dress made from the fibre of the pine-apple, with the inscription: 'This dress is made entirely from yarn spun from the fibre of the pine-apple, and embroidered by hand, by Signora Margrita of Manilla.' The texture of the cloth is wonderfully fine and even, and of a beautiful white. In the China department are several specimens of long China flax or grass, with the thread spun from the same, of great evenness, and very fine; along with several pieces of cloth, bleached and unbleached, as fine as cambric. In the section Spain will also be found samples of Spanish flax and hemp, not well enough dressed for spinning purposes, but still serviceable for paper-making. In this department, too, is a most interesting specimen of the inner skin (of great size and texture) of a tree from the island of Cuba. It is called 'lace-rind,' and consists of the finest fibrous filaments arranged like network. The article alluded to will be found numbered 284 in the Spanish section, and is exhibited by M. de Ysasi. The Botanical Museum at the Kew Gardens, to which the admittance is free, contains some beautiful and curious specimens of fibrous substances from a number of plants imported from various foreign countries. Among these will be found the fibre of the *bromelia*, used in the Isthmus of Panama by the shoemakers for making shoe-thread; a fibre used for making nets in New Granada; *Crotalaria juncia*, a vegetable fibre, imported from Bombay and Ceylon, with specimens of very fine fishing-tackle made from it, almost as lustrous and transparent as glass, as well as many other specimens of vegetable fibres well worthy of careful examination. These are all to be seen in the upper gallery of the museum. To printers, designers, shawl-weavers, and others, the beautiful collection of prints, and copies of rare and curious exotic plants and flowers contained in the same museum, will afford an almost inexhaustible source of study, tending to improve their taste and advance them in their profession.—*Abridged from the Manchester Examiner and Times.*

THE ACTINIA.

It is a powerful, fearless, and voracious creature, readily grasping small fishes, fierce crustacea, worms, leeches, and soft testacea; and endeavouring to gorge itself with thrice the quantity of food its most capacious stomach is capable of receiving. Two or three days after a mussel has been swallowed entire, the shell has been rejected quite empty. It is endowed with a very slow locomotive faculty, rarely exercised. At Blackness Castle, as well as here at Newhall's Point, the *Actinia cerasum*, or cherry actinia, occurs affixed to stones of moderate sizes. It is of a fine red colour, sometimes the richest vermilion, the tubercles like so many beautiful pearls of the purest white; and when expanded (in the water of course), it resembles a brilliant flower unfolded to enjoy the sunshine. When contracted, it is like a fine ripe cherry. One specimen, taken in 1805, survived six years, and produced young. Another produced a monstrosity, like the Siamese twins—two bodies of pale-green, united by the middle, the general progeny being red; and this youngster continued producing afterwards, litter after litter, of sixty, forty-three, &c., green ones—the actinia being hermaphrodite. When about six years old the vessel had been too much replenished, one of the bodies rose over the edge, the connecting flesh was twisted and rent asunder. Both bodies adhered again to the base; one was accidentally lost, but the other continued to survive and to breed pale-green, although it diminished in size after the separation.—*Fyfe's Summer Life on Land and Water.*

A RHYME ABOUT BIRDS.

I said to the little Swallow:
'Who 'll follow?
Out of thy nest in the eaves
Under the ivy leaves!
Yet my thought flies swifter than thou;
My thought has a softer nest,
Where it folds its wing to rest,
In a pure-hearted woman's breast;
While its sky is her cloudless brow.'
Swallow—swallow,
Who 'll follow?

I said to the brown, brown Thrush:
'Hush—hush!
Through the wood's full strains I hear
Thy monotone deep and clear,
Like a sound amid sounds most fine;
And so, though the whole world sung
To my love with eloquent tongue,
However their voices rung,
She would pause and listen to mine.'
Brown, brown thrush,
Hush—hush!

I said to the Nightingale:
'Hail, all hail!
Pierce with thy trill the dark,
Like a glittering music-spark,
When the earth grows pale and dumb;
But mine be a song more rare,
To startle the sleeping air,
And to the dull world declare
Love sings amid darkest gloom.'
Nightingale,
Hail, all hail!

I said to the sky-poised Lark:
'Hark—hark!
Thy note is more loud and free,
Because there lies safe for thee
A little nest on the ground.
And I, when strong-winged I rise
To chant out sweet melodies,
Shall know there are home-lit eyes
Watching me soar, sun-crowned.'
Poet-lark,
Hark—hark!

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A PLEA FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

The conception of the Great Exhibition has been realised in its material part. We see there side by side, in one prodigious glass-case, the productions of the whole world in art and industry; and we are able to estimate the strivings and attainments of each nation in the race of progress and improvement. But our criterion as yet is only partial. It relates to the strife, not to the thing striven after. We see what has been accomplished by one people comparatively with another; but we apply no general law to determine the condition of taste in the epoch to which the extraordinary show belongs. We have abundance of sketches, descriptions, and comparisons; but the philosophy of the Exhibition is unwritten. The material spectacle is before us, but we have not yet begun to extract the moral. Hurried, dazzled, astonished, delighted, we have not had leisure to discover that the wonderful collection is informed by a soul, and that the vast Palace which contains it is haunted by voices of prophecy and denunciation, inaudible to common ears, but as full of significance to those who will listen intently as the delicate strings of Aspendius.

When thinkers take the place of mere spectators, the revelations of the Crystal Palace touching the genius, history, and destiny of nations, will be curious and important; but in the meantime we shall mention only one subject among those that are likely to excite inquiry and interest: this is the point of taste at which the refined part of mankind have arrived as regards the Beautiful.

We have repeatedly avowed ourselves to be of those who believe that there is a principle in nature which governs beauty in form, just as there is known to be one which governs beauty in sound; that the taste may be educated up to the appreciation of the most perfect kind of beauty; and that the progress made by a people in this education exercises a powerful influence upon the national character. But setting such speculations aside for the present, as being fitting matter for controversy, it cannot be denied that there was a certain period of Grecian art in which objects of taste were produced—from a graven gem to a statuary group, from a drinking-cup to a temple—that have been considered by the whole civilised world, in all succeeding ages, as types of beauty, perfect and unassailable. On these masterpieces have been founded universal canons of criticism which, after intervening centuries of darkness and confusion, were implicitly acknowledged by the awakened mind of Europe; and to this day the rule remains absolute, in so far as theory is concerned, all other types being looked upon as fanciful and extravagant.

The interval of darkness may be said to have commenced at the fall of the Eastern empire; for Greece was plundered of her treasures only when these had lost their value in the eyes of the degenerate people. The number of statues carried into captivity almost equalled the number of men slain in battle, and the palaces of the Roman nobility became museums of Grecian art. But all to no purpose; for the sentence had gone forth likewise against the empire of the West and the masters of the world. Roman art, in its best ages, was only a cold and lifeless imitation; and when Rome fell, 'such was the desolation,' says the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici, 'which took place in Italy during the middle ages, occasioned not only by natural calamities, but by the yet more destructive operation of moral causes, the rage of superstition, and the ferocity of barbarian conquerors, that of the innumerable specimens of art which till the time of the later emperors had decorated the palaces and villas of the Roman nobility, scarcely a specimen or vestige was in the beginning of the fifteenth century to be discovered.'

The fulness of time, however, came at last. The cycle had gone round; and in the course of ages the energies of the savage tribes mingling with the worn-out refinement of the Romans, had produced a new European character. Then art and literature arose simultaneously; and Giotto, the first considerable Italian painter, was the contemporary of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. Then the treasures of the classical ages were disinterred; and marble heads, busts, torsos, limbs, came forth from holes and corners like the dead in the early pictures of the resurrection. The Florentine Museum of the Medici family was the precursor of the collections of a similar kind which at a later period began to enrich most of the countries of Europe; and at the present day Greek temples are imitated in countries unknown to the Greeks, and the forms of classical art, in statues, vases, gems, and other objects of taste, are familiar and abundant.

Under such circumstances, we should expect to find the Glass Palace overflowing with the beauty of the age of Pericles; but this is so far from being the case, that the classical style is in very small proportion. It is in fact incontestable, from the crowded evidence of the place, that the taste of Europe has degenerated, and that we have gone back to seek our forms and embellishments in the dark ages, before the indignant voice of Petrarch was heard calling the Italians from their Gothic slumber! This is apparent in numberless objects of the collection, and frequently even in the ornamentation with which classical models themselves are bedizened. The commonest implements, as well as the highest objects of art, are subjected to the same

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barbarian process: an inkstand or a candlestick is twisted and tormented till we can hardly guess the nature of the article; and everywhere we are met by marvels of ingenuity, of mechanical skill, and of vulgarity of taste. The classical form may be sometimes preserved, but it is preserved like a mummy, hidden in its multifarious coverings; or it is wrought upon by a mediæval imagination, like the oxide rising in points and jags upon polished steel. Under this process, fitness of parts, harmony of ideas, unity of purpose, or —to express all these in a single word—that divine eurythmia, which awakens in the mind the perception and the joy of beauty, is lost.

In the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' there is an anecdote of a labourer turning up, while digging in a field, 'an old pickle-jar.' He thought it was a money-pot; but finding nothing in it but a few burnt bones, he kicked it to pieces. This pickle-jar was discovered by the fragments to have been 'an elegantly-formed Roman sepulchral urn.' Now, if instead of having only elegance to recommend it, the vase had been put out of shape by all sorts of queer incrustations of grinning faces and so on, it would have been safe enough. The modern Goth would have had a picture—incongruous and meaningless, it is true, but still a picture—to please his rude imagination, and he would have played the collector instead of the iconoclast. This is not the story of an individual but of a generation: the discriminating taste of the field-digger is displayed in a thousand different ways in the Great Exhibition; where a redundancy of useless or ridiculous ornament is called richness, and the inability to appreciate simple and beautiful, or grand and noble forms, receives the name of genius.

Extravagance in ornament was a healthy sign in the middle ages—a sign of a restless and vigorous spirit giving way to its unenlightened impulses with an ardour which promised great things for a new era of progress. It displayed itself alike in architecture, in dress, in armour, in tournaments, in crusades, and in religion; and that pomp of love, by which the time made woman an idol, foreshadowed an epoch when, advancing with the march of ages, she would become a spirit to enlighten and refine. But *we* are the fulfilment of what was then prophesied. We are the middle ages elevated and matured, and what was strength in them is weakness in us. Look at that modern pile which, except in the want of rich windows and exquisitely-elaborate doorways, out-Gothics Gothic! It bears on its roof a world of little turrets and little spires, and little domes and little cupolas, and reminds one of a board of toys and images carried on the vendor's head. This forest of masonry is the most obtrusive part of the building, and costs a great deal more than all the rest put together: but it is useless—it does not even affect the purposes (whether of warlike defence or outlook) of its mediæval prototype; and its existence therefore is either a proof of low taste, or a wilful waste of skill, capital, and energy.

This misconception of the ornamental extends even to those buildings meant to be classical. We have heard one prodigiously admired on account of its really admirable columns, which raise their gigantic heads a great part of the height of the façade, where they serve to support—little statues! They are connected with the building only by being tacked to it by some abutment in the middle, so that if anything should occur to sweep them away, the walls would not lose a single stone. Considered as what they actually are in this instance, mere ornaments, the columns are as much out of place as statues the size of life would be adorning a mantelpiece; but the columns of really classical buildings are ornamental only in their proportions and ornaments: in themselves they support the roof or some other essential part of the edifice. In the earliest Greek temples there were no walls, and the roof rested on a quadrangular colonnade.

The tendency of the present day to go back to types long ago discarded is obvious in other things besides those that appertain to ornamental art. The word type suggests an instance of itself. Books intended to be more than commonly elegant are frequently printed not only in the form of those of an earlier time, but with the very letter which the improvements in type-founding had rendered obsolete. Many a printer thanks his stars for the new taste of the day, and rummages his warehouses for founts of antediluvian type which he had only hoped to use as old metal for refounding. And a strange appearance does this letter-press make, with paper so rich and yet so delicate, and illustrated by engravings, each of which, at the time the type was new, would have cost more than the price of the whole volume. The same remark may be made of binding; and not merely as regards the old tooling, as it is called, but the substance of the boards themselves—which are sometimes literally boards of thick wood.

Let it not be supposed that we object to the occasional reproduction of worn-out forms as matters of curiosity and contrast. What we deprecate is the *general* tendency to retrogression in productions of taste. We cannot with impunity fall away from beauty, to offer up our ingenuity and skill on the altars of the strange gods of our ignorant ancestors. Virtue, order, happiness, depend in a great measure upon taste. The hills, the glens, the woods, the waters, the birds, the flowers—all things that God has clothed with beauty—possess a medicative power to heal the soul and invigorate the affections. This beauty—for beauty is universal—is the true aim of art, and not of high art alone, but of everything that appeals to the taste. The enjoyment of the works of nature will be of little use if their impression is to be instantly effaced by the artificial objects that surround us; and each one of these objects, therefore—even the most minute and insignificant—ought to be constructed on the very same principle of harmony which plans a temple or glorifies the heavens.

Without taking this large view of the subject, it would be impossible to comprehend why the taste of one age should be better than that of another—why such a form or such an ornament, which does not affect the question of utility, should be an improvement upon another form or another ornament; why a Grecian urn should be more beautiful than a pickle-jar. There must be a reason for this; there must be a law by which our perceptions of beauty are governed; and although we may differ as to the nature of that law, it is impossible to be blind to its results upon the taste. Taste advances with moral progress—nay, it is essentially a part of moral progress. The voice of Petrarch did not resound through the world of intellect alone; for with the beautiful things of antiquity that answered to the call, there came welling up from the long-sealed

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fountains of the heart great thoughts, noble aspirations, and graceful sentiments. The gloom of the dark ages fled before the light of art and letters, and the world entered upon a new cycle of existence.

It would be easy for us to cite hundreds of individual objects in the Exhibition as a justification of these remarks, and equally easy to cite others that form the exception. But we have no such invidious purpose. We are satisfied with drawing attention to a general tendency to retrogression in taste which can only serve to interrupt and retard the progress of the age. L. R.

THE STOLEN ROSE.

Geraldine Delisle was the year previous to the late Revolution, which in one day shattered one of the great monarchies of the earth, the reigning belle in her circle. Lovely in form and face, she wanted but to correct some trifling defects of character to be perfect. But if she had large black eyes and massive brow, and beautiful hair and white teeth—if she had a lily-white hand and tiny feet, she knew it too well, and knew the power of her charms over man. She loved admiration, and never was so happy as when in a ball-room: all the men were almost disputing for the honour of her hand. But Geraldine had no declared suitor: she never gave the slightest encouragement to any one. Many offered themselves, but they were invariably rejected, until at twenty her parents began to be alarmed at the prospect of her never marrying. M. and Mme Delisle had found so much genuine happiness in marriage — the only natural state for adult human beings — that they had promoted the early marriage of two sons and an elder daughter; and now that Geraldine alone remained, they earnestly desired to see her well and happily married before they died. They received numerous offers; but the young girl had such winning ways with her parents, that when she declared that she did not like the proposer, they never had courage to insist.

During the season of 1847 Geraldine never missed a party or ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendid *salons* of the Princess Menzikoff. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman, who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of some one. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with great eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who, like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes; and she asked her mother who he was.

'He's a very bad man,' said Mme Delisle. 'Of noble family, rich, titled, young, and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He throws away thousands on very questionable pleasures, and has the unpardonable fault, in my eyes, of always ridiculing marriage.'

'I cannot forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry.'

'My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may from caprice or from many motives object to marrying, but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection — and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen.'

'Ah, mamma, you have been so happy that you think all must be so; but you see many who are not.'

'Mme Delisle,' said the Princess Menzikoff, who unperceived had come round to her, 'allow me to introduce you to my friend Alfred de Rougement. I must not call him count, he being what we call a democrat with a clean face and white kid-gloves.'

'The princess is always satirical,' replied M. de Rougement smiling; 'and my harmless opposition to the government now in power, and which she honours with her patronage, is all her ground for so terrible an announcement.'

Mme Delisle and Geraldine both started and coloured, and when Alfred de Rougement proposed for the next dance, was accepted, though next minute the mother would gladly have found any excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougement was the very 'bad man' whom she had the instant before been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many invitations from most unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke: the dance once over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word, coming back when his turn came again with clockwork regularity. In their drives Mme Delisle and Geraldine were always sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysées before he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however, keeping constantly in sight without endeavouring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early soirée and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their mind, and decided on going to the Opera at the very opening, to hear some favourite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from dessert when a note came from Alfred de Rougement, offering them his box, one of the best in the house!

'Why he is a regular Monte Christo,' cried Mme Delisle impatiently. 'How can he know our movements so well?'

'He must have bribed some one of the servants,' replied Geraldine: 'we talked just now of where we were going before they left the room.'

'But what does he mean?' said Mme Delisle. 'Is he going to give up his enmity to marriage, and propose for you?'

'I don't know, mamma,' exclaimed the daughter, colouring very much; 'but he may spare himself the trouble.'

'Geraldine—Geraldine! you will always then make me unhappy!' said her mother, shaking her head.

'But you cannot want me to marry Alfred? You told me everything against him yourself.'

'But if he is going to marry and be steady, I owe him an apology. But go and dress: you want to hear the overture.'

They went to Alfred's box — father, mother, and daughter. But though in the house, he scarcely came near them. He came in to inquire after their health, claimed Geraldine's hand for the opening quadrille at the soirée to which they were going after the opera, and went away. The young girl rather haughtily accepted his offer, and then turned round to attend to the music and singing.

Next day, to the astonishment of both M. and Mme Delisle, Alfred de Rougement proposed for the hand of their daughter, expressing the warmest admiration for her, and declaring with earnestness that the happiness of his whole life depended on her decision. Geraldine was referred to. She at once refused him, giving no reason, but expressing regret that she could not share his sentiments. The young man cast one look of reproach at her, rose, and went away without a word. When he was gone she explained to her parents, that though in time she thought she should have liked him, she did not admire his mode of paying his addresses: she thought he ought to have spoken to her first.

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Mme Delisle replied, that she now very much admired him, and liked his straightforward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that all discussion was now useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times with her cousin Edouard Delisle, a young man who for a whole year had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St Germain, where the ball-room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edouard had been dancing with her, and now sat down by her side. They had never been so completely alone. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door. Edouard once again spoke of his love and passion, vowed that if she would not consent to be his he should never be happy: all this in a line which shewed how fully he expected to be again refused.

'If you can get mamma's consent, Edouard,' she replied quickly, 'I am not unwilling to be your wife.'

Edouard rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment. Geraldine rose at the same time.

'But where is your rose?' said the young man, still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

'It is gone—cut away with a knife!' replied she thoughtfully; 'but never mind: let us look for mamma.'

Edouard took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card-table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his aunt and cousin to their carriage, he got in after them, quite an unusual thing for him.

'Why, Edouard, you are going out of your way,' said the father.

'I know it. But I cannot wait until to-morrow. M. Delisle, will you give me your daughter's hand? Geraldine has given her consent.'

'My dear girl,' exclaimed her mother, 'why did you not tell us this before? You would have saved us so much pain, and your other suitors the humiliation of being rejected.'

'I did not make up my mind until this evening,' replied Geraldine. 'I do not think I should have accepted him to-morrow. But he was cunning enough to come and propose before I had time for reflection.'

'You will then authorise me to accept him?' said M. Delisle.

'I have accepted him, papa,' replied Geraldine.

That evening Edouard entered the house with them, and sat talking for some time. When he went away, he had succeeded in having the wedding fixed for that day-month. Geraldine looked pale the next day; and when her mamma noticed it, said that she should go to no more parties, as she wished to look well the day she was married, and expressed a wish to go on excursions into the country instead. Mme Delisle freely acquiesced. Edouard came to dinner, looking much pleased, but still under the influence of the astonishment which had not yet been effaced from his plump and rosy face.

'Why, what do you think?' he said towards the end of the dinner—'Alfred de Rougement has left Paris. All his servants were dismissed this morning, and his steward received orders to meet him at Constantinople.'

'Indeed?' replied Mme Delisle gravely, while Geraldine turned deadly pale. 'But this room is too close for you, my child.'

'No, mamma,' said she quietly; 'but we are forgetting all about our excursions. I should like to go to Versailles to-morrow, and take all the pretty places round Paris in turn.'

'*Bon!*' cried Edouard; 'that suits me. I shall be with you early, for I suppose you will go in the morning?'

'I want to breakfast at Versailles,' replied Geraldine; 'so we must go to bed early.'

'That I vote to be an admirable proposition. At eleven I will go. But you are going to practise the new variations on *Pastoris*, are you not?'

'Yes; and you are going to sing, monsieur,' said Geraldine rising from table. 'So come along, and ma and papa can play trictrac all the time.'

That evening the cousins played and sang together until about ten, when they took tea, which Edouard, good-natured fellow, pretended to like prodigiously, drinking three cups of milk and water under the serious impression that it was the genuine infusion—a practice very common in France, where tea is looked on as dangerous to the nerves. Next day they went to Versailles, breakfasted at the Hôtel de France, visited the interminable galleries of pictures, and dined in Paris at a late hour. The day after they went to Montmorency.

Swiftly passed the hours, and days, and weeks, and soon Geraldine saw the last day which was to be her own. In twenty-four hours she was to leave her mother's home for ever, to share that of a man to whom it must be supposed she was very much attached, but who was not exactly the companion suited to her. Geraldine was very grave that morning. It had been arranged that they were to go to St Germain; and though the sky was a little dark, the young girl insisted on the excursion not being put off.

'This is the last day I shall have any will of my own,' said she; 'so let me exercise it.'

'My dear Geraldine,' replied her cousin kindly, 'you will always find me ready to yield to you in everything. I shall be a model husband, for I am too lazy to oppose any one.'

'My dear Edouard,' put in Mme Delisle, 'a man who consults his wife's happiness will always be happy himself. We are very easily pleased when we see you try to please us. The will is everything to us.'

'Then let us start,' said Edouard laughing: 'it will pass the time, and I am eager to try.'

They entered the open carriage which they usually used for their excursions, and started, the sun now shining very brightly. Edouard was full of spirits: he seemed bursting with happiness, and was forced to speak incessantly to give it vent. Geraldine was very grave, though she smiled at her cousin's sallies, and every now and then answered in her own playful, witty way. The parents, though happy, were serious too. They were about to lose their last child, and though they knew she would be always near them, a feeling of involuntary loneliness came over them. A marriage-day is always for affectionate parents a day of sorrowful pleasure—a link in the chain of sacrifices which makes a parent's love so beautiful and holy, so like what we can faintly trace in thought as the love of the Creator for man.

They took the road by Bongiral, and they were about a mile distant from that place when suddenly they found themselves caught in a heavy shower. The coachman drove hastily for shelter into the midst of a grove of trees, which led up to a villa that appeared totally uninhabited. But it was not so; for the *porte cochère* flew wide open as they drew up, and two servants advancing, requested them to take shelter in the house.

'But we are intruding?' said Mme Delisle.

'No, madame. Our master is out, but had he been at home he would insist as we do.'

Edouard leaped out, and set the example of compliance. The whole party followed the servants, who led the way into a splendidly-furnished suite of rooms. The style was that of the *renaissance*, of the richest materials, while the walls were covered with genuine paintings by the first masters. The servants then left

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them, and they were heard next minute assisting to take the horses from the carriage. The rain fell heavily all the time.

'Upon my word we are very fortunate,' said Mme Delisle: 'in ten minutes we should have been soaked through. The master of the house must be some very noble-minded man: no ordinary person would have such polite and attentive servants.'

'Some eccentric foreigner,' said Edouard: 'all his servants are men; I don't see the sign of a petticoat anywhere.'

'Some woman-hater, perhaps,' cried Geraldine laughing as she took from the table before her a celebrated satire against the sex.

'All the more polite of him,' said Mme Delisle, while looking with absolute horror at a book which she knew spoke irreverently of marriage.

'If you will pass this way,' said a servant entering, 'we shall have the honour to offer you breakfast. The rain has set in for some hours, and your servants spoke of your wishing to breakfast at St Germain. But you will not be able to wait so long.'

The whole party looked unfeignedly surprised; but there was no resisting a servant who spoke so politely, and who threw open a door whence they discovered a table magnificently laid out. Several servants were ready to wait.

'*Ma foi!*' cried Edouard, 'there is no resisting such temptation. You seem to know your master's character, and we take your word for it that he would make us welcome.'

With these words he gave Geraldine his arm, and led the way, setting the example also of attacking the delicate viands offered to them so unexpectedly. All breakfasted with appetite after their ride, and then returned to the room they had first occupied. The shower was over, and the warm sun was quickly clearing away all sign of the rain.

'What a beautiful house and grounds your master has here!' exclaimed Edouard: 'the garden appears to me even better than the house.'

'It is very beautiful,' said the servant addressed.

'Can we go over it?' continued the young man.

'Certainly, monsieur: I was about to offer to shew it you.'

'I shall remain here,' said Geraldine; 'my shoes are very thin; besides I wish to have another look at the pictures.'

Edouard demurred, but the young girl bade him go at once; and, like an obedient lover, he took the mamma's arm, and went into the garden.

The instant all were gone Geraldine rose from her chair and tottered across the room. She was pale, and looked cautiously round, as if about to do some guilty act. Presently she stood before a curtain which had been hastily drawn before a kind of niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it had been done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and on a small table something under a glass-case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil-sketch of herself.

'My God!' she cried passionately, 'he did love me then: what a fool I have been! Wicked pride, to what will you lead me?'

'My Geraldine,' exclaimed Alfred, who rose from a chair where he had been seated in a dark corner—'pardon me! But I could not resist the temptation. To see, to hear you once more, for the last time, was my only wish. Do you forgive me?'

'Do you forgive *me?*' said Geraldine, hanging down her head, and speaking in a low, soft, sweet voice, that had never been hers before.

'My God!—what?' exclaimed Alfred, who, pale and trembling, stood by her side.

'You will not force me to say, Alfred,' she continued in a beseeching tone.

'Do I understand aright? O forgive me, Geraldine, if I say too much; but is it possible that you do not hate me?'

'Hate you, Alfred! How can I hate one so generous and good? If you think me not bold to say it, I will say I love you. After behaving as I did, that confession will be my punishment.'

'My Geraldine! then why did you refuse me?' cried Alfred in a tone of passionate delight.

'Because you did not seem to love me; because you only in my eyes sought to marry me because others did.'

'Geraldine, I seemed cold because I loved you with all my heart and soul. But I was a known satirist on marriage, and I was ashamed to let the world see my deep affection. I wanted them to think that I married merely because it was a triumph to carry off the reigning belle.'

'You deceived me and all the world together,' replied Geraldine; 'but to own the truth, after you were gone and took my rose with you, I guessed the truth.'

'The rose! but did you know'——

'I guessed'——

'My God!' cried Edouard, returning alone to fetch Geraldine, to whom he wanted to shew the garden—'what is the meaning of this?'

'My good cousin,' said Geraldine, advancing towards him, and taking both his hands, 'come here; you will forgive Geraldine, won't you? I have been very wicked. Do excuse your cousin, will you not? but I was only going to marry you because I thought Alfred did not love me.'

'*Hein!*' cried Edouard quite bewildered.

'Don't be angry with me,' continued Geraldine gravely: 'I should have been a very good wife, and have loved you very much had I married you.'

'Oh, then, you do not mean to marry me now?' said Edouard in a tone of deep sadness.

'What am I to do?' cried Geraldine. 'See, my dear cousin, how he loved me! How can I marry you when my heart is given to another?'

'You were going to do so, but for a shower of rain,' said Edouard with a vain attempt at gravity. 'But take her, M. Alfred: I think after all I'm lucky to have escaped her! I don't forgive you a bit, because it's hard to find out that when at last one thinks one's self loved, the lady was only pretending.'

'You do forgive me!' exclaimed Geraldine shaking her head, and putting his hand into that of Alfred, who shook it warmly.

'Yes, yes!—of course you're pleased! But I must marry now. I shall ask Hélène at Bordeaux to have me, as nobody there will know anything about my present mishap.'

At this moment M. and Mme Delisle returned; their astonishment was of course very great. Edouard gravely introduced the young couple.

'You see, madame,' he said, 'that while you were walking round the garden, I have managed to lose my wife, and you to find a son-in-law.'

'But, my Geraldine,' exclaimed her mother, 'are you not behaving very badly to Edouard?'

'Not at all!' said the young man: 'I could not think of marrying her. Look at her! Five minutes with Alfred has done her more good than all her excursions in search of roses!'

'Mischievous man to betray me!' said Geraldine in her turn, warmly shaking his hand.

'But what will the world say?' exclaimed M. Delisle.

'I will tell the truth,' said Alfred; and in a few words he explained the cause of the refusal of Geraldine to have him.

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It was now settled that the day should be spent at the villa; that in the evening they should return to Paris, without the count, who was to present himself only next day. He agreed to own frankly to all his friends the depth and sincerity of his affection, while Edouard good-naturedly volunteered to tell every one that he had been turned off—a promise which he gravely kept, relating his discomfiture in a way that drew tears of laughter from all his hearers.

And Geraldine and Alfred were married, to the surprise of the world. They were both cured of their former errors, and I know no instance of a happier marriage than that of M. and Mme de Rougement. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly, and is remarked for the liberality of his opinions—being one of the many ex-legitimists who have gone over to the moderate republican party. Edouard married his country cousin. Both young couples have children, and both are happy: the only revenge the young man having taken is to persevere on all occasions, even before his own wife, in calling Geraldine 'The Stolen Rose.'

APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POWER TO TRANSIT ON RAILWAYS.

One of the most wonderful characteristics of scientific discovery is the singular way in which every advance connects itself with past phases of progress. Each new victory over the stubborn properties of matter not only gives man increase of power on its own account, but also reacts on older conquests, and makes them more productive. Thirty years ago, Davy and Arago observed that iron-filings became magnetic when lying near a wire that was carrying a current of galvanic electricity. Since then powerful temporary magnets have been made for various purposes by surrounding bars of soft iron by coils of copper-wire, and transmitting electric currents through these. In fact, it has been ascertained that iron always becomes a magnet when electricity is passed round it. The alarum-bells of the electric telegraphs are set ringing by a simple application of this principle. A conducting wire is made to run for hundreds of miles, and then coils itself round an iron bar. Electric currents are sent at will through the hundreds of miles of wire, and the inert iron becomes an active magnet. Observe the clerk in the Telegraph Office at London. When he jerks the handle that is before him, he turns on a stream of electricity that runs to Liverpool or Edinburgh, as the case may be. In either of those places a piece of iron that is twisted round with the extremity of the wire becomes a magnet for an instant, and attracts to itself a steel armature that is connected with a train of wheelwork. The motion of the armature, as it is drawn up to the magnet, sets free a spring that was before kept quiet; and this gives token of its freedom by making an alarum-bell to ring. The clerk in London awakens the attention of the clerk in Edinburgh by turning a piece of soft iron placed near to the latter into a magnet for a few seconds. He is able to do this because currents of electricity induce magnetism in iron. This, and this alone, is the secret principle to which he is indebted for the wonderful power that enables him to annihilate space when he instantaneously attracts the attention of an ear hundreds of miles away.

We have recently shewn how this electro-magnetic induction has been made a means for the instantaneous registration of astronomical observations. We have already to draw attention to another practical application of the principle. M. Niklès has just invented an arrangement of apparatus that enables him to make the wheels of locomotives bite the rails with any degree of force without increasing the weight that has to be carried to the extent of a single grain. Our readers are aware that in wet weather the driving-wheels of locomotives often slip round upon the rail without acquiring the power of moving the weight that is attached behind them. Whenever they are asked to ascend inclined planes with a weight that is beyond the adhesive powers of their wheels this result invariably follows; and the only practical escape from the difficulty hitherto has been the adoption of one of two expedients—either to increase their own intrinsic weight, so that the earth's attraction might bind the wheels down more firmly, or to let the railway be level and the load to be dragged proportionally light. In either of these cases a waste of power is experienced. Power is either expended in moving a superfluous load, or the same amount of power drags less weight even upon a level rail than it otherwise could upon an ascending one, that would have required less outlay in its construction. It therefore becomes a great desideratum to find some means of making the locomotive wheels bite more tenaciously without increasing the load they have to carry. The important problem of how to do this it is that M. Niklès has solved.

If our readers will take a common horse-shoe magnet, and slide the connecting slip of steel that rests upon its ends backwards and forwards, they will feel that the slip sticks to the magnet with a certain degree of force. M. Niklès' plan is to convert the wheel of the locomotive into a magnet, and make it stick to the iron rail by a like adhesion. This he does by placing a galvanic battery under the body of the engine. A wire coming from the poles of this battery is then coiled horizontally round the lower part of the wheel, close to the rail, but in such a way that the wheel turns round freely within it, fresh portions of its circumference coming continually into relation with the coil. The part of the wheel in immediate contact with the rail is thus made magnetic, and therefore has a strong adhesion for the surface along which it moves—and the amount of the adhesion may be increased or diminished at any time, by merely augmenting or reducing the intensity of the galvanic current that circulates through the surrounding coil. By means of a handle the electricity may be turned on or off, and an effectual break be thus brought into activity that can make the iron rail smooth or adhesive according to the requirements of the instant, and this without in any way interfering with the free rotation of the wheels as the friction-breaks of necessity do. Increased adhesion is effected by augmented pressure, but the pressure results from an attraction that is altogether independent of weight. The lower portion of the wheel for the time being is in exactly the same condition as a bar of soft iron placed within a coil of wire circulating electricity. But as it rises up out of the coil during the rotation of the wheel, it grows less and less magnetic, the descending portions of the opposite side of the circumference acquiring increased magnetic power in the like degree.

M. Niklès' experiments have been made with large locomotives in full operation; and he states as the result, that the velocity of the wheel's motion does not in any way affect the development of the magnetic

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force. He finds the condition of the rail, as regards wetness or dryness, to be quite unimportant to the success of his apparatus, and he has already managed by its aid to achieve an ascent as rapid as one in five.

MOZART AND SCHACH.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

Mozart. No, no, old friend; I am not so easily scolded out of a conviction. I tell thee again, and once for all, the requiem I am writing is for myself. How could I fill it with such sobbing tones for a stranger's death? I have only to finish it—this swan-song—and then—all is over with Mozart. Yet not all; *non omnis moriar!* But oh it is hard, so hard to die just when fortune is preparing to smile; so hard to feel that the smile is in mockery—a mere grin at the dying man's feebleness, helplessness, despair. There are commissions just come in for me from Prague, and Holland, and Hungary—just come in as I am going out, so that we meet in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—going out, out, like the last spark of an overheated furnace, like the dying fall of a burial chant! Well, I must work while it is called day, and that is already darkening into night; and my only work left is the requiem — my own requiem—at which I must ply like the aged spinster at her own shroud, or the lonely hermit at his own grave.

Schach. I verily believe the requiem *will* be the death of you if you give room to these fantasies. They are not worthy of you, Wolfgang: play the man, and cease to impede your recovery by these miserable delusions. You shall write many an opera buffa yet, at which we'll laugh in concert, and some scores of requiems for dull, rich, old burgesses, apoplectic and sexagenarian, for whom they are more in place——

M. Go, like a good friend, and ask my poor Stänerl to give me back the unfinished score of the requiem which those lumpish doctors have taken away. I have only to bring that to a conclusion, and then——

S. Madame Mozart will not call me a good friend if I ask anything of the sort. The lumpish doctors are wiser than you, and deserve a more grateful and graceful epithet. They only snatch the poison from you.

M. I tell thee the real poison—no metaphor—is swallowed long ago: its virus is in all my veins; and they, poor wiseacres, cannot extract it. Thick-skulls! do they think locking up my requiem will give me a fresh lease of poisoned life, forty-eight more hours of lingering death-throes? Ah, if my beloved Dr Barisani were alive, he would have understood me better, and acknowledged the truth of my convictions. Of two things I am so sure that were even his ghost to rise and deny them I would snap my fingers at the shadowy sceptic; and these are—that I have been poisoned beyond earthly remedy, and that the requiem you refuse to restore me is for my own corpse, and will be speedily sung.

S. And I tell thee, dear Mozart, that illness and accompanying nervous sensations are the source of these fancies, which only deserve the death of false witnesses. And here am I quite ready to fling the first stone at them. Cheer up! Write a jubilate on your convalescence, instead of a gloomy affair whose minims and semibreves all smell of the charnel-house, and are pitched in such a desperately minor key. These delusions are the work of some malignant spirit who is a liar from beginning to end; some mocking devil whom you may and must exorcise. Luther had such a one, and very properly flung an inkstand at his head. Go thou and do likewise. Thou knowest and believest in an old book of some repute which says: Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Instead of doing so, you play into his hands, as though you had made a compact like Faustus himself.

M. Taisez vous, mon ami.—Now, now, hasten—there's my brave Schach—and get the score. I have a new idea to put down: it will do exactly to follow those last few bars. Quick, my brother! Why refuse the whim, if it be one, of a dying man?

S. Because it is the whim, and that alone, which is killing him. For your wife's sake, your Stänerl, if not your own, banish this morbid thought, and try to——

M. Ah, then, let them only lay the poor requiem on my bed, that I may look at it now and then and feel it near me. No?—you refuse me even that? Heavens, how the fever scorches me up! Would God 'twere morning, 'twere morning!——

S. Not so restless, dearest Mozart: how greatly you are your own enemy. Let me smooth that pillow: there! Now I'll be quite still awhile, and you shall try to coax sleep to befriend you a little.

M. Sleep? I shall sleep long enough soon; sound enough and long enough. Do you think death—what other sleep for me?—wants coaxing and inviting from a poisoned man? In tears?—No? Then why turn your head away? Ah, I have spoken unkindly, my own Schach! forgive me. You have known me long, old friend, and will soon know me no more. I am an ingrate, though, to burden my friends so selfishly——

S. Mozart, you were never selfish.

M. I am irritable, look you, from pain and sickness. My nerves are fearfully strained—the nerves of a musician, too, to which tension is torture. But come; talk we of other things. How went off the 'Zauberflöte' this evening?

S. As usual, right triumphantly. Its success is *à merveille.* The quintett in the first act took the house by storm—a nightly thing; that quintett, by the way, which you composed during a game at billiards, as I remember well.

M. You are right. Do you know I lie in bed every evening with my watch in my hand, while you robust fellows at the Opera are playing my 'Zauberflöte,' and follow in imagination every bar of the music, saying to myself: Now they are putting the *finale* touches to the overture; now Schach is running away from the serpent; now Schickaneder is tripping forth as Papageno with his bird-cage, or puffing away at the magic flute——

S. That's better than brooding over a requiem, disobeying doctors, and distressing a devoted wife; and be sure, Mozart, we at the Opera think of you also—ay, the theatre at large, actors and audience, forget not you in their mirth. It is an enviable thing the genius that can delight thousands living and myriads yet unborn.

M. How vividly all my feverish life rises before me in these lonely midnight watches. I see myself at four years old making my first efforts at composition, doing every childish act to a musical accompaniment: asking my dear mother and sister Nannerl—God bless her!—twenty times a day whether they loved me, and crying if they jestingly said No: covering tables, chairs, and the very floor with arithmetical figures, in my first

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love for a science still dear to me: enjoying the praise of my anxious father—ah, I can see the tears rolling down his cheeks as plainly as I did then!—when I scribbled a little concerto for the *clavier* at six years old: scraping away at a tiny violin, accompanied by kind old Schachter the trumpeter: and then those memorable tours we made—my father, Nannerl, and I—to Vienna, and Paris, and London: at one place kissed by Maria Theresa, at another crammed with sweetmeats by the queen of France, at a third petted and played with by King George—at whose court I ought to have taken up my abode had a wiser head sprouted from these little shoulders. Happy childhood! from which I am separated by so few years and so many sorrows. Surely I am dying before my time. No musician of genius should die at thirty-five—no, nor at forty, nor yet fifty. His ideas are only then ripening to a grand issue. He cannot but improve as he goes on, if only he is enthusiastic and conscientious. Look at our friend Glück—*requiescat in pace!*—how late in life were his triumphs. I that wrote 'La Finta Semplice' at twelve, 'Figaro' at thirty, 'Don Giovanni' at thirty-one, 'Così fan Tutte' at thirty-four, and now this 'Zauberflöte' and 'La Clemenza di Tito' at thirty-five—what might I not do ten, fifteen years hence? But no: *dis aliter visum*. The time, the set time is come; and Mozart and his operas are to end with an early requiem.

S. Still harping on that fatal string!

M. Because its music has an unearthly spell that I cannot resist any more than the quivering bird can shun the glare of the serpent's eye. Think you it is in my power to shake off this conviction? God knows how gladly I would be rid of its baleful, blasting presence; for the fear of death is strong upon me, and a horrible dread overwhelms me. It was not always so. I once looked calmly and indifferently on death, and could pity the cowardice that quailed before its approach. Three or four years ago I could assure my poor father, then on his dying bed, that I had so familiarised myself with death as the true friend of our race, fulfilling as it does the real design of our life, that its image had ceased to affright me; and at that time I never drew my curtains at night without seriously reflecting that I might die during the night-watches; yet was I free from gloom in company, and ate my hard-won bread in cheerfulness of heart. Alas! it is quite otherwise now! The prospect of dissolution shocks me. I would fain live for my wife and children's sake; for the sake of my friends, my art, my reputation. Things are just beginning to mend; fortune, hitherto so coy, is brightening with promise; the world is beginning to respect and to care for Mozart—but Mozart must not tarry. As the English have it: 'Time and tide wait for no man'—the scythe of time, and the icy rushing tide of death. Already its booming waters chill me as I listen——

S. Do not give way thus. Why should you alone be hopeless of recovery? We hope—all Vienna hopes—to have many another opera from you yet.

M. If I could only live to write one or two more, that I might leave my boys something for daily bread! Hitherto my best music has done little to make me a purse, but it would be different could I set to work again now. 'Don Giovanni' brought me in a hundred ducats, 'Figaro' next to nothing, the 'Zauberflöte' worse than nothing. Perhaps these very works will enrich managers, home and foreign, when I am in my grave. I know Father Haydn thinks so, and he is worth hearing.

S. Yes; I have heard good old Joseph discourse with enthusiasm, in his own bland, quiet way, on the 'wonderful genius of Mozart.' He at least appreciates your originality—the very thing that offends shallow musicians and stiff, narrow-minded professors. 'Beautiful!' I remember his saying, just before leaving us for England, when a sonata of yours was performed—'Beautiful! it is so Mozartish!' Now it is ludicrous to hear, on the other hand, stupid dunces complain that everything from your pen is objectionable because it transgresses old traditions, overleaps artificial boundaries, outgrows straitlaced fashions, and is so Mozartish!

M. It is very true that whatever I write has a certain distinctive character, without my aiming at originality—nay, without my being able to define what that certain something is. The cause of the distinction is, I suppose, the same as that which gives my nose a particular size and aquiline shape, making it Mozart's, and different from that of other people. Good Joseph Haydn!—yes, *he* understood me: *O si sic omnes!* Like him and Handel, I ought to have settled in England, instead of fuming and fretting, and spending strength for nought, among petty principalities at home. Haydn is now, you see, a prosperous gentleman, and will return a substantial and dignified one, to lay his bones in his fatherland in a green old age. I shall never see that good soul again—a conviction that was mournfully strong upon me when I wrung his hand as he left Vienna. Ah, the solitary sick-room, how it is peopled with the familiar forms of one's friends! And to think that the eye must never glance at them again! There is Haydn and the Storaces, and Kelly and Thomas Linley, and——

S. All of whom, like yourself, are living, and as unwilling as I am to despair of your recovery.

M. Then, again, my pupils—some of them at least—what joy it would give me to watch their progress and afford them encouragement when they need it; a thing denied or grudgingly doled out to me in my musical pupilage.

S. Yes, live Mozart!—live, and impart life to them; imbue them with your ideas; qualify them to develop the principles of your art and to establish the revolution you have so worthily begun! Who is your most promising disciple?

M. There's a clever English lad, Atwood, of whom his country will perhaps one day be proud, though he is not overstocked with ideas nor capable of creating a new era in art. That young fellow, Beethoven, who has now settled among us at Vienna, *he* will make a noise in the world, or I have no ear for harmony, no power to discern spirits—and perchance, like me, more noise after he has left it than while he inhabits it. So prophesies Mozart of Beethoven and himself. And there's little Hummel—I love little Hans, if only for recalling my own childish days and ways—commend me to him for fluency and expression at the pianoforte! These are my most mark-worthy catechumens; and I lament now that I have spent so little pains on them. I was never cut out for a teacher. The plodding routine of the art I could study myself, but not din into the ears of others. When I ought to have been pupilising, I seduced the boys into a game at billiards. Ah, follies and sins rise in swarms to condemn me now, of which I took no account at the time! O the necromancy of a sick-bed! Dejection and embarrassment drove me to illicit pleasures—those pleasures of sin which are but for a season, but the sting of which is for all time. *Kyrie eleeison!*

S. Hush! I hear madame on the stairs. Don't let her find you rhapsodising thus, or I shall be forbid the house.

M. You are right. Turn to the *clavier*, and begin playing over my last Fantasia—not too *forte* though, for 'tis mirk midnight, and some people can sleep though Mozart cannot. You do well to check my miserable croaking, barking, hissing about self, self, self. What has come to thee, Mozart? Dost thou whine for the moon and other impossible toys? Pshaw!——*Entrez*, my Constance, my own Stänerl; you are just in time to see Herr Tamino break down in playing at sight, and help me to laugh at the poor wight. Why that very first chord threatens to strangle him. . . . . Bravo, Schach! a miraculous escape! But tighten the reins in going round the corner—(turn

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the leaf for him Stäner)—or that crotchety passage with the accidental flats will be the death of you. . . . Skilfully rendered. *Evviva* Schach!*

THE FRENCH PRESS.

The newspaper, that political weathercock—that moral barometer—that intellectual telegraph of civilised life—varies, like its producers and consumers, in form and features, according to the locality in which it flourishes. In Turkey it is an infant, in Russia and Austria it is a slave; in Italy it is a dwarf, in Spain it is a muffled desperado; in Northern Germany it is a pipe: laugh not, we beseech you!—a pipe always puffed at, always going out, and always being lighted anew. Again: in America it is a prize-fighter, and in California it is—a first-rate speculation. But in England it is a manufacturer, while in France everybody knows it is a soldier to the backbone.

Generally speaking, in England a newspaper is at bottom an investment of capital; in France it is more essentially a defensive and offensive engine—a sort of intellectual catapult or balister for throwing hard words and pointed invectives at the leaders of the enemy. In England a paper abuses a man on principle, and strictly as a matter of business; in France it is passion that furnishes the powder, and hope of revenge the bullet to an editorial charge. Your Briton uses his artillery systematically, and spares his ammunition; your Gaul loads to the muzzle of his gun, and cares little if he burst his barrel in the explosion. Your venal journalist in England is a sturdy speculator—a man who knows how 'to make a book,' and 'hedge' scientifically; in France he is a reckless soldier of fortune—a condottiere, a brigand. In England it is the journal as a house of business that succeeds; in France it is the man, the leader of a party, who triumphs. In England the proprietor is rarely editor; in France the editor is generally proprietor. In England newspapers profess to *represent*, in France they pretend to *form*, public opinion. In England the press wears a mask; in France it displays a cockade. An English journal utters the ideas of a class or a party; a French journal proclaims the sentiments of a man or a clique. The English press forces the ruling powers to pacific submission; the French press conspires their downfall and destruction. The Englishman warns, the Frenchman threatens. Lastly, in England the unsuccessful speculator becomes bankrupt; in France the unlucky *rédacteur* gets shot. The former is ruined by the capital, the latter killed by the bullet of his rival.

In other respects the contrasts between the two presses are equally striking. The English press is free, yet preserves almost invariably a certain tone of moderation and conventional politeness; the French press groans under the most absolute bondage, being subject to fines guaranteed by the deposit of a large caution-money—for a daily paper a thousand pounds, which, if diminished by a fine, must be made up again before the reappearance of the journal—and to seizure by the police. It is under the most arbitrary regulations as to sale. For example, no liberal paper is allowed to be sold in the streets where the monarchical prints are permitted to hawk their treason against the Republic unmolested. Such inconsistency under a republican government appears almost incredible; nevertheless there is not an inhabitant of Paris, of any party, who will not bear witness to the fact. Yet the 'Evénement,' a republican evening paper, has a larger sale than all the *journaux de soir* of the reaction put together. It has a splendid office on the Boulevards, nearly opposite the Chaussée d'Antin—a luxury in which none of its opponents indulge. Again: 'La Presse,' the great republican morning paper, is beyond all comparison the most popular and widely-circulated journal in France. The indisputable success of these organs would lead a dispassionate observer to believe that republicanism has a broader basis in France than English journals usually admit; for, after all, why should the number of stamps consumed by the 'Presse' and the 'Evénement' so far exceed that used by any other morning and evening papers, unless there existed in various parts of the country a republican class of readers to subscribe to them? Again: any one who will take the trouble to inquire on the Bourse at Paris, will find that shares in 'La Presse' are at a considerable premium, while those of nearly every royalist and imperialist journal are at a fearful discount. These simple facts, which are stated quite independently of all political views, are worthy of remark, as they afford a clue to estimating the present condition of our neighbours, not to be found in the passionate polemics of opposing factions.

Notwithstanding the restrictions above alluded to—to return to our point of contrast—the French press indulges in the most menacing and inflammatory attacks upon men, ministries, and parties; and though in England the anonymous system prevails, while in France every article is now signed (by law) with the name of its writer, personality in French journals runs much higher than in our own prints.

Another curious difference: in France there is no duty on advertisements; yet that vast engine of traffic is there in its infancy compared with its gigantic expansion in England, where so onerous a tax is levied upon every announcement of our wants and wishes. But, indeed, what is trade in France compared with trade in Great Britain? What idea have the monopolists and peddlers of that young Republic of the burning fever of competition which drives the golden current through the veins of British industry and enterprise! France is following rapidly in our footsteps. She is already the *second* commercial state in Europe, and far in advance of all others in wealth and prosperity. Let, however, the following statistics, taken from a recent work on political economy, or rather political comparative anatomy, convey some notion of the gulf which still separates the two countries in a financial and progressive point of view:*—

Great Britain, it is calculated, has an income of about L.550,000,000. Her taxes are about L.50,000,000 or one-eleventh of her total revenue. France has an income of L.320,000,000 only, with a taxation of L.70,000,000, or more than one-fifth of her total revenue.† That is to say, France produces rather more than one-half what Great Britain produces, and is taxed more than doubly in proportion to her means!

To return to the advertisement department of the press—a department so important with us, so insignificant in France. At a rough guess we should say that there are at least one hundred times as many advertisements annually printed and published in London as in Paris. From this conscientious *guess* the reader may form some dim notion of the vast disparity between the two countries in that particular walk of literature.

It is impossible to estimate the effect of the abolition of the naturally-detested advertisement-duty in

* Will the writer of this article favour us once more with his name and address, his first note having been mislaid?

* Apologies and Contrasts, or Comparative Sketches of France and England, by the author of Revelations of Russia, &c.

† The taxation of France has been since increased. Let us hope that by some mysterious process her revenue has increased in proportion.

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this country, which would put us in that respect on a level with the French. Probably, if our hypothesis be at all near the mark, that the number of British advertisements is *now* as a hundred to one in France, the ratio would not *then* fall much below one thousand!

As a sort of counterpoise to its political bondage, the stamp on a French newspaper is only one-half that imposed in England, and paper duties are unknown. Hence arises a further important distinction between the press of France and that of her island neighbour. There are several daily newspapers published in Paris, edited and contributed to by the most distinguished men of the day, the price of which is only two sous, or one penny the number. Three sous is the price of the more expensive journals. Their sale is of course proportional to their price, and their influence consequently much more extended than in England, where a daily paper is a luxury absolutely forbidden to the poorer and working-classes. Hence the French, as a nation, are much farther advanced in political knowledge, right or wrong, than the English; and far more excited and impatient on the subject of reforms which the dominant class—that is to say, the *bureaucracy*—naturally delay and oppose by every means in their power.

Now in France at least one adult in ten is either a soldier, a placeman, or a police spy. No wonder that the revolution sits *en permanence* in the brains of French philosophers, and the hearts of French poets and patriots, when a tenth of the population consume more than a fifth of the total revenue of a country in which the result of an *equal* division of property would give about *sevenpence* * *a day* to every citizen shareholder.

Thus the want of abuses to attack or propose remedies for is not one of the misfortunes of a French journalist, and newspapers flourish accordingly.

On the other hand, the great, unstamped press, which in England does so much for the education and civilisation of the people, is entirely unknown in France, owing to the police restrictions thrown round everything connected with print and paper in that republic of contradictions. The place of these amusing and instructive periodicals is feebly supplied by the *feuilleton* of the daily papers (weeklies are rare—they suit not the feverish progress of events in a revolutionary state.) In these are published tales, literary and dramatic criticism, and articles of various kinds, by the belletristic writers of France. But as the novels of Alexander Dumas absorb the greater portion of the *feuilletons* of the best circulated journals, they offer small field either for literary aspiration or for popular instruction. However, all classes in France are at present so busy seeking what they call a solution in politics, that they do not perhaps feel very keenly the want of lighter nutriment for their minds on the one hand, or more enduring literature on the other.

The writers of French journals are simply all the men of note and talent in France, who rarely fail to defend with their pens in a newspaper the principles they have advocated with their lips in the House of Assembly. Even the very subs and penny-a-liners, as we should call them in England, are mostly ambitious though penniless young adventurers, whose future it is not often easy to prophesy. Their boldness of invention, when a corner is to be filled up at all hazards by an extempore '*canard*,' or 'duck,' as it is termed, is truly admirable. We were much amused by reading in a French evening paper the other day how, owing to some egg-shells being thrown down in the street, an unfortunate cab-horse fell down, and *his feet sliding out in opposite directions*, broke *all four legs* on the spot. 'The knacker,' continues the duck-maker, 'was humanely sent for, to put the poor animal out of its agony.' Whereupon follows a profound moral reflection on the wickedness of throwing egg-shells into the street, which to more confiding readers must have proved highly edifying and commendable.

* Proudhon calculates seventy-five centimes—a fraction beyond sevenpence per head per diem.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

THREE or four years ago, an association sprang up with the purpose of fostering a spirit of peace and a hatred of war in all its forms. Grave doubts have been entertained as to the utility of such an association. It is alleged that all persons would naturally prefer peace to war, but that circumstances may compel an appeal to arms; and that so long as bad passions have sway, it is desirable to be prepared for the worst—that, indeed, a well-organised force, by acting as a terror, is the best preservative of general tranquillity. The question, therefore, may be said to admit of some degree of controversy. Truth is to a certain extent on both sides.

However the matter may be argued, it will be universally allowed that war is a bad thing, and has produced most lamentable consequences as regards even the present generation. The difficulty is to know how to render its recurrence impossible. It is evident that the vast majority of mankind are in a state of shocking barbarism, and that it is only here and there that really civilised and orderly dispositions prevail. Roll out the map of the world, and let any man lay his finger on the country where the people are so thoroughly imbued with correct feelings as to render armed force amongst them undesirable. We hear much of the spread of social improvements. Thankful we are for all recognisable signs of advancement; but all that has been done is but a light let in upon darkness, and only shews what is still left to be effected in the way of general illumination. Little more than three years ago, a disorderly mob had possession of Glasgow, and the progress of a general sack was stayed only by military force. As long as large cities are exposed to contingencies of this kind—in short, until the very humblest orders of the community know how to regulate their feelings—it is hopeless to expect an utter annihilation of that desperate and ultimate resource—warlike enginery. Then as to foreign countries. Look no further than France: it is a universal encampment—a nation armed to the teeth in dread of social outbreak, and possessing a fatal proneness to pick quarrels with peaceably-disposed neighbours.

It would, we think, be the height of folly for the advocates of peace principles to ignore the existence everywhere of a reasonable apology for maintaining a certain apparatus of defence against violence. The world is not to be trusted. That is the terrible misfortune. But this very want of confidence is the best of all arguments for the spread of such principles as tend to obviate a recourse to the sword. Let all peoples be educated up to the point at which war inspires sentiments of horror and detestation, and the thing is done.

The mission of the Peace Society, as we suppose, is to promote this species of culture; and so far its aim cannot but meet with approval. A very important end will be gained in merely bringing contiguous nations to a knowledge of each other. Mutual suspicions and misapprehensions have led in past times to proclamations of war; and diplomacy, with all its cost and pretensions, it is grievous to say, has seldom been of any avail in these serious conjunctures. How different, in all probability, would have been the result in the case of the first American and French revolutionary war had the two disputing parties—the people, not diplomatists—been brought face to face to state their differences in an honest spirit of adjustment! It is to be hoped that on any future occasion for national dispute,

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the people on each side will distinctly avow the wish for an amicable settlement. And yet, notwithstanding this expectation, are not the peace-loving English at present carrying on a war against the Caffres without compunction, probably without knowing the merits of the case?—certainly, so far as appearances are concerned, without the wish to learn anything at all about it!

It is clear that anything short of a very general enlightenment and pervading spirit of humanity will inevitably fail to avert the recurrence of war, whether on a small or large scale. Material progress, advancement in the industrial arts, are obviously inadequate towards the suppression of barbaric contests. At the late Peace Congress in London, presided over by Sir David Brewster, it was well observed by M. Coquerel, that moral and religious convictions are indispensable in promoting national aversion for war. 'It is quite true,' he remarked, 'that railways, electricity, international exhibitions of universal industry, draw people together, strengthen the bonds of their intimacy, and tend to render peace permanent; but the people must know this and feel it too, and you are here to tell them so. You are here at this moment, the conscience of humanity; and it is in virtue of this title that you are arresting its attention to a great change which is now taking place in its very heart and centre, but which ought not to, and cannot be realised, unless it have the knowledge of it. You are revealing what is passing in its own bosom, and are hastening progress by the manifestation of it. This is the end of this Congress. You are right, then, not to attribute the destinies of your cause to the material developments of industry. You are right in requiring of all those who have assumed the office of instructing human nature—of all those who listen to it; of ministers of religion, teachers, and journalists, that they should boldly take this grand work in hand. Teachers can do much. They have in this respect an important change to operate in the ideas of humanity, because up to the present time the youthful generation have been instructed according to a system of education and of history absolutely false, and in which war has been made to appear, and has been regarded not only as one of the greatest and noblest things in this world, but as the chief of all that is greatest and noblest. It is war which, according to this system, has monopolised all the men of history, and which in history itself holds the first place. It would appear as though past ages had nothing more instructive to impart to us than an interminable list of sieges and battles. We have all of us read Roman history, to wit. Well, in studying it through the medium of those admirable writers who have transmitted it to our days, we have all of us perhaps been led away by the charms of their style, and the spiritedness of their narrative, and ranged ourselves with them on the side of oppression, of perfidious policy, of insatiable ambition, and of ferocious and frenetic pride, against weakness and good right. And in fact the history of Rome is but an endless poem, a long romance, of which war is the subject, and in which all is exaggeration and forgery. I behold continually passing before my wearied eyes the triumphal car of the victor; I hear the loud and prolonged acclamations, and the boisterous shouts of inebriate admiration and joy which greet him on his passage; but I never hear the frantic sobs of orphans and the maledictions of mothers. Yet in this false order of ideas is youth brought up. When war is spoken of to children it is exhibited to them not in its reality, but under brilliant and deceptive appearances. The troops are shewn to them arrayed in order, as they set out on the march for the battle-field, to the sound of the trumpet, clothed in uniforms of gaudy colours, bedizened with trappings, shining with tinsel and spangles, their feathers and plumes waving, their banners floating in the breeze, and yielding to every puff; their murderous arms glittering in the sunshine, and that—that is shewn to their infant minds, and pointed out as war! Ah! why not rather shew us—why not shew your children that same army on its return? Or rather explain to them why out of all those thousands of men so few come back. Why not tell them where the rest are? Then they would see plumes and feathers broken—but never mind that: standards torn and ripped, helmets and cuirasses beaten in, and swords snapped in twain—never mind even that: but what *would* matter, they would see and understand what had become of those manly hearts which were so recently throbbing beneath those cuirasses—of those noble fronts on which God had impressed the stamp of his own image, and which so lately beamed with a scintillation of his own immortality and intelligence. To this very day, when glory has been spoken of either to men or to children, military glory has been vaunted at the expense of glory of every other kind. Military glory has been accepted as something grand and noble: but what if it presented itself to our view as the accomplice of Macbeth—its hands dripping with blood! Then errors must be dissipated, and henceforth only that kind of glory must be accepted as belonging to the first class which shall be guiltless of human blood. Teachers must instruct children to know that there are other kinds of glory far more brilliant than that which hovers over camps and over gory battle-fields.'

In concluding his eloquent address, M. Coquerel took occasion to rebuke the tendency to be jocular at the expense of the movement in which he and others were engaged. Why there should be any sarcasm expended on the principles professed by the society we are at a loss to understand. So far from feeling any desire to hold up this respectable association to ridicule, we would pass over any eccentricities in its operations as things too inconsiderable for notice, and candidly anticipate that it may prove of vast use in spreading and confirming those habits of thought which lead to the conservation of national tranquillity.

PHILŒ.

It was a cheerful morning early in January last that we started—that is, five or six ladies and gentlemen—to visit the island of Philœ, which had grown every day more attractive to our imagination. A short ride among ruins and over rocks brought us into the great cemetery of the ancient city of Essoôn; and after passing this, and leaving the way to Mahatta on our right, we began to enter a series of rugged defiles, which we made merry with pleasant talk and laughter. Not more than an hour after starting, we got among trees and houses, at a place called Birbé; and a little beyond came down to a busy landing-place, where boats were crowding, men shouting, women screaming, donkeys braying, and camels grunting as they received their load. The Nile, glittering in the sun, lapsed, as it were, in sheets of light from amidst precipitous rocks on the left, and disappeared amidst low, stony islands on the right. We might have heard the roar of the neighbouring cataracts, but the buzz of life near at hand was too violent. A short altercation introduced us to a ferry-boat; and having sent back our donkeys, we started for the yet invisible Philœ.

A puff of wind dropping opportunely into the sail, carried us across a narrow rock-bound pass, up which we were to creep on the other side against the mighty current. It then fell away, leaving us whirling in a little creek, and exerting ourselves, not very successfully, to prevent our dashing against the huge boulders that obstruct the stream. Poles and a rope were soon got into play; and, after slipping back once or twice, we at length began to make steady progress, though slow. I have often beheld scenes on a far

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grander scale, but never any more wild and interesting. To give an idea of it in a few words, I will say that we seemed to be in the reach of a river surrounded and narrowed almost to a torrent by the accumulated ruins of Druidical temples. The island of Biggeh on one hand, and the main on the other, seemed entirely composed of a collection of huge boulders, among which, here and there, a few shrubs with twinkling green leaves were to be seen. Many isolated rocks obstructed the course of the stream, and we had sometimes to be dragged by main force between them—the gunwales grating on either side. It was an exciting little journey; and I confess that our feelings were worked up to a very high pitch when we saw another boat backing down on the opposite bank, in spite of the efforts of the men, who held on by ropes, and then breaking loose, go spinning away, we thought, in the direction of the cataracts: not that we anticipated any fatal accident; but the fact was, that the boat contained our baggage, our servants, and, above all, our provisions. We could afford no assistance, but crawled on, gloomily anticipating a late dinner.

The grandeur of the forms that meet the eye during this trajject is such, that when the really majestic ruins of the Temple of Philœ, with their lofty plain walls and long harmonious lines, first begin to peep between the opening rocks, you cannot repress a feeling of disappointment. Most of the other monuments of Egypt break upon the view as you emerge from amidst miserable hovels, or gradually dawn at the extremity of vast levels; but the mysterious Philœ springs at once into sight, as it were, from the midst of jagged precipices and columnar hills, and seems all too smooth and elegant for such a setting. We might not be surprised at finding a nymph reclining her dainty form upon the crushed flowers of a meadow, or the elastic turf of a green hill; but on the shattered lip of a crater or a stony table-land, we should expect to descry the uncouth limbs of satyrs or fauns, or Cyclopean anchorites. Vast pillars quarried out of the living rock, mountainous propylæa gloomy with age, horrid colossi, and cavernous colonnades, such as astound the eye in more tranquil neighbourhoods, would here have been in keeping; but not that white and elegant pile which appears, as the wilderness of granite is cloven by the shining stream, to totter in the sunshine over these verdant and waving groves.

Philœ lies between the southern extremity of Biggeh and the eastern bank. As we turned towards it, beneath some lofty boulders covered with hieroglyphics, the prospect widened, and villages, strips of cultivation, and groves appeared. But these were soon again hidden by the island itself, under the steep bank of which we were carried by another friendly puff. Though pretty well used to antiquity-hunting, we were scarcely prepared for the profusion of objects that here burst upon us, soliciting our notice: vast temples, diminutive chapels, altars, shrines, obelisks, colonnades, all fanned by a rebellious vegetation—we ran over all, and came back confused and perplexed, like a rustic who has turned up the concealed entrance of a cave of untold treasure with his plough, and stands not knowing what to take—the diamonds or the coins, the vases or the robes of price—until the guardian demon comes swooping down like a black cloud, and reduces him to a heap of cinders, or changes him into an ape. *Our* reveries were interrupted by a genteel imp named Haroon, who, instead of exercising any diabolical arts of magic, announced that the provision-boat had arrived, and that dinner was laid in the tent. I know not why poking about among ruins invariably creates a voracious appetite—perhaps it is that thoughts of the instability of human things weary the body as well as the mind; at anyrate, every one declared that they felt a 'sinking;' and off we went to collect strength and courage for more minute investigation.

I do not intend attempting to give a topographical description of the island of Philœ, nor to restore in imagination what time has overthrown. The learned might dispute my conclusions, or smile contemptuously at my arrogance. A few words will convey an idea of the chief features of interest. At the southern extremity, where the Nile is seen winding into the Nubian ravine—at length free from obstructions and in all its placid majesty—was evidently of old the chief approach of the island, overlooked by an immense naked rock. Two colonnades, of different styles of architecture, lead obliquely to a gate, flanked by the usual pyramidal towers; this admits you into a court, with chapels on either hand, and terminated by another gate and two other towers. Beyond is a smaller court, partly covered in by a massive roof, supported by gigantic columns; and then succeed in some confusion dark passages and darker rooms, devoted no doubt to the more mysterious ceremonies of the yet unexplained religion of the ancient Egyptians.

Such is the principal building or body of buildings; but there is an elegant temple standing separate to the east, and an immense number of smaller piles, gateways, and ruined walls, that seem not to form part of a connected plan. The whole island was formerly surrounded, or rather its sides were faced, by walls of hewn stone, large portions of which still remain. Then there is a profusion of little staircases, leading some down to the water's edge, some up to little terraces, some to the top of the propylæa, with corridors opening into all sorts of little rooms; so that the mind absolutely gets fatigued by the strange reveries and speculations that continually press into it. Nor must we forget the endless succession of sculptures—the figures of gods, some beautiful, but the greater part hideous—the symbols, the inscriptions, the mouths and dancing eyes, the serpents, scarabæi, and other reptiles, the foul-looking vultures, the hawks, the dogs, the odd, arbitrary signs—all huddled together to form an inexplicable meaning. Surely it is unnecessary to say more to explain why we passed hour after hour in a state of uneasy wonder.

We had heard of a curious succession of passages in the eastern wall of the temple, and went of course to explore them. We leaped down a kind of well, and found, first, a room to the left without ornament or sculpture. Leaving this, we followed the passage to the end, and reached a square hole overhead. So we got up with some difficulty, and retraced our steps in the same direction until we saw another hole at the opposite end, which led to a similar passage; and so on for several storeys as it were. I was at first inclined to think that the builders had employed this artifice to give the wall an appearance of immense solidity without wasting stone; but a succession of narrow horizontal air-holes, artfully concealed on the outside, seemed to suggest a purpose of utility. We thrust out twigs from those in the upper passage, and found that they were not much more than half-way up the wall. It is probable, therefore, although no other opening has yet been discovered, that this was a secret way to some of the chambers now buried in rubbish at the north-east corner of the temple.

On returning downwards, just as we were going to drop into the lower passage, we observed that at one side of the square hole there was a large stone hedged into what appeared to be an aperture or entrance of a chamber. It struck us that this might have escaped the observation of preceding visitors anxious to proceed higher and higher, and now ascertained, by thrusting in long sticks, that there was really a dark chamber beyond. My companion F—— became enthusiastic, and vowed he would not stir from the spot until he had removed the huge obstacle that lay in the way of our further investigations. He easily communicated his excitement to me; and, by suggesting that there might

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be a large treasure in the hitherto unexplored room beyond, to the two men who accompanied us. One of them went quietly to fetch tools, and we were soon at work with lever and chisel. At first it seemed almost a hopeless undertaking. The stone was about three feet square; but we soon discovered that it was merely supported by a small projection on one side, and that it hung over the passage below more than half its width. I cannot convey an idea of the excitement of that hour of hot dusty work, nor of the energy of my friend, who at length pushed aside the Arabs, and with bleeding hands and hard-strained muscle, dislodged the enormous block, which went thundering down, leaving, as it were, a black chasm open to view.

We paused a moment to draw a long breath, talked sagely about mephitic vapour, and then, candle in hand, proceeded with panting hearts to explore the newly-opened recess, which we expected to turn out to be at least the tomb of Osiris. I went first, cautiously creeping on my hands and knees, when—oh shame! oh confusion!—I found myself suddenly in one of the side-rooms of the sanctuary, and caught through the open doorway the retiring form of a young lady, who had wickedly overheard our enthusiastic conversation, and was hastening to communicate our important discovery to the rest of the party! After a hearty laugh, we consoled ourselves by reflecting that we had increased the facility of access to the passage. Our Arabs, however, looked ruefully about, and asked: 'Where was the treasure?' and it was with some difficulty that, at a future period, we could persuade them to join in more successful excavations.

It had been resolved to pass the night on the roof of the temple; so we gaily enjoyed our tea and toast, and the more Eastern pipe, at the entrance of what is sometimes called the tomb of Osiris; and having played a game of What is my thought like? retired—no, not to bed, nor yet to rest, but to lie down under the equivocal protection of a tent-cloth stretched over an open landing-place at the top of the principal staircase. We had been broiled by day, but were nearly frozen at night. The wind, that blew loud and strong without, came swooping in every now and then through crack and cranny, as if he had a mighty objection to our presence in such romantic quarters. We laughed at him, however; and wrapping ourselves in cloaks and Bedouin blankets, made up for the want of sleep by merry conversation. I am afraid our laughter disturbed the ladies, who were more snugly housed not far off; but all things have their end: our bones became accustomed to the hardness of the ground; the wind sank, or was no longer heeded, and at length we were all dreaming of Isis and Osiris, or perchance of home.

Not very much refreshed, I started up next morning to see the sun rise from the top of one of the great propylons. I found the stones wet with dew, the sky all alight, but the valley still wrapped in shadow. The island of Biggeh, with its vast rocks, concealed the western bank of the Nile; but the eastern, in a great curve, half surrounded me. The waters were gray and tranquil, and a few pale sails were stealing across them here and there. All was painfully silent, except that afar off, down the rocky ravine by which we had come, could be heard distinctly the solemn roar of the cataracts. I was listening intently when a golden beam struck the propylon on which I stood, and presently temple, and tower, and grove, were warmed, as it were, into life, and the river seemed to spread out more tranquilly to drink in the coming day. It was a glorious thing to behold all the marvellous elements of the scene, at first dim, like shadows settling down into substantiality; and to mark how—though no buzz of stirring life fell on the ear—the voice of the cataracts seemed to recede like the murmur of a retreating army, and at last utterly died away.

Again we roamed through the ruins, finding new objects of interest at every step; but I will not weary you with enumerating them, because perhaps the very things which created most speculation among us—as, for example, a Greek inscription, afterwards found to be known by everybody, and fifty times translated—would be thought least of by an inquisitive reader. In the course of the morning we determined to ride to an old ruined mosque, the minaret of which was visible from afar on the western bank, and which marks the official as well as the traditional boundary between Nubia and Egypt. We crossed in a little ferry-boat to the rendezvous we had given our donkeys, and started off along a pleasant path that took us between fields and meadows, and through groves and villages nestling at the base of the Arabian chain of hills. All the houses in those parts are neater outside, and seem more spacious within than the Arab hovels. Over the door of one of them we noticed an English dinner-plate, with the Chinese-bridge-and-pagoda pattern, built in as an ornament. The people, so far as we saw anything of them, were quiet and simple. Some of the women held out their children, that we might give some paras, others sent them scampering after us; but it was not very annoying to be wished a pleasant journey on consideration of a farthing.

There is a little hamlet at the foot of the short rugged slope leading up to the ruined mosque. We dismounted, and soon reached the object of our pilgrimage, and were assisted by a self-appointed guide to climb up the tottering and long-since desecrated minaret. From the summit a fine view is obtained of the two islands Biggeh and Philæ, that divide the Nile into three branches, each of which might almost be a great river. They now, however, seemed to the eye to be creeks; and the broad-spreading water before us might easily have been mistaken for a mountain lake. This indeed is the character of Nile scenery almost everywhere. We returned slowly beneath a burning sun, and recrossing to the island, which even in this short time had begun to be looked upon as a home, passed the remainder of our day reclining on the roof of the temple in a patch of eternal shade, and indulging in rambling talk of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, the origin of civilisation and the formation of creeds and religions.

Towards evening we started with the resolve, since realised, of once more visiting this romantic spot. Our return-route was partly different from that which we had taken in coming. We crossed to the main immediately opposite the island, and at once struck into the desert. Soon all traces of vegetation disappeared, and we were in the midst of arid defiles. Even here, however, the mementoes of past civilisation greeted our eyes. A wall of crude brick, in many places double, but in a very ruinous condition, skirted the road. Whether it be the continuation of the Old Man's Dike—fragments of which are to be observed here and there along the whole western bank of the Nile, principally at the entrances of ruins—I do not know; but the probability is that this was the case, and that the object of its construction something resembled that of the Chinese Wall. These vain attempts to fortify whole countries seem to have been common in ancient times, especially towards the decline of empires.

A watch-tower perched on the summit of a huge solitary rock was pointed out to us. I remembered it to have been mentioned by Pococke, since whose time, however—very recently indeed—it has become the scene of a tradition. A gigantic black, it is said, took up his quarters there, and used to descend about nightfall and lie in wait for travellers whose business might lead them along this solitary road. Two or even three seldom frightened him, and the murders and robberies he committed were numerous. At length, however, these facts reached the ears of the government, and a party of soldiers were sent to bring him in dead or

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alive. He retreated to his eyry, and defended himself with desperation, hurling down huge stones on the assailants. They wished at first to avoid killing him, that he might be made an example of at Essouân, but were at length driven to use their muskets; and the black brigand, covered with wounds, was obliged to retreat within his tower. For some time none ventured to follow him; but two of the stoutest hearts were prevailed upon to make the attempt. As they approached the door a savage roar startled them. They had only time to fall back ere the giant appeared, blinded with blood flowing from a wound in his forehead. He had heard their footsteps, and knew that all was over; so, after vainly endeavouring to grasp at one of them, he leaped down the precipice to the road, and was killed by the fall.

Such was the story which was told to us in a low trembling voice as we wended our way along the darkening defile. Our donkey-boys seemed afraid lest a successor of this formidable robber might be lurking about to overhear them. But we saw not a living being, until having passed the cemetery, and the ruins, and the grove, we reached the bustling beach near which our boat was moored. Here all was yet alive. A dozen travellers' *dahabichs* were lighted up for the evening: some had lanterns swinging from their yards. Two enormous sails were coming slowly up in the moonlight. We knew that some friends were arriving, and felt called upon to fire a salute; but I am sorry to be obliged to record that the roar of eight guns was entirely drowned by the screaming of an Arab maid-servant on board the new-coming boat, and that it reached its mooring-ground perfectly unconscious of our politeness.

THE PERVERSE WIDOW.

It is pleasant now and then for the lover of books to let the headlong flow of our present literature pass on unheeded, and fix his thoughts and his eyes upon some first love of his taste. It is like bringing back the freshness of youth, and, as it were, gilding the evening twilight with a beam of the early sun, so as to give sadness as well as glory to the picture. The old book—the book we treasured in youth—is no doubt somewhat the worse for wear in its externals, and so for that matter is the young girl we loved in the same years. But they are both unchanged in the inner part, for our memory defies alike dust and wrinkles, dogs' ears and seven children.

But a transformation sometimes occurs with books from which women, unhappily, are debarred: the book becomes young again, even in the material part, and is more radiant than ever. Here, for instance, is one of the most elegant old-new volumes in the world, adorned with all the luxury of modern art, and on opening it we discover that it is the history of our ancient friend Sir Roger de Coverley.* And it opens, too, at a part which sets all our sympathies flowing, and calls up pity and smiles at the same moment—Sir Roger in Love. O that perverse widow, with the coldest heart and the finest hand in the world! she who, in spite of his state as sheriff, his handsome dress, gallant air, and the feather in his cap, slew the good knight in open court with one beam of her bewitching eye. She was a reading lady, too, this widow, a desperate scholar, and a terror to country gentlemen. She was of opinion, however, that Sir Roger was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country; and on this flattering encouragement he determined to advance. But it would not do. She received him with a discourse which the best philosopher in Europe could not have surpassed, and then she put her hand to her bosom—the finest hand in the world—and adjusted her tucker. 'O the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men!'

Mr Wills, we need hardly say, does not let the widow pass without mention in his highly interesting 'notes and illustrations.' 'The notion,' says he, 'that the perverse widow had a living, charming, provoking original, has been more prevalent and better supported than that respecting any of the rest of the Coverley characters. Although a mere outline—hinted rather than delineated amidst the picturesque group of last century figures—she is so suggestively shadowed forth that the reader himself insensibly vivifies the outline, feels her ascendancy, and doubles his pity for her kind-hearted victim. "The dignity of her aspect, the composure of her motion," and the polish of her repartee—heightened by the foil of her spiteful confidant—make us participate in Sir Roger's awe; and while we sympathise with his ardent admiration, we tremble for the hapless presumption that aspires to "the finest hand of any woman in the world." Her subtlety was unbounded. No coquette commands success who, besides varied resources, cannot ply her art with the chastest dexterity; and the widow's omnipotence was attained less by her personal charms and mental graces, than by the delicacy of her lures and the nice discrimination with which they were spread.'

Who was this widow? That she had a real existence cannot be doubted. Both Addison and Steele, it seems, suffered from sharp, polished, perverse widows; but Mr Wills—innocent of the pun—inclines like other commentators to the Steele widow. 'The information on which this belief is grounded is derived from Chalmers through Archdeacon Nares, to whom it was communicated by the Rev. Duke Yonge of Plympton, in Devonshire. "My attention," says the reverend gentleman, "was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey of Flaxley Abbey, in Gloucestershire, that Mrs Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esq., and who died January 21, 1726, was the original from whence the picture of the perverse widow in the 'Spectator' was drawn. She was left a widow at the early age of twenty-two, and by her portrait (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life) appears to have been a woman of a handsome, dignified figure, as she is described to have been in the 113th number of the 'Spectator.' She was a personage well known and much distinguished in her day, and is described very respectably in the New Atalantis under the name of Portia."' Steele, the author of the papers in the 'Spectator' which describe the widow, was an admirer of this Mrs Boevey, and inscribed a volume to her in a dedication which tallies with the portrait of the perverse widow. 'Sir Roger tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands everything. In the dedication Steele says: "Instead of assemblies and conversations, books and solitude have been your choice; you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours." In No. 118, "her superior merit is such," says Sir Roger, "that I cannot approach her without awe; my heart is checked by too much esteem." Dedication.—"Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex."' They had both female confidants, or, as we should now call them, companions; but Mrs Boevey had no lawsuit. There is a discrepance, too, in chronology; but this, Mr Wills tells us, 'weighs not a feather in the scale of evidence; no true artist copies *every* trait of his subject, and the verisimilitude is not diminished because the Gloucestershire enslaver was younger and not so litigious as the Worcestershire enchantress. Mrs Boevey

* Sir Roger de Coverley. By the Spectator. The Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills: the Engravings by Thompson, from Designs by Fred. Tayler. London: Longman. 1850.

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died January 21, 1726–7, in her fifty-seventh year, and was buried in the family vault at Flaxley, with an inscription on the walls of the chapel to her memory. There is also a monument to her in Westminster Abbey, erected by her executrix.'

Notwithstanding the testimony of this monument, we are of the editor's opinion—that 'Sir Roger's widow will never die!'

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL MAIL-PACKET SERVICE.

[For the following interesting information, the public are indebted to the 'Hampshire Advertiser.' We reproduce it here, that it may have a more enduring place than the columns of a newspaper.]

CONSIDERABLY less than twenty years ago the foreign and colonial mails were all conveyed by sailing packets. At that period there was only a mail communication with France four times a week, and with America once a month. The mail passage to and from the latter country was reckoned by weeks. With the East Indies there was no mail communication whatever. Falmouth was the principal packet-station in the country, and not a single foreign mail was landed at or embarked from Southampton or Liverpool. The foreign or colonial mails—made up in London on a Wednesday—were despatched from Falmouth on the following Saturday, three days afterwards, provided the wind and weather permitted it.

At the present time all foreign and colonial mails are conveyed in steam-vessels; the postal communication with France is twelve times a week, and with America eight times a month: the mail passage to and from the latter country is reckoned by days. There is a mail-packet communication with the East Indies twice a month. Falmouth has ceased to be a packet-station, and Southampton and Liverpool are the chief packet-stations in the country. Foreign or colonial mails, sent from Southampton, are at sea in four hours after they are made up in the General Post-Office; and those sent from Liverpool are at sea in twelve hours afterwards.

Formerly the whole of the sea-borne mail-service was performed by government, now it is performed almost solely by private steam-packet companies. There are twelve of those companies who have contracts with the government for the conveyance of mails. The number of steamers employed in conveying sea-borne letters is nearly 100—the horse-power of which is about 30,000, and the tonnage 80,000. The value of these steamers is not less than L.3,000,000 sterling. The aggregate sum which the mail-packet companies receive annually from government for conveying mails is about L.730,000. The number of miles which their packets traverse in the course of a year is about 2,000,000—nearly nine times the distance of the earth from the moon, and about eighty times greater than the circumference of the globe.

The mail-packet stations at the present time are Southampton, London, Liverpool, Holyhead, Plymouth, Aberdeen, and Lerwick; of these stations Southampton is the most important. Three large English steam-packet companies have made it their station, who own 40 out of the 100 steamers employed in the mail-service, and the horse-power of which is 14,000, and the tonnage about 40,000. Out of the L.730,000 paid by government for mail-service, the Southampton companies receive above L.477,000, or nearly two-thirds.

England is celebrated for the extent and perfection of her mail-packet service; in fact, it may be said that she carries the sea-borne correspondence of the whole world. From east to west—between China and Chili, passing through the four quarters of the globe; and from north to south—between Hamburg and the Cape of Good Hope—her great mail-packet lines extend; and from them an immense number of branch-lines shoot out, many of which are thousands of miles in length. England conveys the over-sea correspondence of nearly every country with the continent of Europe, the Peninsula, the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, India, China, Cape of Good Hope, West Indies, Mexico, United States, British America, Peru, Chili, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, the Spanish Main, and Central America. No other nation is comparable to England in this respect. America has only a few mail-packets running between New York and England, Bremen, Havre, and Chagres; and between Panama and California: France and Austria convey over-sea mails only between Marseilles and Trieste, and some few ports in the Mediterranean: Holland and Spain do not convey their own correspondence with their rich Eastern possessions; for the Java and Philippine mails are conveyed by the English steamers between Gibraltar and Singapore, or Hong Kong: in like manner France, Denmark, Spain, and Holland send their mails for their western colonies and possessions by the Royal West India mail-packets. The French government attempted a few years ago to establish a transatlantic steam-packet communication, but it turned out a disastrous and irretrievable failure. The only nation that is likely to succeed in establishing ocean mail-packet lines is America; from which it would appear that the Anglo-Saxon race—who are probably destined ultimately to people the principal portions of the globe—are alone capable of keeping a footing, as it were, on the great ocean pathways.

The history of the British mail-contract packet-service is interesting, for the rapidity with which that service has attained its present vast extent is astonishing. About fourteen years ago, the Peninsular Steam-Navigation Company contracted with the government for the conveyance of the Spanish and Portuguese mails. Soon after this, the problem of traversing the Atlantic by steam was effectually solved by the successful voyages of the *Great Western* steamer, and the British and North American Steam-Packet Company was then formed, to convey the United States and British-American mails. In the meantime, the Peninsular Company had extended their mail-packet operations to the Mediterranean; and Lieutenant Waghorn having proved the practicability of sending the Indian mail by way of Egypt, that company (then become the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-Navigation Company) placed mail-packets on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and undertook the conveyance of that mail by the overland route. About nine years ago, the Royal West India Mail Steam-Packet Company was formed, and obtained a government contract for the conveyance of mails between this country and the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Spanish Main; and when the China war ended, the Peninsular and Oriental Company undertook the carrying the China mails by way of Egypt and Ceylon. In consequence of the West Indian steamers touching at Chagres, arrangements were made for carrying mails across the Isthmus of Panama; and the Pacific Steam-Navigation Company was established, to convey the south-western American mails between Panama and Valparaiso. At the present time, three steam-packet companies—the Peninsular and Oriental, the Royal West India, and the Pacific—form an almost unbroken mail-packet line from Valparaiso to Hong Kong—19,000 miles in length, or above three-fourths of the circumference of the earth.

By means of the present arrangements, by which the West Indian steamers arrive at Southampton from the Isthmus on the 19th of the month, and the departure of the Alexandrian steamer, with the India and China mail, from Southampton, on the 20th of the month, a person may now stand on the Andes and gaze westward on the Pacific; he may embark almost immediately afterwards on board a West India steamer at Chagres, and be conveyed to the four quarters of the world, and on the eightieth day after he left Chagres he may arrive off the coast of China and be looking eastward on the great and tranquil ocean. For the sum of L.200 sterling a man can make a tour of almost the habitable globe in the space of eleven weeks. Leaving Chagres and Carthagena, in America, he touches at Southampton, Gibraltar, and Malta, in Europe; Alexandria, Suez, and Aden, in Africa; and Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, in Asia. Passing over, in an opposite direction, almost the track of the

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great Columbus when he discovered the New World, he sails between the Pillars of Hercules, the boundary to the navigation of the ancient world; sees Egypt, renowned for its antiquity and wonders; traverses the Red Sea, the scene and neighbourhood of so many sublime events in sacred history; and after touching at the supposed site of the primeval Paradise, he lands at 'far Cathay,' the antipodes of the spot from whence he set out! During this marvellous voyage he sees almost every variety of country and of the human race; has for fellow-voyagers some of the richest and most accomplished merchant princes in the world; and enjoys all the comforts and luxuries of an English hotel!

DANGER OF MODELLING IN WAX.

Few persons, especially perhaps of the many young ladies who are now practising the very pleasing art of modelling fruit, flowers, &c. in wax, at all suspect the great danger in which they are placed from the poisonous nature of the colouring matter of the wax which they handle so unsuspectingly. The white wax, for instance, contains white lead; the green, copper; the yellow, chrome yellow; the orange, chrome yellow and vermilion —strong poisons all; while many other kinds of wax are equally poisonous, and therefore dangerous. There are very many persons who are aware of the intense sufferings for many years past of Mr W. Bally, phrenologist and modeller in wax. Mr Bally has been at times completely paralysed, and is now, and has long been very nearly so, especially in his hands and arms; and he has also been afflicted with extensive ulceration of the throat, and has almost totally lost his voice. Both himself and his medical adviser, after a long attention to his symptoms, are satisfied that the primary cause of his affliction is the extent to which the subtle poisons in the wax with which he has worked have been absorbed into his system through the pores of his hands, while the disease has been generally strengthened, and one part of it accounted for, by the occasional application of his fingers to his lips while at work. Mr Bally says that he has known several cases in which young ladies have been attacked with partial paralysis of the hands and arms, after having devoted some time to the practice of modelling, but at the time he had no suspicion of the cause. As all the requisite colours can be obtained from vegetable matter, and as the use of mineral colouring seems to lead to such deplorable results, the subject should be carefully investigated by those working with coloured wax.—*Manchester Guardian.*

'DIRTY WORK.'

Many people turn up their noses at what they call 'dirty work,' as though all honest labour was not cleaner than many kid-glove ways of swindling one's way through the world. Rather than owe our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents per day. A day or two since we learned an instructive bit of history touching a doer of 'dirty work'—a hodman. No matter where he was born —he was none the worse for being a Turk-man or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest; he could get no employ but hod-carrying, and he carried so well as to earn at once his dollar a day. He procured cheap but good board and lodgings, spent none of his earnings in saloons or low places, attended church on the Sabbath, educated himself in the evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city and built a pretty cottage. In one year more he found a good wife, and used the cottage, before rented out: for these six years he had steadily carried the hod. He was a noted worker, an acknowledged scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account: he embarked as a partner in a business already well established. This day he is worth at least 100,000 dollars, has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a home that is the centre of a brilliant and intelligent circle; and he is one of the happiest and most honourable men as far as he is known. So much has come of a hodman.—*New York Tribune.*

SUMMER.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Sun-gold within her hair young Summer sings;
And the gay descant rings
O'er many a daily path, till Night
Clothes her—an Amazon most fair—
In moony armour, quaint and rare,
By Cynthia fashion'd in her halls of light.

Blue-eyed young Summer smiles upon the earth,
That in its glee sends forth
A troop of flowers to say, 'All hail!'
And scatter sweetly as they pass
Odours that wile from bush and grass
Bees and bright-winged flies that flutter in the gale.

Light-footed as a fay young Summer dances,
The while to sweet romances
The nightingale attunes her voice
In woods where heat-struck deer repose—
Where, tinkling by, the streamlet flows,
And in its plashy depths the sleek, cool trout rejoice.

Sun-loving Summer there in quiet ease
Lieth 'neath rustling trees:
The priestly oaks that gravely spread
Their broad arms o'er the flowers below
In verdant benediction, throw
A refluent halo round her dreamy head.

There Summer, cool'd by zephyrs of the night,
Slumbereth to human sight,
Yet with great Nature duly runs
Her proper course, untir'd and true,
While Man, dull-ear'd, dim-sighted too,
Scarce hears or sees Night's songs or Morning's suns!

CLOTHING OF THE VEDDAHS, OR WILD MEN OF CEYLON.

Their ordinary clothing is manufactured from the bark of trees. This, when gathered, is cut into pieces of a convenient size; the inner coat is then separated from the outer and steeped in water for a few hours; after this it is beaten between two stones until it becomes perfectly soft, smooth, and pliable; it is next dried, and is then ready for use. As none of the pieces are singly of sufficient size to form a garment, they generally sew two together with a string or fibre obtained from the descending shoots of the banyan-tree; this forms a cloth about four and a half feet long and three feet wide, and constitutes the whole clothing of the Veddah—his dress by day, and his bed and blanket by night.—*Green's Report of the Wellicadde Gaol of Colombo.*

NIGHTMARE.

The expression 'nightmare' is, Sir William Temple says, from Mara in old Runic, who was a goblin said to seize upon sleeping men, and take from them speech and motion; for in those days medical science had not made it plain to every one as it has now, that the goblin in question is simply indigestion.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

The expression 'please the pigs,' now only used by the lowest vulgar, was no more in its origin than *Deo volente* —God willing; and was a corruption from pyx or pyxis, the vessel in which the host is kept—substituted for the host itself; as we speak of 'the sense of the House'—not meaning the brick and mortar, but a certain number of representatives who sit in it.

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WRONGS OF THE UNREADY.

'A MAD world, my masters!'—an odd, inconsistent, unreasonable world. If you were to go over the whole list of the planets (and that is no such easy matter now), it may be doubted whether you would find a more stupid and perverse world. We are overwhelmed with complaints of it; and in fact, judging by our correspondence, we are driven to suspect that the notion is spreading pretty generally over society that we have a hand in it ourselves. How some people rise in this ridiculous world?—how other people sink?—and how the rest stand stock-still?—are questions that are put to us every day at the point of the pen; and we are commanded by scores of constant readers to tell them instantly, and without prevarication, what *is* the way to get on in it. Numberless are the gems of purest ray serene that desire to be informed how they can emerge from dark unfathomed caves, where they can no more shine than the Koh-i-noor; and numberless the blushing flowers that impart to us in confidence their longing to be seen when blushing, and to give forth their fragrance in public.

It appears to be a pretty generally received opinion, that the world has combined to ignore the talent it contains; that employers have a natural hankering after incompetence; and that, even when they take the trouble of selecting, they always, by some fatality or other, pick out the wrong men. This explains why it is that editors invariably reject the good articles they are offered, and insert and pay for all the trash they can get. It likewise seems to be a prevalent belief, that everybody is fit for some higher kind of work than he is about, and that he wants for nothing to succeed in it but to discover what the work is. Some think they would get on better as authors than as merchants or tradesmen, and beg us to advise them (on the strength of an article they send) to invest their realised capital in a ream of paper, a box of steel pens, and a bottle of ink, and start at once in the profession. Many of this class look to poetry with a superstitious faith, inherited apparently from the times when verses were incantations; and they enclose specimens of their Runic rhymes enough to make a nervous person's hair stand on end. One young gentleman is in the predicament of Mr Dickens's Youngest Gentleman in the boarding-house: he is not 'understood' by the people about him. He is a traveller in a foreign country, ignorant of the language, and would be glad to know how he is to get along; and he is likewise a castaway on a desert island, and would trouble us to inform him how he is to secure his coffee and toast in the morning. It is this young gentleman's poetical images that have led us to think of the Wrongs of the Unready.

An actual traveller in a foreign country (for such is the world) would be laughed at for his complaint; he would be desired at once 'to learn the language.' An actual castaway would be informed, that if he had not something of the skill and ingenuity of a Crusoe, he must be content to support life as long as he could on the shell-fish of the shore on which the waves had thrown him. If we examine the complaints of this kind that are made by those who are only metaphorically travellers and castaways, we shall discover, in nine cases out of ten, that their want of success is owing to their want of preparation for the contests of the world. An aspiring shopman is conscious of something within him which is above his business; and when he sees individuals round him, 'no better than himself,' detached every now and then from their position, and floated off on the waves of fortune, he accuses the world of injustice. But, in point of fact, the world has not sense enough to be unjust. It has no discrimination, no knowledge, no instinct: it is a mere soulless mass, like the winds or waves, moving now gently, and now furiously, in eternal undulations, and catching blindly at the salient points it meets. If our shopman, instead of grumbling, had inquired minutely into the circumstances of his fortunate neighbours, he would have found that there was something about them exposed to the influence of the stream which he did not possess: some knowledge, some accomplishment, even some point of external manners, which would account for their being favoured with an influence that did not extend to him.

A curious observer will frequently be struck with the insignificance of this *something* which forms the destiny of men—with the singular inadequacy of the cause to the event—and he will be led to conclude that there is no knowledge, however mean, and no talent, however lowly in its sphere, that is not deserving of respect and encouragement. In a family, in a part of the country that shall be nameless, there was a little boy who exposed himself to the ridicule of his companions by his effeminacy. He was more partial to a needle and thread than to a stick and line, and liked better sewing clouts with his little sisters at home than fishing partans with the other boys at the Roperie Quay. Now it happened that a distant relation—a very great man, an army agent in London—visited the town, and the mother of the family was wildly anxious that he should take a liking to one of her boys, and promote him to a situation in his counting-house. The great man came to the house, and a very gentleman-like man he was, though grave and stately in his manners, and somewhat philosophical in his looks. He examined the performances of the boys in their several vocations, and did not seem specially interested in the

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success of the partan-fishing; but he looked long and critically at the seams of the needle-boy, and finally decided upon *him* as the fittest of the family for his patronage. He carried him to London, made a tailor of him, and lived to see his *protégé* a wealthy army-clothier and contractor.

To suppose that there was anything meritorious in this boy being the architect of his own fortunes, or at least in his laying the corner-stone of them, would be ridiculous. He took to the needle and thread as unconsciously as the other boys to the stick and string, and was borne away by the tide of circumstances without a plan and without a hope. But such instances are numerous enough to be seized upon by the new science of statistics, and so enable close observers to construct a theory, shewing the true nature of that hitherto mystical process which it has been customary to refer to 'accident, caprice, or the mere madness of the world. We would say to a young man who complains of his present situation in life: What do you know of any other? What can you do? What are you thoroughly acquainted with? What art, what science have you penetrated? And the answer, in nine cases out of ten, would be: That is just the difficulty: I feel that I am capable of something else—something higher, something nobler—but I don't know what it is! Then learn, say we; learn something—learn anything—learn dancing if you will. Dancing will give ease and grace to your motions, and thus may have an important effect upon your destiny. But whatever you do learn, have no expectation of its instantly catching the tide of circumstances. Bide your time. The proverb says, that if you keep a thing ever so long you will find a use for it; and that which you have actually learned *is* a thing, and a thing usually of much more value than any of the material property you may lock up in your desk or store in a lumber-room.

In the 'Dublin University Magazine' of last month there is an article containing sound advice to military men, which falls well in with the subject of this paper. No young officer, the author tells us, can say at what moment his battalion may be ordered out to India, and therefore *every* young officer should prepare himself for the adventure by studying the two languages most in use in the country, each of which may be acquired, with diligence, in a year. 'With these he is qualified for any staff or civil appointment that may fall in his way; without them he is only rank and file, like the rest of his brethren, and can but fill a pit, as Falstaff says, with better men.' But suppose his battalion should not be ordered out to India at all? Well, then, by pursuing the study, he may eventually rise to distinction at home as an Oriental scholar; and at the very least, it will enable him to fill up his spare time much more agreeably than 'spitting over a bridge, and then running to the other side to see it go through!' Many military officers, it may be added, have made their fortune by a knowledge of geology, engineering, and other sciences, which they had studied without the slightest prospect of ever being able to turn them to practical account.

That such hints are much required by young military men, no one who has lived in a garrison town can be ignorant; yet many of our readers will be surprised by the facts mentioned by the same author, and inclined—and we hope with justice—to believe that they do not apply to the present generation. 'The writer of this article,' says he, 'served in the Mediterranean for more than five years—from 1809 to 1814—and during the whole of that time there were not half-a-dozen officers of his regiment who ever thought of learning Italian!' And again: 'We happened to have several officers and three companies taken by a French detachment at a town called Palmi in Calabria in 1809. They were marched off from the heel of Italy to the centre of France, to Verdun, the great depôt of English prisoners, where they remained for five long years, till liberated by the peace of 1814. To the surprise of all the regiment, when they rejoined, one only, the youngest of the party, could speak French!'

Nowhere is ignorance more obvious than in the class of the writers of books. This may seem paradoxical, but it is susceptible of proof. Travels and novels, for instance, monopolise a great part of our literary catalogues; but their contributions to knowledge are in singularly small proportion to their bulk. A few good novelists open out here and there new fields in the knowledge of human nature; but the rest follow blindly in the track, satisfied with incident instead of character. The great majority of travellers apply themselves exclusively to the vocation of the novelists, dealing in the portraiture of manners and in personal adventure, being wholly incompetent, through their ignorance of geology, ethnology, botany, agriculture, government, political economy, and other essentials, to describe the country, the people, and their institutions. These are the *languages* they ought to study before setting forth on their foreign mission. We may be told that most travel-writers are so by accident rather than profession; but this only spreads the ignorance complained of over a wider class of the community. It is really wonderful how few tourists meet with the accident of instruction in useful knowledge of any kind available to the accomplished traveller!

The Unready, therefore, are a very large class; and we are not inclined to think that the modern system of school-teaching diminishes their numbers to any considerable extent. The addition of various branches to Greek and Latin may increase the chance of the natural genius finding among them its true path; but it will not of itself induce study to any practical purpose. In our early days the dead languages were the grand aim and purpose of education; yet after spending the best years of youth in this attempted acquisition, all but a very few boys left the school in a state of nearly total ignorance. To extend the sphere of instruction by merely adding to the number of branches will not go a great way in preventing this loss of time, unless the youth is impressed with the necessity of learning some of the languages of the foreign country of life for which he is embarking, or of preparing himself with the knowledge requisite to enable him to meet the hardships of the desert isle of the world; and unless he is shewn the ridicule of complaining of the consequences of wilful ignorance as the wrongs of the Unready.

The state of mind disclosed by our correspondence, in the utter unconsciousness of the Unready, presents a highly curious study. Motives are assigned for the alleged delinquency of the world which, if the world were not an inorganic body, would excite its surprise. One person, in the impossibility of conceiving any ordinary reason why he should be left to 'moulder piecemeal on the rock,' when so many of his companions have been floated off by the tide, supposes the whole mischief to arise from his not chancing to possess the proverbial letter of introduction—'a good countenance.' We have no doubt that he is to some extent correct; for a good countenance is the expression of an amiable, intelligent, manly, or in the case of the other sex, womanly mind, and is wholly irrespective of the material form of the features or the colour of the skin.

We have likewise numerous illustrations of the correctness of the Bible aphorism, that 'the heart of man is above all things deceitful,' in the ingenuity with which some of the aspirants of the world endeavour to persuade themselves—and us—that they are performing a duty while they are merely gratifying a lazy inclination. It is hardly credible the numbers of persons in this country who would make poetry a business! Perhaps such dreamers may be surprised to hear that we were assured by a poet of no mean standing—the author of one of the best of

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modern lyrics, 'There's kames o' honey on my love's lips'—that he never made anything in his life by poetry but his share of a half-crown bowl of punch! But it must be owned that another acquaintance of ours was more fortunate than Allan Cunningham. Finding that a sonnet of his had appeared in a fashionable miscellany, he was not satisfied with the immortality thus obtained by his initials; but being rather surprised that the expected cheque had not made its appearance, he called at the publisher's, to jog the elbow of the man of business. He was ushered into the private room, when, after he had seated himself, the publisher, a tall, portly gentleman, inquired his pleasure.

'I am the author of *that* sonnet in your last number.'

'Oh! sonnet? Ah! Well, sir?'

'Oh! I merely called,' said the visitor, feeling awkward and turning red, 'just in the way of business, to inform you that I am not an amateur author.'

'You want payment for *that* sonnet, do you? Certainly, sir; certainly—all right:' and the bibliopole, taking up the magazine it enriched, counted the lines to see that the measure was good, and calculating mentally its value per scale, presented the fortunate poet with two shillings and sixpence.

But courage! Even to know how to rhyme is to know something; and although the accomplishment is not a marketable commodity, who knows what may come of it otherwise? At anyrate, tagging rhymes is not so ridiculous an employment as complaining of the Wrongs of the Unready.

THE POSTMAN OF THE VAL D'OSSAN.

'Voila Monsieur La Poste!' cried Perronet.

The sound of a horn—a coarse, blaring noise—was heard ere the exclamation was well uttered, and all the loungers in the rustic tavern hurried to the door. Surely enough there he was, Babillon the postman, coming gallantly up, notwithstanding that he and his little Navarre palfrey had travelled all the way from Pau to Eaux Bonnes, and were bathed in an uncomfortable conglomeration of perspiration and dust. It was May, and that is a warm month in the Val d'Ossan, but the curling lip and twinkling eye of Postman Babillon were more than a match for the sun. Spite of the exhausting, prostrating fervour of the weather, never a jot bated they of their saucy, *gaillard* air.

Never shall I forget the face of Postman Babillon: a most pleasant face to meet with on the shoulders of a man who lived a poor and laborious life. His sharp black eyes and his ripe full lip seemed ever alive with an expression of the acutest enjoyment. There appeared to be an inexhaustible supply of some pungent relish in the depths of the man's soul, that was ever welling up with a mouth-watering intensity into his eyes and lips. In joy, in sorrow, in leisure, in labour, the strange light was always shining in the face of Jean Babillon.

Some dozen rustics were gathered round Host Perronet at the entrance of the little wayside tavern, whose only sign was a wisp of straw suspended over the door; and as Babillon rode up he was assailed by jokes and merry exclamations from the lazy throng.

'Ah, *bon garçon* Babillon, what have you got for us?'

The postman let go his bridle, held up his letter-bag with his left hand, and raising his long horn to his mouth with his right, blew a loud blast.

'Ah, ah! all that?'

'Here, hold my stirrup, Jaques Bonhomme, and I will shew you what I have. There's news—news—news!'

'*Bien, bien!* Let us have it.'

'Summer's coming, autumn's coming, winter's coming, and the maize is coming and the grapes; and the wine—when is that coming, friend Perronet?'

'Ah, ha! a cup of wine for Jean Babillon! Haste, Annette!'

'Wine for Jean Babillon, and water for the *cheval de poste! Le pauvre cheval!*—six hours on the trot.'

'But the news?'

'And the letters?'

'And the papers?'

'Ah, *bon Dieu!* The news, and the letters, and the papers! Here they are.' And Jean, having poured the ruddy wine down his throat, placed himself in a comical position on the high leaping-stock before the door, unlocked his bag with much solemnity, and proceeded in a very easy and pleasant manner to make his official 'delivery.'

'Behold this little *billet!*' cried he, holding up an immense letter. 'I am so proud and happy to carry so handsome a *billet* that I know not how to part with it! Indeed I would certainly keep it to myself were it not directed to my dear M. Berion; but that it is for him, and that I have the honour to bring it to him, and to place it safely in his own hands, this completes my happiness!' And with a Frenchman's bow, exquisite in its easy courtesy, he handed the letter to an individual standing among the now numerous group which surrounded him. '*Voila, voila, voila!* a little note for Mlle Julia Duréten. Duréten—*Diable!* who is she?'

'*Prenez garde*, M. Jean! she is not so far away.'

'Ah, it is well,' cried Jean, turning with ready tact in the direction indicated by the looks of his auditory, and raising his cap to a very pretty young peasant woman. 'Ah, my friends, am I not blessed to have brought so little a note so long a distance for so charming a *demoiselle?* What do I deserve? But, ah, I am well rewarded!'—another most gallant bow to the blushing Julia. '*Plus encore*—here's for M. Fautillot. Ah, monsieur, good tidings for you, I am sure; for none would have the heart to send you bad by Jean Babillon, who loves you so well! Here's for Annette Perronet, the daughter of our noble host, who is, *par excellence*, the inimitable and best possible Perronet. I am proud to have brought it, mademoiselle! Here's for Jules Gaitemps, a journal, the "National"—may it delight his leisure! A "Débats" for Le Comte Beauvais. O! am I not proud? A "Moniteur" for M. le Préfet. Not here?' inquired Jean, looking round with an air which provoked shouts of laughter, as if he expected to see the comte and the préfet among his heterogeneous audience. 'Then if people will not come to Jean, Jean must go to them; but Jean is always happy amidst all descriptions of comings and goings. A letter for André Brunette, the younger. Happy youth! it is a maiden's writing. One for Julienne Jolivie; from a sweetheart, I'll be sworn. Another for—for—*mon Dieu!* I cannot read this name: it is a foreigner's—M. Had—Had—dong—tong'——

'Haddington? It is for me!' exclaimed an elderly individual, who had been standing at the door of the little hostel, listening to the postman's gay rhodomontade with eager attention, and who now stepped forward, and taking the letter, put a coin into Jean's willing hand. He was an Englishman, and bore in dress and mien the appearance of a man of business upon his travels.

'But how is this? It has been opened!'

'I have not opened it, monsieur,' said Jean, a little vexed at the sharp tone of Mr Haddington. 'Perhaps if monsieur will inspect the seal he will see that it is all an accident—mere wear and tear of travel.'

Mr Haddington looked around, as if he wished no one were present but himself and the postman; then muttering 'Well, well,' with a dissatisfied air returned into the house. Perronet watched him with some curiosity. He opened the letter with a nervous and anxious hand. After reading it he turned it about this way and that, spread the sheet of paper wide, shook it,

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looked on the ground; then taking up his hat, left the house, and hurried down the road towards Eaux Bonnes.

Jean, having delivered as many letters and papers as he could at the door of the hostel, sat down to rest awhile ere he proceeded on his travels with the remainder. Young and old gathered round the gay-hearted fellow, laughing and chatting with him, and enjoying an idle hour, as none know better how to do than the peasantry of Southern France. Jokes and laughter brightened the atmosphere of the usually sober house of Host Perronet, and never a man of the whole troop had so merry a laugh as Jean Babillon.

But the evening was advancing: the postman had no more time to spare. The white Navarre pony was saddled and bridled, and off he went with a jest and a song. He had not been gone many minutes when the English traveller returned to the house. He asked Perronet if the postman had left.

'Yes, monsieur, he is gone.'

'Does he return this way—and when?'

'He returns to Pau to-morrow morning by this way.'

'I must wait for him. The rascal has robbed me!'

'Robbed you, monsieur!' exclaimed Perronet with a shrug of incredulity and surprise, not unmixed with displeasure. 'It is not possible, monsieur; there is no honester man in all France than Jean Babillon.'

'Monsieur, the mayor of this department thinks differently,' returned Mr Haddington coldly. 'At all events I have lost an enclosure of considerable amount, and shall not be able to proceed on my way to Madrid till it is recovered or till I receive a further remittance. A most annoying affair altogether! It must be inquired into rigorously or I shall not be contented.'

'Truly, monsieur, it is most annoying,' said Perronet, raising his cap and rubbing his head ruefully. 'But as for Jean Babillon, I will lay my life he is not to blame. *Pauvre garçon!* it will break his heart.'

As Jean returned the next morning he was arrested by a commissary of police on a charge of having opened a letter and abstracted a bank-bill. An examination ensued before the authorities. Mr Haddington was the agent of a London mercantile house, and was intrusted with sundry negotiations at Bayonne, at several of the Pyrenean towns, and at Madrid. He had been waiting at Eaux Bonnes several days in expectation of further instructions and a remittance, preparatory to proceeding across the frontier into Spain. At length Jean Babillon had brought him a letter: it was enveloped in thin, tough, blue paper, such as the firm he represented was in the habit of using for enclosures. But the seal had been broken; and though the writer of the letter stated that he enclosed with it a bill for 6000 francs, no such document was contained in the envelope. Mr Haddington, ordinarily an impassible, thoroughly business-like Englishman, had been rendered anxious and irritable by expectation and delay; and smitten with an involuntary distrust of the loquacious postman, he had at once suspected him of opening the letter and purloining the remittance. The placing him under arrest, however, was a hasty and inconsiderate proceeding, and a little reflection might have persuaded the traveller that such a course was hazardous until inquiry had given some sort of confirmation to his suspicions.

And now Jean Babillon travelled from Eaux Bonnes to Pau as he had never travelled before; for though he still bestrode his own little horse there was a gendarme on either side of him, and suspicion of crime weighed heavily upon him, bowing his head and dimming the brightness of his eye. He knew well every man and woman they passed upon the familiar road; even the very swine that grubbed about he knew one from the other; and all, every one, appeared to perceive his degradation. The men watched him till he was out of sight with an inquiring look; the girls and women eyed him with amazement; the very pigs and sheep seemed to understand that he had done wrong, and was no longer honest, welcome Jean Babillon. A bitter time of it for Jean!

French jurisprudence is by no means so straightforward and rapid as English. Our neighbours are so discursive and so superficially profound in their 'interrogatories,' so wonderfully acute in minutiæ, that out of every mole-hill they make a mountain; and when here and there they come upon an actual mountain, they straightway make a fire-and-sulphur volcano of it.

Inquiries were made at the Bureau des Postes at Pau, where it was stated that a letter from England, directed to Mr Haddington at Eaux Bonnes had been duly received and handed to Jean Babillon for conveyance to its destination. The *commis* said he had not taken particular notice, but believed—indeed would not hesitate to swear—that the letter was properly sealed when he placed it in the bag of the postman. Then ensued the examination of Jean at the Hôtel de Ville. After the scanty evidence had been heard, Jean was at once sharply asked by M. Veronne, the mayor, what had induced him to open the letter?—why he had abstracted the enclosure?—what he had done with it? &c., as it is the custom of French magistrates to do. The suspected man earnestly declared his innocence: he had not touched the letter from the moment it was placed in his bag at Pau until he took it out and delivered it to Mr Haddington at Eaux Bonnes. In vain his protests. The mayor repeated his interrogatories with increased vehemence until Jean, confounded, harassed, indignant, refused to answer or to say anything at all. His passionate denials of guilt had been made to criminate himself, and now his silence was declared to be evident proof of his inability to establish his innocence. Mr Haddington was considerably annoyed at the manner in which the investigation was conducted. The behaviour of the postman impressed him with the belief that the suspicions he had entertained were unfounded; but though he had experienced no great difficulty in bringing the man to the bar, how to get him away again was quite another matter. He had rashly imagined that the interference of a magistrate would either procure him the restitution of the property or a skilful investigation of the affair. When poor Jean had been under the torture of a random examination for upwards of an hour, and when Mr Haddington, chafed and astonished at the manner in which matters were conducted, would willingly, had he been permitted, have abandoned the prosecution, it occurred to the magistrate's notary that it was possible the letter had never contained an enclosure: there was no proof of the fact. Thereupon Mr Haddington was requested forthwith to write to England for proof—Jean Babillon being remanded in the meantime.

As he issued from the Hôtel de Ville, Mr Haddington, to his surprise, beheld Perronet and a whole troop of the Eaux Bonnes peasantry standing round the door, apparently in anxious expectation. All of them being much attached to their friend Jean, they had come up to Pau to know the result of his examination; for the French peasantry have more peregrinatory facilities than the English—their system of life embracing large co-operation of the females of a family in every description of labour, the males can, without inconvenience, absent themselves from their homes now and then at their own will and pleasure. As one of the officers descended from the justice-chamber, he was eagerly surrounded and questioned by the rustics, who, on hearing what he had to say, regarded the Englishman with shrugs and glances of anything but an approbatory description. Now all this was deeply annoying, and to make matters worse, a poorly-attired and feeble old woman crossed our countryman's path,

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and followed him, exclaiming, with tears of sorrow and anger, that he had deprived her of her only means of support. She was the mother of Jean. Mr Haddington, in no very enviable frame of mind, instantly repaired to the bureau of a merchant with whom he had, when at Pau a short time previous, transacted some business, and having explained to him how matters stood, succeeded in procuring a small loan. Having silenced the clamours of the old lady by a liberal gratuity, he proceeded to a modest hotel, despatched a letter to England, and then, with what composure he could, addressed himself to the trial of awaiting an answer thereto.

A week passed in miserable suspense. Perronet and the other country friends of Jean were still in town. Rarely did the unlucky Englishman walk forth without meeting some of them; and to encounter their unfavourable looks, remarks, and gestures, was not the least trying accompaniment of the adventure.

On the ninth day the anxiously-expected letter arrived. But—confusion!—it was opened exactly as the other had been; and though a remittance was stated to be enclosed, it contained nothing! In a state of great vexation and embarrassment, Mr Haddington again applied to the authorities. Inquiries were instituted at all the post-offices *en route* from England; and though the release of Jean was entreated, as it was now reasonable to suppose that he was as guiltless of the first robbery as he was of the second, the request was denied until some *éclaircissement* had been arrived at. From the post-offices along the line the news arrived that the letter directed to Mr Haddington had been received with the seal broken, and had been conveyed in that state all the way. Another letter, urgently worded, was despatched to England, the traveller being unable either to return or to proceed on his journey without money. To insure prompt attention, and in deference to certain vague misgivings respecting the people employed at headquarters, Mr Haddington directed his second epistle to one of the partners of the firm in the fashion of a private letter. Six more anxious and wretched days having passed, an answer was received. This time the seal was fast and secure, and the remittance duly enclosed. Now all was made clear; and though almost anything is better than uncertainty and unjust suspicion, the *dénouement* was of a deplorable sort. The cashier of the house had never procured the bills ordered to be sent to Mr Haddington. Instead of so doing, he had drawn the stated amounts from the bank, and put them into his own pocket, sending the letters with fictitious or unfastened seals, in order, it is supposed, to induce the belief that they had been opened and plundered in transit. A matter of L.500, however, was but a trifle in comparison to his other defalcations. Having proceeded with extraordinary adroitness to a point at which discovery became inevitable, he had absconded, and strenuous efforts were now being made to discover and arrest him.

Jean was now of course released, immediately after which event his friends, with boisterous solicitude, conveyed him and his mother to the hotel where Mr Haddington was residing, and introduced them into the presence of that gentleman. With much earnest warmth they recited the wrongs the postman and his mother had suffered—the former, a fortnight's incarceration, and an imputation on his honesty which might be ruinous to him; and the latter, the temporary loss of her only source of subsistence, besides anxiety and injustice to both. Mr Haddington, much comforted and restored now that the explanation had arrived, addressed them in a friendly and conciliating manner, explained the position he was in when the first-opened letter reached him, the uneasiness he had suffered, owned that he had been hasty, asked them to forgive him, and finally handed to Jean and his mother as handsome a bonus as he could afford in recompense for the loss he had occasioned them. The old lady in high glee curtsied her thanks, but Jean, with a nobility hardly to be expected, declined the gift.

'No, no, monsieur,' said he; 'I will not take it. You have suffered as much as I have: it is a cross fortune for both of us, and I hope we shall not have the like again.'

Mr Haddington refused to receive back the francs, however, and I believe they eventually found a place in the pocket of Jean's mother.

Jean had always stood high in the good graces of his employers at the Bureau des Postes, and was immediately reinstated in his office, with congratulations on the satisfactory manner in which his character had been vindicated. The day after his release he went his post-journey in company with his many friends, his horse's head decked out with flowers, and was greeted by cheers and gratulations all along the route. Mr Haddington has seen him many a time since, and has done many a friendly act for him, and will never as long as he lives forget the mercurial Postman of the Val d'Ossan.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

THE SALT-MARSH.

How enchanting is life by the sea-side! To me 'all seasons and their change alike delight' when within reach of the sea, and one source of enjoyment seems to follow another in rapid succession all through the year. In the wild autumnal storms, when the waves mount 'to the welkin's height,' there is an awful beauty which raises the imagination, and exalts the mind to the contemplation of the mighty power of Him who 'stilleth the noise of the seas,' and says unto the tossing main, 'Peace—be still.' Then comes the snow of winter, whitening the earth around its shores, and throwing its spotless mantle over rock, and cliff, and shingle, and everything; but the wide sea still works on, its waters engulfing the flakes as they fall, and restoring them to their fluid state—the ebbing and flowing of its tides uninfluenced by fluctuations of the seasons. Then spring beams forth, leading those who love the water to long for a sail, which, however, it is as yet scarcely safe to venture, on account of those shifting winds which at this season especially visit our island, and, pouring down between the headlands, often endanger any light skiff which may come under their influence; but soon the glorious blue of the sky, and the gentle and equal breezes, speak of summer, and free us from restraint, and we enter on the joyous days of summer life. Then, in the morning, the stroll on the beach, the lounging rest under the shade of some boat on the shingle bank, whilst the yeasty waves advance almost to your feet, and you lie throwing pebbles into the water, and moralising on each circle which emanates from the ruffled centre, and, like glory,

> 'Never ceaseth to enlarge itself
> Till by broad spreading it extends to nought.'

Or, in a less sedate mood, watching the gambols of a throng of merry imps around you—some barefooted, and wading venturously into the water; others lingering till just too late to save the pretty little clean socks and trousers from a sousing as the wavelet breaks on the shore, whilst nurse half, if not quite angry, snatches back the idle little creature to safer ground. Then there are some swimming boats, and others making great Neptune dash over and over again into the waves after a stick, which he rescues and brings to shore, his noble breast stemming the waters, whilst his erect head lifts the prize high in air, until he lays it safe at the feet of his little master, and after receiving his guerdon of pats and praises, is again sent off in quest of the same stick. It is a charming scene; and next comes the moment when you resolve on taking

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your own refreshing dip; and you adjourn to your machine, and get new life for the day by a prolonged splashing in the deep clear water, ever ten times more agreeable on a shingle than on a sandy beach, because you can drop at once from the machine into whatever depth of water suits you, and always find it clean as pump-water, and free from sand or other disagreeables. Then after your bath you go home, and settle to some quiet occupation for a few hours, again to sally forth when the cool evening hours invite you to new enjoyments by flood or fell.

Such was the course of life I was leading when, after the heat of a September day, I set out for a walk to the embankment which secures the low lands at the mouth of the river Otter from the inroads of the waters, the top of which forms a sort of terrace, leading between the river and a stretch of salt-marsh to the pretty village of Otterton. There is here interesting botanising ground, because, as the tide washes the foot of the steep sloping wall which forms the side of the embankment, many of those plants which love saline positions are to be found there when the tide has gone back. The jointed glasswort (*Salicornia herbacea*), called by old Gerarde the 'flower of chrystalle,' was one of the first which drew my attention. This is one of the *Chenopodeæ*, of which order several species crowded the embankment. The stem of the jointed glasswort is erect, and divided by compressed, notched joints, their intervals rather enlarged upwards: it is about a foot high, bushy and green, with nearly cylindrical branches; the spikes composed of numerous short joints, each bearing three sessile flowers on two opposite sides. Though common in England and Ireland, it is not so in Scotland; but whether rare or common, its singularity of appearance would lead to its attracting notice from all passers. It is a valuable plant, yielding, as do most of the *salsolas* and *salicornias*, an immense quantity of soda, and consequently being largely employed in the manufacture both of glass and of barilla. Some of the other *Chenopodeæ* which I found were the mercury goosefoot (*C. Bonus Henricus*), which is a sort of spinach, and sometimes eaten; the many-clustered goosefoot (*C. botryódes*); stinking goosefoot (*C. ólidum*), which exhales a detestable odour like stale fish; also the wild beet (*Beta maritima*), and the shrubby orach (*Atriplex portulacoides*), which is rather a singular-looking shrub, and not very common, growing from one to two feet high, with lance-shaped leaves, the whole plant mealy with small yellowish flowers. The common-thrift (*Státice armeria*) or sea-pink clusters on every rock and bank near the sea; but the lavender-thrift or sea-lavender (*S. limonium*) which I found on the wall of the embankment is far less common, and very brilliant and pretty. The *státices* belong to the order *Plumbagineæ*, and abound in salt-marshes in the temperate regions of the globe, especially in the basin of the Mediterranean, in Southern Russia, and in Affghanistan. The *Koolah-i-Huzareh*, which forms a large part of the fuel of Cabul, consists of various species of *státice*; few, however, are found within the tropics. The lavender-thrift grows in panicles rather curiously arched, and bearing a double row of bright lavender-blue blossoms on one side the stalk. Though so pretty, and in colour so like the sweet garden-thrift or *spick*, as the west-country people call it, it is, however, but 'salt lavender which lacks perfume,' so that it disappoints almost more than it pleases.

Rambling on, now resting on the flower-decked bank watching the fish as they rise, and the eels wriggling along on the surface of the water—sometimes descending the steep bank for a specimen to dry, or a pretty flower to admire, then back to the wide terrace where flowers and insects abound, I find here full amusement—or creeping down on the land-side to revel in the gay vetches, &c. which brighten its herbage, I pursue my way. But I must now speak a little of the flower of greatest interest which I found near this spot, and this was the sea-starwort (*Aster tripolium*), which was now just beginning to bloom. It grows from two to three feet high, and is very abundant; the stem is round and smooth, as are the leaves, which are lance-shaped, the lower ones being stalked, the upper narrower and sessile; the flowers are large, purple, and with a yellow disk, and grow in corymbs. The whole plant has much the appearance of the Michaelmas-daisy of the gardens. It forms one of that immense order the *compositæ*, in which so many plants valuable in medicine and otherwise are found. Plants of this order are said to form 'a tenth part of the number of all described plants:' half of those growing within the tropics of America, as well as of those in Sicily and the Balearic Isles, are of this formation. It is a singular fact which Lindley states, 'that while in the northern parts of the world composites are universally herbaceous plants, they become gradually fruitescent, or even arborescent, as we approach the equator: most of those of Chili are bushes, and the composites of St Helena are mostly trees.' The structure of composites is so peculiar and interesting that we cannot do better than enter a little into a general description of it. Composites are plants with a multitude of corollas collected into dense heads on a common receptacle, and surrounded by an involucre. The corolla is of one petal, either strap or funnel shaped; the stamens equal in number to the teeth of the corolla, and alternate with them. By the old Linnæan system the composites were divided into three orders, defined by the sexes of the florets. Those of the first order (*Polygamia equalis*) contained all whose florets both of the disk and of the circumference were perfect, having each five stamens and one pistil, of which the thistles are examples; the second order (*Polygamia superflua*) contained those where the florets were all fertile, but those of the disk furnished with five stamens and one pistil, and those of the ray with a pistil only; as examples of which arrangement we may instance the aster, daisy, marigold, &c.; and the third order (*Polygamia frustranea*) consisted of those where the florets of the disk were perfect and fertile, and those of the circumference devoid both of stamens and pistils, of which the knapweed is the sole British example. Now this arrangement is declined by most modern botanists—though it is still frequently adopted—and is superseded by the following: Decandolle arranges them by the form of the petals, and divides them into three sub-orders: the first (*Tubuliflorœ*) containing those which are tubular—such as the asters, daisies, &c. with four or five teeth; second sub-order (*Labiateflorœ*), those which have the hermaphrodite florets, or at least the unisexual ones, divided into two lips, of which the coltsfoot is an example; and the third sub-order (the *Liguliflorœ*), those whose corollas are slit or ligulate, as is the chicory. In the first of these sub-orders are contained most of our valuable plants: their characteristics seem to be—a bitter matter combined with astringency; an acrid, resinous substance, and some ethereal oil; and in some of the species starch is contained in the roots, some being tonics, others stimulants or astringents. Wormwoods, southernwoods, and tansy, are among the tonic and bitter medicinal plants of the first sub-order; and also the camomile. A sort of eupatorium (*E. glutinosum*) furnishes that most valuable styptic the matico leaf, which, if wetted and placed on a cut or leech-bite, or other wound which bleeds too profusely, seems to act quite magically in stopping the bleeding. It is said to have been discovered some years since by a soldier, who, having been wounded in action, applied accidentally the leaves of this shrub, which immediately stopped the bleeding, and it has since been called *matico*, in compliment to its discoverer, whose name was Mateo—Matico being a nickname for 'Little Matthew.' The second sub-order seems to be of little import; but

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in the third we find the chicory (*Chicórium intybus*)—cultivated as a substitute for coffee; the dandelion or dent-de-lion (*Leon'todon taráxacum*)—so important in medicine; artichokes, lettuces, endive, succory, and others of our kitchen-garden plants.

Some of the most brilliant and lasting ornaments of our flower-garden — the gorgeous dahlias, the chrysanthemums, all the marigolds and asters, and great numbers besides—are also composites. If the blossom of a composite flower be inspected and examined by the aid of a microscope, it exhibits a most wonderful and beautiful conformation. We will take a daisy as our example. It is not strictly correct to call this or any blossom of this form a *flower*, for it is in fact a head of flowers, composed of between 200 and 300 separate florets, each perfect in itself, and formed of a corolla, stamens, and pistil. 'Every one of those leaves which are white above and red underneath,' says Rousseau, 'and form a kind of crown round the flower, appearing to be nothing more than little petals, are in reality so many true flowers; and every one of those tiny yellow things also which you see in the centre, and which you have at first perhaps taken for nothing but stamens, are real flowers.' The white florets above named form what is called the ray. If you pull one out, you will find that the lower end is round and hollow like a tube, and that a little forked fibre, which is the style, issues from it. Then if you examine one of the yellow florets which compose the disk or centre, you will see that these are corollas of one petal, in which you will perceive by the help of the magnifier a pistil and anthers. These flowers expand successively from the edge inwards. All these little flowers, both white and yellow, are enclosed in a common involucre, which binds them together, and supports them collectively, as the calyx does the petals of plants otherwise constructed. At the base of the tube of the corollas are a few narrow, hairy scales, which are in fact calices stunted in consequence of growing among the closely-pressing florets. These are called the *pappas*; and though often absent—as in the daisy, the dandelion, and other plants — 'form that beautiful plume of feathers which catch the wind, and enable the seed to soar into the air and scatter itself to a distance. The delicate feathery balls of the dandelion, which children amuse themselves with blowing into the air, are the fruit of that plant crowned by the pappas.' Such is a general sketch of composites, or, as they are commonly called, compound flowers.

But now my attention is attracted by something of quite a different character; and flowers and botany are for a time merged in watching a large bird of beautiful plumage, which keeps hopping before me at a distance of a few yards, and uttering a pretty and plaintive cry, not as if frightened by my presence, but rather as if it would allure me to follow it. Alas that the days of talismans and amulets, and of beautiful damsels transformed by some vile enchanter into the likeness of some bird or beast, and waiting only for me to perform some act which should restore them to their pristine form, should be so wholly gone! I thought of the bird in the 'Arabian Nights,' which led the princess on and on, in pursuit of the talisman of which it had deprived her, till, step by step, it allured her far, far away; of Thalaba's green bird; of everything which could work on my imagination—but it would not do; and when the pretty creature suddenly stopped, and even returned to meet me, the organ of Wonder wholly yielded to the deductions of causality, and I decided that it had been in some way injured, and had become confused. It was a fine specimen of the ring or sea-dotterel, about eight inches long, with a strong, straight, black bill an inch long, and red feet and legs. The plumage was soft, and full, and beautifully variegated; the head and neck being white, richly marked and banded with black; the beak and wings mixed black and gray, with rusty red; the breast and lower parts white, with a handsome black tail tipped with white, and very large and lustrous eyes. It was altogether a lovely bird; and gently securing and rolling it in my handkerchief, which I placed under the bars of my parasol (which, half-opened, formed a nice sort of basket), I proceeded on my way, occasionally peeping from time to time at my captive, and pleasing myself with the idea of the amusement a dear young invalid relative—who was at that time under my care, and who entered with avidity into all the details of pleasure in which sickness and suffering precluded him from otherwise participating—would find in nursing and feeding the poor little sufferer. And here a word on nursing. Be assured that it is quite a mistake for a nurse to confine herself too closely to the house when she is in attendance either on a confirmed invalid or on a convalescent. There are of course cases of acute illness when it would be unfit, almost impossible, to leave the patient even for an hour; and in such emergencies everything must yield to the exigencies of the moment. But whenever it is possible, rely on it both patient and nurse are alike benefited by being for a time separated whilst the latter obtains air, exercise, and refreshment of mind, among the sweet scenes of nature. The patient may feel a little dull whilst his companion is absent, but he is amply repaid by the greater spring that is given to their intercourse on her return, from the renewal of spirits and life that she has sustained, and the fresh objects for discussion which she has picked up in her rambles; whilst the nurse herself feels brighter and more vigorous, and better able to minister to the comfort or amusement of her companion. Of course the ultimate results on her health should also always be kept in view, for without such assistance the health and spirits of any one who is occupied in prolonged attendance on the sick must sooner or later decay.

But to proceed. On the terrace I find many varieties of trefoil, and among others that curious one the subterranean trefoil (*Trifólium subterráneum*); it grows very low (the stems, which are from three to six inches long, pressing close to the ground), and presents never more than three, or at the most four, white flowers on each head. In the centre of each head is a stiff, strong tuft of fibres, which embrace the joint. As the flowers which are at first erect mature, they turn towards the ground, the stalk sending out from its extremity several fibres by which the head is dragged under the ground, where the seed ripens.

I now left the bank of the river, and turning to the left, entered a stretch of salt-marsh, on which I found the salt-marsh club-rush (*Schirpus maritimus*), and other rushes and sedges of interest; and also in abundance that pretty little flower the sea milkwort (*Glaux maritima*), which grows from two to eight inches high, erect and branched, its stem smooth and succulent with fleshy leaves and solitary axillar flowers of a pretty pink; and also the whorled knot-grass (*Illécebrum verticillátum*), and various kinds of *persicaria*, besides many other plants peculiar to such localities; and then leaving the salt-marsh, retraced my steps, finding as I went late blossoms of the English scurvy-grass (*Cochleária A'nglica*), that sweet-scented white flower, a species of which we find in cottage gardens in the spring under the name of 'honey blobs;' a pretty plant, very much like the candy-tuft, and so lusciously sweet as to collect the bees from all quarters to the banquet it affords. On the stony slope of the embankment I also found that pretty umbel the sea-samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*), so called from *crithe*, barley, which the fruit is supposed to resemble. This plant is of the *N. O. umbellíferæ*, under which order are classed all plants whose flower-stems divide at the top into a number of short slender branches, all springing from one common centre, as the rays of an umbrella

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do from the ring which slides on the stick, each of these rays being terminated by a cluster of flowers, the stalks of which also proceed from a common centre, and again form an umbel. Parsley, carrot, and a multitude of other important plants, all belong to this tribe. The samphire grows about a foot high; the stem is round and leafy; the leaves twice ternate; and the leaflets lance-shaped, fleshy, and highly succulent—the whole plant being of a pale-bluish green; and with its vigorous growth and clear, sharp outline, forming a very pretty ornament to the rocks where it grows. The flower is white. Samphire is used as a pickle, and is of a salt and aromatic flavour, and much more agreeable than *Salicornia herbacea*, which I have before said is used for the same purpose, forming a very fair substitute for capers. It is sold by the peck, and considerably in request in inland towns especially. Shakspeare's notice of it shews that this plant has been in use for a long period of years—

——'How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers *samphire*; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered pebbles idly chafes
Cannot be heard so high.'

But this exposure of life is not in all cases necessary in procuring samphire, for it is often, as at Salterton, to be obtained without risk of life or limb, with only just enough of scramble to enhance the value of the jar of pickle you get from your gatherings, by making it act as a pleasant reminder of your enterprise. It is not uncommon in England, though rare, if not unknown in Scotland. A sort of sea-weed collected largely on the coast, the laver, is also in high repute as an article for the table. It is a sort of *ulva* which the peasants collect, and after boiling in sea-water and vinegar, sell by the pound or small cask. A considerable quantity of this is sold in the London and other markets; and when cooked with a small proportion of butter and vinegar, is eaten, and by many much approved as a sauce for roasted meats.

There is a field lying at the mouth of the river which at spring-tide becomes very nearly if not quite an island. On this field I had long wished to make a *raid;* and finding it now accessible, I decided on visiting it; so leaving the limekilns to the right, I passed over a narrow isthmus which connects it with the mounds of shingle lying between it and the sea, and soon found myself on the little promontory and nearly surrounded by water. It is curious to see the cows which are pastured in this field drinking freely of the water which surrounds it, and which to all appearance is *sea*-water, it being there only when the tide is in. I have often heard this remarked on, and certainly at first sight it is a puzzling circumstance, but on a little consideration the solution of the mystery is obvious, it being simply this—that the fresh water, of which a shallow stream at all times flows, being specifically lighter than the salt, floats on the surface till its body has been broken up by the motion of the waves, or other external causes; and consequently the cows, which seem to be imbibing the briny fluid, are in fact getting a refreshing draught, as if no saline particles lurked below. I was disappointed of finding varieties of flowers on this island, but still an adventure awaited me. As I crossed it, I saw another pretty bird leap into the water, as if startled by my appearance; but to my surprise this, like the dotterel, turned and came towards me. 'Why, surely I am not to have you too, you pretty creature!' I exclaimed aloud; but it really was so. It fairly swam towards me, and came to land close to my feet, when it suffered me to take it up, and lay it on some grass in my parasol beside the poor dotterel. The solution of this mystery was as simple as that of the cows. Some clumsy, bad shot had been amusing himself with popping at all the birds in his way—just winging the poor creatures, and leaving them with broken bones and torn flesh to 'dree penance,' until starvation and suffering should put a close to that life which, but for the young gentleman's gentle pastime, would have been a life of joy and sunshine, spent in sporting among the waves or soaring on buoyant wing amid the sweet air of heaven.

——'Detested sport,
Which owes its pleasure to another's pain!'

I now thought it better, being somewhat laden, to give up a plan I had formed of proceeding over the shingle to the 'Point'—a stretch of rocks running out into the sea at the extremity of the beach—and return homewards, where I hoped to be able to minister some help to my pretty feathered foundlings. But it was in vain that I and my dear young companion endeavoured to preserve them. A clever and humane surgeon, who was at the time in attendance on my invalid, kindly examined them, and bound up their wounds, pronouncing that no irremediable injury was done, and advising us how to manage them; but our poor little friends would not eat: they missed the nourishing sea-slugs and worms with which they had been used to supply themselves in their native haunts, nor could we obtain any available substitute. The dotterel lived some days, but it pined and drooped, and one morning we found it dead. The other (which we made out, on referring to Bewick, to be one of the tribe of sandpipers called a *purre*) seemed for a time as if it would recover. It was an elegant little bird, of about seven inches in length, much slighter and more delicately formed than the dotterel, but less beautiful in its plumage, which was a mixture of ash-colour and dark-brown with a little white, with greenish-black legs and a snipe-like bill about one and a quarter inches long, grooved at the sides of the upper mandible. It is called in some parts of England the 'least snipe,' 'ox bird,' 'sea lark,' and other names; in the north, 'stint.' Bewick thus describes its habits:—'The purre, with others of the same genus, appears in great numbers on the sea-shore in various parts of Great Britain during the winter season; they run nimbly near the edges of the flowing and retiring waves, and are almost continually wagging their tails, whilst they are at the same time busily employed in picking up their food, which consists chiefly of small worms and insects. On taking flight they give a kind of scream, and skim along near the surface of the water with great rapidity as well as great regularity: they do not fly directly forwards, but perform their evolutions in large semicircles, alternately in their sweep approaching the shore and the sea; and the curvature of their course is pointed out by the flocks appearing suddenly and alternately in a dark or in a snowy-white colour, as their backs or their bellies are turned towards the spectator.'

He afterwards comments on the singular fact, that the king-dotterel, the sanderling, and other birds of different species which associate with the purre and dunlin, should 'understand the signal which, from their wheeling about altogether with such promptitude and good order, it would appear is given to the whole flock.' I have often stood watching the flight of these birds for a long time together, the effect, especially in stormy weather, being very singular as they flash on the eye like a gleam of lightning when the white parts of the whole party are presented all at once to the eye and then totally disappear, the darker hue not being noticeable from a distance.

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It was but for a few days, however, that we were able to keep our little purre, for it drooped, and seemed so melancholy that we decided it would be better to take it back to the spot where I had found it, in the hope that it might now be able to provide for itself and recover; but, alas! as I carried it along I perceived that it was dying, and ere I reached the embankment it gave a last quiver and expired; and so ended the history of my hospital for sick sea-birds.

ANECDOTES OF SOME UNREQUITED PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

There is no problem more difficult than the adjustment of artificial rewards for intellectual services to the public in literature, art, or science. Free trade fortunately at the present day affords the chief fund for rewarding such benefactors. They produce what can be sold, and the price they receive for their labours is in general a pretty sufficient measure of the value of their services; it is at all events a more accurate one than any other form of remuneration has been found to afford. Formerly this field was much narrower than it now is; and it must be admitted that there will be at all times services to the public which cannot be thus rewarded: astronomical observations, trigonometrical surveys, mathematical tables only useful for great public operations, the editing of ancient records, and historical materials are of this class. Yet how otherwise to reward such services is, as we have said, a very difficult problem; and we generally find it accompanied with great jobbing and miscalculation. Salaries and pensions are very apt to find their way to the wrong men—to those who are powerful enough to obtain them instead of those who are meritorious enough to deserve them. When Herschel was made astronomer-royal, it is said that he requested the salary not to be enlarged, as it would but make the office a temptation to gentlemen of power and influence rather than of scientific ability. Nor has the principle of 'piece-work,' as it may be called, or remuneration for specific services, been more successful. The sums squandered by the Record Commission were enormous.

It may be interesting to our readers to lay before them some instances, not very well known, in which more than one industrious and enthusiastic man was deceived by hopes and promises of government rewards which were never realised, and who may indeed be said to have been cheated out of valuable services by men in power. During the period between the Revolution and the Union, Scotland was ambitious of being in many respects a great nation. She aimed at having trade and colonies, and resolved to patronise literature and art on a large scale. A certain Captain John Slezer had come over to Britain as an engineer officer with William III. He possessed some of the mechanical qualifications at least of an artist; and it occurred to him that it would be a good speculation to engrave a collection of the cities, the churches, and the gentlemen's castles and seats throughout Scotland, after the fashion of the handsome works which appeared on the continent during the seventeenth century. The Scottish parliament thought so well of his design that they promised him a munificent reward. The way in which national services were then requited was by allowing the individual certain powers of pillaging the public; and Slezer was voted a tonnage on all foreign vessels arriving in the ports of Scotland. He very naturally deemed his fortune to be now made, and set vigorously to the preparation of his plates. They still exist—a remarkable monument of industry if not of art. They preserve for Scotland a pretty accurate representation of the greater part of her old buildings and her towns as they stood at the time of the Revolution. The work appears, however, to have been more prized by foreigners than by Scotchmen; and a Frenchman named Beveril published a work called 'Délices de l'Ecosse,' in which he gave reduced and improved engravings of the rather ungainly plates of Slezer.

He was indeed no artist in either the high or the ordinary sense of the term. He could just manage to give the shape and something near the proportions of the buildings. His perspective is dreadful, and his light and shade capricious and incongruous. Yet in some of his engravings we find figures introduced in a rather spirited manner, and we may conjecture that they were the production of another hand. In some instances there is a great improvement even in the architectural departments, as if the captain had, even in his own department, obtained assistance from some better *burin*. This is generally the case with the more highly-decorated buildings—such as Stirling Castle, Melrose Abbey, Roslin Chapel, &c.—as if Slezer had given them up in despair. Thus the collection is not without redeeming points even as a work of art. There are one or two purely fancy pictures in it with great pretension, and generally accompanied by sober but genuine duplicates. Thus there is a view of Dunnottar Castle extremely accurate, but not very picturesque; as, notwithstanding the high rock on which it is raised, the castle buildings are straggling and mean, and so Slezer represents them. Beside his own work, however, he gives another, representing a prodigious mass of round and square towers, very grand, but by no means like the real buildings. This was often the fashion in which representations of castles were taken in that age, and for some time afterwards. It would seem as if some artist had recommended Slezer to follow the fashionable example, and had actually afforded him specimens of such work; but that the honest Dutch captain disdained such flattering arts, and boldly issued his own honest representation side by side with its meretricious rival. The whole work gives us an extremely interesting view of the state of Scotland at the time of the Revolution. It shews many buildings which have now ceased to exist. Such obscure places as Culross, and the villages on the coast of East Lothian, appear as comparatively dignified towns; on the other hand, Glasgow—its cathedral and college forming its most conspicuous features—is a cluster of houses among groves of trees, and pleasant, breezy-looking hills; and in the view of Edinburgh we have depicted the wilderness occupying the ground now covered by the New Town.

On the whole, the Dutch captain had deserved well of his adopted country, and so far as words and protestations went his services were acknowledged. Act after act of the Scottish parliament extols his merits and renews the reward of the tonnage on vessels. But the great question was—How could the captain get it paid? Had he been a greedy, powerful courtier he might have extorted some oppressively-enormous sum, but 'being a foreigner destitute of any patron to espouse his interest,' as he himself says in one of his remonstrances, there was little chance of success for him. The fund which was assigned to him was burdened with heavy national objects—such as harbour works, salaries to the officers of the Admiralty Court, and the like—and there being seldom enough to meet these greater exigencies, nothing remained for poor Slezer. Yet this did not comprehend the whole of the ill-usage he suffered. It appears that he had claims for arrears of pay as an artillery captain remaining unsettled; nay, farther, that he had incurred outlay in the clothing and necessaries of his company, of which he could not obtain reimbursement. As the Scottish parliament was drawing to the close of its existence, we find it in 1705, in place of its munificent assignments of revenue, dealing with arrangements to protect the captain from the pursuit of his creditors. He states that the workmen whom he employed, 'being wearied out by delays, at length not only distrained him by legal diligence against

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his person, but arrested and attached his whole effects wherever they could discover them.'

A document in the Advocates' Library, called 'The Stated Case of Captain John Slezer, humbly representing what Remains due to him by the Publick,' makes out a sum of L.2847 sterling as remaining unpaid in the year 1708. This was no trifling sum in that day, though great statesmen sometimes succeeded in obtaining incomes of L.30,000 and even L.40,000 a year, by what would now be accounted peculation. He gives a pathetic account of his sufferings from his creditors, who 'became so impatient for their money, and pursued me so hard for it, that I was necessitate to betake myself to the sanctuary of Holyrood House, wherein I have continued these thirteen years bypast confined, to my almost utter ruin, being, amongst other hardships, obliged in a manner to double charges, by maintaining a numerous family in town and myself at no small charge within the sanctuary; and my zeal not to let my company want any necessaries did induce me rather to engage personally for whatever they stood in need of, than to suffer them to go naked, which falls very heavy upon me. For I am decreed by the lords of council and sessin to pay not only ten or twelve years' interest for what I stand engaged for to serve the public, but I am likewise obliged to pay every man's charges of lawsuits in pursuing for what I owed him.' It appears that Slezer died in 1714, and that his claims were to the last unsettled by the British government, which had succeeded to the obligations incurred by that of Scotland.

The documents through which we trace the unfortunate history of Slezer contain that of two other fellow-sufferers in the public service: the one was John Adair, a geographer, employed at the instance of the Scottish parliament, with the same fallacious reward of a tonnage, to furnish charts and maps of the Scottish coast; the other was Alexander Nisbet, a herald, engaged in the now rather despised, but at that time highly esteemed, task of preparing a system of heraldry applicable to the chief families of Scotland. The history of both is so similar to that of Slezer that it would be needless to detail it.

The other ill-requited intellectual workman whose melancholy history we have to notice is James Anderson, the author of the magnificent book called 'Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ'—('The Charters and Coins of Scotland.') Just before the Union a man named Atwood had written a book, intended to prove that, of old, Scotland was a feudal dependency of England. If he desired to produce the most frantic national irritation he could not have devised a more effective means. All Scotland was in a blaze, and had Atwood ventured across the Border, he would not have left the country alive. It was better, however, to meet him with the pen than with the sword, and at the proper moment Anderson started up, who, with much more learning than Atwood possessed, attacked him in a 'Historical Essay, shewing that the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland is Imperial and Independent.' He addressed a willing audience, and his arguments were received with overwhelming enthusiasm. The country seemed only anxious to know what their champion desired as his reward to offer it without delay.

Anderson had in view a favourite project—the publication of copper-plate fac-similes of the most remarkable ancient documents extant in Scotland, along with representations of Scottish coins and medals. The Scottish parliament, however, did not remain in existence long enough to complete a transaction with him. They gave him an instalment of L.800, and in their very latest proceedings recommended him to her majesty as a person who should not only be supported in the execution of his great work, but 'as a person meriting her gracious favour in conferring any office of trust upon him.' But the fulfilment of these promises was left to English statesmen, whose appreciation of his services was very different from that entertained by his own countrymen. After the Union he went to London, where he had two great objects in view—the one, to get his engravings made; the other, to keep up an assiduous attendance on the courtiers who might have influence enough to procure him his expected reward—for in those days nothing was got for public services without interest, and many a man made his fortune on the public money through interest who had never done any service whatever. Harley, Lord Oxford, the prime minister, kept perpetually round him a sad group of expectants, who courted his lackeys, and wasted precious time in his ante-rooms. They had the more hope from him, as he was a man of letters, a collector of books and pictures, and a patron of men of genius. A countryman of Anderson—Lockhart of Carnwath—in his memoirs, said that the queen herself was interested in Anderson; and 'took great pleasure in seeing the fine seals and charters of the ancient records he collected,' and that she 'told my Lord Oxford she desired something might be done for him. To all which his lordship's usual answer was—that there was no need of pressing him to take care of that gentleman, for he was *the* man he designed, out of regard to his great knowledge, to distinguish in a particular manner.' But Oxford was notorious for neglecting such promises. When free from the cares of business, he was generally in a state of hazy, partial intoxication; and he considered, or pretended to consider, all the hungry expectants as so many friendly fellows who courted his society because they enjoyed it as he did theirs.

The cross purposes thus occasioned were sometimes sufficiently ludicrous, as the reader may see in the following extract from Lockhart:—He introduces the victim as 'an English gentleman whose name I've forgot, very much noticed for his wit and poetry;' but it is understood that the person whose name the Jacobite politician could not remember was Prior the poet. 'Being introduced,' continues Lockhart, 'to the Lord Oxford, he asked him if he understood Spanish. The gentleman replied: No; but that in a little time he could soon be master of it in such a degree as to qualify him to serve in any station where his lordship thought fit to employ him; and away he went, and employed six or seven months in the close study of that language, and having acquired what he thought necessary—not doubting but he might be employed on some business abroad, which he most desired—he waited on his lordship, and told him that now he believed he understood the Spanish language tolerably well. "Well, then," replied my lord, "you'll have the pleasure of reading 'Don Quixote' in the original, and 'tis the finest book in the world;" which was all that gentleman got for his long attendance and hard study!'—(*Lockhart Papers*, i. 372.) The result of Anderson's efforts was as unsubstantial if not as ludicrous. Oxford told him 'that no doubt he had heard that in his fine library he had a collection of the pictures of the learned both ancient and modern, and as he knew none who better deserved a place there than Mr Anderson, he desired the favour of his picture.' Mr Anderson complied, and so ended all transactions between them. The expectants used afterwards to be jocular with each other about getting *places* in the treasurer's library.

Yet in that garden of weeds grew up one stately plant of good fruit; for the disappointed man seems never to have become utterly disheartened, and he went on steadily with his magnificent work. His miscellaneous papers in the Advocates' Library are full of complaints and histories of defeated efforts, but they indicate that he was ever at work and full of hope. At times when he could not go on with his great work, which involved not only labour but great expense, he made historical researches in other quarters, and published four quarto

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volumes of 'Collections Relating to the History of Mary Queen of Scotland.' He had gathered a valuable library, and he endeavoured to raise a fund for carrying on his work by selling it to George II., but the negotiation failed. At the age of sixty-six, with his work nearly completed through all his difficulties, he found himself compelled to pawn the copper-plates for bread. He died a few months afterwards, in 1728, and after his death the plates when sold by auction brought L.530. Luckily they were not lost to the world. A patriotic feeling was resuscitated in Scotland when his melancholy history was at an end, and the magnificent work so well known to all antiquaries was published with an introduction by the learned Ruddiman. It is a book only to be found in great libraries, and a copy of it, even in tolerable order, can seldom be obtained for less than ten guineas.

It is a sad conclusion of these melancholy notices to observe that Slezer and Anderson, after having been friends in early life, appear to have bitterly quarrelled, and conducted lawsuits with each other. Some documents connected with pecuniary claims maintained by Anderson against Slezer will be found in a collection called 'Analecta Scotica.' In the same book there is a curious and more interesting correspondence between Anderson and Sir Richard Steel.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1641 there lived in a narrow, obscure street of Cologne a poor woman named Marie Marianni. With an old female servant for her sole companion, she inhabited a small, tumble-down, two-storeyed house, which had but two windows in front. Nothing could well be more miserable than the furniture of this dark dwelling. Two worm-eaten four-post bedsteads, a large deal-press, two rickety tables, three or four old wooden chairs, and a few rusty kitchen utensils, formed the whole of its domestic inventory.

Marie Marianni, despite the wrinkles which nearly seventy years had left on her face, still preserved the trace of former beauty. There was a grace in her appearance, and a dignity in her manner, which prepossessed strangers in her favour whenever they happened to meet her; but this was rarely. Living in the strictest retirement, and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbours, she seldom went out except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months. In the street where she lived, she was known by the name of 'The Old Nun,' and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the room on the ground-floor, where she spent her time in needlework; and her old servant Bridget occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In winter, however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney-corner, while she herself occupied a large old easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus evening after evening without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said: 'Well, Bridget, have you heard from your son?'

'No, madame, although the Frankfort post has come in.'

'You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one's children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude.'

'But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful: he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain it is only because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people.'

'Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect.'

'For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son's affection.'

'I congratulate you, Bridget,' said her mistress with a deep sigh. 'Alas! I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one. Three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless!'

'Poor, dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!'

'You cut me to the heart, Bridget: you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife. After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating his murder? Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime!'

'But doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?'

'Yes; and had I been a poor woman, without power, rank, or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enemies' purpose to deprive me of them, so they banished me, and left me in the state in which I am!'

'Dear mistress!' said the old woman.

Marie Marianni hid her face in her handkerchief, and spoke no more during the remainder of the evening.

As the servant continued silently to turn her wheel, she revolved in her mind several circumstances connected with the 'Old Nun.' She had often surprised her reading parchments covered with seals of red wax, which, on Bridget's entrance, her mistress always hurriedly replaced in a small iron box.

One night Marie Marianni, while suffering from an attack of fever, cried out in a tone of unutterable horror: 'No: I will not see him! Take away yon red robe—that man of blood and murder!'

These things troubled the simple mind of poor Bridget, yet she dared not speak of them to her usually haughty and reserved mistress.

On the next evening, as they were sitting silently at work, a knock was heard at the door.

'Who can it be at this hour?' said Marie Marianni.

'I cannot think,' replied her servant; ''tis now nine o'clock.'

'Another knock! Go, Bridget, and see who it is, but open the door with precaution.'

The servant took their solitary lamp in her hand, and went to the door. She presently returned, ushering into the room Father Francis, a priest who lived in the city. He was a man of about fifty years old, whose hollow cheeks, sharp features, and piercing eyes wore a sinister and far from hallowed expression.

'To what, father, am I indebted for this late visit?' asked the old lady.

'To important tidings,' replied the priest, 'which I am come to communicate.'

'Leave us, Bridget,' said her mistress. The servant took an old iron lamp, and went up stairs to her fireless chamber.

'What have you to tell me?' asked Marie Marianni of her visitor.

'I have had news from France.'

'Good news?'

'Some which may eventually prove so.'

'The stars, then, have not deceived me!'

'What, madame!' said the priest in a reproving tone; 'do you attach any credit to this lying astrology? Believe me, it is a temptation of Satan which you ought to resist. Have you not enough of real misfortune without subjecting yourself to imaginary terrors?'

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'If it be a weakness, father, it is one which I share in common with many great minds. Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial?'

'All vanity and error, daughter. How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God?'

'I will not now argue the point, father; tell me rather what are the news from France?'

'The nobles' discontent at the prime minister has reached its height. Henri d'Effiat, grand-equerry of France, and the king's favourite, has joined them, and drawn into the plot the Duke de Bouillon, and Monsieur, his majesty's brother. A treaty, which is upon the point of being secretly concluded with the king of Spain, has for its object peace, on condition of the cardinal's removal.'

'Thank God!'

'However, madame, let us not be too confident; continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Frequent the church in which I minister, place yourself near the lower corner of the right-hand aisle, and I will forewarn you of my next visit.'

'I will do so, father.'

Resuming his large cloak, the priest departed, Bridget being summoned by her mistress to open the door.

From that time, during several months, the old lady repaired regularly each day to the church; she often saw Father Francis, but he never spoke, or gave her the desired signal. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from church, together with the 'sickness of hope deferred,' began to tell unfavourably on her health; she became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her large, bright eyes seemed each day to grow larger and brighter. One morning, in passing down the aisle, Father Francis for a moment bent his head towards her, and whispered: 'All is lost!'

With a powerful effort Marie Marianni subdued all outward signs of the terrible emotion which these words caused her, and returned to her cheerless dwelling. In the evening Father Francis came to her. When they were alone, she asked: 'Father, what has happened?'

'Monsieur de Cinq-Mars is arrested.'

'And the Duke de Bouillon?'

'Fled.'

'The treaty with the king of Spain?'

'At the moment it was signed at Madrid, the cunning cardinal received a copy of it.'

'By whom was the plot discovered?'

'By a secret agent, who had wormed himself into it.'

'My enemies, then, still triumph?'

'Richelieu is more powerful, and the king more subject to him than ever.'

That same night the poor old woman was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium the phantom-man in red still pursued her, and her ravings were terrible to hear. Bridget, seated at her bedside, prayed for her; and at the end of a month she began slowly to recover. Borne down, however, by years, poverty, and misfortune, Marie Marianni felt that her end was approaching. Despite Father Francis's dissuasion, she again had recourse to the astrological tablets, on which were drawn, in black and red figures, the various houses of the sun, and of the star which presided over her nativity. On this occasion their omens were unfavourable; and rejecting all spiritual consolation—miserable in the present, and hopeless for the future—Marie Marianni expired in the beginning of July 1642.

As soon as her death was known a magistrate of Cologne came to her house, in order to make an official entry of the names of the defunct and her heirs. Bridget could not tell either, she merely knew that her late mistress was a stranger.

Father Francis arrived. 'I can tell you the names of her heirs,' he said. 'Write—the king of France; Monsieur the Duke of Orleans; Henrietta of France, queen of England.'

'And what,' asked the astounded magistrate, 'was the name of the deceased?'

'The High and Mighty Princess Marie de Medicis, widow of Henri IV., and mother of the reigning king!'

BILLINGSGATE.

Not one of the well-nigh innumerable branches of industry which from dawn to eve, and partially through the night, employ the scheming brains and busy hands of the people of this country, has derived greater proportional advantages from the invention of steam-ships, steam-horses, and railroads, than the fisher's craft and commerce. Till within a few years nothing could be more precarious and lottery-like than the trade in fresh fish. A vast take, from the impossibility of distributing it with sufficient celerity through the country, was but of slight benefit to the fishermen, and cart-loads of choice and delicate food were in consequence disposed of at a merely nominal sum, which, in the inland counties especially, would have realised high prices, and thrown as manure upon lands adjacent to the coast. Even London, with its Maelström power of attracting all requisite supplies, was often nearly destitute of fish for many days together, whilst abundance of the perishable article was kept back by calms or adverse winds. Steam has happily changed all this; and now not only Kent, Sussex, and the nearer maritime counties despatch their sea-produce with certainty and speed to the great metropolitan fishmarket, but the more distant ports of Devon, Yorkshire, Aberdeen, Leith, and others help to swell the immense and continuous supply feeding that great centre of the trade, which, after absorbing sufficient for its own needs, distributes the residue by innumerable diverging channels throughout the kingdom.

Billingsgate Market, with its adjuncts, is unquestionably the vigorously pulsating heart through and by which the finny treasures of the deep are propelled to the inland counties of England, and the Exchange which tests and regulates fish-values and supplies in every town and village of Great Britain. And, at first view, what an unpromising site and building for the seat of such an agency! The material aspect of the place is chiefly made up of a mean-looking shed, sheltering a confined piece of ground which abuts by a few rough, stone steps upon the Thames to the west of the Custom-house, and furnished with wooden stalls or benches of by no means an inviting or expensive description. There are many country fishmarkets that for size, convenience, cleanliness, and fittings-up, might put Billingsgate to the blush—supposing Billingsgate to be capable of blushing, a point upon which we offer no opinion. But the spirit, the energy, the commercial sagacity, the vast capital daily and hourly brought into play and developed there, have no comparison or rival in any similar establishment in the world. The market was established in 1699, and during the century and a half which have since passed by, so large a proportion of the produce of the fisheries of Great Britain has been heaped up and disposed of beneath that paltry wooden shed, as to require, previous to the facilities afforded by railways, nearly 5000 vessels annually to bring it there. The supply is immensely more abundant now than then, as well as equable and constantly progressive; but fewer vessels ascend the Thames to Billingsgate, the great mass of the fish being brought in vans by rail. Contemplated from this business-point of view, the confined, dingy shed, rude wooden benches, sloppy pavement, and narrow passages assume colossal dimensions and a quite brilliant aspect; and the confused din and unintelligible gabble which usually accompany the early morning sales, relieved and heightened at occasional intervals by the entirely comprehensible and very energetic interchange of compliments which

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no other name than that of the market can give a perfect conception of, becomes significant and interesting as the appropriate expression, the steno-utterance of a race too hurried and busy to waste time in the periphrastic ambiguities of ordinary language.

It is asserted that the vernacular of the market has become softened and refined of late, chiefly, as some scandalous libellers of the gentler sex insinuate, in consequence of a great diminution in the number of lady fish-dealers. The improvement, it is to be feared, is on the surface merely. Let but a slight collision between rival venders of the lower grades occur, and it is wonderful how quickly the varnish peals off, and reveals the gnarled and knotty traditional grain underneath in all its pristine beauty, vigour, and originality:

'You may break, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still!'

The shell of old Billingsgate, the wooden erection—that is, beneath which the fishy traffic has been for so many years carried on—will soon disappear, and its place be supplied by the new brick-and-stone building now in rapid progress; but the genius of the place will, we nothing doubt, survive in the new structure, and receive oblations of the old eloquence for many years to come.

The market is, however, 'a sight to see,' and a brief guide to its mysteries may not be without its use to some amongst the numerous curiosity-hunters who now throng the streets of London.

It commences throughout the year at five o'clock in the morning—formerly the hour in summer was four—and the wholesale distribution of the arrivals by the salesmen amongst competing fish-tradesmen, bummarees (persons who keep retail stands in the market), and costermongers, is mainly concluded by eight. We say mainly concluded, for should a consignment arrive at any hour of the day, the salesman to whom it is addressed instantly clears his stall, mounts his tub-rostrum, and with loud outcries, intelligible to the initiated only, gathers round him a motley group, who purchase, pay for, and carry off the fish with a readiness and dispatch marvellous to persons accustomed to the bargaining and haggling indulged in between buyers and sellers where time is not esteemed so precious as in this hurrying, breathless metropolis of England.

Setting out, then, at a few minutes before five o'clock from a near point—say from Leadenhall Street, an easily-discoverable locality—we are enabled to mark the phases of Billingsgate progress from the starting-point. Let it be Friday, which is the best morning that can be chosen for the visit; for although there is a crowded market every day, this is always—since Steam yoked Time, and thereby took the matter out of the hands of Chance—the most profusely-supplied and numerously-attended, owing to the increased demand by Roman Catholics, Jews, and others, with whom Friday is a fish or fast-day. Turning down Leadenhall Place on the right, looking towards the east, we pass by the sheds of the Skin Market, where, on every Tuesday and Friday in the year, the raw, but scarcely at this time of the year fresh hides of some 5000 or 6000 beasts, slain within a mile of where we are standing, are exposed for sale. Passing on to the left we reach Lime Street, which opens into East Cheap; and right over the way is Love Lane, an offshoot and direct approach to central Billingsgate.

You must be careful of yourself in Love Lane. Its course runs anything but smooth, and it was no doubt on account of its tortuous, stumbling slipperiness that it received its name. The only Cupids nestling here to my knowledge are those busy gentlemen in the dingy cellars, right and left, sorting by the flaring gas-light baskets of fish—already arrived by direct consignment—for transmission to their numerous country customers. It is in such places as these, amid stench, and filth, and darkness, that many London fortunes are scraped together. That middle-aged man just passed, whose keen eyes scanned so sharply the size and appearance of the salmon he was extricating from a hamper, is said to be worth L.70,000 or L.80,000, all raked out of the black Californian hole in which he is now eagerly toiling. Emerging from Love Lane we come direct upon Dark-House Lane—an ominous ending, for beyond is the river! and suggestive that Cockney-street nomenclature may have deeper meanings than is usually supposed. Dark-House Lane is substantially a portion of the market; but instead of passing in that way, let us turn slightly to the left, and enter by the front, where a long line of fish-loaded vans are already crowding up. Business has begun with a vengeance. 'Leith — Leith!' — 'York — York!' — 'Kent—Kent!'—'Barton—Barton!' shout the zealous *aides* to the salesmen, discordantly proclaiming the counties and ports from which the multitudinous consignments of fish are pouring swiftly in. Many of these *aides* are 'shore-men'—rough, unlicked bipeds, who are chiefly employed in bringing up fish from the vessels in the river, and of whom it is necessary to keep clear, as they push along with heavy baskets on their heads or shoulders, and having slapped down the contents on the stand of the salesman by whom they are employed, hurry off for a fresh load, quite certain that, quick as they may be, they shall find the saleboard empty when they return. Others are the Fellowship Porters, who more affect the vans, and assist in supplying the salesmen, some dozen of whom you may observe seated upon tubs or other convenient substratum, and loudly and fiercely commending in the strangest dialect their commodities to the notice of undecided purchasers. These salesmen are all respectable, and many of them wealthy men. One, who has but recently retired from active business—a Mr Stewart—is said to have realised during forty or fifty years' industry in this vocation the almost incredible sum of L.250,000; and a junior partner still carries on the profitable business. Almost all of them have a lidded pewter-mug either in their hands or beside them, from which in the intervals of exertion they imbibe a restorative, said to consist invariably of coffee. If this be so, which we have no right to doubt, it is, we have noticed in several instances, coffee of a kind emitting a more pungent and spirituous odour than any variety of the berry with which we are acquainted. These gentlemen exhibit a hereditary aptitude for the satisfactory disposal of fish, which it is confidently asserted is to be found only in those who have imbibed the traditions of Billingsgate from infancy. The utter failure of Hungerford Market, established in 1834, as a western and genteel rival to the ancient fish-mart, is partly attributed to the inefficiency of the newfangled system of sale adopted there, and the inexperience of the wholesale venders. We have written 'hereditary' advisedly, inasmuch as sale-privilege and sale-stalls descend by rarely-broken custom in families generation after generation. The weekly rent of a stall, somewhere about 8s., paid to the city, is a merely nominal charge relatively to its value, and for a new man to obtain one is said to be next to an impossibility. Stalls, in both this and Leadenhall Market, are a kind of heirloom, with this distinction, that they cannot be underlet—not openly or ostensibly underlet of course we mean, for the actual underletting, at enormously-advanced rents, is a matter of notoriety unsusceptible as it may be of legal proof.

And yet there really does not appear to be any inscrutable mystery, any very refined art in the sale-process, except indeed with respect to the language sometimes employed, without a key to which, simple enough when known, it is a gabble incomprehensible by the most accomplished linguist. Let us pause an instant before the respectable young gentleman with

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carefully-trained moustaches, seated patiently and indifferently upon a herring-tub. A Fellowship Porter pitches down before him a basket from York, out of which tumble fifty or sixty soles and half a dozen turbot. A shoreman, a minute afterwards, deposits, a little apart from the 'flat'-fish, a double (two-score) of Nancys (lobsters); some double Nancys—that is, very fine specimens; some 'cripples,' or one-clawed individuals of this species of crustacea. The mode of sale is a sort of cross between the ordinary chaffering and abating of private sales, and, if customers are numerous round the stall, of biddings by auction. The moustached young gentleman, after glancing at the book he holds in his left hand—the right is monopolised by a cigar—addresses something *sotto voce* to an experienced buyer who has been examining the lot. The buyer-expectant thereupon stretches himself over towards the salesman, and whispers, with his hand over his mouth, a by no means satisfactory communication in the ear of the vender, judging by the shake of the head and the renewed pull at the pewter which follow. A louder appeal to the liberality of the bystanders is now made; and if strangers are present apparently desirous of becoming customers, something like the following unintelligible gabble will go on, in reply to the demand of the salesman of what the company will say to his fine lot of 'York:'—

'Eno dunop,' replies the dealer who made the first private but abortive offer.

'Eno dunop and a flah,' says a new bidder.

'A noc more,' adds a competitor; and the lot is his for L.1, 15s.

This dialect, now chiefly confined to Billingsgate Market, and slowly falling into disuse even there, was not long since common enough amongst several classes of sharp metropolitan traders, desirous of concealing their operations from denizens of the outer world, who might chance to be standing or sitting near. It is a very simple expedient—merely the pronunciation of the words as nearly as may be backwards. Thus 'eno' is one; 'owt,' two; 'dunop,' a pound; 'flah,' half; 'noc,' a crown; and so on. Habit enables dealers in this market to speak and comprehend each other in this way with great facility; and it is of course impossible, when this local lingo is adopted, for a stranger to follow the biddings, or take an effective part in what is going on. The practice is, however, falling into disuse as well as disrepute: the practical exclusion of provincial or private buyers from these sales has been almost generally abandoned, and many salesmen will even permit a non-dealer to select a single turbot or other small quantity of fish from the lot about to be disposed of to the trade. This last practice gives, naturally enough, great offence to retail dealers; but the competition amongst the salesmen themselves, and the ingenious mode adopted by consigners to ascertain which amongst these agents are most successful in realising good prices, leave them no option if they would retain a profitable commission. Many persons who send fish to Billingsgate often divide it carefully as to quantity and quality into a number of equal parcels, and forward them to different salesmen, and the returns of course at once detect the bungler or the knave, should there be one, in the profession. Here, as everywhere else in these fast times, activity, skill, and honesty, soon push sloth, incapacity, or knavery from their stools, hereditarily-acquired seats though they may be.

The trampling and hurrying to and fro, the cries and shoutings, continue to increase as each new arrival in van or vessel pours a fresh supply into the thronging and eager arena; and hark! a new element of uproar suddenly increases the din of voices: 'Yowler!' 'yowler!' 'yowler!' bursts from half a hundred throats, and there is an immediate rush of gentlemen with unmistakable physiognomies towards the auction-stands. It is Friday: 'yowler' means halibut, a favourite fish in Jewish families, and hence the increased eagerness of competition. The yowlers or halibuts speedily vanish, and now six o'clock strikes, and the oyster trade starts instantly into vigorous life. The varied perfections of Whitstable Natives and Commons; Old Royal Scotch Callies and Commons; Old Milton' Royal Natives, Commons, Callies, and Pearls, are loudly and persistently proclaimed, and set forth not only by the most sweet voices of the market, but, in accordance with law, on black boards with white letters, fastened to the rigging of the oyster vessels at the foot of yonder broad flight of steps, up which shorers, porters, and costermongers are hurrying with their loads as fast as the holdsmen can supply their demands. A curious instance of the power of custom to countenance and enforce a manifest imposition spite of authoritative efforts to put it down, is afforded by the impudent persistence of these holdsmen, or measurers and shovellers of the oysters, in extorting 4d. per bushel from purchasers for serving the oysters, in defiance of half a dozen large boards signed Merewether, warning the public in large-sized letters that such a demand is illegal, and must not be complied with. The buyers find, it seems, that it is essential to their interest to pay the fee as a gift, as otherwise their business would be hindered, and themselves exposed to incessant annoyance from the holdsmen confederacy; and the result is, that the charge is as regularly paid as if the corporation notices enforced compliance with instead of resistance to the imposition.

The bustle at last begins gradually to subside. Private purchasers—elderly gentlemen very frequently of limited means and delicate palates, who, to secure a cheap and dainty tidbit, have ventured out at so early an hour—some time since threaded their way cautiously out of the market, momently becoming more and more sloppy, slushy, and slippery; the regular traders have slowly followed their example; the salesmen dismount and go their several ways; and by eight o'clock or thereaway little remains to notice beyond the ordinary appearances of an abundantly-supplied retail fish-market of no very great extent. On the east side mussels and winkles are heaped up in black and strongly-odorous receptacles, and watched and served by attendant sprites of scarcely perceptible difference in colour or perfume. In front are ranged huge piles of shrimps and prawns; and, strange to say, the dealers in these, one would suppose, comparatively insignificant articles, are amongst the wealthiest of fish-merchants! On the western side, and in Dark-House Lane, which adjoins and communicates with the market, are numerous shop-stalls, coffee-houses, and taverns, in several of which last-named places of resort a good fish-dinner may be had at twelve o'clock—as numerous touters inexorably iterate—for the very moderate charge of one shilling. All these places are the property of the city, and help to swell the enormous income which sustains the pride and pageantry of the Guildhall and Mansion-House.

The vast development which the fish-trade has taken has, it appears, been greatly stimulated by the abolition of the duties formerly levied on various kinds of fish imported by foreigners. The fisher-mind of Great Britain has within these last few years cast off the lethargy which once, partially at least, characterised it; and under the bracing influence of emulative rivalry, and sustained, it is true, by greatly superior capital, is rapidly distancing other nations in the race. Dutch salmon, for instance, which a year or two ago was brought to Billingsgate in large quantities, is now driven out of the market by the produce of the Scotch fisheries. It is the same with turbot and other valuable varieties, the greatly-increased supply of which is now almost exclusively obtained from British fishermen. The new movement in revival of the whale-trade, and the extraordinary and successful impulse given to the

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herring-fisheries, are additional evidences of the vast capital, energy, and labour, now employed in rendering the exhaustless resources of the deep available for the sustenance of man; and well would it be for Ireland if the inhabitants of her extensive line of coast could only be induced to apply themselves earnestly to the work of reaping the prolific sea-fields which encompass that island.

Let us not, however, forget that in addition to steam, railways, maritime skill and activity, and judiciously-directed capital, there is another valuable, though humble agency which has greatly aided, and is greatly aiding, the increase of the commerce in fish: we mean the costermongers. It is a fact, variously accounted for, but still an unquestionable fact, that the poorer classes in this country, in our large towns especially, are not willingly fish-eaters, and that even in times of great dearness and scarcity in other articles of food they have seldom had recourse to fish, however cheap or abundant. Billingsgate Market, the numerous offshoots in its vicinity, with the shops sparsely scattered over the metropolis, could do little towards overcoming this absurd repugnance. To the costermongers alone, who in their lowly but useful calling knock at the poor man's door, and tempt the half-reluctant housewife with the actual sight of a cheap and abundant meal, obtainable without trouble, which in nine cases out of ten would not have been taken, we almost entirely owe it that the foolish prejudice is slowly but surely disappearing. Hundreds of these petty dealers may be seen every morning at Billingsgate bidding for a score of lobsters, a basket of soles and plaice, or wrangling with the holdsmen about the illegal twopence claimed for shovelling the half-bushel of oysters, upon the successful disposal of which the maintenance of a family, and the means of procuring a renewed supply on the morrow, entirely depend. The great majority of these traders are industrious, honest, and, spite of old saws, quiet and civil folk. There are of course many exceptions, as certainly as there are degrees of station and opulence amongst them. The lowest in the scale carry their stock in trade on their backs; the middle class possess barrows; whilst those who have attained to the dignity of a donkey are admitted at the head of their order. They have also — the Billingsgate variety at least have—their illustrations and eccentricities; men who give the lie to Gray's lamentation that 'chill penury' can repress the 'noble rage' or 'freeze the genial current' of fiery and ambitious souls. One of them is now walking out of the market: a short, stout man, with a basket of fish on his back. In his younger days he served his country in the royal navy; at past forty years of age he manfully set himself to acquire the arts of reading and writing, and has since devoted what time he could spare to the study of political eloquence and economy. He has strong opinions upon free trade and native industry; and I have myself heard him at large meetings dispose of the most complex questions in commercial and constitutional science amidst tornadoes of applause. He is, in short, one of the rather numerous class of persons who could at any time 'beat parliament and give 'em six.' He claims to be at the top of his class—a pre-eminence, by the way, somewhat endangered by a younger man, who chiefly affects shrimps for his peripatetic commerce. This gentleman about three years ago suddenly started as a candidate for Downing Street, and but for his tempestuous oratory, unfortunately brought under the notice of Master Attorney-General, and which did *not* lead to a secretary of stateship, it is difficult to say what might not have happened! These illustrations or examples at all events prove, if nothing else, that the ancient fluency associated with this market has not perished, but merely assumed another form, and taken, not perhaps a more discursive, but a more lofty and ambitious direction.

But to resume and conclude our brief market-sketch. It is obviously impossible to state with any reliable accuracy the amount of business daily transacted in this remarkable locality. We have heard enormous guess-figures mentioned by salesmen—sums so large as almost to frighten one, and which not being authoritatively based it is useless to repeat. A proximate idea of the vast business transacted may, however, be arrived at if it be true, as confidently asserted, that the gross revenue derived from the market falls very little if anything short of L.5000 a year—a revenue chiefly raised by the following tariff:—'On any Peter boat, 6d.; small boat, wherry, or skiff, 1s.; hatch boat, 1s. 6d.; great boat, smack, or vessel containing lobsters, mackerel, fresh herrings, sprats, or plaice, 2s. 6d.; smacks, vessels, or other craft containing salmon, barrels of red and white herrings, cod-fish, haddocks, or any other fish not enumerated, 5s., or if not more than half-laden, 2s. 6d.; on every cart or van drawn by two horses, 1s.; by more than two horses, 1s. 6d.: groundage of oyster boats per day, 2d., and per voyage, 1s. 1d.; metage, ½d. the bushel.' These do not appear to be very exorbitant charges, and possibly a century ago scarcely more than sufficed to defray the ordinary expenses of the market. But in this, as in many other matters of public concernment, small beginnings have—thanks to the practical, persevering, commercial character, and the rapid growth in numbers and wealth of our people—attained a magnitude which renders it imperatively necessary to throw down or indefinitely enlarge all old boundaries, and to adopt every possible expedient for meeting the hourly more exigent and impatient demand springing up on every side. A little while, and the external framework of Old Billingsgate will be replaced by a more substantial and commodious erection; and should the tide of material prosperity continue to rise as it has done for the last quarter of a century, there can be no doubt that but very few years will elapse before new structures on the banks of the Thames will arise to dispute the honour now monopolised by Billingsgate, of being the sole great London fishmarket.

THE SIGNAL-MAN OF TRAFALGAR.

[For the following little historical fact, which will be admitted to possess some interest, we are indebted to a medical officer of respectability now in India.]

While residing in Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars, London, in 1846–7, the attention of my father—who had served as surgeon of the *Tonnant* at Trafalgar—was directed to an old and broken-down man who made a scanty livelihood by crying watercresses and red herrings through the street. It was this man's practice to resort to Covent Garden Market every morning in the season at or before sunrise, to purchase his stock of cresses, and then for four weary hours his cracked voice never ceased to sound through the foggy air, except when a suffocating fit of coughing obliged him to pause and cling to the area railings for support. He appeared to be a quick, sharp-witted old man, and had a great reputation for sagacity among the lower class of neighbours.

In the winter of 1846 his cough was so severe that we feared his occupation was gone. I endeavoured to persuade him to take refuge at Guy's, but he would not hear of this, preferring, he said, to die at home. The next spring, however, brought him out again. It was then we discovered that he was an old sailor named John Roome, and that he had served with Nelson at Trafalgar—in fact, that he was then a signal-man on board the *Victory*.

My father having formerly been acquainted with Captain Pasco, who was signal-lieutenant of the *Victory* at Trafalgar, purposed to write to that excellent officer, requesting his interest in favour of Roome; but death

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came upon my veteran parent while his intention was still unfulfilled, and some months elapsed before I could again direct my attention to the affairs of John Roome. I at length took an opportunity of calling the man in, and then, seating him before me, asked him: 'Who was the signal-officer on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar?' He replied: 'Mr Pasco, sir.' 'Did you serve under him?' 'Yes.' 'Who, then, hoisted the signal, "*England expects every man to do his duty?*"' 'I did.' I had felt somewhat prepared for this answer; still, as it was uttered, I could scarcely refrain from a demonstration of reverence towards the old, embarrassed, squalid man who sat uneasily before me.

Upon further inquiry I found that he was sixty-eight years old, and had been a seaman from his youth. He was not more than three or four years altogether in the king's service; but his intelligence and previously-acquired knowledge had doubtless qualified him for the rating of A.B. soon after he entered the navy. After Trafalgar he deserted; and the R. (Run) against his name had disqualified him for a pension. His life had been one of trial and privation ever since.

I inquired of him whether he would like a berth at Greenwich. He replied in the affirmative, but did not appear to pay much attention to the question. It doubtless seemed to him useless to think about a matter so far beyond his reach. I desired him, however, to bring me all his papers in a day or two, and promised to send copies of them, with an account of his present necessities, to Captain Pasco, then commanding his old flag-ship, the *Victory*, at Portsmouth.

Roome assented to this; but for some time I feared I should not succeed in obtaining another interview with him. One day he called five hours after his appointment; on another he did not come at all, saying afterwards that he had 'overslept himself.' Misery and hard usage had evidently made him suspicious, and unused him to kindness; and certain indefinite terrors with regard to the R. against his name in the Admiralty books still appeared to haunt him. At length, however, he was caught; his papers—even that with the damnatory note of desertion scrawled across it—were copied out, and enclosed with a few lines to Captain Pasco, giving an account of Roome's alleged service at Trafalgar, and requesting that the captain would exert his influence in procuring the man a refuge at Greenwich.

As quickly as the post would allow I received a letter from Captain Pasco, thanking me for the interest I had taken in the cause of 'his old shipmate Roome,' but referring me to the enclosure as evidence that his intercession had been unsuccessful. The accompanying letter was from a high government official, to the effect that John Roome could not be admitted to Greenwich, as there were many other more deserving candidates still unprovided for. Roome was again summoned; and as this disheartening news was read to him, the old man's lip quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and his cheek grew ashy white. I then knew how strongly the new hope had fixed itself in his mind. He could only stammer that he supposed it was no use troubling the gentleman any more: he had the R. against his name, it was true, but that an act of indemnity for all deserters who might surrender themselves had been issued (I think in 1813); he and many others had surrendered accordingly, and he had hoped to be 'whitewashed,' as he termed it. The only course remaining appeared to be, to write to Captain Pasco, thanking him for his humane kindness, and mentioning that Roome had anticipated forgiveness under the government order in question. This was done; but before my letter could have reached its destination, I received a note from Captain Pasco, saying, that if Roome would present himself either at Somerset House or the Admiralty on a certain day he would be admitted to Greenwich.

And all this came to pass. A short time afterwards I received a visit from a smartly-dressed Greenwich pensioner, who carefully deposited a basket of watercresses in the passage. I found this edition of John Roome to be a wonderful improvement upon the tattered unfortunate of a few months back. He looked stout and contented; declared that Greenwich was a capital place for a poor man; and certainly presented an unquestionable evidence of the fact in his own person, for his cheeks were ruddy, and the tearing cough was gone. He wished to make me a present of a little frigate which he had built and rigged himself. I told him that I was about to embark for India, and there I feared I could not take his present with me. He then said that he had himself been at Calcutta. India was a fine country; and that 'if I would write him a "chit" before I embarked, he would come and sling my hammock for me in a style that no seaman in Her Majesty's service could beat. It was not every man,' he assured me, 'as could sling a hammock properly; and there was more in slinging a hammock than gentlemen who had never been to sea would suppose.' He then went away, taking his well-laden basket of watercresses with him. I do not believe that he disgraced his uniform by crying 'Watercress oh!' It seemed that he carried the basket merely as a sign by which his old acquaintances might recognise the lately ragged itinerant in the now well-clothed and substantial-looking Greenwich pensioner.

I cannot tell whether Roome is living still. The snug wards of Greenwich have doubtless not been proof against the chilling gusts of the last four winters; but should he still survive, few of the readers of this narrative will, I am confident, defer the opportunity of seeking out and aiding, with a few of those comforts which render the downward path of life easy, one whose name must hereafter stand beside that of NELSON in the page of history.

IMPOSSIBLE HAPPINESS.

A DREAM.

THE broad, green summer leaves were fanning pleasantly my brow,
Beside the casement rose entwined, above the streamlet's flow;
The morning sun was shining, and soft floating on the air
A matin strain of music rose—the solemn voice of prayer.
The retrospections vague and dim of care and sorrow fled,
No shadows cast, for peace divine a lasting influence shed,
The happy dead I mourned no more—the living loved were true—
And never more were we to part, or breathe the word 'adieu!'
I raised a hand unto my brow by summer leaves thus fann'd—
No feverish, throbbing pulse replied unto that cool, white hand;
Discordant memories all were merged in that sweet matin song,
For dear familiar voices led the holy choral throng.
A cloudless sky, serenely blue—life's cloudless summer day—
Was opened to my earnest gaze, seraphic in array;
For earth reflected Heaven, and Heaven's glory shone on high—
To live was full content—and yet 'twas full content to die!

C. A. M. W.

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SADDLING THE RIGHT HORSE.

In a recent book of travels in the United States the author speaks of a person in a railway car who commiserated the people of England for living under a monarchy—a thing, he declared, which he could not possibly submit to. We believe this is no unusual account of the state of feeling in the great American Federation. History tends to confirm the prejudice. Having read of the tyranny of kings, and the arrogance of courtiers, it is naturally inferred that the people who live under monarchical institutions must experience no little snubbing and ill-usage, and that anything like independence among them is out of the question.

This is one of the errors which books and newspapers have not corrected. The general spirit of literature confirms the impression that to this day the high in authority, the titled, and the rich, are oppressors, and that virtue and nobility of feeling are found only in a condition of either absolute poverty or moderate competency.

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.'

So sings Burns. But if this was ever true, the case is now curiously changed. Instead of asking leave to toil, men require to be dealt with, and properly so, on terms of fair commercial equality. The question is not, 'Will you give me work?' but 'Will you work for me?' We of course do not allude to the lazy or incompetent, for everybody understands that labour is a marketable commodity which goes according to its practical value. A skilled workman is as independent as his employer—and often the more independent of the two; and as for those whom circumstances or ignorance have made hewers of wood and drawers of water for their fellow-men, they must take their chance of the greater or less demand there may be for mere animal labour. But lower than these there is another class, and a crowded one too, who demand support without return of any kind. Your professional criminals and beggars are, in fact, the most independent of us all. Large numbers, by the habitual perpetration of offences, contrive to get board and lodgment for nothing during the greater part of their existence; and comfortably do these persons live—more so a vast deal than many who think fit to depend on their own resources. Then, as for the pleasures of vagrancy, let those who stroll about asking for 'leave to toil' make a confession. So far as we have seen, the only thing they have to complain of, is being taken at their word. A short time ago a young vagrant, probably an exile from that most beneficent of homes, the prison, paid our doorway a visit. *Sans* shoes, *sans* shirt, and clad only in a few rags, he applied for succour. Work was offered, and with profound humility and thankfulness accepted. What was the upshot? After labouring pretty diligently for several weeks, and earning good wages, the young scamp suddenly absconded, in debt to sundry poor persons who had befriended him—the humble family who had cleaned, clothed, and boarded him, being the most basely treated of all. We should like to know who in this affair was the party most to be pitied; which party had most cause to 'mourn;' whether the wandering cheat or those who compassionated him? Literature of course takes the part of the cheater simply on the ground of his poverty. Its idea of wealth is a certain amount of income—not the freedom of the individual to live, move, and have his being just as his inclination, vile or lofty, dictates. As for the employer in this case, he was a most unreasonable person—a selfish, pitiless wretch; and necessarily so, since he was not in a state of virtuous destitution.

The truth is, that in these modern days the old fancies about the wicked tyrannies of the 'rich'—using the term in its ordinary meaning—are a sheer absurdity. The time has come when the very humblest individual in these realms not only knows his rights, but how to act upon them. It sometimes even happens that a man utterly penniless is more peremptory in his demands than a person in middling good circumstances. In our law-courts at present there is the case of a destitute lad, a lame negro, who fled from slavery, came to Scotland, and threw himself on the compassion of a small country town. His wants being kindly relieved, he now turns round and insists on being pensioned for life. He claims to be put *en permanence* on the poor-roll. Lawyers are found to plead and expend money for him. Battled from court to court, the claim of this unfortunate but very impertinent alien will probably not rest till it has been definitely settled in the House of Lords, at a cost one way and another of a thousand pounds. Again, we ask which is the party to be pitied?—the mendicant stranger, with no claim naturally on the country of his refuge, or the hard-toiling householders who are called on to support him in idleness for perhaps fifty years to come?—the very bread taken out of the mouths of their children to feed one, of whose antecedents they know nothing, and who certainly, in

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so far as appearances are concerned, would rather beg than work.

There is another recent case, in which public opinion transacts the business of the courts of law—we mean the case of the squatter in Hyde Park. In this affair (about the merits of which we know nothing), a poor woman, right or wrong, is turned out of a location on which she had fixed herself in that Far West. Well, this is only a new instance of the traditional wrongs of the lowly: the hard-hearted world sides with the tyrants of course; and the unfortunate victim—merely because she is poor and friendless—sinks unnoticed and uncared for, and is quietly buried under the Woods and Forests. Is it so? Why, the scream from that ginger-pop stall is heard all over the kingdom; and without consideration or inquiry—without the slightest knowledge of anything appertaining to the question, but that the complainant is needy and the alleged oppressors rich—the whole country become partisans of the squatter. The rich shower in their indignation and their bank-notes for the relief of the old woman, and the poor their sympathy and their sixpences; and the highest nobility in the land are dragged forward to the bar of the public to answer for their supposed delinquency.

We should like much that our American friends, who express terror for the royal and aristocratic principles, could spend a month or two among us, so as to observe the real working of our social system. In place of seeing royalty going about lording it with a crown on its head and a sceptre in its hand, they would perceive with no little surprise that it is the people who creep and crawl about royalty and worry it out of all patience. Instead of running away from the impersonation of the monarchical principle, they run after it as children do at the appearance of a raree-show. When royalty appears in the places of public resort it is mobbed, and absolutely pelted with adulation. In the Crystal Palace, we have on several occasions seen it chased by a crew of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, in a way that made one really ashamed of his country. Royalty wanting only to be let alone, to lead a quiet life, to obtain a little, even a very little, share of that comfort for which England is famous, the public will not let it. Desiring no sycophancy, people will in spite of all remonstrance be sycophantic. Then, for the gratification of all who have not the good-luck to see what royalty does, persons are stationed to watch and record its movements. Every newspaper tells everything it hears of how royalty eats, drinks, and sleeps, and where and when it walks and rides. Any ordinary person may enjoy a stroll in the air and sunshine without remark; but alas for the poor Queen! she cannot go across the threshold without drawing forth universal observation. Once more, we venture an inquiry: Which is the oppressor, which the oppressed? Fie upon literature for catering to an appetite vulgar and revolting to every sense of delicacy, decency, and self-respect!*

But have the Americans themselves more of republican dignity? It is very well for them to sneer at 'Miss Victoria' in their own country; but what are their feelings when actually within the personal influence of royalty? Let Citizen Stevens answer, who beat us a few weeks ago in a yacht-race, and whose victory, by the way, was received by the whole country with a shout of gallant applause, worthy of the finest days of chivalry. On this occasion the Yankee out-Englished the English in their monarchical adulation as dashingly as he shot ahead of them on their own element. No sooner did he catch a glimpse of Her Majesty looking on at the sport like her subjects, than, forgetting the well-known racing privilege both of jockey and steersman, off went the republican's hat as if by instinct, down went the stars and stripes, and the proud flag of America trailed in the water before the Ocean Queen! There can of course be no fault found with this, viewed as an act of politeness: the thing was prettily done; only just let our American friends be sufficiently candid to recognise the true relative position of constitutional sovereign and people.

Adjacent in station to royalty, the members of the aristocracy come in for a share of popular annoyance. People on no account will let dukes and other great folks alone: they haunt them in the public thoroughfares and places of amusement; flock to see their horse-races; die to get admission to their balls and dinner-parties; repeat their sayings; and record minutely the minutest of their doings. The grandees in the meantime try to keep aloof as well as they can. The upper-middle classes do not altogether like familiar association with the middle-middle classes, nor these with the lower-middle classes; and all the middles together would rather, if possible, have some distinct barrier between them and the lower classes. Fashion is the chief refuge sought by each; but fashion after fashion gives way successively before the pressure from beneath, till the toe of the clown galls the kibe of the courtier. From this social routine philosophy might extract something good and hopeful. Is it anything more than the material phase of that progress upwards which distinguishes the race of Japhet, and more especially the Anglo-Saxon family? In what is called the permanent or stationary form of civilisation we see nothing of the kind. Conditions, dress, manners, remain there unchanged from generation to generation; and there, too, art, science, morals, and legislation, have the same enduring stereotype.

We have said that this universal toadyism—shared in largely by the Americans, who, with all their rough independence, are the most notorious tuft-hunters in creation—is merely the external phase of our progress; and, in point of fact, while the humbler and middle classes still worship rank from some species of traditional reverence, they have, in another sense, got the upper hand of it, and in the general business of the world manfully look upon it as a nonentity. At any-rate, let this be said in conclusion: It is fully time that literature, whether in the practical or imaginative form, stated things as they are, and are likely to be. Instead of echoing antiquated assertions as to the relative positions and duties of different departments of society, let it be observed, for the sake of common sense, that the world of the nineteenth is not the world of the seventeenth nor of the eighteenth century; that

* ROYALTY.—*Vulgar Curiosity of the English.*—The Queen, the royal family, and the court, we all know, leave on the 27th instant by the Great Northern Railway for Balmoral, where only in all her dominions, it would seem, her Majesty can—thanks to the instinctive sense of propriety in the Highland or Celtic mind and manners—enjoy that perfect privacy which even monarchs delight in. But to get at the Great Northern Station the Queen will have to go through a world of vulgar staring or curiosity; to say nothing of the royal party being obliged to stop at Lincoln that its corporation may have a good look at their sovereign and her children; the noise and hubbub of happy Doncaster, the joy and delight and festivities of which will probably keep her Majesty and family awake all night; the sterner and harder loyalty that will accompany the party to Holyrood, or the 'little go' of enthusiasm that will be discharged after the court at Stonehaven: all of which displays will at once testify our hearty allegiance and our intense vulgarity towards the Queen, 'her crown and dignity,' as the lawyers have it. We don't treat and behave to the Queen well when she is in public, that is the truth. There is a touch of the City alderman about us all on these occasions, which we should be better without. Our grandfathers deported themselves after a much handsomer fashion to her grandfather: old Farmer George rode and walked and drove about with his wife and children without any such molestation as Queen Victoria and her family are subjected to; at Windsor and at Weymouth he did just as he chose; he lived in retirement at Kew, or more in public at the Queen's house in town, without any Court Circular to record his up-risings and his down-sittings, his breakfasts or his dinners; that daily record of royal life was a device of his first-born, the Regent, to conceal the scandals of Carlton House; and we verily believe that to it the Queen owes more than half the vulgar plague she suffers from.—*Daily News, August.*

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all classes may now be said to stand in new relations towards each other; that the man without a coin in his pocket or a shoe on his foot, is not probably a first-rate character, ruined by oppression; and that the 'rich'—that is, the man who lives creditably, pays his way, and helps on society in its enterprises—is not on that account a villain. These views are unavoidable deductions from history; and unless they are acknowledged by the literature of the day, its productions can hardly expect—notwithstanding all their sprightliness and ingenuity—to survive this transition period, and be carried onwards by the rising mind of the country. THE SADDLE REQUIRES TO BE PUT ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST WELL.

WE generally found during our stay in the desert that the Bedouins, though not churlish, were rather adverse to saying anything to us that might reveal the inner-working of their minds. Perhaps they were afraid to compromise their dignity; perhaps they entertained an indefinite prejudice against us infidels, in spite of their own laxity and reputed indifference as Moslems. Often, however, at night they would watch with Derwish and Saäd outside the tent, and beguile the long hours by relating some wonderful adventure, some strange tradition, some poetical legend, such as could only have the desert for a birthplace. I often heard snatches of what was said, but rarely a beginning or an end. For the most part the narrator's voice did not rise loud enough until the kings, the princesses, the sheiks, and the magicians, were in full play—fighting, singing, loving, travelling, and flying through the air. Besides, the evening's amusement generally concluded with a 'to be continued.' There is no people so fond of serials as the Arabs.

One evening, during a long halt, our guide, Wahsa, usually a silent man, after listening patiently to the catastrophe of a tale—this time told by an Egyptian—in which there was more than the usual number of terrible and fantastic adventures, pleaded for the privilege of speech, and began the following narrative, which may be called 'The Legend of the Lost Well:'

In ancient times there existed in the desert that lies to the west of Egypt—somewhere between the sun at its setting and the city of Siout—a tribe of Arabs that called themselves Waled Allah, or The Children of God. They professed Mohammedanism, but were in every other respect different from their neighbours to the north and south, and from the inhabitants of the land of Egypt. It was their custom during the months of summer to draw near to the confines of the cultivated country and hold intercourse with its people, selling camels and wool, and other desert productions; but when winter came they drew off towards the interior of the wilderness, and it was not known where they abode. They were by no means great in numbers; but such was their skill in arms, and their reputation for courage, that no tribe ever ventured to trespass on their limits, and all caravans eagerly paid to them the tribute of safe-conduct.

Such was the case for many years: but at length it came to pass that the Waled Allah, after departing as usual for the winter, returned in great disorder and distress towards the neighbourhood of the Nile. Those who saw them on that occasion reported that their sufferings must have been tremendous. More than two-thirds of their cattle, a great number of the women and children, and several of the less hardy men, were missing; but they would not at first confess what had happened to them. When, however, they asked permission to settle temporarily on some unoccupied lands, the curious and inquisitive went among them, and by degrees the truth came out.

It appeared that many centuries ago one of their tribe, following the track of some camels that had strayed, had ventured to a great distance in the desert, and had discovered a pass in the mountains leading into a spacious valley, in the midst of which was a well of the purest water, that overflowed and fertilised the land around. As the man at once understood the importance of his discovery, he devoted himself for his tribe, and returned slowly, piling up stones here and there that the way might not again be lost. When he arrived at the station he had only sufficient strength to relate what he had seen before he died of fatigue and thirst. So they called the well after him—Bir Hassan.

It was found that the valley was only habitable during the winter; for being surrounded with perpendicular rocks it became like a furnace in the hot season—the vegetation withered into dust, and the waters hid themselves within the bowels of the earth. They resolved, therefore, to spend one-half of their time in that spot, where they built a city; and during the other half of their time they dwelt, as I have said, on the confines of the land of Egypt.

But it was found that only by a miracle had the well of Hassan been discovered. Those who tried without the aid of the road-marks to make their way to it invariably failed. So it became an institution of the tribe that two men should be left, with a sufficient supply of water and food, in a large cave overlooking the desert near the entrance of the valley; and that they should watch for the coming of the tribe, and when a great fire was lighted on a certain hill, should answer by another fire, and thus guide their people. This being settled, the piles of stones were dispersed, lest the greedy Egyptians, hearing by chance of this valley, should make their way to it.

How long matters continued in this state is not recorded; but at length, when the tribe set out to return to their winter quarters, and reached the accustomed station and lighted the fire, no answering fire appeared. They passed the first night in expectation, and the next day, and the next night, saying: 'Probably the men are negligent;' but at length they began to despair. They had brought but just sufficient water with them for the journey, and death began to menace them. In vain they endeavoured to find the road. A retreat became necessary; and, as I have said, they returned and settled on the borders of the land of Egypt. Many men, however, went back many times year after year to endeavour to find the lost well; but some were never heard of more, and some returned, saying that the search was in vain.

Nearly a hundred years passed away, and the well became forgotten, and the condition of the tribe had undergone a sad change. It never recovered its great disaster: wealth and courage disappeared; and the governors of Egypt, seeing the people dependent and humble-spirited, began, as is their wont, to oppress them, and lay on taxes and insults. Many times a bold man of their number would propose that they should go and join some of the other tribes of Arabs, and solicit to be incorporated with them; but the idea was laughed at as extravagant, and they continued to live on in misery and degradation.

It happened that the chief of the tribe at the time of which I now speak was a man of gentle character and meek disposition, named Abdallah the Good, and that he had a son, like one of the olden time, stout, and brave as a lion, named Ali. This youth could not brook the subjection in which his people were kept, nor the wrongs daily heaped upon them, and was constantly revolving in his mind the means of escape and revenge. When he gave utterance to these sentiments, however, his father, Abdallah, severely rebuked him; for he feared the power of the lords of Egypt, and dreaded lest mischief might befall his family or his tribe.

Now contemporary with Abdallah the Good there

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was a governor of Siout named Omar the Evil. He had gained a great reputation in the country by his cruelties and oppressions, and was feared by high and low. Several times had he treated the Waled Allah with violence and indignity, bestowing upon them the name of Waled Sheitan, or Children of the Devil, and otherwise vexing and annoying them, besides levying heavy tribute, and punishing with extreme severity the slightest offence. One day he happened to be riding along in the neighbourhood of their encampment when he observed Ali trying the paces of a handsome horse which he had purchased. Covetousness entered his mind, and calling to the youth, he said: 'What is the price of thy horse?'

'It is not for sale,' was the reply.

No sooner were the words uttered than Omar made a signal to his men, who rushed forwards, threw the young man to the ground in spite of his resistance, and leaving him there, returned leading the horse. Omar commanded them to bring it with them, and rode away, laughing heartily at his exploit.

But Ali was not the man to submit tamely to such injustice. He endeavoured at first to rouse the passions of his tribe, but not succeeding, resolved to revenge himself or die in the attempt. One night, therefore, he took a sharp dagger, disguised himself, and lurking about the governor's palace, contrived to introduce himself without being seen, and to reach the garden, where he had heard it was the custom of Omar to repose awhile as he waited for his supper. A light guided him to the kiosque where the tyrant slept alone, not knowing that vengeance was nigh. Ali paused a moment, doubting whether it was just to strike an unprepared foe; but he remembered all his tribe had suffered as well as himself, and raising his dagger, advanced stealthily towards the couch where the huge form of the governor lay.

A slight figure suddenly interposed between him and the sleeping man. It was that of a young girl, who, with terror in her looks, waved him back. 'What wouldst thou, youth?' she inquired.

'I come to slay that enemy,' replied Ali, endeavouring to pass her and effect his purpose while there was yet time.

'It is my father,' said she, still standing in the way and awing him by the power of her beauty.

'Thy father is a tyrant, and deserves to die.'

'If he be a tyrant he is still my father; and thou, why shouldst thou condemn him?'

'He has injured me and my tribe.'

'Let injuries be forgiven, as we are commanded. I will speak for thee and thy tribe. Is not thy life valuable to thee? Retire ere it be too late; and by my mother, who is dead, I swear to thee that I will cause justice to be done.'

'Not from any hopes of justice, but as a homage to God for having created such marvellous beauty, do I retire and spare the life of that man which I hold in my hands.'

So saying Ali sprang away, and effected his escape. No sooner was he out of sight than Omar, who had been awakened by the sound of voices, but who had feigned sleep when he heard what turn affairs were taking, arose and laughed, saying: 'Well done, Amina! thou art worthy of thy father. How thou didst cajole that son of a dog by false promises!'

'Nay, father; what I have promised must be performed.'

'Ay, ay. Thou didst promise justice, and, by the beards of my ancestors, justice shall assuredly be done!'

Next day Ali was seized and conducted to the prison adjoining the governor's palace. Amina, when she heard of this, in vain sought to obtain his release. Her father laughed at her scruples, and avowed his intention of putting the young man to death in the cruelest possible manner. He had him brought before him, bound and manacled, and amused himself by reviling and taunting him—calling him a fool for having yielded to the persuasions of a foolish girl! Ali, in spite of all, did not reply; for he now thought more of Amina than of the indignities to which he was subjected; and instead of replying with imprudent courage, as under other circumstances he might have done, he took care not to exasperate the tyrant, and meanwhile revolved in his mind the means of escape. If he expected that his mildness would disarm the fury of Omar, never was mistake greater; for almost in the same breath with the order for his being conducted back to prison was given that for public proclamation of his execution to take place on the next day.

There came, however, a saviour during the night: it was the young Amina, who, partly moved by generous indignation that her word should have been given in vain, partly by another feeling, bribed the jailers, and leading forth the young man, placed him by the side of his trusty steed which had been stolen from him, and bade him fly for his life. He lingered to thank her and enjoy her society. They talked long, and more and more confidentially. At length the first streaks of dawn began to shew themselves; and Amina, as she urged him to begone, clung to the skirts of his garments. He hesitated a moment, a few hurried words passed, and presently she was behind him upon the horse, clasping his waist, and away they went towards the mountains, into the midst of which they soon penetrated by a rugged defile.

Amina had been prudent enough to prepare a small supply of provisions, and Ali knew where at that season water was to be found in small quantities. His intention was to penetrate to a certain distance in the desert, and then turning south, to seek the encampments of a tribe with some of whose members he was acquainted. Their prospects were not very discouraging; for even if pursuit were attempted, Ali justly confided in his superior knowledge of the desert: he expected in five days to reach the tents towards which he directed his course, and he calculated that the small bag of flour which Amina had provided would prevent them at least from dying of hunger during that time.

The first stage was a long one. For seven hours he proceeded in a direct line from the rising sun, the uncomplaining Amina clinging still to him; but at length the horse began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue, and its male rider of anxiety. They had traversed an almost uninterrupted succession of rocky valleys, but now reached an elevated undulating plain covered with huge black boulders that seemed to stretch like a petrified sea to the distant horizon. Now and then they had seen during their morning's ride, in certain little sheltered nooks, small patches of stunted vegetation; but now all was bleak and barren, and grim like the crater of a volcano. And yet it was here that Ali expected evidently to find water—most necessary to them; for all three were feeling the symptoms of burning thirst. He paused every now and then, checking his steed, and rising in the stirrups to gaze ahead or on one side; but each time his search was in vain. At length he said: 'Possibly I have, in the hurry of my thoughts, taken the wrong defile, in which case nothing but death awaits us. We shall not have strength to retrace our footsteps, and must die here in this horrible place. Stand upon the saddlebow, Amina, whilst I support thee: if thou seest anything like a white shining cloud upon the ground, we are saved.'

Amina did as she was told, and gazed for a few moments around. Suddenly she cried: 'I see, as it were, a mist of silver far, far away to the left.'

'It is the first well,' replied Ali; and he urged his stumbling steed in that direction.

It soon appeared that they were approaching a

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mound of dazzling whiteness, such as those which we have often seen in our journey. Close by was a little hollow, apparently dry. But Ali soon scraped away a quantity of the clayey earth, and presently the water began to collect, trickling in from the sides. In a couple of hours they procured enough for themselves and for the horse, and ate some flour diluted in a wooden bowl; after which they lay down to rest beneath a ledge of rock that threw a little shade. Towards evening, after Ali had carefully choked up the well, lest it might be dried by the sun, they resumed their journey, and arrived about midnight at a lofty rock in the midst of the plain, visible at a distance of many hours in the moonlight. In a crevice near the summit of this they found a fair supply of water, and having refreshed themselves, reposed until dawn. Then Amina prepared their simple meal, and soon afterwards off they went again over the burning plain.

This time, as Ali knew beforehand, there was no prospect of well or water for twenty-four hours; and unfortunately they had not been able to procure a skin. However, they carried some flour well moistened in their wooden bowl, which they covered with a large piece of wet linen, and studied to keep from the sun. They travelled almost without intermission the whole of that day and a great part of the night. Ali now saw that it was necessary to rest, and they remained where they were until near morning.

'Dearest Amina,' said he, returning to the young girl after having climbed to the top of a lofty rock and gazed anxiously ahead, 'I think I see the mountain where the next water is to be found. If thou art strong enough, we will push on at once.'

Though faint and weary, Amina said: 'Let us be going;' and now it was necessary for Ali to walk, the horse refusing to carry any longer a double burden. They advanced, however, rapidly; and at length reached the foot of a lofty range of mountains, all white, and shining in the sun like silver. In one of the gorges near the summit Ali knew there was usually a small reservoir of water; but he had only been there once in his boyhood, when on his way to visit the tribe with which he now expected to find a shelter. However, he thought he recognised various landmarks, and began to ascend with confidence. The sun beat furiously down on the barren and glistering ground; and the horse exhausted, more than once refused to proceed. He had not eaten once since their departure, and Ali knew that he must perish ere the journey was concluded.

As they neared the summit of the ridge, the young man recognised with joy a rock in the shape of a couching camel that had formerly been pointed out to him as indicating the neighbourhood of the reservoir, and pressed on with renewed confidence. What was his horror, however, on reaching the place he sought, at beholding it quite dry!—dry, and hot as an oven! The water had all escaped by a crevice recently formed. Ali now believed that death was inevitable; and folding the fainting Amina in his arms, sat down and bewailed his lot in a loud voice.

Suddenly a strange sight presented itself. A small caravan appeared coming down the ravine—not of camels, nor of horses, nor asses, but of goats and a species of wild antelope. They moved slowly, and behind them walked with tottering steps a man of great age with a vast white beard, supporting himself with a long stick. Ali rushed forward to a goat which bore a water-skin, seized it, and without asking permission carried it to Amina. Both drank with eagerness; and it was not until they were well satisfied that they noticed the strange old man looking at them with interest and curiosity. Then they told their story; and the owner of the caravan in his turn told his, which was equally wonderful.

'And what was the old man's story?' inquired the listeners in one breath.

'It shall be related to-morrow. The time for sleep has come.'

I was not fortunate enough to hear the conclusion of this legend, told in the simple matter-of-fact words of Wahsa; but one of our attendants gave me the substance. The old man of the caravan was stated to be the younger of the two watchers left behind more than a hundred years before at Bir Hassan. His companion had been killed, and he himself wounded by some wild beast, which had prevented the necessary signals from being made. He understood that some terrible disaster had occurred, and dared not brave the vengeance which he thought menaced him from the survivors. So he resolved to stay in the valley, and had accordingly remained for a hundred years, at the expiration of which period he had resolved to set out on a pilgrimage to the Nile, in order to ascertain if any members of the tribes still remained, that he might communicate the secret of the valley before he perished. Like the first discoverer, he had marked the way by heaps of stones, and died when his narrative was concluded. Ali and Amina made their way to the valley, where, according to the narrative, they found a large city, scarcely if at all ruined, and took up their abode in one of the palaces. Shortly afterwards Ali returned to Egypt, and led off his father Abdallah the Good and the remnants of his tribe in secret. Omar was furious, and following them, endeavoured to discover the valley, of which the tradition was well known. Not succeeding, he resolved to wait for the summer; but the tribe never reappeared in Egypt, and is said to have passed the hot months in the oasis of Farafreh, to which they subsequently removed on the destruction of their favourite valley by an earthquake.

This tradition, though containing some improbable incidents, may nevertheless be founded on fact, and may contain, under a legendary form, the history of the peopling of the oases of the desert. It was, however, chiefly interesting to me from the manner in which it illustrates the important influence which the discovery or destruction of a copious well of pure water may exercise on the fortunes of a people. It may sometimes, in fact, as represented in this instance, be a matter of life and death; and no doubt the Waled Allah are not the only tribe who have been raised to an enviable prosperity, or sunk into the depths of misery, by the fluctuating supply of water in the desert.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF THE MOON.

Certain mysterious agents are perpetually offering astonishing results to the observation of man. But some of these results become so familiar from their constant presence that they cease to awaken interest in the minds of the many. The existence of the influence called light is of this nature. From day to day it fills the sky and overflows the surface of the world; from night to night it spangles the heavens with twinkling points, or half dissolves the veil of darkness in soft floods of phosphorescence. Yet how few there are who seek to know from whence the constant visitant comes, or what its nature is! Important as its interference is in terrestrial affairs, it yet belongs not to the earth; it is an inhabitant of the infinite; it comes from the immensely distant sun and yet remoter stars. Free from the fetters that confine denser matter to isolated spheres, it floats through the yawning caverns of space, bridging them over with beautiful relations and sympathies. Light is the pulsating stream that connects organised worlds with organised suns; it makes the universe a living system; without it, creation would be a dry skeleton—with it, it becomes a growing, breathing, and palpitating frame.

But what is the wonderful agent that spreads itself out thus widely through space? Why does it travel

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from one boundary of the vast universe to the other with undiminished speed, and pass through the rock of the densest crystal unscathed, and yet stop at the thinnest and frailest film of black material? Why does it paint the fields with green, the rose with red, and the sky with blue? Why does it move in straight lines, and change the direction of its progress when it enters a substance of altered density? Why does it strike the sensitive membranes of the eye with perception? These are questions we may ask, but we cannot find the resolution of our difficulties in the answers that are tendered to us from every side. The grandest generalisations of science are but approximations to what we would have; they are suggestive rather than satisfying; they are not facts revealed in their full and majestic proportions; often they are merely happy guesses, looking vastly like truth on account of the boldness of their own pretensions. Still even in these delusive verisimilitudes features of considerable interest may be discovered. In the arrangements of nature twilight precedes the daylight, and the eye of the anxious watchman, when it cannot perceive the sun, may find cause to rejoice in the promise of the dawn.

Scientific men have conceived two different means by which most of the phenomena that connect themselves with the influence of light may be explained. Some think that as essential atoms float from the cells of a fragrant plant to strike the nervous membrane, which lines the cavity of the nose, with the sense of smelling, material emanations stream from luminous bodies and rush with almost inconceivable velocity into the eye, to impress its internal nervous surface with the sense of vision. Others believe that the universe is filled with a fine ethereal substance, pervading not only empty space, but also the inner pores of material things, and attribute light to the tremulous action of this ether. They conceive that elastic vibrations are pushed out round luminous bodies in straight lines, but without any real onward motion of the substance of the medium; just as sound waves are pushed out round sonorous bodies without any real onward motion of the substance of the air. Now whether we select for our favour the one or the other of these theories—whether we consider, with Sir Isaac Newton, that the eye is first-cousin to the nose, receiving the impulse of streams of emitted particles that are very much smaller than the emanations of fragrant bodies; or whether, with Descartes and Huygens, we deem it a kind of ear, catching and discriminating tremulous vibrations that spread elastically through a medium very much more subtile than the atmosphere—we may with equal advantage observe for ourselves certain facts that are beyond all debatable ground.

If any of our readers will hold a small magnifying lens of glass midway between the flame of a candle and a piece of white paper, they will perceive that an inverted image of the flame is distinctly drawn upon the paper. It is the property of the lens to be able so to sift, either the undulations or the emanations, whichever they may be, that come to it from the flame, that they are all brought back into similar relative positions with regard to each other to those which they held at the first, at a certain point beyond the lens: the transparent substance effects this sifting in virtue of the curvature of its surface. The beams from the several portions of the flame necessarily fall upon the curved line of glass with different degrees of inclination; and accordingly as that inclination is greater or less they are dealt with in their passage through the transparent substance—in the one case being drawn down more, and in the other case less.

By the instrumentality of a simple lens of glass light may be thus made to sketch the exact image of any object. When the lens is placed in a hole in one side of a darkened box, the image is formed in the interior, where the rays thrown off from other sources cannot interfere with its distinctness. The contrivance is then termed a dark chamber, or *camera obscura*.

Imagine that in a darkened chamber of this sort a screen is spread out for the reception of the image, and that this screen is formed of a living substance capable of feeling the picture in all its variety of colours, and light and shade; the camera obscura then becomes an organ of vision. The eye is a dark chamber, composed of dense walls, carefully lined inside with a black compound. A small transparent window is left open in front, and behind this opening a series of lens-shaped humours is placed. At the back of these a delicate film of nervous matter expands. This expansion is but a continuation of certain minute fibrils of the brain, which enter the back of the eye bound up together as a single cord. Images that are to be seen are formed by the influence of the lens-shaped humours, and are made to fall exactly upon the nervous expansion. Vision is the mental perception of this impression when it has been effected upon the sensitive nervous material.

The outline and general appearance of an object is recognised, because the several parts of the image formed in the eye receive from it different quantities of light. In the direction along which the most intense and energetic luminous influence comes, bright lights are seen; in that along which more subdued and faint action passes, dark shadows appear. Light parts in an image correspond to intense illumination in an object; dark portions to deficient light; consequently if we could find any substance that would undergo more or less change in the physical arrangement of its atoms, according to the exact degree of intensity in which it was affected by light, we could perpetuate the form of any image, consisting as it does of alternating tracts of light and shade. We should then only need to make the image fall upon an even surface of the sensitive substance for a certain length of time, and we should find its form indelibly engraved upon the retentive ground. Chemistry has recently discovered several substances whose atoms are thus sensitively alive to the disturbing influence of light, and a new and very interesting art has accordingly sprung into existence, which has been designated Photography, or printing by light.

In the process of M. Daguerre, which is the one that has been hitherto the most generally employed, plates of iodised silver are placed in a camera obscura, exactly in the focus of a very perfectly-formed lens of glass. The image of any object that is presented before the lens is then accurately portrayed upon the plate of silver. Wherever the lights in this image are strongest, the atoms of the iodine and silver are the most powerfully disturbed; wherever, on the other hand, its shadows rest, their original condition is the most perfectly preserved. Now, whenever light falls on iodised silver, the change which it produces gives the iodised metal a strong inclination to combine itself with mercury, and that inclination is always exactly proportioned to the intensity with which the light has acted; consequently if the iodised plate which has been affected by the image is removed from the camera and placed amidst the fumes of mercury, the mercury condenses upon the plate in greatest abundance wherever the influence of the light has been exerted most powerfully; wherever the action of the light has been less, less mercury attaches itself; and where the deepest shadows have fallen, scarcely a perceptible trace of the mercury is retained. In this way a metallic picture of any object may be made, in which mercury becomes the representative of light. Wherever most light was in the original, most mercury appears in the fac-simile. It is worthy of remark, that in the metallic pictures of M. Daguerre's process there are no colours. All those parts which have been

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marked in the object by varied colours are merely indicated in the Daguerreotype drawing by gradations of shadow. Just as different degrees of light act upon the iodised silver with proportionally varied energies, so also do different kinds of colour. This would seem to indicate that the various colours are themselves but modifications of light intensity. That colour is rather an attribute of light than of the objects upon which it is seen, is beyond all question; for where artificial lights of a certain description are used for illuminating objects naturally of the most brilliant and gaudy tints, they all present themselves as if devoid of colour. If any of our sceptical readers will place equal parts of spirits of wine and water in a tin dish, and heat the mixture by means of a spirit-lamp placed beneath it until it begins to bubble, and then sprinkle in half a teaspoonful of salt, and ignite the mixture, he will be willing to admit—after viewing some variegated shawls or other gaily-coloured objects by means of its blaze—that colour is not an intrinsic quality of things seeming to possess it. The advocates of the undulatory theory assert that the intensity of light depends upon the height of the little waves of ether that serve for its transmission, and variety of colour upon differences of their breadth. Most probably they are not far from the truth, although it is hard to conceive how undulations can have been accurately measured when so small that somewhere between 39,000 and 62,000 are comprised in the length of an inch.

The old corpuscular theory propounded by Sir Isaac Newton found three several parts in each beam of white light: these were separated from each other when the light was passed through certain transparent substances, and presented themselves apart as red, yellow, and blue colours. The theory of undulation considers these colours to be modifications of vibratory movement rather than separate influences; but it has nevertheless been compelled to admit, as a consequence of some of the results of the operations of photography, that there are at least three distinct powers in the sunbeam which may be separated from each other, even if the three kinds of colour are allowed to be identical. For, in the first place, the influence which produces atomic disturbance in the plates of Daguerre is not the same with illuminating power: all the lighting capacity of a sunbeam may be stopped out from it, and still it will be able to produce the chemical result. It has been also ascertained that the heating and lighting power of the sun's rays may be severed from each other. The solar beam, therefore, contains within itself at least three several agents—the one concerning itself with illuminating bodies, the other with heating them, and the third with producing chemical effects among their atoms. And strange to say, in different seasons of the year one or other of these seems to exercise a temporarily preponderant influence beyond its fellows. In spring the sun's rays have the most chemical power; in summer they light most; and in autumn they heat most. During the reign of chemical power the dormant seeds are roused to life; during the reign of light, carbon, the agent of solidification, is fixed, and soft vegetable tissue is converted into wood; during the reign of heat, green fruits are ripened, and young seeds matured. How surprisingly in this wonderful world of adaptations are means always adjusted to results! Even the powers of the sunbeam are meted out with a regard to the work they are required to do.

It has recently been shewn that a photographic image may be stamped upon a sensitive plate almost instantaneously. A series of letters were inscribed upon the edge of a wheel, which was then caused to revolve in a dark room with great rapidity. Opposite to the edge of the revolving wheel a plate of highly-sensitive substance was placed, and a powerful flash of electricity was then thrown for a moment upon that portion of the edge of the wheel that had the plate before it. The form of the letter that chanced to be passing at the instant was found to have been plainly stamped upon the photographic surface, although the influence which had effected the impression could not possibly have been continued for more than a small fractional part of a second.

But the highest possible development of the photographic art has not been reached even by this singular triumph. When the difficulties of time are vanquished, there still remain difficulties of space to overcome. Even when the most exquisitely-sensitive substances have been prepared by the chemist, there may be objects illuminated so faintly that they will not make any available impression thereon. If those objects are near to us, we can easily throw more light upon them; but when they are thousands and millions of miles away we cannot do this. There are, in fact, myriads of visible bodies very far removed from the earth which nevertheless present aspects and features of their own that science would gladly have the means of accurately portraying and preserving. The moon, for instance, is 240,000 miles away, and has her face covered with wonderfully intricate and delicate tracings, that tell a strange tale regarding her present form and past history. Now the moon receives about as much solar light upon any given portion of her surface as terrestrial objects of like size do when placed in the sunshine. But very little of that light really reaches us, because it has to perform a journey of 240,000 miles after it is thrown off from the lunar surface, and is constantly diffused and weakened more and more during this progress. The effective lighting power of the moon is not greater than that of a single wax-candle placed twelve feet away. It is 800,000 times less than the lighting power of the sun.

As the lighting power of the remote moon is so very much less than the lighting power of near terrestrial objects placed in sunlight, it has always been feared that no photographic image of its face could ever be procured. On one account only a hope has been entertained that it might yet be found possible to form one. Optical instruments give us the means of catching great quantities of light even from very faint objects. A lens three inches across catches 144 times more light from any given object than the natural pupil of the eye fairly opened; consequently the image of that object, when formed in the interior of a camera, by means of such a lens, must be 144 times brighter than when formed in the chamber of the eye; and its image, when formed by a still larger lens than this, would be more brilliant in the exact proportion of the increased size.

It hence occurred some time since to Professor Bond of the Harvard University, United States, that although he could not throw increase of illumination upon the pale and distant moon, he might make more of the faint illumination which it naturally possesses available for the purposes of photography, if he converted the magnificent telescope at his disposal into a photographic camera. The object-glass of that telescope is fifteen inches in diameter, and the image of an object formed in its focus would therefore be twenty-five times brighter than the image of the same object formed by a three-inch lens. He consequently made his arrangements in accordance with these considerations. He placed an iodised plate of silver within the dark tube of the telescope, so that its sensitive surface exactly corresponded with the focal position of the large achromatic lens; and he made the telescope tube, thus furnished, follow steadily the moon's motion in the heavens by means of accurately-adjusted clock-work. The result of this interesting experiment has been a signal triumph. The moon has at length been induced to sit for her portrait, restless and shy-faced as she is. No less than three exquisite miniatures of her features were exhibited at Ipswich at one of the sectional

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meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by the same gentleman we had recently to name in connection with the ingenious apparatus for registering astronomical observations by electricity.

The most interesting of these lunar miniatures is a small half-face portrait, about as large again as the half of an ordinary crown-piece, taken at that phase of the lunation, because the lengthened shadows cast behind the inequalities of the surface are then seen to most advantage. When we look at the moon's hemisphere half in light and half in darkness, the sun is shining upon it in a direction that is transverse to the one in which we are viewing it. The sun is shining from the right, so to speak, while we are looking straight forward; consequently the shadows which are cast in the direction of the sun's beams are spread out lengthwise before our vision; and most wonderful objects those shadows are when observed by the telescope under these advantageous circumstances. Ragged fringes of blackness rest behind peaks and ring-shaped elevations of polished silver; round and oval patches of darkness fill up cup-like depressions; index-shaped triangles of jet point out from the back of spots of brilliant light. In the photographic delineation all these singular features stand revealed. The broken ridge of the Apennines, with its serrated shadows; the ring-bounded plains of Arzachel, Alphons, and Ptolemy, with their central isolated peaks, secondary craters, and external buttress-like spurs; the torn and broken cavities around the Plutonian Tycho: all are there. And beyond these the dull-gray patches of the Mare Crisium, Mare Fœcunditatis, and Mare Tranquillitatis (seas by name, but dry plains by nature), set round by the curving margin of more condensed brilliancy, where the light is compressed by the foreshortening of the receding portions of the spherical surface. Even minute details of these varied outlines are so accurately and fully given, that fresh objects may be seen when the drawing is examined by the aid of a magnifying lens. The powers of the microscope may be as successfully brought to bear in examining this beautiful picture as those of the telescope are in viewing the moon itself. For once, art seems to have approached very near indeed to the production of a perfect copy of an original that is among the choicest of nature's works.

The light which we receive from the brightest fixed star is some 28,000 times less than that which we receive from the moon. But this light is compressed into a point of invisible dimensions, instead of being spread over a wide surface. There is therefore scarcely a doubt that when the more sensitive materials of the photographist are brought into operation with lenses as large as the great Harvard refractor, delineations of star-groups may be easily procured. Mr Bond stated at the Ipswich meeting that his father had already succeeded in producing a perceptible image of the two constituents of the double star Castor upon even the iodised silver-plate. It is scarcely possible yet to calculate how great a service photography may render to the astronomer. The search for planets and other erratic bodies has hitherto been conducted by the laborious process of cataloguing the place of every visible luminary, as it appears within the field of the observer's telescope, again and again, so that subsequent comparisons may shew whether any member of the vast host has shifted its position in the heavens. When Professor Challis, in July 1846, undertook the search for the planet Neptune, under the direction of Mr Adams' theoretical calculations, he registered 3150 star positions, extending over a tract of the sky sixty times the moon's breadth one way, and twenty times the other. On 12th August, the fourth night of observing, he saw the planet without recognising it; for he afterwards found that there was a star there where no star had been seen on 30th July, the second night of observing. If a photographic map of this region had been made on 30th July, and then a second one on 12th August, Professor Challis would certainly, on comparing the two, have at once detected the stranger six weeks before Dr Galle did. Dr Galle received Leverrier's calculations of the probable place of the planet on 22d September, and found it on the 23d, because he had Bremiker's very accurate star-map to compare the actual appearance of the heavens with. Photographic maps of the asterisms, taken from time to time, will certainly give the astronomer the means of detecting every vagrant body in the sky; and that the band is a numerous one, and needs close watching, will be apparent when it is remembered that the number of the asteroid planets has been increased from four to thirteen within six years.

It is already known that the light of some stars is different from that of others. Wollaston and Kranuhofer have shewn that diverse spectra are produced when the rays of different stars are made to traverse the same polarising media. In all probability photography will yet afford the means of eliciting some information concerning the cause of this difference. Materials may be found that will prove themselves sensitive to one kind of light and indifferent to others. If every bright star does not impress its image upon the same sensitive surface with equal degrees of facility, the photographist may hereafter be able to ask 'questions of nature,' in the Baconian sense, at least with more effect than we yet can; and he may get answers from the remoter heavens that hitherto the nearer shrine of Delphos has refused to give.

THE EXPECTANT.

When a boy I was sent to school in a country village in one of the midland counties. Midvale lay on a gentle slope at the foot of a lofty hill, round which the turnpike-road wound scientifically to diminish the steepness of the declivity; and the London coach, as it smoked along the white road regularly at half-past four o'clock, with one wheel dragged, might be tracked for two good miles before it crossed the bridge over the brook below and disappeared from sight. We generally rushed out of the afternoon school as the twanging horn of the guard woke up our quiet one street; and a fortunate fellow I always thought was Griffith Maclean, our only day-boarder, who on such occasions would often chase the flying mail, and seizing the hand of the guard, an old servant of his uncle's, mount on the roof, and ride as far as he chose for the mere trouble of walking back again. Our school consisted of between twenty and thirty boys, under the care of a master who knew little and taught still less; for having three sermons to preach every Sunday, besides two on week-days, he had but little leisure to spare for the duties of the school; and the only usher he could afford to keep was a needy, hard-working lad, whose poverty and time-worn habiliments deprived him of any moral control over the boys. This state of things, coupled with the nervous and irascible temper of the pedagogue, naturally produced a good deal of delinquency, which was duly scored off on the backs of the offenders every morning before breakfast. Thus what we wanted in tuition was made up in flogging; and if the master was rarely in the school, he made amends for his absence by a vigorous use of his prerogative while he was there. Griffith Maclean, who was never present on these occasions, coming only at nine o'clock, was yet our common benefactor. One by one he had taken all our jackets to a cobbling tailor in the village, and got them for a trifling cost so well lined with old remnants of a kind

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of felt or serge, for the manufacture of which the place was famous, that we could afford to stand up without wincing, and even to laugh through our wry faces under the matutinal ceremony of caning. Further, Griffith was the sole means of communication with the shopkeepers, and bought our cakes, fruit, and playthings, when we had money to spend, and would generally contrive to convey a hunch of bread and cheese from home to any starving victim who was condemned to fasting for his transgressions. In return for all this sympathy we could do no less than relieve Griffith, as far as possible, from the trouble and 'bother,' as he called it, of study. We worked his sums regularly for days beforehand, translated his Latin, and read over his lessons with our fingers as he stood up to repeat them before the master.

Griffith's mother was the daughter of a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Midvale. Fifteen years ago she had eloped with a young Irish officer—an unprincipled fortune-hunter—who, finding himself mistaken in his venture, the offended father having refused any portion, had at first neglected and finally deserted his wife, who had returned home with Griffith, her only child, to seek a reconciliation with her parents. This had never been cordially granted. The old man had other children who had not disobeyed him, and to them, at his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, allotting to Griffith's mother only a life-interest in a small estate which brought her something less than a hundred pounds a year. But the family were wealthy, and the fond mother hoped, indeed fully expected, that they would make a gentlemanly provision for her only child. In this expectation Griffith was nurtured and bred; and being reminded every day that he was born a gentleman, grew up with the notion that application and labour of any sort were unbecoming the character he would have to sustain. He was a boy of average natural abilities, and with industry might have cultivated them to advantage; but industry was a plebeian virtue, which his silly mother altogether discountenanced, and withstood the attempts, not very vigorous, of the schoolmaster to enforce. Thus he was never punished, seldom reproved; and the fact that he was the sole individual so privileged in a school where both reproof and punishment were so plentiful, could not fail of impressing him with a great idea of his own importance. Schoolboys are fond of speculating on their future prospects, and of dilating on the fancied pleasures of manhood and independence, and the delights of some particular trade or profession upon which they have set their hearts: the farm, the forge, the loom, the counter, the press, the desk, have as eager partisans among the knucklers at *taw* as among older children; and while crouching round the dim spark of fire on a wet winter day, we were wont to chalk out for ourselves a future course of life when released from the drudgery, as we thought it, of school. Some declared for building, carpentering, farming, milling, or cattle-breeding; some were panting for life in the great city; some longed for the sea and travel to foreign countries; and some for a quiet life at home amid rural sports and the old family faces. Above all Griffith Maclean towered in unapproachable greatness. 'I shall be a gentleman,' said he; 'if I don't have a commission in the army—which I am not sure I should like, because it's a bore to be ordered off where you don't want to go—I shall have an official situation under government, with next to nothing to do but to see life and enjoy myself.' Poor Griffith!

Time wore on. One fine morning I was packed, along with a couple of boxes, on the top of the London coach; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, found myself bound apprentice to a hard-working master and a laborious profession in the heart of London. Seven years I served and wrought in acquiring the heart and mystery, as my indentures termed it, of my trade. Seven times in the course of this period it was my pleasant privilege to visit Midvale, where some of my relations dwelt, and at each visit I renewed the intimacy with my old schoolfellow Griffith. He was qualifying himself for the life of a gentleman by leading one of idleness; and I envied him not a little his proficiency in the use of the angle and the gun, and the opportunity he occasionally enjoyed of following the hounds upon a borrowed horse. At my last visit, at the end of my term of apprenticeship, I felt rather hurt at the cold reception his mother gave me, and at the very haughty, off-hand bearing of Griffith himself; and I resolved to be as independent as he by giving him an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance if he chose. I understood, however, that both he and his mother were still feeding upon expectation, and that they hoped everything from General ——, to whom application had been made on Griffith's behalf, as the son of an officer, and that they confidently expected a cadetship that would open up the road to promotion and fortune. The wished-for appointment did not arrive. Poor Griffith's father had died without leaving that reputation behind him which might have paved the way for his son's advancement, and the application was not complied with. This was a mortifying blow to the mother, whose pride it painfully crushed. Griffith, now of age, proposed that they should remove to London, where, living in the very source and centre of official appointments, they might bring their influence to bear upon any suitable berth that might be vacant. They accordingly left Midvale and came to town, where they lived in complete retirement upon a very limited income. I met Griffith accidentally after he had been in London about a year. He shook me heartily by the hand, was in high spirits, and informed me that he had at length secured the promise of an appointment to a situation in S—— House, in case T——, the sitting member, should be again returned for the county. His mother had three tenants, each with a vote, at her command; and he was going down to Midvale, as the election was shortly coming off, and would bag a hundred votes, at least, he felt sure before polling-day. I could not help thinking as he rattled away that this was just the one thing he was fit for. With much of the air, gait, and manners of a gentleman, he combined a perfection in the details of fiddle-faddle and small-talk rarely to be met with; and from having no independent opinion of his own upon any subject whatever, was so much the better qualified to secure the voices of those who had. He went down to Midvale, canvassed the whole district with astonishing success, and had the honour of dining with his patron, the triumphant candidate, at the conclusion of the poll. On his return to town, in the overflowings of his joy, he wrote a note to me expressive of his improved prospects, and glorying in the certainty of at length obtaining an official appointment. I was very glad to hear the good news, but still more surprised at the terms in which it was conveyed: the little that Griffith had learned at school he had almost contrived to lose altogether in the eight or nine years that had elapsed since he had left it. He seemed to ignore the very existence of such contrivances as syntax and orthography; and I really had grave doubts as to whether he was competent to undertake even an official situation in S—— House.

These doubts were not immediately resolved. Members of parliament, secure in their seats, are not precisely so anxious to perform as they sometimes are ready to promise when their seats seem sliding from under them. It was very nearly two years before Griffith received any fruit from his electioneering labours, during which time he had been leading a life of lounging, do-nothing, dreamy semi-consciousness, occasionally varied by a

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suddenly-conceived and indignant remonstrance, hurled in foolscap at the head of the defalcating member for the county. During all this time fortune used him but scurvily: his mother's tenants at Midvale clamoured for a reduction of rent; one decamped without payment of arrears; repairs were necessary, and had to be done and paid for. These drawbacks reduced the small income upon which they lived, and sensibly affected the outward man of the gentlemanly Griffith: he began to look seedy, and occasionally borrowed a few shillings of me when we casually met, which he forgot to pay. I must do him the credit to say that he never avoided me on account of these trifling debts, but with an innate frankness characteristic of his boyhood continued his friendship and his confidences. At length the happy day arrived. He received his appointment, bearing the remuneration of L.200 a year, which he devoutly believed was to lead to something infinitely greater, and called on me on his way to the office where he was to be installed and indoctrinated into his function.

The grand object of her life—the settlement of her son—thus accomplished, the mother returned to Midvale, where she shortly after died, in the full conviction that Griffith was on the road to preferment and fortune. The little estate—upon the proceeds of which she had frugally maintained herself and son—passed at her death into the hands of one of her brothers, none of whom took any further notice of Griffith, who had mortally offended them by his instrumentality in returning the old member for the county, whom it was their endeavour to unseat. There is a mystery connected with Griffith's tenure of office which I could never succeed in fathoming. He held it but for six months, when, probably not being competent to keep it, he sold it to an advertising applicant, who offered a douceur of L.300 for such a berth. How the transfer was arranged I cannot tell, not knowing the recondite formula in use upon these occasions. Suffice it to say that Griffith had his L.300, paid his little debts, renewed his wardrobe and his expectations, and began to cast about for a new patron. He was now a gentleman about town, and exceedingly well he both looked and acted the character: he had prudence enough to do it upon an economical scale, and though living upon his capital, doled it out with a sparing hand. As long as his money lasted he did very well; but before the end of the third year the bloom of his gentility had worn off, and it was plain that he was painfully economising the remnant of his funds.

About this time I happened to remove to a different quarter of the metropolis, and lost sight of him for more than a year. One morning, expecting a letter of some importance, I waited for the postman before walking to business. What was my astonishment on responding personally to his convulsive 'b'bang,' to recognise under the gold-banded hat and red-collared coat of that peripatetic official the gentlemanly figure and features of my old schoolfellow Griffith Maclean!

'What! Griff?' I exclaimed: 'is it possible?—can this be you?'

'Well,' said he, 'I am inclined to think it is. You see, old fellow, a man must do something or starve. This is all I could get out of that shabby fellow T——, and I should not have got this had I not well worried him. He knows I have no longer a vote for the county. However, I shan't wear this livery long: there are good berths enough in the post-office. If they don't pretty soon give me something fit for a gentleman to do, I shall take myself off as soon as anything better offers. But, by George! there is not much time allowed for talking: I must be off—farewell!'

Soon after this meeting the fourpenny deliveries commenced; and these were before long followed by the establishment of the universal Penny-post. This was too much for Griffith. He swore he was walked off his legs; that people did nothing upon earth but write letters; that he was jaded to death by lugging them about; that he had no intention of walking into his coffin for the charge of one penny; and, finally, that he would have no more of it. Accordingly he made application for promotion on the strength of his recommendation, was refused as a matter of course, and vacated his post for the pleasure of a week's rest, which he declared was more than it was honestly worth.

By this time destiny had made me a housekeeper in 'merry Islington;' and poor Griff, now reduced to his shifts, waited on me one morning with a document to which he wanted my signature, the object of which was to get him into the police force. Though doubting his perseverance in anything, I could not but comply with his desire, especially as many of my neighbours had done the same. The paper testified only as to character; and as Griff was sobriety itself, and as it would have required considerable ingenuity to fasten any vice upon him, I might have been hardly justified in refusing. I represented to him as I wrote my name, that should he be successful he would really have an opportunity of rising by perseverance in good conduct to an upper grade. 'Of course,' said he, 'that is my object: it would never do for a gentleman to sit down contented as a policeman. I intend to rise from the ranks, and I trust you will live to see me one day at the head of the force.'

He succeeded in his application; and not long after signing his paper I saw him indued with the long coat, oil-cape, and glazed hat of the brotherhood, marching off in Indian file for night-duty to his beat in the H—— Road. Whether the night air disagreed with his stomach, or whether his previous duty as a postman had made him doubly drowsy, I cannot say, but he was found by the inspector on going his rounds in a position too near the horizontal for the regulations of the force, and suspended, after repeated transgression, for sleeping upon a bench under a covered doorway while a robbery was going on in the neighbourhood. He soon found that the profession was not at all adapted to his habits, and had not power enough over them to subdue them to his vocation. He lingered on for a few weeks under the suspicious eye of authority, and at length took the advice of the inspector, and withdrew from the force.

He did not make his appearance before me as I expected, and I lost sight of him for a long while. What new shifts and contrivances he had recourse to—what various phases of poverty and deprivation he became acquainted with during the two years that he was absent from my sight, are secrets which no man can fathom. I was standing at the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge one morning waiting for a clear passage to cross the road, and began mechanically reading a printed board, offering to all the sons of Adam—whom, for the especial profit of the slopsellers, Heaven sends naked into the world—garments of the choicest broadcloth for next to nothing, and had just mastered the whole of the large-printed lie, when my eye fell full upon the bearer of the board, whose haggard but still gentlemanly face revealed to me the lineaments of my old friend Griff. He laughed in spite of his rags as our eyes met, and seized my proffered hand.

'And what,' said I, not daring to be silent, 'do they pay you for this?'

'Six shillings a week,' said Griff, 'and that's better than nothing.'

'Six shillings and your board of course?'

'Yes, this board' (tapping the placarded timber); 'and a confounded heavy board it is. Sometimes when the wind takes it, though, I'm thinking it will fly away with me into the river, heavy as it is.'

'And do you stand here all day?'

'No, not when it rains: the wet spoils the print, and we have orders to run under cover. After one o'clock I walk about with it wherever I like, and stretch

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my legs a bit. There's no great hardship in it if the pay was better.'

I left my old playmate better resigned to his lowly lot than I thought to have found him. It was clear that he had at length found a function for which he was at least qualified; that he knew the fact; and that the knowledge imparted some small spice of satisfaction to his mind. I am happy to have to state that this was the deepest depth to which he has fallen. He has never been a *sandwich*—I am sure indeed he would never have borne it. With his heavy board mounted on a stout staff, he could imagine himself, as no doubt he often did, a standard-bearer on the battle-field, determined to defend his colours with his last breath; and his tall, gentlemanly, and somewhat officer-like figure, might well suggest the comparison to a casual spectator. But to encase his genteel proportions in a surtout of papered planks, or hang a huge wooden extinguisher over his shoulders labelled with coloured stripes—it would never have done: it would have blotted out the gentleman, and therefore have worn away the heart of one whose shapely gentility was all that was left to him.

One might have thought, after all the vicissitudes he had passed through, that the soul of Griffith Maclean was dead to the voice of ambition. Not so, however. On the first establishment of the street-orderlies, that chord in his nature spontaneously vibrated once again. If he could only get an appointment it would be a rise in the social scale—leading by degrees—who can tell?—to the resumption of his original status, or even something beyond. . . . . I hear a gentle knock, a modest, low-toned single dab, at the street-door as I am sitting down to supper on my return home after the fatigues of business. Betty is in no hurry to go to the door, as she is poaching a couple of eggs, and prides herself upon performing that delicate operation in irreproachable style. 'Squilsh!' they go one after another into the saucepan—I hear it as plainly as though I were in the kitchen. Now the plates clatter; the tray is loading; and now the eggs are walking up stairs, steaming under Betty's face, when 'dab' again—a thought, only a thought louder than before—at the street-door. The spirit of patience is outside; and now Betty runs with an apology for keeping him waiting. 'Here's a man wants to speak to master; says he'll wait if you are engaged, sir; he aint in no hurry.' 'Shew him in;' and in walks Griff, again armed with a document—a petition for employment as a street-orderly, with testimonials of good character, honesty, and all that. Of course I again append my signature, without any allusion to the police force. I wish him all success, and have a long talk over past fun and follies, and present hopes and future prospects, and the philosophy of poverty and the deceitfulness of wealth. We part at midnight, and Griff next day gets the desiderated appointment.

It is raining hard while I write, and by the same token I know that at this precise moment Griff in his glazed hat, and short blouse, and ponderous mud-shoes, is clearing a channel for the diluted muck of C—— Street, City, and directing the black, oozy current by the shortest cut to the open grating connected with the common sewer. I am as sure as though I were superintending the operation that he handles his peculiar instrument—a sort of hybrid between a hoe and a rake—with the grace and air of a gentleman—a grace and an air proclaiming to the world that though *in* the profession, whatever it may be called, which he has assumed, he is not *of* it, and vindicating the workmanship of nature, who, whatever circumstances may have compelled him to become, cast him in the mould of a gentleman. It is said that in London every man finds his level. Whether Griffith Maclean, after all his vicissitudes, has found his, I do not pretend to say. Happily for him, he thinks that fortune has done her worst, and that he is bound to rise on her revolving wheel as high at least as he has fallen low. May the hope stick by him, and give birth to energies productive of its realisation!

SHORT CUTS TO AMERICA.

The prodigious progress of steam navigation is daily opening up new views of maritime communication. It is confidently stated, that with the aid of the railway across Panama, to be completed next summer, it will be possible to reach New Zealand from Liverpool in about thirty-four days. The Pacific, which has hitherto been comparatively untravelled, will then be opened up in all directions to steam transit; for the Panama railroad may be said to be the key by which that vast and placid ocean is to be permanently unlocked. There is a great future for the Pacific and all its islands and coasts. The western sea-board of North America will in particular and more immediately profit by the changes now in course of operation. It will be about as easy to reach California from England as it is now to get to New Orleans.

The great movements of the western world are beginning to stir men up to consider of means for crossing the Atlantic in the shortest possible space of time. At present the voyage from Liverpool extends from about eleven to fourteen days, according to the port to be reached. Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is the nearest point aimed at. But the route chosen seems to admit of considerable and advantageous variation. The voyage from Liverpool direct to Halifax possesses the merit of being continuous. On settling in a berth in England, there is no shifting till we set foot in America; and the comfort of this arrangement will always command attention, for nothing worries a traveller so much as shifting his person and luggage into new vehicles. In this, however, as in all other matters, it may be necessary to compromise a little. There will probably be some who will agree to sacrifice the comfort of going in but one vessel, in order to save two or three days in point of time. A saving in this respect may be made on both sides of the Atlantic. Liverpool is not the nearest point of the British islands to America; neither is Halifax the nearest point of America. Ireland lies nearer America than England, and Cape Breton is nearer Europe than Nova Scotia. From Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, to Halifax is 2120 miles, and to Sydney is 1950 miles. By adopting the shortest of these routes, a saving of time will be effected. It is therefore proposed to establish a station for ocean steamers at a suitable point on the coast of Galway, whence vessels would at once shoot directly across the Atlantic—thus avoiding all the entanglements of the Channel. A public meeting, we observe, has been held in Dublin to promote transit to America by this shortened route. Travellers will be conveyed by rail from London to Holyhead; thence by steamer in four hours to Dublin; from which the journey by rail to Galway will occupy about half a day. The inconvenience of these shifts is obvious; but for mails the route, with all its changes, is exceedingly appropriate, and will at least be put to the test. Should the shifts prove a serious obstacle, or prevent a paying traffic, what is to hinder the west coast of Scotland being adopted for the point of departure across the Atlantic? Already a line of railway is made several miles from Glasgow in this direction, and if desired it

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could be extended to Cantire or some other available station on the west coast. It is, however, premature to consider any such scheme. In all likelihood the route across Ireland will, on various grounds, meet every immediate requirement; and we trust that it will meet with very general support—the improvement of the country through which it passes being in itself an object of no mean concern.

Of the practicability of making Cape Breton the station of arrival in America little is known on this side of the Atlantic. The circumstance of Cape Breton being an island has hitherto stood in the way of any consideration of the subject. The time would appear to have come when nothing is to be left uninvestigated. Sydney, the chief town and port in Cape Breton, in public meeting assembled, has put forward its claim as a transatlantic packet-station. From the port there is to be a railway through the island to the Gut of Canso: that narrow channel—only a mile and a half broad—is to be bridged by a floating platform for carriages, as is now done at the Firth of Tay; and having gained the mainland, the carriages would pass on by rail—on the one hand towards Canada, and on the other towards the United States. We confess that this design is rather taking, when a matured consideration is given to all the relative circumstances. There are points in Cape Breton nearer to Europe than Sydney, but objections as regards their approachableness in all seasons can be stated against them. Of all the ports in this quarter of the American sea-board, Sydney is most free of fogs and floating ice. Suppose a steamer to run at an average speed of 300 miles per day, Sydney can be reached from Galway in Ireland in six days twelve hours, and Halifax in seven days two hours. This does not leave much time in favour of the former, reckoning the few hours that will require to be consumed by rail and the passage across the Gut of Canso. But Sydney is alleged to have the advantage of accessibility, and to be preferable as a coaling station. Let us hear what is said by the committee appointed at the above-mentioned meeting. If it be assumed that a large steamer goes at the rate of 300 miles a day, she would consume 700 tons of coal from Galway to New York. 'If the vessel made Sydney a port of call, 500 tons only would suffice: she would consequently have room to bring out an additional freight of 200 tons of goods, which, at L.7 per ton, would be L.1400 sterling clear gain to the owners or charterers, as the case may be. On the vessel's arrival here, the passengers may proceed by railway, whilst the vessel can take in a sufficiency of coal to carry her to New York and back to Sydney—say 500 tons—a further supply of 500 tons will be required for the return voyage to Galway. The 700 tons necessary for the return voyage will cost at Sydney L.350; if purchased in New York, it would be L.1050, making a saving by calling at Sydney to coal of L.700; this added to L.1400 additional freight earned will make a clear gain of L.2100 sterling upon one complete voyage from Galway to New York and back *viâ* Sydney, any additional freight shipped at New York not included. Consequently a steamer making six voyages in the eight months *viâ* Sydney would earn at least L.12,600 more than if she went by the present direct route to and from New York.'

All this may be true as regards comparison with New York, but not so clear what the difference would be as regards Halifax. Putting that out of view, we pass on to what is maintained to be a highly-favourable feature of Sydney—namely, its eligibility as a port of debarkation for emigrants going to Canada. 'The number of emigrants from Ireland alone embarked at Liverpool in the last year has been stated to be 163,000; and it has been also asserted that the deprivations and sufferings of these unfortunate people "beggar belief:" it has been compared to the "slaver's middle passage." No question can exist that large numbers of persons cooped up in any ordinary passenger-ship—no matter how well regulated—must, on a tedious voyage of six or eight weeks' duration, undergo great suffering. When the voyage is extended beyond this period, and the emigrant is in one of those crazy old ships of which so many have run into Sydney in distress, it becomes perfectly horrible, and common humanity suggests some other means of transport. It has been proposed to employ large and powerful steamers to supersede the sailing vessels entirely: these running to the North American possessions in six or seven days would do so effectually. So safe and rapid a passage cannot anywhere else be accomplished, as a mere glance at the position of Cape Breton on the map of North America must convince the most superficial observer. It could not be more favourably situated, being at the utmost within two days by steam of all the following ports:—St John's, Quebec, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Pictou, Halifax, Shediac, Richibucto, Miramichi, the Bay of Chaleur, and all the other ports of the colonies bordering on the Gulf of St Lawrence. Immigrants usually come out during the summer months—that is, from April to November—when the harbour of Sydney, as well as all the ports and rivers in the gulf are open. The entire absence of fog is an important consideration for a vessel making the land crowded with hundreds of human beings; whilst the safety and rapidity of the voyage must induce many to emigrate who have hitherto been deterred by the barbarities and sufferings attendant on an ordinary sailing passage, and the numerous accidents which have, season after season, always occurred on the coasts of America. If Sydney were made the port of call for these vessels, any passengers, mails, or freight, for ports in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or Prince Edward Island, might be forwarded by one or two smaller steamers employed for that purpose, which would be also useful in securing return passengers and freight, whilst the larger vessel proceeded onward to Quebec with the great bulk of her passengers and cargo. A great saving both of fuel and time would be secured by adopting this method. Assuming that a steamer, as has been before stated, consumes 700 tons of coal on a voyage from Galway to Quebec or New York, she will require only 500 tons to bring her to Sydney, and consequently can carry at least 300 emigrants additional; which, at L.7 per head, would make the proceeds of the voyage L.2100 over and above those of any direct voyage. Besides, on her return, say from Quebec, fuel would be laid in at Sydney at 10s. per ton, whilst at Quebec it would cost 20s. per ton. It is therefore evident that by making Sydney a port of call, a vessel employed during the summer months, and making six voyages to Quebec, would earn L.15,000 over and above any similar vessel going direct from Ireland to Quebec or New York. It is also an important consideration in connection with steam navigation to Quebec, that Sydney is open earlier in the spring and later in the fall than any of the ports higher up the Gulf of St Lawrence. Another object of paramount importance the Sydney route will secure:—Telegraphic lines will be established in the course of the present summer between Sydney and Pictou in Nova Scotia, where continuous lines of telegraph are already in operation; so that for at least eight months in the year the European news reaching Sydney in six and a half days from Galway, may be telegraphed to all parts of the American continent fully twenty-two hours in advance of that forwarded by any other route, whilst much later intelligence can be sent on to Europe by any United States steamer when coaling here. To a steamer from Quebec it would give intelligence forty-eight hours later than any she could carry from that port.'

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Here we may stop. The subject is of vast public concern, and no doubt will engage serious attention. The foregoing hints, therefore, as opening the way, may not be altogether useless.

MR BULL AND HIS RELATIONS.

We mean the real original Mr Bull, not the metaphorical ruminant, although the latter we are in hopes will find some interest in our mention of his prototype, and his flourishing and widely-spread family and clan. The genus Bos has a new and intelligent historian in Mr George Vasey;* and the great Anglo-Saxon breed, of the genus Homo, will find from his delineations that they have no occasion to blush for their mythical descent. The bull—bison—buffalo, and numerous congeners, have all a fundamental moral character, as well as a family resemblance, although both these are modified by the external circumstances of climate and habitat, and by the influence of civilisation. It is easy to understand, taking the tribe in the aggregate, that the metaphorical John Bull is a heavy but sagacious fellow, with a hard and formidable head of his own, docile if well used, but surly withal, and sometimes savage; and that when he and his friends are once determined upon a career, and set out full speed, shoulder to shoulder, there is no such thing as stopping them. The late census gives us an account of the population of *this* family; but the numbers of the ox tribe in Great Britain do not seem to have been taken since 1838, in which year they amounted to 8,000,000.

The utility of the tribe to mankind occupies an interesting section in the volume, by which we perceive that there is not one particle of the huge carcass that is not turned to economical account. The hide is still used in America, Ireland, and Wales, to cover the wicker-boats called in the last-mentioned country coracles; at the Cape it is made into shields and targets, hard enough to resist a musket-ball; and for covering travelling-trunks, and making boots, shoes, harness, &c. its uses are well known; as likewise those of the skin of the calf for bookbinding and vellum. 'The short hair is used to stuff saddles and other articles; also by bricklayers in the mixing up of certain kinds of mortar. It is likewise frequently used in the manuring of land. The *long* hair from the tail is used for stuffing chairs and cushions. The hair of the bison is spun into gloves, stockings, and garters, which are very strong, and look as well as those made of the finest sheep's wool: very beautiful cloth has likewise been manufactured from it. The Esquimaux convert the skin covering the tail into caps, which are so contrived that the long hair falling over their faces defends them from the bites of the mosquitoes.' The horns (and our author might have added, the hoofs) are made into combs, a substitute for glass in lanterns, knife and umbrella handles, and other articles of the kind, spoons, powder-flasks, drinking-horns, &c. 'The interior or core of the horn is boiled down in water, when a large quantity of fat rises to the surface—this is sold to the makers of yellow soap. The liquid itself is used as a kind of glue, and is purchased by the cloth-dressers for stiffening. The bony substance which remains behind is ground down, and sold to the farmers for manure. Besides these various purposes to which the different parts of the horn are applied, the chippings which arise in comb-making are sold to the farmer for manure, at about one shilling a bushel. In the first year after they are spread over the soil they have comparatively little effect; but during the next four or five their efficiency is considerable. The shavings, which form the refuse of the lantern-maker, are of a much thinner texture. Some of them are cut into various figures, and painted, and used as toys; for they curl up when placed in the palm of a warm hand. But the greater part of these shavings are sold also for manure, which, from their extremely thin and divided form, produce their full effect upon the first crop.' The feet are used to make neats'-foot-oil; the skin, horns, hoofs, and cartilages, for glue; the blood in the formation of mastic, in refining sugar, oil, &c. and as a manure for fruit-trees. The gall cleanses woollen garments and removes stains; the suet is manufactured into candles; the stomach is boiled into the well-known article of food called tripe; the excrementitious matters are used for manure; and the bones as a substitute for ivory, and for various other purposes. If to these, and other matters not worth particularising, we add the flesh and the milk, we shall have the entire animal chawed up by his allegorical representative.

Before this analytical process has been performed, however, and when the animal is alive and on its legs, it is a useful and docile friend, but a formidable enemy, of which various instances are given. The American congener, the bison, rushes onwards in such headlong troops, that the natives destroy them in great numbers by training them in their career to a precipice. 'When the Indians determine to destroy bisons in this way, one of their swiftest-footed and most active young men is selected, who is disguised in a bison skin, having the head, ears, and horns, adjusted on his own head, so as to make the deception very complete; and thus accoutred, he stations himself between the bison herd and some of the precipices, which often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd as nearly as possible, when, at a given signal, they shew themselves, and rush forward with loud yells. The animals being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him; and he, taking to flight, dashes on to the precipice, where he suddenly secures himself in some previously-ascertained crevice. The foremost of the herd arrives at the brink—there is no possibility of retreat, no chance of escape; the foremost may, for an instant, shrink with terror, but the crowd behind, who are terrified by the approaching hunters, rush forward with increasing impetuosity, and the aggregate force hurls them successively into the gulf, where certain death awaits them.

The gyall of the Chittagong Mountains, resembling a wild buffalo, is taken in a much more amiable manner by the natives, who are called Kookies. 'On discovering a herd of wild gyalls in the jungles, they prepare a number of balls, of the size of a man's head, composed of a particular kind of earth, salt, and cotton. They then drive their tame gyalls towards the wild ones, when the two herds soon meet, and assimilate into one—the males of the one attaching themselves to the females of the other, and *vice versâ*. The Kookies now scatter their balls over such parts of the jungle as they think the herd most likely to pass, and watch its motions. The gyalls, on meeting these balls as they pass along, are attracted by their appearance and smell, and begin to lick them with their tongues; and relishing the taste of the salt, and the particular earth composing them, they never quit the place until all the balls are consumed. The Kookies having observed the gyalls to have once tasted their balls, prepare a sufficient supply of them to answer the intended purpose, and as the gyalls lick them up, they throw down

* Delineations of the Ox Tribe; or The Natural History of Bulls, Bisons, and Buffaloes. By George Vasey. London: G. Biggs. 1851.

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more; and it is to prevent their being so readily destroyed that the cotton is mixed with the earth and the salt. This process generally goes on for three changes of the moon, or for a month and a half, during which time the tame and the wild gyalls are always together, licking the decoy-balls; and the Kookie, after the first day or two of their being so, makes his appearance, at such a distance as not to alarm the wild ones. By degrees he approaches nearer and nearer, until at length the sight of him has become so familiar that he can advance to stroke his tame gyalls on the back and neck without frightening away the wild ones. He next extends his hand to them, and caresses them also, at the same time giving them plenty of his decoy-balls to lick. Thus, in the short space of time mentioned, he is able to drive them, along with the tame ones, to his parrah, or village, without the least exertion of force; and so attached do the gyalls become to the parrah, that when the Kookies migrate from one place to another, they always find it necessary to set fire to the huts they are about to abandon, lest the gyalls should return to them from the new grounds.'

A more summary, and much more wonderful process is mentioned by Mr Catlin—that of merely breathing into the nostrils of a young bison. 'I have often,' says he, 'in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam.' Lest this breathing may seem to the reader to resemble the process of putting salt on a bird's tail, it is necessary to mention, that when a female bison is slain, the young one remains by her side, careless of the approach of the hunter.

The kyloe, or Highland ox, is supposed to be merely a variety of the famous Chillingham white cattle. The untamableness of the latter is considered by Mr Vasey to be nothing more than a myth; and he assures us that the circumstance of their being 'invariably white is simply owing to the care that is taken to destroy all the calves that are born of a different description!'

We have said enough to shew the nature of the popular matter interspersed in a scientific book; and we may conclude with observing, that the celebrated 'Ranz des Vaches' is merely a sentimental song sung by the Swiss cowherds, or played on the bagpipes while watching their cattle on the mountains. Even in the time of Rousseau, the marvellous effects of this air on expatriated Swiss were lost, the people having lost their taste for the simple pleasures it recalled. The music has no force but in association, being in itself tame and meaningless; and the words have a little more stupidity than sentimental songs in general. Mr Vasey treats us with a poem, which he calls an 'imitation,' but which, fortunately, has no resemblance either in ideas or forms of expression. For our own part, as the gods have not made us poetical, we shall have a better chance of success; and the following, being rendered as literally as the exigence of the rhyme permitted, will be found, we flatter ourselves, nearly as bald as the original:—

Oh, when shall I behold once more
The unforgotten loves of yore!—
The swelling hill, the mountain tall,
The humble cot, the crystal well—
And her, the dearest of them all,
My gentle Isabelle!

Oh, 'neath the shadowing elm, again
When shall I dance to that sweet strain!
When see my vanish'd home once more,
With all the deathless loves of yore!—
My father, mother, brother tall,
My sister kind, lambs tended well—
And her, the dearest of them all,
My gentle Isabelle!

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

September 1851.

Talk at present and of late has been *de omnibus rebus;* so much so, that it would not be easy to pick out any subject as the special one, as you may judge from the summary which here awaits you. Among one set you will hear the announced closing of the Exhibition on the 11th October canvassed pretty freely: for some it is too early; for others, too late; while others would not have it closed at all. The granting of medals to all the exhibitors is *not* relished by those who hoped to realise exclusive distinctions in their own persons, and *is* relished by a large number who, having done their best to make a creditable display, are naturally gratified that their endeavours should be recognised, and that they will be able to possess and hand down to posterity a disc of metal in evidence of their prowess in the field of industry. The giving of medals for services rendered in bringing together hundreds of thousands of men to shake hands instead of to fight, will be something new in the history of the world. Then, again, surprise is expressed that no public announcement has yet been made of the awards of special medals, and some unruly discontent on this point refuses to be appeased. The surplus, too, is a cause of wonder: what is to be done with it? And how will the Executive Committee be rewarded? Are they to be knighted, promoted, or pensioned? It is already known that one of them is to go out as governor of Malta as soon as he can get away from his duties, and if this be his recompense, what are the others to have? Thus you see that we are not free from vexed questions in Exhibition matters.

An invention by Captain Groetaers of the Belgian engineers has been lately tested at Woolwich. It is a simple means of ascertaining the distance of any object against which operations may have to be directed, and is composed of a staff about an inch square and three feet in length, with a brass scale on the upper side, and a slide, to which is attached a plate of tin six inches long and three wide, painted red, with a white stripe across its centre. A similar plate is held by an assistant, and is connected with the instrument by a fine wire. When an observation is to be taken, the observer looks at the distant object through a glass fixed on the left of the scale, and adjusts the striped plate by means of the slide; the assistant also looks through his glass, standing a few feet in advance of his principal at the end of the wire, and as soon as the two adjustments are effected and declared, the distance is read off on the scale. In the three trials made at Woolwich the distance in one case, although more than 1000 yards, was determined within two inches; and in two other attempts, within a foot. It is obvious that such an instrument, if to be depended on, will admit of being applied to other than military surveys and operations, and may be made useful in the civil service.

There is another contrivance, described by the inventor, Mr Waite, as 'An Instrument for applying Electric Heat in Dental Operations,' which merits notice. Its production is the result of an idea that 'electric heat would come to be used in surgery, and also for many purposes in domestic arrangements.' The apparatus consists of a cylindrical ivory holder, diminished at one end, where a curved beak or point of platinum is inserted, and connected with a Grove's battery of eight cells by two copper wires, which wires are in communication with the platinum point. A spring attached to the cylinder affords the means of making or breaking the galvanic circuit at pleasure. As soon as

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contact is made the platinum point becomes heated, and is then ready for the dentist's work. 'I am enabled,' says the inventor, 'to use it for many purposes—namely, to evaporate quicksilver from cements, and render them much less injurious to teeth than they otherwise would be; also where too great sensitiveness exists, and which prevents the operator from removing the caries; where gums have receded, and left the necks of teeth highly sensitive to the touch;' in short, in nearly all remedial operations on the teeth. 'The electric heat,' he continues, 'retains its force differently to all other heat which can be applied to the mouth; the platinum wire can be placed, without the patient being aware of it, near the part affected; heat can be produced almost momentarily, and suddenly deadened; and, as a most surprising phenomenon, and one which has surprised me very much, in patients of a highly-nervous temperament, where I have expected much suffering, none has been endured on its application. In many cases it will be found equally efficacious when holding it near the teeth, as if they were touched by it. Care must be taken not to continue its application too long, as it will burn up and blacken the part it touches.'

Mr Hay, under the auspices of the Admiralty, is experimenting on galvanism as a moving power instead of steam for auxiliary screw-vessels belonging to the government. The machinery is to be less complicated, less bulky, and consequently less heavy, than that used for steamers, whereby greater space will be left for berths and stowage. As sea-water is used for the battery, the cost is said to be but trifling. In addition to this, it appears that by a modification of Davy's principle, Mr Hay has succeeded in preventing the corrosion of ships' copper. To talk of the Admiralty without thinking of dockyards would not be logical; hence the fact comes up that 28,926 persons, natives and foreigners, visited Woolwich Dockyard during the months of May, June, and July, of the present year, and not fewer than 14,327 in one single week of August. The number that 'visited and passed through the avenues' of Greenwich Hospital in the same three months was 263,171—more than double the sum of those last year. It is stated also that in 1850 there were 221,119 visitors to Hampton Court, of whom 58,164 belonged to the month of July; and to the magnificent gardens at Kew 179,627. When all the facts and results shall be published for the present year, we shall have a large and interesting addition to the data of various social phenomena. Among these the Post-Office is highly important: the returns for 1850 shew that the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelvemonth was 347,000,000, at a cost of L.2,264,684; while in 1839 the cost of delivering 75,000,000 only was L.2,339,737—so that, as is said, we now get five letters for the former expense of one. In how far railways have contributed to this result may be judged of from the fact, that in January last one day's mail-transport on railways and their branches was 17,246 miles.

The electric telegraph is stretching into Hungary, as ready to flash Magyar signals as to speak English. The Great Western Company at last are going to extend their wires, and bring London into communication with Exeter and Plymouth—an undertaking of some importance, seeing that the latter is the port for India packets. The work is to be done by the Telegraph Company, who have just 'reinsulated' the wires on the London, Liverpool, and Manchester lines. Altogether, they have now 970 miles in hand, which, when fixed, they will keep in order at a 'fixed rental'—an arrangement preferred by several railway companies to that of having the maintenance of the telegraph entirely under their own charge. Apropos of railways, they have been feelingly talked about: competition is telling on some of them. Certain shareholders of one of our metropolitan lines, who refused last year a dividend of a shilling a share, have not been able to exercise that melancholy privilege this year, for the shilling had dwindled down to threepence. Directors might always insure fair and moderate dividends if they would; but as yet they have missed the true and permanent way of so doing, and yet the way is not a difficult one, as I may shew you some day. Sweden and Norway are about to try their hands at railway enterprise: a small party of engineers is now at Stockholm contriving all the preliminaries. If the foreigners send here for rails and locomotives, we can throw them a good lump of experience into the bargain.

The London and South-Western Railway Company are interesting themselves in a friendly society, established among the men employed on their line, which affords 'a provision for support, medical attendance during sickness, and a small payment to representatives in the case of death.' To this society the proprietors are contributors to the extent of L.150 per annum. It is in a sound condition, answers its purpose well, and numbers about 1000 members. It is desirable that, in accordance with the general wish and the original intention, there should be added to this society a provision for superannuation. It is also desirable that not only the workmen, but the officers and clerks employed by this company, should be brought within a superannuation arrangement. The funds for these purposes must be, in principle, self-supporting; but the directors are of opinion that it will be both expedient and fair that the proprietors should aid the efforts of the staff. The provision against accidents, fatal or permanently injurious, would apply especially to that class of persons employed about the trains. The number of persons in the service of the company is 1300, to whom L.60,000 are paid yearly as wages. The amount each man would have to pay is 3½d. per week, whereby L.1300 would be raised annually. The company have voted L.1000 towards a superannuation fund. Similar arrangements on other lines are said to be working satisfactorily.

Talking of railways reminds me that certain canal owners, finding the iron highway prejudicial to their watery one, have excogitated ways and means to accelerate their traffic. They have had a canal steamer built at Bristol, which by tugging is to supersede horses' towing. A good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction of the vessel: the engine is compact, and moves an improved propeller by direct action; and with all her crew and stores on board draws but 3 feet 9 inches of water. The propeller, known as Griffith's, is dissimilar to those in ordinary use, in which the blades, broad at the extremity, are narrow at the middle; for it 'has its centre formed into a sphere, one-third or more of the entire diameter of the propeller, with the blades narrower at their extremities, gradually growing wider up to their junction with the sphere. With the ordinary screw the water is drawn through the central portion and driven outwards with great velocity, at right angles, by the centrifugal action of the blades, consuming about 25 per cent. of the total power in destroying the effective action of the screw blades upon the water. In Griffith's patent, on the contrary, the sphere causes the water to come in the right direction on the widest and most effective portion of the blades, where they lay hold of and drive it away in a direct line with the vessel's course, by which means all commotion of the water is prevented—an invaluable result for canal navigation.' The action of the propeller helps to keep the channel free from weeds. The speed attained against the stream of the Thames was four miles an hour; double—so the report states—that of horses. If so, and as the cost is less, languishing canals may begin to look up again.

Besides these matters, a good deal of talk has been expended about the open-sided omnibuses which have

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been running about our streets to the great comfort of those who ride in hot weather. And about the grand new Victoria Street, made by private enterprise, now opened from Westminster Abbey to the Vauxhall Road, along which, we are told, will be erected specimens of what architecture can do for the working-classes, as well as for the wealthy. And about the new suspension-bridge being built across the Thames from Chelsea Hospital to the new park at Battersea—the latter to be an additional breathing and recreation ground for us 'in populous city pent.' No coffer-dams are used in the construction of this bridge. A casing of cast-iron is made to rest on a foundation of piles, and filled up inside with concrete, and raised till of the proper height. In this way it appears that each pier can be built up at less than the expense of a coffer-dam.

And about, also, a scheme for supplying Madrid with water, which is to cost L.800,000, and give employment to a little British talent. And more especially about Major Rawlinson's deciphering and interpretation of one of Mr Layard's inscriptions. This is a really interesting subject. The major, who, as you know, is a most able philologist and reader of cuneiform and other Eastern writings, has ascertained that the Sennacherib mentioned in Scripture was the builder of the great palace at Koyunjik, and consequently is able to assign a date to the erection, which will aid materially in clearing up the history of Assyrian antiquities. He has further found some account of the war between this monarch and Hezekiah, and a statement of the tribute paid by the conquered king exactly corresponding with that in the Bible. The names of persons and places are so accurately given as to leave no doubt of the fact. Jerusalem is written *Ursalimma;* Judea, *Yahuda;* and Hezekiah, *Khazakiyahu.* What if there should be further discovered some record of Sennacherib's second siege of Jerusalem, and the miraculous destruction of his army! Major Rawlinson says:—'One of the most interesting matters connected with this discovery of the identity of the Assyrian kings is the prospect, amounting almost to a certainty, that we must have in the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad and Koyunjik representations from the chisels of contemporary artists, not only of Samaria, but of that Jerusalem which contained the Temple of Solomon. I have already identified the Samaritans among the groups of captives portrayed upon the marbles of Khorsabad; and when I shall have accurately learned the locality of the different bas-reliefs that have been brought from Koyunjik, I do not doubt but that I shall be able to point out the bands of Jewish maidens who were delivered to Sennacherib, and perhaps to distinguish the portraiture of the humbled Hezekiah.'

Now that travelling has become a possibility with almost every one, anything relating to travelling facilities is sure to be talked about, and sometimes with the effect of converting talk into real enterprise. Of course you know that since California became in request the routes for crossing the Isthmus of Panama have been discussed over and over again by all sorts of people and in all sorts of places. One route was the best; another was the shortest; another impracticable—the latter being more particularly said of the Nicaragua route. An American company have, however, just proved to the contrary: by the aid of mules and steamboats they passed some two hundred passengers from the Pacific to the Atlantic in thirty-two hours. With a new steamer, named after our minister at Washington, they worked their way successfully up the San Juan, climbing rapids hitherto considered insurmountable, and thus decided the question of practicability—not the first time that commercial enterprise has demonstratively contradicted learned theory. The magnificent tropical scenery along the banks of the rivers seems to have excited the liveliest admiration among the passengers; and it is not difficult to foresee that model republicans will be tempted to settle down in such promising localities, and get gold in other ways than out of Californian rocks. Whether England is to have a share in the carrying-trade across this route remains to be seen.

More startling than this is the revival of a great project which I mentioned to you some time ago, as you will perhaps remember—a railway from Calais to Mooltan. This has now come up again in a bolder and more explicit form. From London to Calcutta is to be but a seven days' journey! Think of that, and remember Dominie Sampson's exclamation. However, when you consider that Calcutta in a direct line is not much farther off than New York, it ceases to be so very surprising. Of course you know that the first part of the overland route is from Calais to Marseilles, and from thence to Alexandria by steamboat. The latter is to be changed by the new scheme; the steamers are to make for the Orontes instead of the Nile, and a railroad 900 miles long is to be made from the neighbourhood of Antioch to Busra—the Bassora of the Arabian Nights—at the head of the Persian Gulf, which would leave a much shorter sea-voyage to Bombay than the present one from Suez. But the grand object is to avoid the sea altogether: the line, therefore, would be continued from Busra across Beloochistan, and on to Calcutta; another portion would connect Constantinople with Antioch, and before long Constantinople will be brought into communication with the European system of railways, which, as you know, extends at present into Hungary, and is to be continued to Orsova, whence to Stamboul is but 345 miles. The whole distance from London to Calcutta would be by the route here indicated 5600 miles; of which, reckoning the railways across Europe and those now being made in India, 2600 miles are safe to be opened. The intervening distance will be a mighty field for engineering enterprise; one in which the West may pay back—if we really owe it—some of the knowledge said to have been derived from the East. Locomotives in that inert land will indeed be a wonder; and if excursion-trains should some day run to Nineveh, we shall be able to go and see with our own eyes those places and antiquities which we now read about with such interest.

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SOMETHING WANTING.

When people speak of the high civilisation attained in the British islands, they seem to be forgetful that social improvement has not by any means reached the whole people—that our boasted civilisation, with its many wonderful manifestations, is in reality only a piece of diversified patchwork—refinement and rags, grandeur and starvation. City life has its eddy corners, where poverty nestles, and vice may be said to be a matter of business; and to these obscurities, the eulogist of modern civilisation may occasionally give a passing glance, and satisfy himself that what he sees is incurable.

But besides these urban horrors—which, by the way, give one but a poor idea of social tendencies—there is something equally grievous, but which, being not quite in the everyday walk of the public, appears to be generally unknown, and at best engages the smallest degree of notice. This something is a historical curiosity. These islands were invaded and settled by a people of advanced intelligence many centuries ago. The Anglo-Saxon race have had Great Britain in their hands for more than a thousand years; and latterly this race has made more marvellous efforts at improvement than any other. Now here is the curious thing. The country which the Anglo-Saxons have appropriated and made a chosen seat of their skill they have not yet endorsed with their language nor induced to comprehend their institutions. Till this instant there are spots of no inconsiderable extent where the inhabitants are scarcely advanced from a period of primitive rudeness, and who in their vernacular tongue, their dwellings and modes of living, offer a fair spécimen of a state of things five hundred years ago. An indignant compassion is excited by the maltreatment of Cherokees, and other cheated and dispossessed tribes of aborigines in North America; but who looks nearer home, and pities or attempts to rectify the condition of the aborigines of these islands? What are the social characteristics of this unfortunate people? They do not understand English, and continue to speak a language which is utterly useless as regards external intercourse; they cannot be said to know anything of regular industry, or the obligations of modern economy; their houses are for the greater part mere hovels of stone and turf, destitute of windows or chimney; in the same apartment in which they eat and sleep, pigs or cattle eat and sleep also; their whole apparatus of cooking consists of one or two utensils; their fire is made on the damp earthen floor without a grate; subsisting, like the lower animals, principally on roots grown near their wretched dwellings, they are altogether unacquainted with food and luxuries of foreign origin; if they know of tea, coffee, and sugar, it is only by hearsay; few of the women and children wear shoes; and as for school-education, books, newspapers, the arts of reading and writing, and consequently knowledge of the external world—all is a blank.

That this is no unreal picture any one may convince himself by travelling into the more remote parts of Ireland, and the Highlands and islands of Scotland. Yes, within a forty-eight hours' journey of London or Edinburgh, such scenes may be realised. Indeed, within six hours of Glasgow, habitations windowless and chimneyless may any day be seen. The following graphic account of what is observable on the west coast of Ireland is given by Dr Wilde:*—'Shortly after the British Association met in Dublin in 1835 we spent a week in the island of Achill, and there witnessed some scenes and modes of life which it could scarcely be credited were passing at one end of this small kingdom, while at the other the savans of Europe and America were met to discourse on science. There are several villages in Achill, particularly those of Keeme and Keele, where the huts of the inhabitants are all circular or oval, and built for the most part of round, water-washed stones, collected from the beach, and arranged, without lime or any other cement, exactly as we have good reason to suppose the habitations of the ancient Firbolgs were constructed; and very similar to many of the ancient monastic cells and oratories of the fifth and sixth centuries, which religious veneration and the wild untrodden situations where they are located have still preserved in this country. Those of our readers who have ever passed the Minaune or Goat's Track, on the towering cliff that rises above the village of Keele, with the glorious prospect of Clew Bay and the broad swell of the western Atlantic before them, and have looked down upon the pigmy dwellings, resembling an Indian wigwam, scattered over the beach beneath, may call to mind the scene we describe. During the spring, the entire population of several of the villages we allude to in Achill close their winter dwellings, tie their infant children on their backs, carry with them their *loys*, and some corn and potatoes, with a few pots and cooking utensils, drive their cattle before them, and migrate into the hills, where they find fresh pasture for their flocks; and there they build rude huts, or summer-houses, of sods and wattles, called booleys, and then cultivate and sow with corn a few fertile spots in the neighbouring valleys. They thus remain for about two months of the spring and early

* The Beauties of the Boyne, &c. by W. R. Wilde. M'Glashan, Dublin.

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summer, till the corn is sown; their stock of provisions being exhausted, and the pasture consumed by their cattle, they return to the shore, and eke out a miserable and precarious existence by fishing, &c. No further care is ever taken of the crops; indeed they seldom even visit them, but return in autumn, in a manner similar to the spring migration, to reap the corn and afford sustenance to their half-starved cattle. With these people it need scarcely be wondered that there is annually a partial famine.'

It is only when the calamity of a general famine, caused by the failure of the potato crop, attracts attention, that the country at large hears of this desperately-abject state of affairs; and even then curiosity expires in a momentary compassion. A charitable dole is a salvo for permanent negligence. But surely even for the sake of public decency, the subject should engage more serious consideration. We boast of being a great people—that our race is spreading civilisation over distant continents. Our wealth, our learning, our literature, the extent of our empire—are matters of universal gratulation. All very well for those in the full enjoyment of these blessings; but of what earthly consequence is this magnificence to that portion of our population who live almost like the lower animals, and whose world is confined to the small horizon of their native wilderness?—who, in point of fact, never see an intelligent countenance unless it be that of the humble minister of religion—to them the only minister of mercy—the single link that connects them with human society, and lets them know that they have a destiny different from their fellow-lodgers, the brutes!

Society cannot shake itself clear of the charge of cruelly neglecting these people. It is no apology to say that, according to the rules of modern polity, each man must look after himself. We take a somewhat different view of social obligation. When serfdom was abolished, and all were thrown upon their own resources, it was the duty of the state to see that all were prepared for this great change in their condition. It did no such thing. It took no pains to instruct them—left them a wreck, without the power of shifting from the spot on which they had stranded: and there are the wrecks of an old state of things, surviving even till past the middle of the nineteenth century. Dating from the period of general manumission, what strides in human discovery have been made! A new world added to the old; arts and sciences advanced the most extraordinary lengths. Yet there, hulking in the bosom of civilisation, are seen hordes of people as far back as ever. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, a great continent is becoming covered with thriving and populous cities—settlements advancing into the wilds at the rate of twenty miles per annum; and, wonderful to tell—here, in these small islands, with their boasted mission to civilise and take the world by storm, there continue to live great numbers of people who have not got the length of speaking the common vernacular, and who, to all appearance, will go on living in their deplorable half-famished barbarism to the end of time.

Nothing but the interposition of the state can remedy this gross social blunder. For the most part landlords are not to blame; neither is it in their power to cure the wretchedness that prevails. The whole thing must be viewed comprehensively, as a national misfortune. In the first place, it is a scandalous shame for the state to have so long left the country without such a system of education as would make sure of at least teaching every child to speak and read the English tongue. What a grand thing for a minister to have perilled his place upon, would a proposal for such a scheme of instruction have been! Let this, then, be remedied without loss of time—or England, with thy boasts, be for ever dumb! Next, there must be a humane system of removal, where it appears to be wanted; removal to regions where subsistence is sure to follow the most ordinary kinds of industry. How preposterous for thousands of families to be fixed among rocks, bogs, and not less dreary islands, on a tempestuous coast, where there is no demand for labour, and the soil is incapable of affording sufficient nourishment; while at the same time, within a few weeks' sail, there are spread out lands, genial and productive, comparatively unoccupied, and so large that if the whole population of the United Kingdom were transferred to them, they would make little perceptible impression. Let this also be remedied with as little delay as may be. We rejoice that the aboriginal Irish are leaving a country in which they were apparently placed at a disadvantage, and where their presence is at least suggestive of unpleasant historical associations. Let all who are able, hurry off and disperse themselves amid new scenes, richly abounding in possibilities of comfort, and become at the same time denizens of that great western community which is going ahead with race-horse celerity, and which, in a brief space of time, will be by far the most powerful nation in the world—a nation of a hundred millions of free and enlightened people. And would it not be well to help away those who lack the means of transit? Loans on favourable conditions have already been extended to Highland proprietors, to enable them to rid their lands of a superfluous population; but much more might be done as regards all parties. Ships of war could be somewhat better employed than either rotting at Portsmouth or performing holiday evolutions in the Mediterranean. They would stand good stead as transports in carrying across the sea those who are totally destitute of means of their own, and who are at present a sheer burden, not to say a disgrace, to the community. In a word, Emigration and Education are two things which, on various grounds, are required for the abatement of a lamentable and growing evil. From the ill-considered manner in which emigration on a wholesale plan has hitherto been conducted, we mention it in the present instance with some misgivings. Yet it is surely within the bounds of possibility to effect the translation of those masses, and settle them in fields of enterprise courting their residence. Considered in a right spirit, there would be no insurmountable difficulty in the execution. At all events, the present posture of affairs is far from creditable, and almost anything would be better than doing that which indifference might be inclined to recommend—nothing!

CLARA CORSINI.

A young French traveller, named Ernest Leroy, on arriving at Naples, found himself during the first few days quite confused by the multitude of his impressions. Now as it was in search of impressions that he had left his beloved Paris, there was nothing, it should seem, very grievous in this; and yet in the midst of his excitement there occurred intervals of intolerable weariness of spirit—moments when he looked upon the Strada Toledo with disgust, wished himself anywhere but in San Carlos, sneered at Posilippo, poohpoohed Vesuvius, and was generally sceptical as to the superiority of *the Bay* over the Bosphorus, which he had not seen. All this came to pass because he had set out on the principle of travelling in a hurry, or, as he expressed it, making the most of his time. Every night before going to bed he made out and wrote down a programme of next day's duties—assigning so many hours to each sight, and so many minutes to each meal, but forgetting altogether to allow himself any opportunity for repose or digestion.

Thus he had come from Paris *vid* Milan, Florence, and Rome, to Naples—the whole in the space of three weeks, during which, as will be easily imagined, he had visited an incredible number of churches, galleries,

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temples, and ruins of every description. In order to profit as much as possible by his travels he had arranged beforehand five or six series of ideas, or meditations as he called them: one on the assistance afforded by the fine arts to the progress of civilisation; another consisting of a string of sublime commonplaces on the fall of empires and the moral value of monumental history; and so on. Each of these meditations he endeavoured to recall on appropriate occasions; and he never had leisure to reflect, that for any instruction he was deriving from what he saw he might as well have stopped at home. However, having some imagination and talent, he frequently found himself carried away by thoughts born of the occasion, and so irresistibly, that once or twice he went through a whole gallery or church before he had done with the train of ideas suggested by some previous sight, and was only made aware that he had seen some unique painting or celebrated windows of stained glass by the guide claiming payment for his trouble, and asking him to sign a testimonial doing justice to his civility and great store of valuable information. It is only just to state that M. Ernest never failed to comply with either of these demands.

When, however, as we have said, he had been two or three days in Naples, and had rushed over the ground generally traversed by tourists, our young traveller began to feel weary and disgusted. For some time he did not understand what was the matter, and upbraided himself with the lack of industry and decline of enthusiasm, which made him look forward with horror to the summons of Giacomo, his guide, to be up and doing. At length, however, during one sleepless night the truth flashed upon him, and in the morning, to his own surprise and delight, he mustered up courage to dismiss Giacomo with a handsome present, and to declare that that day at least he was resolved to see nothing.

What a delightful stroll he took along the sea-shore that morning with his eyes half-closed lest he might be tempted to look around for information! He went towards Portici, but he saw nothing except the sand and pebbles at his feet, and the white-headed surf that broke near at hand. For the first time since his departure from Paris he felt light-minded and at ease; and the only incident that occurred to disturb his equanimity was when his eyes rested for half a second on a broken pillar in a vine-garden, and he was obliged to make an effort to pass by without ascertaining whether it was of Roman date. But this feat once accomplished, he threw up his cap for joy, shouted '*Victoire!*' and really felt independent.

He was much mistaken, however, if he supposed it to be possible to remain long in the enjoyment of that *dolce far niente*, the first savour of which so captivated him. One day, two days passed, at the end of which he found that while he had supposed himself to be doing nothing, he had in reality made the great and only discovery of his travels—namely, that the new country in which he found himself was inhabited, and that too by people who, though not quite so different from his countrymen as the savages of the South Sea Islands, possessed yet a very marked character of their own worthy of study and observation. Thenceforward his journal began to be filled with notes on costume, manners, &c.; and in three weeks, with wonderful modesty, after combining the results of all his researches, he came to the conclusion that he understood nothing at all of the character of the Italians.

In this humble state of mind he wandered forth one morning in the direction of the castle of St Elmo, to enjoy the cool breeze that came wafting from the sea, and mingled with and tempered the early sunbeams as they streamed over the eastern hills. Having reached a broad, silent street, bordered only by a few houses and gardens, he resolved not to extend his walk farther, but sat down on an old wooden bench under the shade of a platane-tree that drooped over a lofty wall. Here he remained some time watching the few passengers that occasionally turned a distant corner and advanced towards him. He noticed that they all stopped at some one of the houses farther down the street, and that none reached as far as where he sat; which led him first to observe that beyond his position were only two large houses, both apparently uninhabited. One, indeed, was quite ruined—many of the windows were built up or covered with old boards; but the other shewed fewer symptoms of decay, and might be imagined to belong to some family at that time absent in the country.

He had just come to this very important conclusion when his attention was diverted by the near approach of two ladies elegantly dressed, followed by an elderly serving-man in plain livery carrying a couple of mass-books. They passed him rather hurriedly, but not before he had time to set them down as mother and daughter, and to be struck with the great beauty and grace of the latter. Indeed so susceptible in that idle mood was he of new impressions, that before the young lady had gone on more than twenty paces he determined that he was in love with her, and by an instinctive impulse rose to follow. At this moment the serving-man turned round, and threw a calm but inquisitive glance towards him. He checked himself, and affected to look the other way for awhile, then prepared to carry out his original intention. To his great surprise, however, both ladies and follower had disappeared.

An ordinary man would have guessed at once that they had gone into one of the houses previously supposed to be uninhabited, but M. Ernest Leroy must needs fancy, first, that he had seen a vision, and then that the objects of his interest had been snatched away by some evil spirit. Mechanically, however, he hurried to the end of the street, which he found terminated in an open piece of ground, which there had not been time for any one to traverse. At length the rational explanation of the matter occurred to him, and he felt for a moment inclined to knock at the door of the house that was in best preservation, and complain of what he persisted in considering a mysterious disappearance. However, not being quite mad, he checked himself, and returning to his wooden bench, sat down, and endeavoured to be very miserable.

But this would have been out of character. Instead thereof he began to feel a new interest in life, and to look back with some contempt on the two previous phases of his travels. With youthful romance and French confidence he resolved to follow up this adventure, never doubting for a moment of the possibility of ultimate success, nor of the excellence of the object of his hopes. What means to adopt did not, it is true, immediately suggest themselves; and he remained sitting for more than an hour gazing at the great silent house opposite until the unpleasant consciousness that he had not breakfasted forced him to beat a retreat.

We have not space to develop—luckily it is not necessary—all the wild imaginings that fluttered through the brain of our susceptible traveller on his return to his lodgings, and especially after a nourishing breakfast had imparted to him new strength and vivacity. Under their influence he repaired again to his post on the old wooden bench under the platane-tree, and even had the perseverance to make a third visit in the evening; for—probably because he expected the adventure to drawl out to a considerable length—he did not imitate the foolish fantasy of some lovers, and deprive himself of his regular meals. He saw nothing that day; but next morning he had the inexpressible satisfaction of again beholding the two ladies approach, followed by their respectable-looking servant. They passed without casting a glance towards him; but their attendant this time not only turned round, but stopped, and gazed at him in a manner he would have thought impertinent on another occasion. For the moment, however, this was precisely what he

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wanted, and without thinking much of the consequences that might ensue, he hastily made a sign requesting an interview. The man only stared the more, and then turning on his heel, gravely followed the two ladies, who had just arrived at the gateway of their house.

'I do not know what to make of that rascally valet,' thought Ernest. 'He seems at once respectable and hypocritical. Probably my appearance does not strike him as representing sufficient wealth, otherwise the hopes of a fair bribe would have induced him at any-rate to come out and ask me what I meant.'

He was of course once more at his post in the afternoon; and this time he had the satisfaction of seeing the door open, and the elderly serving-man saunter slowly out, as if disposed to enjoy the air. First he stopped on the steps, cracking pistachio-nuts, and jerking the shells into the road with his thumb; then took two or three steps gently towards the other end of the street; and at last, just as Ernest was about to follow him, veered round and began to stroll quietly across the road, still cracking his nuts, in the direction of the old wooden bench.

'The villain has at length made up his mind,' soliloquised our lover. 'He pretends to come out quite by accident, and will express great surprise when I accost him in the way I intend.'

The elderly serving-man still came on, seemingly not at all in a hurry to arrive, and gave ample time for an examination of his person. His face was handsome, though lined by age and care, and was adorned by a short grizzled beard. There was something very remarkable in the keenness of his large gray eyes, as there was indeed about his whole demeanour. His dress was a plain suit of black, that might have suited a gentleman; and if Ernest had been less occupied with one idea he would not have failed to see in this respectable domestic a prince reduced by misfortune to live on wages, or a hero who had never had an opportunity of exhibiting his worth.

When this interesting person had reached the corner of the bench he set himself down with a slight nod of apology or recognition—it was difficult to say which—and went on eating his nuts quite unconcernedly. As often happens in such cases, Ernest felt rather puzzled how to enter upon business, and was trying to muster up an appearance of condescending familiarity—suitable, he thought, to the occasion—when the old man, very affably holding out his paper-bag that he might take some nuts, saved him the trouble by observing: 'You are a stranger, sir, I believe?'

'Yes, my good fellow,' was the reply of Ernest in academical Italian; 'and I have come to this country'——

'I thought so,' interrupted the serving-man, persisting in his offer of nuts, but shewing very little interest about Ernest's views in visiting Italy—'by your behaviour.'

'My behaviour!' exclaimed the young man a little nettled.

'Precisely. But your quality of stranger has hitherto protected you from any disagreeable consequences.'

This was said so quietly, so amiably, that the warning or menace wrapped up in the words lost much of its bitter savour; yet our traveller could not refrain from a haughty glance towards this audacious domestic, on whom, however, it was lost, for he was deeply intent on his pistachios. After a moment Ernest recovered his self-possession, remembered his schemes, and drawing a little nearer the serving-man, laid his hand confidentially on the sleeve of his coat, and said: 'My good man, I have a word or two for your private ear.'

Not expressing the least surprise or interest, the other replied: 'I am ready to hear what you have to say, provided you will not call me any more your good man. I am not a good man, nor am I your man, without offence be it spoken. My name is Alfonso.'

'Well, Alfonso, you are an original person, and I will not call you a good man, though honesty and candour be written on your countenance. (Alfonso smiled, but said nothing.) But listen to me attentively, remembering that though neither am I a good man, yet am I a generous one. I passionately love your mistress.'

'Ah!' said Alfonso with anything but a benevolent expression of countenance. Ernest, who was no physiognomist, noticed nothing; and being mounted on his new hobby-horse, proceeded at once to give a history of his impressions since the previous morning. When he had concluded, the old man, who seemed all benevolence again, simply observed: 'Then it is the younger of the two ladies that captivated your affections in this unaccountable manner?'

'Of course,' cried Ernest; 'and I beseech you, my amiable Alfonso, to put me in the way of declaring what I experience.'

'You are an extraordinary young man,' was the grave reply; 'an extraordinary, an imprudent, and, I will add, a reckless person. You fall in love with a person of whom you know nothing—not even the name. This, however, is, I believe, according to rule among a certain class of minds. Not satisfied with this, you can find no better way of introducing yourself to her notice than endeavouring to corrupt one whom you must have divined to be a confidential servant. Others would have sought an introduction to the family; you dream at once of a clandestine intercourse'——

'I assure you'—— interrupted Ernest, feeling both ashamed and indignant at these remarks proceeding from one so inferior in station.

'Assure me nothing, sir, as to your intentions, for you do not know them yourself. I understand you perfectly, because I was once young and thoughtless like you. Now listen to me. In that house dwells the Contessa Corsini, with her daughter Clara; and if these two persons had no one to protect them but themselves and a foolish old servitor, whom the first comer judges capable of corruption, they would ere this have been much molested; but it happens that the Count Corsini is not dead, and inhabiteth with them, although seldom coming forth into the public streets. What say you, young man, does not this a little disturb your plans?'

'In the first place,' replied Ernest, 'I am offended that you will persist in implying—more, it is true, by your manner than your words—that my views are not perfectly avowable.'

'Then why, in the name of Heaven, do you not make yourself known to the count, stating your object, and asking formally for his daughter's hand?'

'Not so fast, Alfonso. It was necessary for me to learn, as a beginning, that there was a count in the case.'

'And what do you know now? Perhaps those women are two adventurers, and I a rascal playing a virtuous part in order the better to deceive you.'

'You do not look like a rascal,' said Ernest quite innocently. At which observation the old man condescended to laugh heartily, and seemed from that moment to take quite a liking to his new acquaintance. After a little while, indeed, he began to give some information about the young Clara, who, he said, was only sixteen years of age, though quite a woman in appearance, and not unaccomplished. As to her dowry—— Ernest interrupted him by saying that he wished for no information on that point, being himself rich. The old man smiled amiably, and ended the conversation by requesting another interview next day at the same hour, by which time he said he might have some news to tell.

Ernest returned home in high spirits, which sank by degrees, however, when he reflected that as Alfonso declined favouring any clandestine correspondence, there was little in reality to be expected from him.

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True, he had given him some information, and he might now, by means of his letters of introduction, contrive to make acquaintance with the count. But though he spent the whole evening and next morning in making inquiries, he could not meet with any one who had ever even heard of such a person. 'Possibly,' he thought, 'the old sinner may have been laughing at me all the time, and entered into conversation simply with the object of getting up a story to divert the other domestics of the house. If such be the case, he may be sure I shall wreak vengeance upon him.'

In spite of these reflections, he was at his post at the hour appointed, and felt quite overjoyed when Alfonso made his appearance. The old man said that a plan had suggested itself by which he might be introduced into the house—namely, that he should pretend to be a professor of drawing, and offer his services. Ernest did not inquire how Alfonso came to know that he was an amateur artist, but eagerly complied with the plan, and was instructed to call on the following morning, and to say that he had heard that a drawing-master was wanted.

He went accordingly, not very boldly, it is true, and looking very much in reality like a poor professor anxious to obtain employment. The contessa, who was yet young and beautiful, received him politely, listened to his proposals, and made no difficulty in accepting them. The preliminaries arranged, Clara was called, and, to Ernest's astonishment, came bouncing into the room like a great school-girl, looked him very hard in the face, and among the first things she said, asked him if he was not the man she had seen two mornings following sitting opposite the house on the bench under the platane-tree.

Now Ernest had imagined to himself something so refined, so delicate, so fairy-like, instead of this plain reality, that he all at once began to feel disgusted, and to wish he had acted more prudently. And yet there was Clara, exactly as he had seen her, except that she had exchanged the demure, conventional step adopted by ladies in the street for the free motions of youth; and except that, instead of casting her eyes to the earth, or glancing at him sideways, she now looked towards him with a frank and free gaze, and spoke what came uppermost in her mind. Certes, most men would have chosen that moment to fall in love with so charming a creature; for charming she was beyond all doubt, with large, rich, black eyes, pouting ruby lips, fine oval cheeks, and a mass of ebony hair; but Ernest's first impression was disappointment, and he began to criticise both her and everything by which she was surrounded.

He saw at once that there was poverty in the house. The furniture was neat, but scanty; and the door had been opened by a female servant, who had evidently been disturbed from some domestic avocations. The contessa and her daughter were dressed very plainly—far differently from what they had been in the street; and it was an easy matter to see that this plainness was not adopted from choice but from necessity. Had Clara come into the room with a slow, creeping step, keeping her eyes modestly fixed on the chipped marble floor, not one of these observations would have been made: the large, dreary house would have been a palace in Ernest's eyes; but his taste was a morbid one, and in five minutes after he had begun to give his lesson, he began to fear that the conquest he had so ardently desired would be only too easy.

There was something, however, so cheerful and fascinating in Clara's manner that he could not but soon learn to feel pleasure in her society; and when he went away he determined, instead of starting off for Sicily, as he had at first thought of doing, to pay at least one more visit to the house in the character of drawing-master. Alfonso joined him as he walked slowly homeward, and asked him how things had passed. He related frankly his impressions, to which the old man listened very attentively without making any remark. At parting, however, he shook his head, saying that young men were of all animals the most difficult to content.

Next day, when Ernest went to give his lesson, he was told by Alfonso that the contessa, being indisposed, had remained in bed, but that he should find Clara in the garden. There was something romantic in the sound of this, so he hurried to the spot indicated, impatient to have the commonplace impressions of the previous day effaced. This time his disgust was complete. He found Clara engaged in assisting the servant-maid to wring and hang out some clothes they had just finished washing. She seemed not at all put out by being caught thus humbly employed; but begging him to wait a little, finished her work, ran away, dressed somewhat carefully, and returning, begged he would accompany her to the house. He followed with cheeks burning with shame: he felt the utmost contempt for himself because he had fallen in love with this little housewife, and the greatest indignation against her for having presumed, very innocently, to excite so poetical a sentiment; and, in the stupidity of his offended self-love, resolved to revenge himself by making some spiteful remark ere he escaped from a house into which he considered that he had been regularly entrapped. Accordingly, when she took the pencil in hand, he observed that probably she imagined that contact with soap-suds would improve the delicacy of her touch. Clara did not reply, but began to sketch in a manner that proved she had listened to the pedantic rules he had laid down on occasion of the previous lesson more from modesty than because she was in want of them. Then suddenly rising without attending to some cavil he thought it his duty to make, she went to her piano, and beginning to play, drew forth such ravishing notes that Ernest, who was himself no contemptible musician, could not refrain from applauding enthusiastically. She received his compliments with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and commenced a song that enabled her to display with full effect the capabilities of her magnificent voice. The soap-suds were forgotten; and Ernest's romance was coming back upon him: he began to chide himself for his foolish prejudices; and thought that, after all, with a little training, Clara might be made quite a lady. Suddenly, however, she broke off her song, and turning towards him with an ironical smile said: 'Not bad for a housemaid, Mr Professor—is it?'

He attempted to excuse himself, but he was evidently judged; and, what was more—not as an obscure drawing-master, but as M. Ernest Leroy. His identity was evidently no secret; and she even called him by his name. He endeavoured in vain to make a fine speech to apologise for his ill-behaviour; but she interrupted him keenly, though good-humouredly, and the entrance of Alfonso was fatal to a fine scene of despair he was about to enact. Clara upon this retired with a profound salute; and Alfonso spoke with more of dignity than usual in his manner, and said: 'My young friend, you must excuse a little deception which has been practised on you, or rather which you have practised upon yourself. I am going to be very free and frank with you to-day. I am not what you take me for. I am the Count Corsini, a Roman; and because I have not the means of keeping a man-servant, when the women of my family go to church I follow them, as you saw. This is not unusual among my countrymen. It is a foolish pride I know; but so it is. However, the matter interests you not. You saw my daughter Clara, and thought you loved her. I was willing, as on inquiry I found you to be a respectable person, to see how you could agree together; but your pride—I managed and overheard all—has destroyed your chance. My daughter will seek another husband.'

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There was a cold friendliness in Alfonso's tone which roused the pride of Ernest. He affected to laugh, called himself a foolish madcap, but hinted that a splendid marriage awaited him if he chose on his return to Paris; and went away endeavouring to look unconcerned. The following morning he was on board a vessel bound for Palermo, very sea-sick it is true, but thinking at the same time a great deal more of Clara than he could have thought possible had it been predicted.

Some few years afterwards Ernest Leroy was in one of the *salons* of the Faubourg St Germain. Still a bachelor, he no longer felt those sudden emotions to which he had been subject in his earlier youth. He was beginning to talk less of sentiments present and more of sentiments passed. In confidential moods he would lay his hand upon his waistcoat—curved out at its lower extremity, by the by, by a notable increase of substance—and allude to a certain divine Clara who had illuminated a moment of his existence. But he was too discreet to enter into details.

Well, being in that *salon*, as we have said, pretending to amuse himself, his attention was suddenly drawn by the announcement of Lady D——. He turned round, probably to quiz *la belle Anglaise* he expected to behold. What was his astonishment on recognising in the superb woman who leaned on the arm of a tall, military-looking Englishman, the identical Clara Corsini of his youthful memories. He felt at first sick at heart; but, taking courage, soon went up and spoke to her. She remembered him with some little difficulty, smiled, and holding out her alabaster hand said gently: 'Do you see any trace of the soap-suds?' She had never imagined he had any feeling in him, and only knew the truth when a large, round tear fell on the diamond of her ring. 'Charles,' said Ernest awhile afterwards to a friend, 'it is stifling hot and dreadfully stupid here. Let us go and have a game of billiards.'

GRASS-CLOTH OF CHINA.

Some time ago we called attention by a paragraph in this Journal to a fabric known as the grass-cloth of China, specimens of which are not unfrequently seen in this country, although the history of its production is involved to some extent in obscurity. The paragraph alluded to was limited to a detail of some observations made on the subject by Dr Cleghorn, H.E.I.C.S., at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Edinburgh last year; but the writer of these remarks having been since furnished with much additional information from various sources —though chiefly through the kindness of Dr Cleghorn— is thus enabled to present in the following paper a complete account of the history of the grass-cloth and the plant which produces it, a coloured drawing of which is published by Sir William Hooker in the 'Kew Garden Miscellany' for August 1851.

Although the *Tchou ma*, or Chinese flax, is only beginning to be known in Europe at the present time, and the cultivation of the plant has scarcely been attempted except in our botanic gardens, yet it must not be supposed that the fabric is new in China, whence it has reached us. Dr Macgowan states, that it has been used in China during a period of more than 4100 years, and the natives are so wedded to it that they will not employ linen as a substitute. Indeed there seems small inducement for them to do so, seeing that the delicate fibre of the *Tchou ma* forms the flax from which the 'finest of the Chinese linen fabrics' are manufactured; and that the substance, in the hands of European manufacturers, will—according to M. Stanislas Julien, a French authority—be made into a tissue as soft as silk, and as fine as, but stronger and tougher than the best French cambric. In this country the grass-cloth is usually seen in the form of handkerchiefs and shirts; but in the East it is extensively used as an article of dress both in China and British India, being from its strength and fineness peculiarly adapted for clothing during the hot season. Samples of this substance, exhibiting a fine silky tissue, were amongst the products of Chinese industry which were exhibited a few years ago in the Rue St Laurent; and very fine specimens, imported by English merchants, may be seen in the Chinese department of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

The grass-cloth is the produce of *Boehmeria* (*Urtica*) *nivea*, belonging to the *Urticaceæ* or nettle family. Although the common nettle of our own country has been long known to possess various economical qualities, and amongst others to yield a strong fibre suitable for manufacturing purposes,* yet we were scarcely prepared to admit this family of uninviting plants to the high position in an economical point of view which the extensive use of the *Boehmeria* flax shews it to be entitled to.

The notices of this plant by European botanists have been hitherto very scanty. Koempfer in 1712 alluded to the *Sijro*, or wild hemp-nettle, which, he says, 'makes good in some measure what want there is of hemp and cotton, for several sorts of stuffs, fine and coarse, are fabricated of it;'† and the plant to which he refers in these remarks is probably the same as the one now under consideration—a supposition which is confirmed by the fact, that Thunberg, seventy-two years later (1784), gives the same vernacular name to *Urtica nivea*,‡ which he notices for its valuable fibres. James Cunningham, in writing to Plukenet, mentioned the suitableness of the cloth for summer-clothing, for which it is still held in great esteem.§

The first notice of the *Tchou ma* in a British publication appeared in the form of the following note from the pen of Sir William Hooker in the 'Kew Garden Miscellany' in 1848:‖ 'Chinese grass-cloth, a very beautiful fabric manufactured in China, first imported under the form of handkerchiefs, and more recently to a considerable extent, as superior to any other fabric, for shirts. By the kind help of Dr Wallich and Sir George Staunton, we think it may be safely asserted that the Chinese grass is the fibre of *Boehmeria nivea* (*Urtica nivea* of Linnæus), a plant belonging to the urticaceous family—the same tenacity of fibre existing in *U. cannabina*, *heterophylla*, and other species of *Boehmeria*.'

Dr Macgowan of Ningpo has instituted inquiries in various quarters respecting the grass-cloth, and has been successful in bringing interesting facts to light. At a meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, held on 10th May 1849, a communication was read from him to the effect that 'the *Tchou ma* of China, the plant from which grass-cloth is principally manufactured, is the same with the *Kunchoora* of Bengal.' The specimens exhibited in illustration of the communication had been submitted to Dr Falconer, who reported upon them as follows:—'The leaf specimens now sent from Ningpo, although wanting in the flower and fruit, confirm the opinion advanced by me

* In spring the common people in some parts of Scotland prepare a soup from the young tops of the common nettle, which are tender at that season; this dish is thus referred to by Andrew Fairservice in *Rob Roy*: 'Nae doubt I suld understand my ain trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdaily, near Glasco', where they raise lang kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring-kail.' From the fibres of the matured plant a kind of hemp is produced, as is also obtained from the *Urtica canabina* of North America. Not only is the stem of the plant thus useful in manufacture, but the roots also, when boiled in alum, yield a yellow dye, which is used for dyeing yarns.

† History of Japan (Scheuchzer's translation), i. 119.

‡ Flora Japonica, p. 71.

§ Almagestum Botanicum, 1796.

‖ Hooker's Journal of Botany and Kew Garden Miscellany, No. 1.

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in my former communication,* that the *Tchou ma* plant, as described by Dr Macgowan, is not a species of *Cannabis*, but is the same plant as the *Boehmeria nivea* of botanists, described under the name of *Urtica tenacissima* by Roxburgh. The specimens of China correspond exactly with those grown in the Botanic Garden, with which I have compared them. Koempfer in the "Amœnitates Exoticæ" gives *Mao* as one of the Japan names of the plant; and Thunberg in regard to its uses says: "Cortex profunibus conficiendis et filis validis ad texturas expetitur."'

At a meeting of the Irish Flax Improvement Society, held in May last (1851), the secretary brought forward a communication from Dr Macgowan, with a packet of seed of the plant from which the grass-cloth is manufactured in that country, accompanied by a letter from Dr Bowring, Her Britannic Majesty's consul at Canton, forwarded through the Board of Trade. The committee directed that portions should be sent to the Belfast Botanic Gardens, and to several individual members of the Flax Society, in order to ascertain if the plants could be acclimatised, as this fibre might possibly afford the material for a new textile manufacture. It is indeed gratifying to know that the introduction of this important plant to Britain has been taken in hand by the Irish Flax Improvement Society. Should the attempt be successful, the *Boehmeria* will form a valuable—nay, an invaluable—addition to our agricultural productions.

In discussing the subject of Dr Macgowan's communication, it was observed that hitherto the attempts made to spin the China-grass fibre on flax machinery had not been successful, but that probably means could be devised for producing yarns of good quality, and at a price to compete with the Chinese yarn; and it was suggested that if the plant could be cultivated in the British islands, and the yarn exported to China, the result might be of considerable importance in a national point of view.

It may be gleaned from our preceding remarks, that considerable difference of opinion exists among botanists as to the true species which supplies the *Tchou ma;* Dr Macgowan adhering to the opinion of its being a species of *cannabis* or hemp, while most others incline to think it a nettle. We think there is little doubt that the nettle (*Boehmeria*) is the plant generally cultivated in China for this fibre, although it appears at the same time evident that other plants are used in certain districts to some extent. We are informed by an eminent merchant in Hong-Kong, that having some years ago set inquiries on foot among the Chinese with a view to commercial speculation, he arrived at the following results:—In the south of China (Canton) *Cannabis sativa* (hemp) is used; in the central parts, such as Soochow, *Boehmeria nivea;* and in the north (Tientzinfoo) a malvaceous plant called *Sida tilæfolia.*

In India the *Boehmeria* was in Roxburgh's time cultivated for its bark, which abounds in fibres of great strength and fineness. In the Calcutta Botanic Gardens it grows very luxuriantly, and blossoms about the close of the rainy season. The roots of the original plants, as well as of their progeny, are becoming daily extended, and continue healthy and vigorous, throwing up numerous shoots as often as they are cut down for the fibres of their *bark*, which may be done four or five times every year if the soil is good, and care taken of the plant by watering in the hot weather, and draining the superfluous moisture in the rains. The plant is as readily cultivated from cuttings as the willow.†

Valuable translations from Chinese works relative to the cultivation of the *Tchou ma*, and the preparation of its fibre, are given in the 'Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London' (vol. iv., 236–42.) The instructions for cultivation, and the explanations of the various processes of preparation, are detailed with great precision and minuteness, and are amply sufficient to enable other cultivators of our own country to pursue this new branch of industry, provided the plant be found to be cultivable in our climate. The following observations are from the 'Imperial Treatise of Chinese Agriculture' (lib. lxxviii., fol. 8):—

'For the purpose of sowing the *Tchou ma* in the third or fourth month, a light sandy soil is preferred. The seeds are sown in a garden, or, where there is no garden, in a piece of ground near a river or well. The ground is dug once or twice, then beds one foot broad and four feet long are made, and after that the earth is again dug. The ground is then pressed down, either with the foot or the back of a spade; when it is a little firm its surface is raked smooth. The next night the beds are watered, and on the following morning the earth is loosened with a small toothed rake, and then again levelled. After that half a *ching* (four pints and a half) of moist earth and a *ho* (one pint) of seeds are taken and well mixed together. One *ho* of seeds is enough for one or seven beds. After having sown the seeds, it is not necessary that they should be covered with earth; indeed if that were done they would not germinate. The next thing to be done is to procure four sticks, sharp at one end, and to place them in the ground in a slanting position—two on one side of the bed and two on the opposite—for the purpose of supporting a sort of little roof, two or three feet high, and covered with a thin mat. In the fifth and sixth month, when the rays of the sun are powerful, this light mat is covered with a thick layer of straw, a precaution adopted to prevent the destruction of the young plants by the heat and drought. Before the seed begins to germinate, or when the young leaves first appear, the beds must not be watered. By means of a broom dipped in water the roof of matting is wetted so as to keep the ground underneath moist. At night the roof is removed, that the young plants may catch the dew. As soon as the first leaves have appeared, if parasitical plants appear, they must be immediately pulled up. When the plant is an inch or two high, the roof may be laid aside. If the earth is rather dry, it must be slightly moistened to the depth of about three inches. A stiffer soil is now chosen and thrown into beds, to which the young plants are to be transferred. The following night the first beds, in which the young plants are, are to be watered; the next morning the new beds are to be watered also. The young plants are then dug up with a spade, care being taken to keep a small fall of earth round their roots, and are pricked out at a distance of four inches the one from the other. The ground is often hoed. At the end of three or five days the earth must be watered, and again at the end of ten days, fifteen days, and twenty days. After the tenth month the plants must be covered with a foot of fresh horse, ass, or cow dung.'

It is stated in the 'General Treatise on Agriculture,' entitled 'Nongtching-tsiouen-chou,' that it is a very common practice in some parts to propagate the plant by dividing the entangled roots—a mode more certain and not requiring so much care as the raising of seedlings. It is likewise increased by layers: 'this plan is a very quick one.' In parts where roots are difficult to procure seeds are had recourse to. 'As soon as the young plants are a few inches high they are watered with a mixture of equal quantities of water and liquid manure. Immediately after the stems are cut the ground must be watered, and this ought to be done at night or on a cloudy day; for if the plants were watered in the sunshine they would *rust*. Great care must be taken not to make use of pigs' dung. The *Tchou ma* may be planted every month, but it is necessary that the ground be moist.' New stocks

* Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, vol. vi. part iv., p. 219.

† Roxburgh in Flora Indica (his posthumous work.)

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detached from old plants are planted at a distance of a foot and a half from each other; the beds are prepared in the autumn, 'well worked and manured with fine muck;' and the planting takes place in the following spring.

In this paper we have detailed all that is at present known concerning a crop which may be destined at some future period to become an important European one. It is perhaps worthy of remark, by way of caution to microscopists who may use the grass-cloth, that at the meeting of the British Association last year, Dr Douglas Maclagan having used a handkerchief (exhibited by Dr Cleghorn) for wiping a lens, he found that with even gentle rubbing the fibre scratched the surface of the glass. The grass-cloth handkerchiefs are thus manifestly unsuitable for use by those engaged in microscopic researches.

HORACE WALPOLE AND THOMAS GRAY.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

[Paris, A.D. 1739.]

Gray. And what sort of evening had you, pray, at Milor Conway's?

Walpole. Mighty dull it would have been called in London; but considering the fate of us poor exiles in a strange land, it passed off well enough. We shook each other by the hand more warmly than we should have done in Whitehall or Leicester Square, and felt comfortable at the flesh-and-blood evidence of every John Bull face that there is such a country as England after all.

G. Which one is really in danger of forgetting—one hears so little about it from the quality in Paris.

W. Paris mentions England now and then in a proverb—as she alludes to Paradise (of which she knows just as little) or Babylon the Great——

G. Which she is more familiar with, unless Scripture misleads and my eyesight deceives me.

W. You should have been with us last night at his lordship's, for we railed against French things and personages pretty scandalously I promise you, much as we enjoy ourselves in the naughty heart of them. My Lord George Bentinck and I had a prodigious dispute about the merits of Versailles, which he lauded and I unsparingly abused.

G. For my part, I spent an absolutely uninterrupted evening in letter-writing——

W. To Dick West, I hope, child?

G. Yes; and about Versailles too.

W. I am infinitely obliged to you for forestalling me. I should only have made mouths at its palatial magnificence, whereas you were too well pleased with it to do that.

G. You are mistaken: I thought but poorly of the place, and told Dick what I thought. For instance, I am barbarian enough to call the Grand Front a huge heap of littleness, and to declare of the whole building that a more disagreeable *tout-ensemble* you can nowhere see for love or money; though I admire the back front, with the terrace and marble basins and bronze statues. As for the general taste of the place, everything, I tell him, is forced and constrained; and even you might be shocked to see how I ridicule the gardens, with their sugar-loaves and minced-pies of yew, their scrawl-work of box, their stiff, tiresome walks, and their little squirting *jets-d'eau*.

W. Mind you keep your treasonable epistle under lock and key, or we may both have an *exempt* laying his paw on our shoulders, and whispering *De part le roi* in our ears, and slipping a *lettre de cachet* into our hands. Little as I love Versailles, it is the genteelest place in the world compared with the Bastile.

G. If the *mouchards* are not on the look-out for me, I am for them, and horribly suspicious it makes me.

W. I'm sure one sat by me at the theatre last Wednesday: a mighty, mean, dirty-looking creature, who *would* press his snuff-box on me, and talk about *les Anglais*. He pretended not to suppose me a foreigner; but though I said nothing about that, I was rude and abrupt enough to prove myself English to the backbone.

G. I noticed the ugly rascal. He invited me in an off-hand style to join him in a game at faro or hazard. Probably he keeps a gaming-house himself.

W. Oh, there's nothing dishonourable in doing that, you know, here in Paris. More than a hundred of the highest people in the place do it; and the houses are open all night-long for any adventurer who likes to go in.

G. I fancy our absence from the gaming-tables is one reason why we get on so slowly with the natives. They have no sympathy with abstinence of that kind. We must be perfect Huguenots to them.

W. Had you much communication with *mon cher ami* of the snuff-box? I hope, if he *is* a mouchard, you are not compromised?

G. I was as reserved and circumspect as a Cambridge freshman. No, I'm quite safe. If I had committed myself I should have *been* committed before now.

W. You're a wise child; yet *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, especially while sitting out a tedious French ballet, and tempted to talk by a piquant old Parisian. What horrible ideas they have of music here!

G. Nothing can equal its wretchedness except the profound respect with which they listen to it. Did you ever hear such screaming?

W. No; except in our own laughter, when the thing was over: I really believe we squalled louder and longer than the singers, and infinitely more in tune. I'd as soon live on *maigre* as frequent their operas. The music is as like gooseberry-tart as it is like harmony.

G. More so if the gooseberries be sour, and set your teeth on edge. I shan't venture on another bite, but confine myself to Corneille and Molière. What a shame it is the houses are so thin on Molière nights!

W. That's because they 've had nothing but Molière for such a prodigious time. I don't suppose Addison himself would continue to be worshipped in London every night of the year, and for twenty years running. But Molière has a foremost page in your good books.

G. I owe him a great deal, if only for whiling away dull hours at Cambridge, where he helped me to forget those execrable mathematics which are the alpha and omega of the university articles of faith. Cambridge will never produce a Molière, nor will England either.

W. Don't be ungrateful, child, for national mercies. Cambridge has given us Newton; and if France has her Molière, have we not Dryden and Vanbrugh, and Wycherley and Steele, and a world of others?

G. Perhaps we shall have Walpole on the list of English classics before we have done.

W. Who can tell? Stranger things have happened. Not only Balaam, but Balaam's ass we find among the prophets. Then why not Sir Robert's son among the poets?

G. Or Thomas Gray himself, riding triumphantly on your argument of an ass. I daresay we have both had our day-dreams of glory at Eton and Cambridge.

W. And are not too old or too sage to have them still. After becoming travelled gentlemen, and initiated

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in all the mysteries of the Grand Tour, we must let the world see what is in us, and appeal to posterity—that imposing fiction which shall one day be fact!

G. If the world knows no more of us a century hence than it does to-day, posterity will owe us as little as we owe it. Ah, if one could only rise from the grave in 1839, and search the booksellers' shops to see whether anything of Walpole or Gray be still on sale! To poor aspiring authors posterity is what eternity is to Addison's *Cato*—a 'pleasing, dreadful thought!' I wonder what our great-grandchildren will think of Pope and Arbuthnot, of Brooke's tragedies and Coventry's dialogues. Unless they're greater fools than I suppose they'll be—one may speak disrespectfully of one's juniors, who are not even going to be born for so considerable a time to come—they will cancel many a literary verdict of our day; raising the beggar from the dunghill, where we leave him, to be a companion of princes, and lowering some of our great Apollos to silent contempt.

W. Why, plenty of authors have come to this pass in our own experience, whom Pope's 'Dunciad' has at once stripped of immortality and immortalised. Every generation produces plenty more—people who make a noise and pother for a few brief moons, and then either die a violent death, like Mr Pope's victims, by a sort of justifiable homicide, or else perish from natural causes, the *most* natural in the world.

G. There's rather a dearth at present in our home-literature. Poetry seems to have sunk with the Jacobites——

W. Heaven forbid they should rise again together!

G. Spoken like thy father's son. The best thing I have seen lately is a satire called 'London,' said to be by a young fellow named Johnson, who writes for the magazines. It was published last year, and ought to be better known than it is, being very terse and energetic; every line in it is well-loaded, and goes off with a sharp report that you *must* listen to.

W. The satire's a sort of translation from Juvenal—isn't it? I've had it in my hands without reading it.

G. Mr Johnson is no mere translator I promise you. His poem is rather a transfusion of Juvenalian *vis vitæ* into modern veins; such a satire as the old Roman himself would have written had he been a subject of his most sacred majesty the second George.

W. Why, child, you've discovered another star in the heavens.

G. A fixed one, depend on't; and one that you may see with the naked eye without telescope or glasses.

W. Your vision is perhaps too keen. Some eyes, you know, see in the dark; but we're not all gifted after that feline fashion; and meanwhile Mr—a—a—a—Johnson—is it?—must try and wait. If he be no falling star he need not be in a hurry, but can go on shining till we have time to look at him.

G. His light won't go out yet, never fear. As for seeing stars in the dark, I don't suppose that faculty is peculiar to me. When else should we notice them? *This* one will probably be gazetted in the astronomical tables of Parnassus a hundred years hence.

W. In that case the year 1839 ought to have a record of Mr Gray's prediction as well as Mr Johnson's sign in the zodaic. How would 'London' go down here at Paris? Is it smart enough to take with the readers of Messieurs Boileau and Voltaire? Mr Pope is already a prodigious favourite here, and the French are capital judges of satire.

G. Mr Johnson is *too* smart for them—that is, against them: he rails quite angrily against the 'supple Gaul,' declaring that—

> 'Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
> On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
> No gainful trade their industry can 'scape—
> They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or '——

W. Child, child! *c'est effroyable!* Remember the Bastile. Surely you believe in *exempts?* And if stone-walls have ears, mercy on us! what must *they* have?

THE SHEEP-FARMER IN AUSTRALIA.*

The first step to be taken by our colonists, now that they had reached the future station, was of course to secure a legal right to the occupancy of the run; and Mr Jones at once started for Melbourne for the purpose of procuring a licence for an extended grant, as it was evident that, from the nature of the land, the run must be a large one to prove profitable. It may here be stated that this point was in due time settled, and the extent of the run defined: at a later period it was regularly surveyed by the government surveyor, and a furrow-boundary drawn. Its extent will appear somewhat fabulous to those of the old country, accustomed to measure land by acres; but it must be remembered that only about two-thirds was available pasturage. It had a river-frontage of about 27 miles, and on the north side of the river ran 8 miles back; it also included about 9 miles on the south side, running back there 8 miles likewise: making altogether a territory of about 288 square miles.

A situation was now to be chosen for the head-station, and a central point was selected on the bank of the river where it made a convenient bend in front of the intended buildings. The party had met with a carpenter at one of the nearest stations, whose services were put in requisition; and as architectural plans in a new country are not very intricate or varied, the design was soon drawn, and some extra hands hired to carry it into effect. It may be asked, where in the wilderness are extra servants to be had just as they are wanted? The problem is thus solved: at busy seasons, such as lambing or shearing time, mounted labourers are generally on the move from station to station seeking employment; and as they engage for a term, and seldom re-engage with the same master when that term is expired, there are generally labourers to be had, willing to enter into an engagement with a new employer. The fact of a new station being occupied soon gets known, and as extra hands are usually wanted at first, such stations are the points of attraction for those in the neighbourhood out of employment.

They first erected, some distance in the rear of the situation of the intended house, a small hut, which was taken possession of by the master; the kitchen was then built—a single detached room some 20 feet by 10, built of slabs in the mode before described; and this became in turn the residence, and the hut was given up to the men. The larger hut was then commenced, in front of the kitchen, and was habitable in about eight months. It consisted of two principal apartments 12 feet by 16, with a passage between them of 5 feet in width—one used as the living room, the other as the bed-chamber: two smaller rooms were built as a lean-to behind; and at the side, to correspond to the kitchen, the store was erected. Stabling, fowl-houses, &c. completed the arrangement: stockyards were enclosed with fencing, and two or three paddocks were in course of time railed in. The shearing-house and wool-shed—an important part of the establishment of the sheep-farmer—was placed on the opposite side of the river, some little distance in the rear of the other buildings. This was a substantial slab-building of about 110 feet by 40, and it was placed on the opposite side of the river relative to the dwelling, as the number of sheep driven there at shearing-time always makes the ground bare for some distance around, giving it a barren and desolate appearance. Two spots some eight or ten miles up and down the river, on either side of the head-station, were fixed

* Continued from No. 385.

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upon for out-stations for sheep, and at each was a hut erected and a flock placed, under the care, at first, of two shepherds and a hut-keeper; all of whom were armed with musket and ball-cartridge, as in a strange country they could not say what enemies they might encounter, whether in the shape of blacks* or bush-rangers. It may here be remarked, that with the latter our settlers were never troubled: they heard some tale of such having appeared, and murdered and plundered at some outlying station in the neighbourhood, just before they occupied their land; but they were themselves never subject to any annoyance on this score. With regard to the blacks, a gang soon made its appearance, with their chief, an intelligent and powerful young fellow, at its head. They were, however, disposed to be very friendly, and soon made themselves useful in stripping bark for roofing, sawing timber, &c. For these services they were paid in kind—a bullock, some tobacco, or other delicacy, being their remuneration. They are accomplished thieves, and when in the neighbourhood a sharp look-out is necessary; indeed, unless their labour was wanted, 'the master' would endeavour to warn them away, with the aid of strong language and a stock-whip, directly a gang was discovered about to make a descent upon the station. They are usually very cautious in driving a bargain, taught, perhaps, by experience that they may be overmatched by their white employer. They will turn with contempt from the offer, it may be, of some lean, working bullock, with 'Him bale budgery†—him too much old man—you too much . . . . . cheat!'—the expletives of their white teachers being, it is to be regretted, too aptly caught up as part of their vocabulary, or 'jabber,' to use their own word for talk.

But to return to our subject—the head-station. The hut of the squatter, when complete, is rather picturesque than otherwise, and Frank's was a fair specimen of the class. It had a frontage of about 35 feet, was 7½ feet high from the ground to the eaves, with a veranda, supported upon green-painted posts, the whole length; the doors and window-frames were of cedar, and were brought ready-made from Melbourne, and being oiled, had a very civilised appearance; a small enclosure, with paling and wicket for entrance, was in front of the hut, and contained a few trees, and, for a few months in the year, some home flowers—mignionette, &c. The interior of the rooms was lined with canvas (battened as in England); and in some huts, where a lady-inhabitant introduces elegances as well as comforts, the canvas is covered with paper of some gay pattern; then the whole apartment —with its chairs and tables—piano, may be—and little library of choice books—assumes quite a home appearance, and would do no discredit to any English dwelling of the middle class. In the case, however, of our friends—both bachelors—the hut was but simply furnished, for a long period nothing beyond necessaries being admitted; the only ornamented part being the chimney, which was whitewashed (with lime brought from Melbourne) in a tasty style. The bedrooms contained tent-bedsteads, with their linen and mattresses, and scarcely anything else: the vicinity of the river rendered washstands superfluous, and the mysteries of the toilet being renounced by the squatter when in the bush. He keeps a town-suit of 'dress' clothes in his box at his market-town, which suit he wears during his annual visit there; but at other times he is unfettered by fashion. Loose canvas-trousers, and check-shirt open at the throat, with broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat, or of late the 'Jim Crow,' are the principal articles of attire. Complete it with a pair of jack-boots and stock-whip, and imagine a

sug
of be
squirtin

*W. M
lock and ke

aborigines are called 'blacks;' children of settlers, born ry, 'natives.'
'No good.'

beard of many months' growth, and you may picture the squatter to the life; though it must be confessed that the razor is more used than formerly, as civilisation, so to speak, advances into the interior.

Our friends having brought up their horses, some twenty in number, and imported an Arab from India to run with them, and having also succeeded in getting upon advantageous terms a small drove of cattle (for consumption), found their hands tolerably full of work; and for the sake of convenience adopted a plan of division of labour, which, being found to answer well, they continued to follow. Frank took upon himself the superintendence of the out-station work, while his partner engaged to manage the books and stores, and look after the men employed at the head-station—a sort of secretary for the home department. The most difficult part of Frank's daily duty was, at first, the necessary breaking in of the flocks and cattle to the run: this is merely the keeping a constant watch upon them, and not allowing them to stray over the boundary, and thus trespass upon a neighbour's property; but if properly attended to, although a great deal of care is required at first, it is astonishing how soon the stock appear instinctively to know their proper limit. This object once attained, Frank's chief occupation consisted in a daily ride to one or more of the out-stations, for the purpose of overlooking his stock, and seeing that his men did their duty. Nowhere is 'the eye of the master' more necessary to insure diligence in the servant than in the bush, and in no situation is 'greenness,' or want of practical knowledge in the employer, sooner found out and taken advantage of. It was now that the experience so hardly earned by Frank stood him in good stead; and during his daily superintendence he had often cause to be thankful that he had so serviceable an apprenticeship at Jerry's Creek before undertaking his present extensive speculation. Activity, too, both of body and mind, are essential points for success; and often has our settler ridden to a distant sheep-station, some twelve miles off, counted out the flock, and gallopped home again by breakfast-time—sunrise. Indeed, distance seems never to be thought of by men whose life, like that of the wandering Arab, is mostly spent in the saddle, and whose horses, comparatively speaking, never tire, or need more food than the natural grasses of the country. A little anecdote may serve to illustrate this. Soon after Frank's arrival at the Henry River Station, on paying a visit one evening to his next neighbour, whose station was about twenty miles distant, our squatter found the wife of his friend suffering from toothache.

'Why don't you have it out?' was Frank's natural exclamation.

'You shew that you are fresh in these parts,' answered his neighbour. 'Have it out, indeed! why, our doctor lives fifty miles off!'

'Well,' rejoined Frank, whose employment in his brother's surgery might now turn to advantage—'well, *I'll* take it out for you. I must run back for my instruments, and will do the job in a twinkling.' And, in truth, into the saddle he jumped—homewards his twenty miles he hied—pocketed his instruments—gallopped back—pulled out the offender—had a cup of tea and returned home—as if it had been but three streets off.

About the end of June the lambing season—an anxious time—commenced, and continued for about six weeks. Two extra hands were hired to each flock, and as the lambs are all bred in the open air, a good deal of attention was required; the season proved dry, which was in their favour, and a good increase was the result; and although the marking, tailing, &c. of the flock of *weaners*, which was all done by Frank himself, was laborious and far from pleasant employment, yet 'the hope of reward sweetened labour,' and it was some little diversion from the usual monotony of his duties.

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The next period of excitement came with October, when shearing, *the* important operation of the year, began. Our friends were under no anxiety respecting the extra hands necessary, for several gangs of shearers are sure to be travelling the country at this season; and, accordingly, a troop of ten or twelve made their appearance one morning with the inquiry: 'Has the master hired his shearers yet?'

'No,' says the master; 'how much a hundred will you take?'

'How much will you give?'

Frank, who had heard of a neighbour hiring at the rate of 12s. 6d., named that sum.

'That won't do at all; we'll come for one pound.'

'I can't give that.'

'Well, good-night, master.'

'Good-night!' And the worthies dispersed forthwith to the men's huts, where, after hobbling their horses, they made themselves comfortable for the night, and made use of the time to inquire as to the master's character for liberality, &c. The next morning, while Frank was at breakfast, came a deputation: 'If you'll take us all, we'll come for sixteen shillings.'

'No,' says our friend. But they would not abate more; and when the last of them had filed off past the river, Frank was fain to 'cooie'* after them, and agree to their offer. This sort of battle between master and servant is very common with such men, as they lose no opportunity for taking in a fresh hand in the matter of wages, as indeed in every other particular. If the master or his deputy does not superintend the operation of shearing, or if the men find him to be ignorant, they will 'race,' or leave on the bottom, the most valuable wool, which is the hardest to cut. A fast shearer has been known to cut 120 sheep a day; but 60 to 80 is the usual average. The men purchase their own rations and shears, which are supplied from the master's store; as each fleece is shorn it is subjected to the press—after having been shaken free from dirt, and folded upon the folding-table—and packed in bags brought from Melbourne, always a necessary part of the stores. The press used by Frank for some time was merely a weight adjusted by pulleys and common tackle; but as this was frequently getting out of order, he subsequently purchased a screw-press—a very effective though costly article, its price being L.60.

In about a month the wool was ready for carriage to Melbourne, and the drays were put in requisition, the bales were all well secured upon them, and put in charge of two men to each dray—the driver and his mate—who took provisions with them for the time they expected to be on the road—about a month. They were expected to travel about fourteen miles per diem, starting early in the morning, halting during the hottest part of the day, and sleeping at night under the tarpaulins of their drays. In about a fortnight Frank, having arranged with his partner for the conduct and supervision of affairs at home, started for the capital to sell their wool, and lay in a stock of supplies for the next year. His manner of journeying was this: Attired in the usual costume, he galloped along on one horse, at the same time leading another, upon which a small valise with a change was strapped. Starting each day at or before sunrise, resting for a few hours at mid-day, and putting up for the night at sundown at some friendly station—or, as he neared the town, at some roadside inn—he managed to get over from forty to fifty miles a day, occasionally mounting the led-horse by way of relief.

He came up with the drays on the fourth day, and finding all right, pursued his course, and reached Melbourne at the end of the sixth. Arrived at his hotel, he donned his town-suit, and proceeded next morning to his agent, to negotiate the sale of his wool, and see how his balance stood. The usual way of doing business is this: The up-country squatter has his agent in town, to whom he consigns his wool, and upon whom he draws cheques to pay wages and other expenses. The account is balanced when the clip arrives, and often does the farmer find that he is in debt to his agent. The expenses at first are necessarily great, but credit is readily obtained—the borrower paying a variable, sometimes a high rate of interest, and a commission upon the loan. This system of credit, although convenient, is apt to generate carelessness in money-matters; and the custom of living luxuriously when in town—or 'down the country,' as it is called—sometimes swallows up much of the year's profits; and although it is but justice to state, that in general the settlers are steady and economical men—especially of late years—still there are always some few 'fast' ones to be found too ready to enter into the dissipations of the capital. Doubtless there are many excuses to be found for men debarred in a great measure for the greater part of the year from the society and amusements of their fellows: it is easy to fancy how reluctant they must be to tear themselves from the charms and social enjoyments of the town; still it would be well if some were to remember the sentiment—'May to-day's enjoyment bear to-morrow's reflection!' and copy the example of our friend in enjoying themselves during their sojourn without exceeding the bounds of prudence. With regard to the labouring-classes, too often may be applied to them the colonial phrase—'They earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses.' The shepherd or stock-keeper, immediately upon receiving his balance of wages due at the end of his term of service, goes to the nearest inn to change his cheque, and there, in many instances, he remains day after day, or week after week, according to the length of his purse, and for the greater part of the time in a state of intoxication, until he has spent every shilling.

It may appear somewhat extraordinary to those of the old country, accustomed to buy their pound of coffee, and who consider a loaf or two of sugar, and seven pounds of tea, a large investment, to read of the items of a squatter's provisioning sent home on the return of the drays. They took back no less a quantity than eight tons of flour, thirty-five cwt. of sugar, nine chests of tea, of about seventy pounds each, and one keg of tobacco (280 lbs.)—these the *necessaries*. Then came minor articles—preserved fruits, pickles, crockery, linen, ironmongery, clothing, fish-hooks, powder and shot, harness, shears, &c. &c.; and among the rest strychnine (a deadly poison, the active principle of the nux-vomica), of which they use great quantities to poison the native dogs, this mode of extermination being found most effectual. In short, the store of the squatter presents more the appearance of what is termed in the country districts of England a *general shop*, which in effect it really is; for everything that the men require, either for themselves or families, beyond their regular rations, is purchased at the store, and put down to their account, and deducted from their wages at settling-time.

It needs not to detail minutely the occurrences of succeeding years: each as it passed witnessed improvements on our settlers' run, and increase in their flocks; but their duties and occupations were the same. In the third year they built a wooden bridge over the river at their head-station, in lieu of a punt which had heretofore served them for crossing. The next year they purchased the screw-press before mentioned, and imported a race-horse from England for the purpose of breeding. In the year just passed they sold their annual clip for a considerable sum; they likewise disposed of from 5000 to 7000 supernumerary sheep at 6s. per head. They have at present a stock of about 20,000 sheep; 200 head of cattle, which they keep up to that number for the purpose of food, one being shot every ten days for the consumption of the station, as beef is the princi-

* The colonial 'halloo!' heard to a great distance.

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pal meat eaten; they have about seventy horses, worth on the average L.10 each; their store is well filled, and their improvements are in good repair. The country around them is much more settled: when first they occupied the run, they were obliged to send some 150 miles for their letters—the mail-cart now passes their hut, and delivers their bag twice a week; they are both in the commission of the peace, and are fast becoming substantial men. They talk of getting a small run near town, where they may take in their stock for sale until prices suit; and where—the climate being more temperate—they may reside during the hottest part of the year, appointing a manager at the Henry River. They have been fortunately free, hitherto, from catarrh in their flocks—a terrible disease, which sometimes sweeps away hundreds at once, and depreciates the value of the survivors, but which seldom appears in a 'new' country. In fact, it seems, in all human probability, that their onward path is now smooth; the first difficulties are over; and if they have the average good fortune, they will soon arrive at that point of life's journey from which they may look back in security upon their early trials, as only necessary to be kept in memory as reasons for thankfulness that they are past.

It would be well perhaps for our settler—as it would certainly be a conclusion more in accordance with custom in all such romantic narratives—if this could be wound up with a happy wedding; but, alas! our friend is still a bachelor. It would be well perhaps for him—it would certainly be well for the country of his adoption—were the case otherwise. Woman, after all, is the great civiliser. What influence so effectual as hers in polishing the rugged manners of a new settlement, in alleviating the crosses, and rendering bearable the toils, of the squatter's daily life? What power so likely as hers to reform those habits hinted at in our tale, by making home the source of enjoyment, and rendering unnecessary the search for happiness elsewhere? Admitting that some women are unfitted by nature or habits for life in the bush, is there anything in that life alarming to the majority? Certainly not. Nowhere does the peculiar province of the sex—domesticity, to use a hard word—shew to more advantage than in the *ménage* of the squatter. Is there more neatness and order around a station—the garden better cultivated—the men less rough and unpolished—the master more happy and contented, even if not more prosperous, than his neighbours—be sure a lady-president is there; and the more frequently such homes are met with in the colony—the more extended the sphere of such influences—the happier will be the state, the more elevated the social position, of the sheep-farmer in Australia.

A few particulars may be perhaps advantageously added on practical matters relative to bush-life. First, as to the tenure upon which runs are held. At the time the station above described was occupied, a licence to hold lands while unsold was granted by government at an assessment according to the extent. (The Henry River Run was assessed at L.50.) But now some changes are about to take, or have taken place, and by the new regulations lands are to be let by tender annually, when in settled districts—that is, near and around towns; in an unsettled country, as Frank's, to have fourteen years' lease at an assessment according to the number of stock a run will carry; and all intermediate lands to have a lease of seven years. When such lands change hands, the new-comer to take off all 'improvements' at a valuation. The wages of labourers differ somewhat according to rank, and vary according to the supply. Shepherds get L.35 to L.50 per annum, with a hut and rations—namely, twelve pounds of meat, ten pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, a quarter of a pound of tea, and in some places a quarter of a pound of tobacco; in others they have to buy this last 'necessary,' together with soap, candles, rice, clothing, &c. from their employer's store. The climate in the interior is very hot for seven or eight months of the year. There is very little vegetation at this season, but during the winter and spring months—June to October—which are very like early autumn in England, vegetation proceeds rapidly. There is a good supply of excellent fish in the rivers; and fowl—such as quail, wild turkey, snipe, &c.—are found in most districts. The hospitality of the bush is proverbial. Men dismount at a station, secure their horses, and walk in and make themselves comfortable with precisely the same confidence as if all were their own property; and as 'sundown' is the general dinner-hour in the bush, 'callers' are continually dropping in at that time: they partake of the meal—join in a social pipe, and pot of tea or glass of grog, as the case may be—retire to a tent-bedstead and mattress in the sleeping-room; and are often up and away before the master rises, without wishing him good-morning.

The great want in the bush is the means of education, both religious and moral. Children must be separated early from their parents, or they will grow up mere shepherds and stock-keepers; but, of course, as the country becomes settled, this evil will be gradually diminished. Even now most families have religious services in their houses on Sunday, at which their households and dependents assist. But when the nearest church is 300 miles distant, religious observances must be often neglected, and the Sunday becomes a day of comparative rest certainly, but nothing more.

One important subject may be briefly noticed. Who are best fitted for emigrants? Either the labourer, the man able and willing to work with his hands, or the man with some capital, who is thus enabled to use the hands of others. And even the capitalist, to do well, must have no small share of industry, energy, and perseverance. Any one going out without these characteristics (unless he turn shepherd, which employment will admirably suit even the laziest) may be put down, to use an expressive colonial phrase, as 'cranky,' or not in the possession of common discretion: on the other hand, with these qualities, conjoined with prudence and economy, he may not succeed in amassing a fortune, but he will assuredly secure comfort and competence.

To those of his acquaintance who may discern the real hero of the foregoing narrative through the 'nominis umbra' Frank Woodman, the writer begs to say that the true 'Frank' is not responsible for any facts or opinions therein expressed; the recollections of many a pleasant evening passed in his company afforded the foundation of the sketch which will for the first time meet his eye in these pages.

VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

'FANCY it burgundy,' said Boniface of his ale—'only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!' Boniface was a philosopher: fancy can do much more than that. Those who fancy themselves labouring under an affection of the heart are not slow in verifying the apprehension: the uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations soon disturbs the circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed towards it; indeed it has been a question with some whether the stigmata (the marks of the wounds of our Saviour) may not have been produced on the devotee by the influences of an excited imagination. The hypochondriac has been known to expire when forced to pass through a door which he fancied too narrow to admit his person. The story of the criminal who, unconscious of the arrival of the reprieve,

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died under the stroke of a wet handkerchief, believing it to be the axe, is well known. Paracelsus held, 'that there is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist; for a man by imagination willing to move his body moves it in fact, and by his imagination and the commerce of invisible powers he may also move another body.' Paracelsus would not have been surprised at the feats of electro-biology. He exhorts his patients to have 'a good faith, a strong imagination, and they shall find the effects.' 'All doubt,' he says, 'destroys work, and leaves it imperfect in the wise designs of nature: it is from faith that imagination draws its strength, it is by faith it becomes complete and realised; he who believeth in nature will obtain from nature to the extent of his faith, and let the object of this faith be real or imaginary, he nevertheless reaps similar results —and hence the cause of superstition.'

So early as 1462 Pomponatus of Mantua came to the conclusion, in his work on incantation, that all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft were the result of natural operations. He conceived that it was not improbable that external means, called into action by the soul, might relieve our sufferings, and that there did, moreover, exist individuals endowed with salutary properties; so it might, therefore, be easily conceived that marvellous effects should be produced by the imagination and by confidence, more especially when these are reciprocal between the patient and the person who assists his recovery. Two years after, the same opinion was advanced by Agrippa in Cologne. 'The soul,' he said, 'if inflamed by a fervent imagination, could dispense health and disease, not only in the individual himself, but in other bodies.' However absurd these opinions may have been considered, or looked on as enthusiastic, the time has come when they will be gravely examined.

That medical professors have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence over mind and body is proved by their writings, by some of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated direction in the sick-chamber to divert the patient's mind from dwelling on his own state and from attending to the symptoms of his complaint. They consider the reading of medical books which accurately describe the symptoms of various complaints as likely to have an injurious effect, not only on the delicate but on persons in full health; and they are conscious how many died during the time of the plague and cholera, not only of these diseases but from the dread of them, which brought on all the fatal symptoms. So evident was the effect produced by the detailed accounts of the cholera in the public papers in the year 1849, that it was found absolutely necessary to restrain the publications on the subject. The illusions under which vast numbers acted and suffered have gone, indeed, to the most extravagant extent: individuals, not merely singly but in communities, have actually believed in their own transformation. A nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. fancied himself a dog, and would pop his head out of the window to bark at the passengers; while the barking disease at the camp-meetings of the Methodists of North America has been described as 'extravagant beyond belief.' Rollin and Hecquet have recorded a malady by which the inmates of an extensive convent near Paris were attacked simultaneously every day at the same hour, when they believed themselves transformed into cats, and a universal mewing was kept up throughout the convent for some hours. But of all dreadful forms which this strange hallucination took, none was so terrible as that of the lycanthropy, which at one period spread through Europe; in which the unhappy sufferers, believing themselves wolves, went prowling about the forests uttering the most terrific howlings, carrying off lambs from the flocks, and gnawing dead bodies in their graves.

While every day's experience adds some new proof of the influence possessed by the imagination over the body, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. Lately, at a meeting in Edinburgh, Professor Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals: 'what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain; and the disease, in the case of human beings, was caused by an overexcited imagination, worked upon by the popular delusion on the effects of a bite by rabid animals.' The following paragraph from the 'Curiosities of Medicine' appears to justify this now common enough opinion:—'Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St Antoine, and three of them had died in our hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent their fatal termination; and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of coloured water, and in no one instance did hydrophobia ensue.'

A remarkable cure through a similar aid of the imagination took place in a patient of Dr Beddoes, who was at the time very sanguine about the effect of nitrous acid gas in paralytic cases. Anxious that it should be imbibed by one of his patients, he sent an invalid to Sir Humphry Davy, with a request that he would administer the gas. Sir Humphry put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic, to ascertain the temperature of the body, that he might be sure whether it would be affected at all by the inhalation of the gas. The patient, full of faith from what the enthusiastic physician had assured him would be the result, and believing that the thermometer was what was to effect the cure, exclaimed at once that he felt better. Sir Humphry, anxious to see what imagination would do in such a case, did not attempt to undeceive the man, but saying that he had done enough for him that day, desired him to be with him the next morning. The thermometer was then applied as it had been the day before, and for every day during a fortnight—at the end of which time the patient was perfectly cured.

Perhaps there is nothing on record more curious of this kind than the cures unwittingly performed by Chief-Justice Holt. It seems that for a youthful frolic he and his companions had put up at a country inn; they, however, found themselves without the means of defraying their expenses, and were at a loss to know what they should do in such an emergency. Holt, however, perceived that the innkeeper's daughter looked very ill, and on inquiring what was the matter, learned that she had the ague; when, passing himself off for a medical student, he said that he had an infallible cure for the complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and enclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed, he suspended the amulet round the neck of the young woman, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for the restoration of his daughter, not only declined receiving any payment from the youths, but pressed them to remain as long as they pleased. Many years after, when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him, charged with witchcraft: she

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was accused of curing the ague by charms. All she said in defence was, that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the judge, who recognised the very ball which he had himself compounded in his boyish days, when out of mere fun he had assumed the character of a medical practitioner.

Many distinguished physicians have candidly confessed that they preferred confidence to art. Faith in the remedy is often not only half the cure, but the whole cure. Madame de Genlis tells of a girl who had lost the use of her leg for five years, and could only move with the help of crutches, while her back had to be supported: she was in such a pitiable state of weakness, the physicians had pronounced her case incurable. She, however, took it into her head that if she was taken to Notre Dame de Liesse she would certainly recover. It was fifteen leagues from Carlepont where she lived. She was placed in a cart which her father drove, while her sister sat by her supporting her back. The moment the steeple of Notre Dame de Liesse was in sight she uttered an exclamation, and said that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the car without assistance, and no longer requiring the help of her crutches, she ran into the church. When she returned home the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who had left them in such a wretched state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any among them.

Not less extraordinary are the cures which are effected by some sudden agitation. An alarm of fire has been known to restore a patient entirely, or for a time, from a tedious illness: it is no uncommon thing to hear of the victim of a severe fit of the gout, whose feet have been utterly powerless, running nimbly away from some approaching danger. Poor Grimaldi in his declining years had almost quite lost the use of his limbs owing to the most hopeless debility. As he sat one day by the bedside of his wife, who was ill, word was brought to him that a friend waited below to see him. He got down to the parlour with extreme difficulty. His friend was the bearer of heavy news which he dreaded to communicate: it was the death of Grimaldi's son, who, though reckless and worthless, was fondly loved by the poor father. The intelligence was broken as gently as such a sad event could be: but in an instant Grimaldi sprung from his chair—his lassitude and debility were gone, his breathing, which had for a long time been difficult, became perfectly easy—he was hardly a moment in bounding up the stairs which but a quarter of an hour before he had passed with extreme difficulty in ten minutes; he reached the bedside, and told his wife that their son was dead; and as she burst into an agony of grief he flung himself into a chair, and became again instantaneously, as it has been touchingly described, 'an enfeebled and crippled old man.'

The imagination, which is remarkable for its ungovernable influence, comes into action on some occasions periodically with the most precise regularity. A friend once told us of a young relation who was subject to nervous attacks: she was spending some time at the seaside for change of air, but the evening-gun, fired from the vessel in the bay at eight o'clock, was always the signal for a nervous attack: the instant the report was heard she fell back insensible, as if she had been shot. Those about her endeavoured if possible to withdraw her thoughts from the expected moment: at length one evening they succeeded, and while she was engaged in an interesting conversation the evening-gun was unnoticed. By and by she asked the hour, and appeared uneasy when she found the time had passed. The next evening it was evident that she would not let her attention be withdrawn: the gun fired, and she swooned away; and when revived, another fainting fit succeeded, as if it were to make up for the omission of the preceding evening! It is told of the great tragic actress Clairon, who had been the innocent cause of the suicide of a man who destroyed himself by a pistol-shot, that ever after, at the exact moment when the fatal deed had been perpetrated—one o'clock in the morning—she heard the shot. If asleep, it awakened her; if engaged in conversation, it interrupted her; in solitude or in company, at home or travelling, in the midst of revelry or at her devotions, she was sure to hear it to the very moment.

The same indelible impression has been made in hundreds of cases, and on persons of every variety of temperament and every pursuit, whether engaged in business, science, or art, or rapt in holy contemplation. On one occasion Pascal had been thrown down on a bridge which had no parapet, and his imagination was so haunted for ever after by the danger, that he always fancied himself on the brink of a steep precipice overhanging an abyss ready to engulf him. This illusion had taken such possession of his mind that the friends who came to converse with him were obliged to place the chairs on which they seated themselves between him and the fancied danger. But the effects of terror are the best known of all the vagaries of the imagination.

A very remarkable case of the influence of imagination occurred between sixty and seventy years since in Dublin, connected with the celebrated frolics of Dalkey Island. It is said Curran and his gay companions delighted to spend a day there, and that with them originated the frolic of electing 'a king of Dalkey and the adjacent islands,' and appointing his chancellor and all the officers of state. A man in the middle rank of life, universally respected, and remarkable alike for kindly and generous feelings and a convivial spirit, was unanimously elected to fill the throne. He entered with his whole heart into all the humours of the pastime, in which the citizens of Dublin so long delighted. A journal was kept, called the 'Dalkey Gazette,' in which all public proceedings were inserted, and it afforded great amusement to its conductors. But the mock pageantry, the affected loyalty, and the pretended homage of his subjects, at length began to excite the imagination of 'King John,' as he was called. Fiction at length became with him reality, and he fancied himself 'every inch a king.' His family and friends perceived with dismay and deep sorrow the strange delusion which nothing could shake: he would speak on no subject save the kingdom of Dalkey and its government, and he loved to dwell on the various projects he had in contemplation for the benefit of his people, and boasted of his high prerogative: he never could conceive himself divested for one moment of his royal powers, and exacted the most profound deference to his kingly authority. The last year and a half of his life were spent in Swift's hospital for lunatics. He felt his last hours approaching, but no gleam of returning reason marked the parting scene: to the very last instant he believed himself a king, and all his cares and anxieties were for his people. He spoke in high terms of his chancellor, his attorney-general, and all his officers of state, and of the dignitaries of the church: he recommended them to his kingdom, and trusted they might all retain the high offices which they now held. He spoke on the subject with a dignified calmness well becoming the solemn leave-taking of a monarch; but when he came to speak of the crown he was about to relinquish for ever his feelings were quite overcome, and the tears rolled down his cheeks: 'I leave it,' said he, 'to my people, and to him whom they may elect as my successor!' This remarkable scene is recorded in some of the notices of deaths for the year 1788. The delusion, though most painful to

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his friends, was far from an unhappy one to its victim: his feelings were gratified to the last while thinking he was occupied with the good of his fellow-creatures—an occupation best suited to his benevolent disposition.

AN INDIAN PET.

The ichneumon, called in India the neulah, benjee, or mungoos, is known all over that country. I have seen it on the banks of the Ganges, and among the old walls of Jaunpore, Sirhind, and at Loodianah; for, like others of the weasel kind, this little animal delights in places where it can lurk and peep—such as heaps of stones and ruins; and there is no lack of these in old Indian cities.

That the neulah is a fierce, terrible, bloodthirsty, destructive little creature, I experienced to my cost; but notwithstanding all the provocation I received, I was led into becoming his friend and protector, and so finding him out to be the most charming and amiable pet in the world.

In my military career (for the Old Indian was long attached to the army) I was stationed at Jaunpore, and having a house with many conveniences, I took pleasure in rearing poultry; but scarcely a single chicken could be magnified to a hen: the rapacious neulahs, fond of tender meat, waylaying all my young broods, sucking their blood, and feasting on their brains. But such devastations could not be allowed to pass with impunity; so we watched the enemy, and succeeded in shooting several of the offenders, prowling among the hennah or mehendy hedges, where the clocking-hens used to repose in the shade surrounded by their progeny.

After one of these *battues* my little daughter happened to go to the fowl-house in the evening in search of eggs, and was greatly startled by a melancholy squeaking which seemed to proceed from an old rat-hole in one corner. Upon proper investigation this was suspected to be the nest of one of the neulahs which had suffered the last sentence of the law; but how to get at the young we did not know, unless by digging up the floor, and of this I did not approve. So the little young ones would have perished but for a childish freak of my young daughter. She seated herself before the nest, and imitated the cry of the famished little animals so well that three wee, hairless, blind creatures crept out, like newly-born rabbits, but with long tails, in the hope of meeting with their lost mamma.

Our hearts immediately warmed towards the little helpless ones, and no one wished to wreak the sins of the parents upon the orphans; and knowing that neulahs were reared as pets, I proposed to my daughter that she should select one for herself, and give the others to two of my servants. My daughter's *protégée*, however, was the only one that survived under its new *régime;* and Jumnie, as she called her nursling, throve well, and soon attained its full size, knowing its name, and endearing itself to everybody by its gambols and tricks. She was like the most blithesome of little kittens, and played with our fingers, and frolicked on the sofas, sleeping occasionally behind one of the cushions, and at other times coiling herself up in her own little flannel bed.

In the course of time, however, Jumnie grew up to maturity, being one year old, and formed an attachment for one of her own race—a wild, roving bandit of a neulah, who committed such deeds of atrocity in the fowl-house as to compel us to take up arms again. If she had only made her mistress the confidant of her love!—but, alas! little did we suspect *our* neulah of a companionship with thieves and assassins; and so, leaving her, we thought, to her customary frolics, we marched upon the stronghold of the enemy. Two neulahs appeared, we fired, and one fell, the other running off unscathed. We all hastened to the wounded and bleeding victim, and my little daughter first of all; but how shall I describe her grief when she saw her little Jumnie writhing at her feet in the agonies of death! If I had had the least idea of Jumnie's having formed such an attachment, I should have spared the guilty for the sake of the innocent, and Jumnie might long have lived a favourite pet; but the deed was done.

The neulahs, like other of the weasel kind—and like some animals I know of a loftier species—are very rapacious, slaying without reference to their wants; and Jumnie, although fond of milk, used to delight in the livers and brains of fowls, which she relished even after they were dressed for our table.

The natives of India never molest the neulah. They like to see it about their dwellings, on account of its snake and rat-killing propensities; and on a similar account it must have been that this creature was deified by the Egyptians, whose country abounded with reptiles, and would have been absolutely alive with crocodiles but for the havoc it made among the numerous eggs, which it delighted to suck. For this reason the ichneumons were embalmed as public benefactors, and their bodies are still found lying in state in some of the pyramids. Among the Hindoos, however, the neulah does not obtain quite such high honours, although the elephant, monkey, lion, snake, rat, goose, &c. play a prominent part in the religious myths, and are styled the Bâhons, or vehicles of the gods.

In Hindostan the ichneumon is not supposed to kill the crocodile, though it is in the mouth of every old woman that it possesses the knowledge of a remedy against the bite of a poisonous snake, which its instinct leads it to dig out of the ground; but this *on dit* has never been ascertained to be true, and my belief is that it is only based on the great agility and dexterity of the neulah. Eye-witnesses say that his battles with man's greatest enemy end generally in the death of the snake, which the neulah seizes by the back of the neck, and after frequent onsets at last kills and eats, rejecting nothing but the head.

The colour of the Indian neulah is a grayish-brown; but its chief beauty lies in its splendid squirrel-like tail, and lively, prominent, dark-brown eyes. Like most of the weasel kind, however, it has rather a disagreeable odour; and if it were not for this there would not be a sweeter pet in existence.

So far the experience of our Old Indian; and we now turn to another authority on the highly-curious subject just glanced at—the knowledge of the ichneumon of a specific against the poison of the snake. Calder Campbell, in his recent series of tales, 'Winter Nights'—and capital amusement for such nights they are—describes in almost a painfully truthful manner the adventure of an officer in India, who was an eye-witness, under very extraordinary circumstances, to the feat of the ichneumon. The officer, through some accident, was wandering on foot, and at night, through a desolate part of the country, and at length, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry, crisp spear-grass, and just as the first faint edge of the dawn appeared, fell asleep.

'No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never *since then* slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was

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wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

'"My God! I am lost!" was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralysed. It slept, or at all events remained stirless; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me: I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I look downwards at the loathsome bedfellow which my evil stars had sent me.

'Unexpectedly, a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upwards to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet perhaps certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them—a *mungoos* or ichneumon and a *cobra di capello!*

'I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep, venomous fascination of the snaky glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent: I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict: I saw that the mungoos was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigour to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the cobra di capello, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

'Little, graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet mungoos—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals.'

Many other authors refer to the alleged antidote against a snake-bite, known only to the ichneumon, and there are about as many different opinions as there are authors; but, on the whole, our Old Indian appears to us to be on the strongest side.

THE FAR WEST.

'The Far West,' where is the West, and what are its bounds? But a few years have passed since our thriving town (then a rude hamlet) stood upon the further confines of the rising west. Still beyond there did indeed exist an ideal realm of future greatness, a matted and mighty forest; but 'clouds and thick darkness' rested on it. But the solitude has been penetrated, the forest has been overwhelmed by the towering wave of emigration. That wave but recently spent its utmost fury ere it reached even here, and its last and dying ripple was wont to fall gently at our feet. But not so now: it has risen above, it has swept over us; and while its mighty deluge is yet running past in one undiminished current, the roar of its swelling surges, repeated by each babbling echo, is still wafted back to us upon every western breeze. Ours is no longer a western settlement; our children are surrounded by the comforts, the blessings, and the elegances of life, where their fathers found only hardship, privation, want. The 'westward' is onward—still onward—but where? Even the place that was known as such but yesterday, to-morrow shall be known so no more. The tall forest, the prowling beast, and

'The stole of the woods, the man without a tear,'

are alike borne down, trampled, and destroyed by this everlasting scramble for the West.—*Buffalo paper.*

'THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.'

HEAVEN bless thy bonnie face, lassie!
Heaven bless the gentle heart
That could to yon auld melody
Sic tenderness impart!
Awa', awa' wi' foreign airs,
Sae artfu' but sae cauld,
And let me hear again that sang—
'The waukin' o' the fauld.'

And thou the singer be, lassie,
For O thou singest weel!
The bosom soft, to feelin' true,
Will soon mak' others feel:
Even my seared heart, although it 's noo
Toil-hardened, worn, an' auld,
Grew grit as when a bairn I heard
'The waukin' o' the fauld.'

A time may come to thee, lassie—
But far, far be the day—
When a strain like that will dearer seem
Than ye micht care to say;
When thochts o' buried years will rise
That daurna weel be tauld,
An' ye will feel that sang like me:
'The waukin' o' the fauld!'

C.

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

SPICK AND SPAN NEW.

'Spick and span new' is a corruption from the Italian *spicata de la spanna*—snatched from the hand—fresh from the mint; and was coined probably when the English were as much infatuated with Italian fashions as they now are with French.

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TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

THE *Rose* had been becalmed for several days in Cowes Harbour, and utterly at a loss how else to cheat the time, I employed myself one afternoon in sauntering up and down the quay, whistling for a breeze, and listlessly watching the slow approach of a row-boat, bringing the mail and a few passengers from Southampton, the packet-cutter to which the boat belonged being as hopelessly immovable, except for such drift as the tide gave her, as the *Rose*. The slowness of its approach—for I expected a messenger with letters—added to my impatient weariness; and as, according to my reckoning, it would be at least an hour before the boat reached the landing-steps, I returned to the Fountain Inn in the High Street, called for a glass of negus, and as I lazily sipped it, once more turned over the newspapers lying on the table, though with scarcely a hope of coming athwart a line that I had not read half a dozen times before. I was mistaken. There was a 'Cornwall Gazette' amongst them which I had not before seen, and in one corner of it I lit upon this, to me in all respects new and extremely interesting paragraph:—'We copy the following statement from a contemporary, solely for the purpose of contradicting it: "It is said that the leader of the smugglers in the late desperate affray with the coast-guard in St Michael's Bay was no other than Mr George Polwhele Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, formerly, as our readers are aware, a lieutenant in the royal navy, and dismissed the king's service by sentence of court-martial at the close of the war." There is no foundation for this imputation. Mrs Hendrick, of Lostwithiel, requests us to state that her son, from whom she heard but about ten days since, commands a first-class ship in the merchant navy of the United States.'

I was exceedingly astonished. The court-martial I had not heard of, and having never overhauled the Navy List for such a purpose, the absence of the name of G. P. Hendrick had escaped my notice. What could have been his offence? Some hasty, passionate act, no doubt; for of misbehaviour before the enemy, or of the commission of deliberate wrong, it was impossible to suspect him. He was, I personally knew, as eager as flame in combat; and his frank, perhaps heedless generosity of temperament, was abundantly apparent to every one acquainted with him. I had known him for a short time only; but the few days of our acquaintance were passed under circumstances which bring out the true nature of a man more prominently and unmistakably than might twenty years of hum-drum, everyday life. The varnish of pretension falls quickly off in presence of sudden and extreme peril—peril especially requiring presence of mind and energy to beat it back. It was in such a position that I recognised some of the high qualities of Lieutenant Hendrick. The two sloops of war in which we respectively served were consorts for awhile on the South African coast, during which time we fell in with a Franco-Italian privateer or pirate—for the distinction between the two is much more technical than real. She was to leeward when we sighted her, and not very distant from the shore, and so quickly did she shoal her water, that pursuit by either of the sloops was out of the question. Being a stout vessel of her class, and full of men, four boats—three of the *Scorpion's* and one of her consort's—were detached in pursuit. The breeze gradually failed, and we were fast coming up with our friend when he vanished behind a headland, on rounding which we found he had disappeared up a narrow, winding river, of no great depth of water. We of course followed, and after about a quarter of an hour's hard pull found, on suddenly turning a sharp elbow of the stream, that we had caught a Tartar. We had, in fact, come upon a complete nest of privateers—a rendezvous or depôt they termed it. The vessel was already anchored across the channel, and we were flanked on each shore by a crowd of desperadoes, well provided with small arms, and with two or three pieces of light ordnance amongst them. The shouts of defiance with which they greeted us as we swept into the deadly trap were instantly followed by a general and murderous discharge of both musketry and artillery; and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the leading pinnace, commanded by Hendrick, had been literally knocked to pieces, and that the little living portion of the crew were splashing about in the river.

There was time but for one look, for if we allowed the rascals time to reload their guns our own fate would inevitably be a similar one. The men understood this, and with a loud cheer swept eagerly on towards the privateer, whilst the two remaining boats engaged the flanking shore forces, and I was soon involved in about the fiercest *mêlée* I ever had the honour to assist at. The furious struggle on the deck of the privateer lasted but about five minutes only, at the end of which all that remained of us were thrust over the side. Some tumbled into the boat, others, like myself, were pitched into the river. As soon as I came to the surface, and had time to shake my ears and look about me, I saw Lieutenant Hendrick, who, the instant the pinnace he commanded was destroyed, had with equal daring and presence of mind swam towards a boat at the privateer's stern, cut the rope that held her with the sword he carried between his teeth, and forth-

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with began picking up his half-drowned boat's crew. This was already accomplished, and he now performed the same service for me and mine. This done, we again sprang at our ugly customer, he at the bow, and I about midships. Hendrick was the first to leap on the enemy's deck; and so fierce and well-sustained was the assault this time, that in less than ten minutes we were undisputed victors so far as the vessel was concerned. The fight on the shore continued obstinate and bloody, and it was not till we had twice discharged the privateer's guns amongst the desperate rascals that they broke and fled. The dashing, yet cool and skilful bravery evinced by Lieutenant Hendrick in this brief but tumultuous and sanguinary affair was admiringly remarked upon by all who witnessed it, few of whom, whilst gazing at the sinewy, active form, the fine, pale, flashing countenance, and the dark, thunderous eyes of the young officer—if I may use such a term, for in their calmest aspect a latent volcano appeared to slumber in their gleaming depths — could refuse to subscribe to the opinion of a distinguished admiral, who more than once observed that there was no more promising officer in the British naval service than Lieutenant Hendrick.

Well, all this, which has taken me so many words to relate, flashed before me like a scene in a theatre, as I read the paragraph in the Cornish paper. The *Scorpion* and her consort parted company a few days after this fight, and I had not since then seen or heard of Hendrick till now. I was losing myself in conjectures as to the probable or possible cause of so disgraceful a termination to a career that promised so brilliantly, when the striking of the bar-clock warned me that the mail-boat was by this time arrived. I sallied forth and reached the pier-steps just a minute or so before the boat arrived there. The messenger I expected was in her, and I was turning away with the parcel he handed me, when my attention was arrested by a stout, unwieldy fellow, who stumbled awkwardly out of the boat, and hurriedly came up the steps. The face of the man was pale, thin, hatchet-shaped, and anxious, and the gray, ferrety eyes were restless and perturbed; whilst the stout, round body was that of a yeoman of the bulkiest class, but so awkwardly made up that it did not require any very lengthened scrutiny to perceive that the shrunken carcass appropriate to such a lanky and dismal visage occupied but a small space within the thick casing of padding and extra garments in which it was swathed. His light-brown wig, too, surmounted by a broad-brimmer, had got a little awry, dangerously revealing the scanty locks of iron-gray beneath. It was not difficult to run up these little items to a pretty accurate sum-total, and I had little doubt that the hasting and nervous traveller was fleeing either from a constable or a sheriff's officer. It was, however, no affair of mine, and I was soon busy with the letters just brought me.

The most important tidings they contained was that Captain Pickard—the master of a smuggling craft of some celebrity, called *Les Trois Freres*, in which for the last twelve months or more he had been carrying on a daring and successful trade throughout the whole line of the southern and western coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp, and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk north-wester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily despatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my return to the cutter when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

'The telegraph has just announced,' said the admiral, 'that Sparkes, the defaulter, who has for some time successfully avoided capture, will attempt to leave the kingdom from the Wight, as he is known to have been in communication with some of the smuggling gentry there. He is supposed to have a large amount of government moneys in his possession; you will therefore, Lieutenant Warneford, exert yourself vigilantly to secure him.'

'What is his description?'

'Mr James,' replied the admiral, addressing one of the telegraph clerks, 'give Lieutenant Warneford the description transmitted.' Mr James did so, and I read: 'Is said to have disguised himself as a stout countryman; wears a blue coat with bright buttons, buff waistcoat, a brown wig, and a Quaker's hat. He is of a slight, lanky figure, five feet nine inches in height. He has two pock-marks on his forehead, and lisps in his speech.'

'By Jove, sir,' I exclaimed, 'I saw this fellow only about two hours ago!' I then briefly related what had occurred, and was directed not to lose a moment in hastening to secure the fugitive.

The wind had considerably increased by this time, and the *Rose* was soon again off Cowes, where Mr Roberts, the first mate, and six men, were sent on shore with orders to make the best of his way to Bonchurch—about which spot I knew, if anywhere, the brown-wigged gentleman would endeavour to embark—whilst the *Rose* went round to intercept him seaward; which she did at a spanking rate, for it was now blowing half a gale of wind. Evening had fallen before we reached our destination, but so clear and bright with moon and stars that distant objects were as visible as by day. I had rightly guessed how it would be, for we had no sooner opened up Bonchurch shore or beach than Roberts signaled us that our man was on board the cutter running off at about a league from us in the direction of Cape La Hogue. I knew, too, from the cutter's build, and the cut and set of her sails, that she was no other than Captain Pickard's boasted craft, so that there was a chance of killing two birds with one stone. We evidently gained, though slowly, upon *Les Trois Frères;* and this, after about a quarter of an hour's run, appeared to be her captain's own opinion, for he suddenly changed his course, and stood towards the Channel Islands, in the hope, I doubted not, that I should not follow him in such weather as was likely to come on through the dangerous intricacies of the iron-bound coast about Guernsey and the adjacent islets. Master Pickard was mistaken; for knowing the extreme probability of being led such a dance, I had brought a pilot with me from Cowes, as well acquainted with Channel navigation as the smuggler himself could be. *Les Trois Frères*, it was soon evident, was now upon her best point of sailing, and it was all we could do to hold our own with her. This was vexatious; but the aspect of the heavens forbade me shewing more canvas, greatly as I was tempted to do so.

It was lucky I did not. The stars were still shining over our heads from an expanse of blue without a cloud, and the full moon also as yet held her course unobscured, but there had gathered round her a glittering halo-like ring, and away to windward huge masses of black cloud, piled confusedly on each other, were fast spreading over the heavens. The thick darkness had spread over about half the visible sky, presenting a singular contrast to the silver brightness of the other portion, when suddenly a sheet of vivid flame broke out of the blackness, instantly followed by deafening explosions, as if a thousand cannons were bursting immediately over our heads. At the same moment the tempest came leaping and hissing along the white-crested waves, and struck the *Rose* abeam with such

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terrible force, that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. It was a vain fear; and in a second or two she was tearing through the water at a tremendous rate. *Les Trois Frères* had not been so lucky: she had carried away her topmast, and sustained other damage; but so well and boldly was she handled, and so perfectly under command appeared her crew, that these accidents were, so far as it was possible to do so, promptly repaired; and so little was she crippled in comparative speed, that although it was clear enough, after a time, that the *Rose* gained something on her, it was so slowly that the issue of the chase continued extremely doubtful. The race was an exciting one: the Caskets, Alderney, were swiftly past, and at about two o'clock in the morning we made the Guernsey lights. We were by this time within a mile of *Les Trois Frères;* and she, determined at all risks to get rid of her pursuer, ventured upon passing through a narrow opening between the small islets of Herm and Jethon, abreast of Guernsey—the same passage, I believe, by which Captain, afterwards Admiral Lord Saumarez, escaped with his frigate from a French squadron in the early days of the last war.

Fine and light as the night had again become, the attempt, blowing as it did, was a perilous, and proved to be a fatal one. *Les Trois Frères* struck upon a reef on the side of Jethon—a rock with then but one poor habitation upon it, which one might throw a biscuit over; and by the time the *Rose* had brought up in the Guernsey Roads, the smuggler, as far as could be ascertained by our night-glasses, had entirely disappeared. What had become of the crew and the important passenger was the next point to be ascertained; but although the wind had by this time somewhat abated, it was not, under the pilot's advice, till near eight o'clock that the *Rose's* boat, with myself and a stout crew, pulled off for the scene of the catastrophe. We needed not to have hurried ourselves. The half-drowned smugglers, all but three of whom had escaped with life, were in a truly sorry plight, every one of them being more or less maimed, bruised, and bleeding. *Les Trois Frères* had gone entirely to pieces, and as there was no possible means of escape from the desolate place, our arrival, with the supplies we brought, was looked upon rather as a deliverance than otherwise. To my inquiries respecting their passenger, the men answered by saying he was in the house with the captain. I immediately proceeded thither, and found one of the two rooms on the ground-floor occupied by four or five of the worst injured of the contrabandists, and the gentleman I was chiefly in pursuit of, Mr Samuel Sparkes. There was no mistaking Mr Sparkes, notwithstanding he had substituted the disguise of a sailor for that of a jolly agriculturist.

'You are, I believe, sir, the Mr Samuel Sparkes for whose presence certain personages in London are just now rather anxious?'

His deathy face grew more corpse-like as I spoke, but he nevertheless managed to stammer out: 'No; Jamth Edward, thir.'

'At all events, that pretty lisp, and those two marks on the forehead, belong to Samuel Sparkes, Esquire, and you must be detained till you satisfactorily explain how you came by them. Stevens, take this person into close custody, and have him searched at once. And now, gentlemen smugglers,' I continued, 'pray inform me where I may see your renowned captain?'

'He is in the next room,' replied a decent-tongued chap sitting near the fire; 'and he desired me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Warneford, and say he wished to see him *alone.*'

'Very civil and considerate, upon my word! In this room, do you say?'

'Yes, sir; in that room.' I pushed open a rickety door, and found myself in a dingy hole of a room, little more than about a couple of yards square, at the further side of which stood a lithe, sinewy man in a blue pea-jacket, and with a fur-cap on his head. His back was towards me; and as my entrance did not cause him to change his position, I said: 'You are Captain Pickard, I am informed?'

He swung sharply round as I spoke, threw off his cap, and said briefly and sternly: 'Yes, Warneford, I *am* Captain Pickard.'

The sudden unmasking of a loaded battery immediately in my front could not have so confounded and startled me as these words did, as they issued from the lips of the man before me. The curling black hair, the dark flashing eyes, the marble features, were those of Lieutenant Hendrick—of the gallant seaman whose vigorous arm I had seen turn the tide of battle against desperate odds on the deck of the privateer!

'Hendrick!' I at length exclaimed, for the sudden inrush of painful emotion choked my speech for a time—'can it indeed be you?'

'Ay, truly, Warneford. The Hendrick of whom Collingwood prophesied high things is fallen thus low; and worse remains behind. There is a price set upon my capture, as you know; and escape is, I take it, out of the question.' I comprehended the slow, meaning tone in which the last sentence was spoken, and the keen glance that accompanied it. Hendrick, too, instantly read the decisive though unspoken reply.

'Of course it is out of the question,' he went on. 'I was but a fool to even seem to doubt it that it was. You must do your duty, Warneford, I know; and since this fatal mishap was to occur, I am glad for many reasons that I have fallen into your hands.'

'So am not I; and I wish with all my soul you had successfully threaded the passage you essayed.'

'The fellow who undertook to pilot us failed in nerve at the critical moment. Had he not done so, *Les Trois Frères* would have been long since beyond your reach. But the past is past, and the future of dark and bitter time will be swift and brief.'

'What have you especially to dread? I know a reward has been offered for your apprehension, but not for what precise offence.'

'The unfortunate business in St Michael's Bay.'

'Good God! The newspaper was right then! But neither of the wounded men have died, I hear, so that—that'——

'The *mercy* of transportation may, you think, be substituted for the capital penalty.' He laughed bitterly.

'Or—or,' I hesitatingly suggested, 'you may not be identified—that is, legally so.'

'Easily, easily, Warneford. I must not trust to that rotten cable. Neither the coast-guard nor the fellows with me know me indeed as Hendrick, ex-lieutenant of the royal navy; and that is a secret you will, I know, religiously respect.'

I promised to do so: the painful interview terminated; and in about two hours the captain and surviving crew of *Les Trois Frères,* and Mr Samuel Sparkes, were safely on board the *Rose.* Hendrick had papers to arrange; and as the security of his person was all I was responsible for, he was accommodated in my cabin, where I left him to confer with the Guernsey authorities, in whose bailiwick Jethon is situated. The matter of jurisdiction—the offences with which the prisoners were charged having been committed in England—was soon arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the *Rose* was on her way to England, under an eight-knot breeze from the south-west.

As soon as we were fairly underweigh, I went below to have a last conference with unfortunate Hendrick. There was a parcel on the table directed to 'Mrs Hendrick, Lostwithiel, Cornwall—care of Lieutenant Warneford.' Placing it in my hands, he entreated me to see it securely conveyed to its address unexamined and unopened. I assured him that I would do so; and tears, roughly dashed away, sprang to his eyes as he

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grasped and shook my hand. I felt half-choked; and when he again solemnly adjured me, under no circumstances, to disclose the identity of Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick, I could only reply by a seaman's hand-grip, requiring no additional pledge of words.

We sat silently down, and I ordered some wine to be brought in. 'You promised to tell me,' I said, 'how all this unhappy business came about.'

'I am about to do so,' he answered. 'It is an old tale, of which the last black chapter owes its colour, let me frankly own, to my own hot and impatient temper as much as to a complication of adverse circumstances.' He poured out a glass of wine, and proceeded at first slowly and calmly, but gradually, as passion gathered strength and way upon him, with flushed and impetuous eagerness to the close:—

'I was born near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. My father, a younger and needy son of no profession, died when I was eight years of age. My mother has about eighty pounds a year in her own right, and with that pittance, helped by self-privation, unfelt because endured for her darling boy, she gave me a sufficient education, and fitted me out respectably; when, thanks to Pellew, I obtained a midshipman's warrant in the British service. This occurred in my sixteenth year. Dr Redstone, at whose "High School" I acquired what slight classical learning, long since forgotten, I once possessed, was married in second nuptials to a virago of a wife, who brought him, besides her precious self, a red-headed cub by a former marriage. His, the son's, name was Kershaw. The doctor had one child about my own age, a daughter, Ellen Redstone. I am not about to prate to you of the bread-and-butter sentiment of mere children, nor of Ellen's wonderful graces of mind and person: I doubt, indeed, if I thought her very pretty at the time; but she was meekness itself, and my boy's heart used, I well remember, to leap as if it would burst my bosom at witnessing her patient submission to the tyranny of her mother-in-law; and one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced was giving young Kershaw, a much bigger fellow than myself, a good thrashing for some brutality towards her—an exploit that of course rendered me a remarkable favourite with the great bumpkin's mother.

'Well, I went to sea, and did not again see Ellen till seven years afterwards, when, during absence on sick leave, I met her at Penzance, in the neighbourhood of which place the doctor had for some time resided. She was vastly improved in person, but was still meek, dove-eyed, gentle Ellen, and pretty nearly as much dominated by her mother-in-law as formerly. Our child-acquaintance was renewed; and, suffice it to say, that I soon came to love her with a fervency surprising even to myself. My affection was reciprocated: we pledged faith with each other; and it was agreed that at the close of the war, whenever that should be, we were to marry, and dwell together like turtle-doves in the pretty hermitage that Ellen's fancy loved to conjure up, and with her voice of music untiringly dilate upon. I was again at sea, and the answer to my first letter brought the surprising intelligence that Mrs Redstone had become quite reconciled to our future union, and that I might consequently send my letters direct to the High School. Ellen's letter was prettily expressed enough, but somehow I did not like its tone. It did not read like her spoken language at all events. This, however, must, I concluded, be mere fancy; and our correspondence continued for a couple of years—till the peace in fact—when the frigate, of which I was now second-lieutenant, arrived at Plymouth to be paid off. We were awaiting the admiral's inspection, which for some reason or other was unusually delayed, when a bag of letters was brought on board, with one for me bearing the Penzance postmark. I tore it open, and found that it was subscribed by an old and intimate friend. He had accidentally met with Ellen Redstone for the first time since I left. She looked thin and ill, and in answer to his persistent questioning, had told him she had only heard once from me since I went to sea, and that was to renounce our engagement; and she added that she was going to be married in a day or two to the Rev. Mr Williams, a dissenting minister of fair means and respectable character. My friend assured her there must be some mistake, but she shook her head incredulously; and with eyes brimful of tears, and shaking voice, bade him, when he saw me, say that she freely forgave me, but that her heart was broken. This was the substance, and as I read, a hurricane of dismay and rage possessed me. There was not, I felt, a moment to be lost. Unfortunately the captain was absent, and the frigate temporarily under the command of the first-lieutenant. You knew Lieutenant ——?'

'I did, for one of the most cold-blooded martinets that ever trod a quarter-deck.'

'Well, him I sought, and asked temporary leave of absence. He refused. I explained, hurriedly, imploringly explained the circumstances in which I was placed. He sneeringly replied, that sentimental nonsense of that kind could not be permitted to interfere with the king's service. You know, Warneford, how naturally hot and impetuous is my temper, and at that moment my brain seemed literally aflame: high words followed, and in a transport of rage I struck the taunting coward a violent blow in the face—following up the outrage by drawing my sword, and challenging him to instant combat. You may guess the sequel. I was immediately arrested by the guard, and tried a few days afterwards by court-martial. Exmouth stood my friend, or I know not what sentence might have been passed, and I was dismissed the service.'

'I was laid up for several weeks by fever about that time,' I remarked; 'and it thus happened, doubtless, that I did not see any report of the trial.'

'The moment I was liberated I hastened, literally almost in a state of madness, to Penzance. It was all true, and I was too late! Ellen had been married something more than a week. It was Kershaw and his mother's doings. Him I half-killed; but it is needless to go into details of the frantic violence with which I conducted myself. I broke madly into the presence of the newly-married couple: Ellen swooned with terror, and her husband, white with consternation, and trembling in every limb, had barely, I remember, sufficient power to stammer out, "that he would pray for me." The next six months is a blank. I went to London; fell into evil courses, drank, gambled; heard after awhile that Ellen was dead—the shock of which partially checked my downward progress—partially only. I left off drinking, but not gambling, and ultimately I became connected with a number of disreputable persons, amongst whom was your prisoner Sparkes. He found part of the capital with which I have been carrying on the contraband trade for the last two years. I had, however, fully determined to withdraw myself from the dangerous though exciting pursuit. This was to have been my last trip; but you know,' he added bitterly, 'it is always upon the last turn of the dice that the devil wins his victim.'

He ceased speaking, and we both remained silent for several minutes. What on my part *could* be said or suggested?

'You hinted just now,' I remarked after awhile, 'that all your remaining property was in this parcel. You have, however, of course reserved sufficient for your defence?'

A strange smile curled his lip, and a wild, brief flash of light broke from his dark eyes, as he answered: 'O yes; more than enough—more, much more than will be required.'

'I am glad of that.' We were again silent, and I presently exclaimed: 'Suppose we take a turn on deck—the heat here stifles one.'

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'With all my heart,' he answered; and we both left the cabin.

We continued to pace the deck side by side for some time without interchanging a syllable. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the cool breeze that swept over the star and moon lit waters gradually allayed the feverish nervousness which the unfortunate lieutenant's narrative had excited.

'A beautiful, however illusive world,' he by and by sadly resumed, 'this Death—now so close at my heels—wrenches us from. And yet you and I, Warneford, have seen men rush to encounter the King of Terrors, as he is called, as readily as if summoned to a bridal.'

'A sense of duty and a habit of discipline will always overpower, in men of our race and profession, the vulgar fear of death.'

'Is it not also, think you, that the greater fear of disgrace, dishonour in the eyes of the world, which outweighs the lesser dread?'

'No doubt that has an immense influence. What would our sweethearts, sisters, mothers say if they heard we had turned craven? What would they say in England? Nelson well understood this feeling, and appealed to it in his last great signal.'

'Ay, to be sure,' he musingly replied; 'what would our mothers say—feel rather—at witnessing their sons' dishonour? That is the master-chord.' We once more relapsed into silence; and after another dozen or so turns on the deck, Hendrick seated himself on the combings of the main hatchway. His countenance, I observed, was still pale as marble, but a livelier, more resolute expression had gradually kindled in his brilliant eyes. He was, I concluded, nerving himself to meet the chances of his position with constancy and fortitude.

'I shall go below again,' I said. 'Come; it may be some weeks before we have another glass of wine together.'

'I will be with you directly,' he answered, and I went down. He did not, however, follow, and I was about calling him, when I heard his step on the stairs. He stopped at the threshold of the cabin, and there was a flushing intensity of expression about his face which quite startled me. As if moved by second thoughts, he stepped in. 'One last glass with you, Warneford: God bless you!' He drained and set the glass on the table. 'The lights at the corner of the Wight are just made,' he hurriedly went on. 'It is not likely I shall have an opportunity of again speaking with you; and let me again hear you say that you will under any circumstances keep secret from all the world—my mother especially—that Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick were one person.'

'I will; but why'——

'God bless you!' he broke in. 'I must on deck again.'

He vanished as he spoke, and a dim suspicion of his purpose arose in my mind; but before I could act upon it, a loud, confused outcry arose on the deck, and as I rushed up the cabin stairs, I heard, amidst the hurrying to and fro of feet, the cries of 'Man overboard!'—''Bout ship!'—'Down with the helm!' The cause of the commotion was soon explained: Hendrick had sprang overboard; and looking in the direction pointed out by the man at the wheel, I plainly discerned him already considerably astern of the cutter. His face was turned towards us, and the instant I appeared he waved one arm wildly in the air: I could hear the words, 'Your promise!' distinctly, and the next instant the moonlight played upon the spot where he had vanished. Boats were lowered, and we passed and repassed over and near the place for nearly half an hour. Vainly: he did not reappear!

I have only farther to add, that the parcel intrusted to me was safely delivered, and that I have reason to believe Mrs Hendrick remained to her last hour ignorant of the sad fate of her son. It was her impression, induced by his last letter, that he was about to enter the South-American service under Cochrane, and she ultimately resigned herself to a belief that he had there met a brave man's death. My promise was scrupulously kept, nor is it by this publication in the slightest degree broken; for both the names of Hendrick and Pickard are fictitious, and so is the place assigned as that of the lieutenant's birth. That rascal Sparkes, I am glad to be able to say—chasing whom made me an actor in the melancholy affair—was sent over the herring-pond for life.

MONACHISM.

History is commonly said to be the most instructive of all studies; but whether owing to the incompetence of its teachers, or to the natural dulness of the apprehension of men, it is very difficult to be understood. We take its examples as abstractions, without reference to time or place, and try the fitness of one form of civilisation by the principles of another form. What was excellent in its acted time we think vicious because inapplicable to ours; and thus we shut our eyes to the character of those men or things by whose agency the enlightenment of one generation was passed on to the next. As an instance of this injustice we would mention Monachism, or Monkery, a word much used in the party polemics of the day—with which it has nothing in the world to do—and always misused. Unacquainted with the general history of monachism, it is usually considered as a thing belonging exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church; whereas it was of far more ancient date, and may be said to have had its votaries in almost every religion of the East.

Not to go further into the early history of this remarkable institution than the period immediately after the commencement of our era, it may be mentioned that the first Christian monks were *solitaires* or hermits, who, disgusted with the growing irreligion of the times, betook themselves to the desert to worship God undisturbed by the passions of men. Here they gradually entered into communities; and, as Gibbon tells us, 'the philosophic eye of Pliny surveyed with astonishment a solitary people who dwelt among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, who subsisted without money, who were propagated without women, and who derived from the disgust and repentance of mankind a perpetual supply of voluntary associates.' Egypt was overrun with colonies of monks; they swarmed on the mountains and in the deserts to a number, as an old author remarks, emulating the population of the towns. The custom was soon introduced into Rome, where the gentry, and, above all, the matrons, converted their houses into monasteries; but still numerous zealots, scorning the comforts of civilised life, continued to fix their abode in the wilderness. Here, however, they were followed by the adulation of mankind, till hermits were turned into saints and bishops.

The picture drawn by writers of the stamp of Gibbon is uniformly repulsive. They attribute the institution to motives either despicable or vicious, and seem blind to the part it was destined to play in the history of civilisation. But we cannot deny the credit of earnestness to those who, on accepting a law of conduct, bound themselves, under the most terrible penalties, to obedience; who abandoned entirely the pleasures of sense; who dressed in the coarsest garb of the country where they chanced to reside; and who satisfied their hunger with a scanty portion of the simplest food, and their thirst with pure water. These necessaries they earned by their daily toil in cultivating the fields, manufacturing implements, and acting as servants to one another. After the toilsome day, they lay down to rest on the ground on a hard mat, and were disturbed at midnight by a rustic horn calling them with its

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abrupt but melancholy roar to their devotions. Their original cells were low, narrow huts, disposed in regular rows, and forming the streets of a monastic village surrounded by walls. In Egypt the larger monasteries contained 1500 or 1600 inhabitants, each thirty or forty individuals composing a society of separate discipline and diet.

So much for the more ancient monks; but the same character and the same industry descended for many generations; and in England we find them in the middle ages turning the most sterile tracts into productive lands, and giving a new aspect to the country. Even abbots assisted in all sorts of rural labours, ploughing, winnowing, and forging instruments of husbandry at the anvil. Thomas à Becket, the haughtiest of them all, was a hard worker; and after he became Archbishop of Canterbury, was accustomed to go into the fields to have a bout at reaping corn and making hay. An abbot of Glastonbury in the thirteenth century was a famous hand at repairing ploughs, and at using them too. 'It must have been a pleasing scene of rural industry,' says Mr Merryweather,* 'the labours of those busy monks, with two score ploughs at work; with fields glorying in their abundant crops, lands crowded with luscious fruits, and vines bending beneath the weight of grapes; with droves of near nine thousand head of cattle; fine fish-ponds, busy mills and barns overflowing with gathered fruits. We cannot accuse the monks of sloth, or entertain many fears that poverty and starvation were heard to raise their dismal cry at the gates of Glastonbury in vain.' By such labours England came to be called 'a storehouse of Ceres' from the abundance of its corn.

This labour, it must be remarked, was a religious as well as a social duty. By the rules of St Benedict, morning-work in the fields was enforced upon the monks — four hours from Easter till October, and six hours from October to Lent; and after dinner and a dessert of holy reading, they returned to their out-of-door's labour. This may seem hard; but the earlier monastic lands were a desert, which it was the mission of the monks to reclaim. 'Experience taught the pilgrim to deviate from the beaten path, and to gaze over such uninviting spots for the curling smoke that betokened the presence of the monks, and reminded him of their Christian hospitality. Often, when least expected, but when most desired, did the sound of the matin-bell, wafting across a lonely moor, carry a welcome to his sinking heart, and make him turn aside for a blessing and a meal. Far removed from the habitations of men, and thus shut out from all intercourse with the world, the labour of the monks was as essential to their own comfort as it was salutary in preventing the growth of idleness among them.' The marshes near the monasteries were drained, and converted into productive land. Such was the case at St Albans; and in another place the lake now called Alresford Pond was formed of these waste waters, and not only gave large tracts of land for the use of man, but rendered the river Itchin navigable to the very head.

But the monks were not satisfied with works of utility. They were the men of taste of the times, and set themselves to adorn the wilderness they had reclaimed, until

> 'The desert smiled,
> And paradise was opened on the wild.'

They surrounded their monasteries with gardens, orchards, and plantations, perfumed them with flowers and shrubs, and grew herbs and vegetables, which few of the laity were acquainted with. Vineyards were attached to almost all the monasteries; and in some wine was so abundant that the supply was ascribed to miracle! This was the case when King Edgar dined with the Abbot Ethelwold at Abingdon, bringing with him a crowd of the Northumbrian nobility. The king drank like a lord, and the lords were as merry over their cups as kings; but still there was no stint. The wine came at their call like an endless flood; and the debauch was kept up till night, when the guests departed rejoicing. They were assured that the barrels of the poor monks had contained originally but very little, the rest being a miraculous gift of the patron saint.

It may easily be supposed that the reclaimed desert was not long of finding a population. The monks at first built houses for the serfs and other dependents who assisted them in their labours, and thus was formed the nucleus of a town. St Egwin, for example, established himself in the middle of a dense forest; and clearing away the thorns and brambles, constructed his monastery — now the flourishing town of Evesham. But the history of Croyland Abbey is still more remarkable. 'St Guthlac chose the most wretched spot in Lincolnshire when he resolved to dedicate his life to God. An old manuscript describes the loathsomeness of the place. "It was," says the writer, "surrounded with crooked and winding rivers and swampy fens; sometimes the air was filled with dark and nauseous vapours; it abounded with black troops of unclean spirits, which crept under the door of his cell, and through every chink or hole in the slender habitation: they came out of the earth and filled the sky with darkness." As years rolled by, this little oratory of wood disappeared, and a monastery of stone was raised amidst that dismal fen to the honour of St Guthlac. Croyland Abbey gained fresh possessions with each succeeding abbot; and Egelric, in the time of Edward the Confessor, converted much of the waste lands of the fen to a profitable use: he drained and afterwards ploughed them. "In the dry years," says Ingulphus, "he tilled the fens, and had an increase of an hundred-fold for all the seed he sowed; and the monastery was so increased by the abundant crops, that the poor of the country were supplied therewith, which attracted such a multitude of people that Croyland became *a large town.*"' The abbots of St Albans, as an inducement to settlers, gave them materials and money; and when a town began to rise, laid out and decorated a market-place, and erected a church at each entrance. But a town without access would have been of little use. '"The road to London," says Matthew Paris, "called Watling Street and the Royal Way, as well as all the parts of the Chiltern, being covered with thick woods and groves, was become a refuge for all sorts of wild beasts—such as wolves, wild boars, stags, and bulls; and was also a harbour for thieves and outlaws, to the imminent peril of the passengers and wayfarers." The worthy abbot had some of the wood cut down, rough places levelled, bridges built, and the road made firm and passable; and for the better protection of travellers, he entered into an engagement with a valiant knight, named Thurnoth, to maintain a regular guard upon this road; to scour those parts infested with thieves, and to defend the highway in times of war; for which services the abbot granted to the knight certain lands and revenues.'

At a time when roads were in such a state, and when travelling was so difficult and dangerous, the social advancement of the people would have been impossible without the monasteries to serve as *points d'appui* of civilisation. They were inns, hospitals, and refuges for the destitute, in one. Hospitality was a religious duty, and a parsimonious monk was reckoned a disgrace to his order. In dearth and famine, in pestilence and war, the monasteries were crowded with the poor and infirm: their money, their plate, even the ornaments of their shrines, were sold to provide the means of their charitable housekeeping; and when nothing

* Glimmerings in the Dark. London: Simpkin. 1850.

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more remained, the very house itself was mortgaged to the Jews. To convey an idea of the costly liberality of the monks, Mr Merryweather tells us that at the Abbey of St Albans every traveller who came to the gate was entertained for three days; and at the Priory of St Thomas of Canterbury, the great hall, or hospitium, for the accommodation of pilgrims and poor travellers, was 150 feet long and 40 feet broad.

The correspondence of the monks in these dark ages linked the parts of the world together, and kept up the level of intelligence. Abbot corresponded with abbot throughout Christendom; and the letters being preserved in the archives of the monasteries, many of them are extant to this day, and present a curious picture of manners. The pilgrim, too, played his part in aid of 'our own correspondent;' and from the stores of both the industrious brethren compiled the chronicles which are the only histories of the time. The monks, likewise, stood instead of the printers of a later era: they multiplied copies of books with their pen; and even Gibbon confesses that to their earlier brethren in the convents of the East we owe the preservation of many of the classics. The annual fairs brought letters from all parts of the country, and these fairs were under the jurisdiction of the monks, who derived from them a portion of their revenues.

Mr Merryweather gives many instances of elegant scholarship among the monks; but their skill in mechanical science is less known, although it appeared so wonderful to their age that it was usually ascribed to the black art. When Gerbert constructed a hydraulic organ, the people, who fell down with terror, thought they heard the voice of the devil. 'St Dunstan was not the fanatic monkish historians have maliciously represented him. He was a great experimental philosopher for his time; he was an ingenious mechanic, an elegant musician, an expert scribe, and a tasteful artist. In the times of John of Glastonbury, about the year 1400, many proofs of his skill existed in the Abbey of Glastonbury; and his biographer says that he could make or model anything in gold, silver, brass, and iron.' Dunstan was likewise the inventor of the Æolian harp, whose music was of course preternatural, and brought upon him a sentence of banishment from the court as a necromancer. Another monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, made experiments in the art of flying, and performed the distance of a furlong, but then fell to the ground, and lamed himself for life. The accident, however, did not diminish his faith in the new science: he ascribed it solely to his having forgotten to provide himself with a tail. Other better-known names will suggest themselves, such as Michael Scott and Bacon, who belonged to the thirteenth century. The latter assumed the gray tunic of the Franciscan order, chiefly for the sake of the books and the tranquillity of the cloister; a tranquillity—no doubt from its being composed of 'ease and alternate labour'—so favourable to longevity, that we continually read of Saxon monks upwards of 100 years old, and of some of 125, one of 142, and one of 163.

The monks were the chief medical practitioners, and it is no wonder that many of their cures were esteemed miraculous, since they were the result of implicit faith. On this subject Roger Bacon, in his discourse on 'Art and Nature,' is very plain. '"Physicians use figures and charms," he writes, "knowing that the raising of the imagination is of great efficacy in curing diseases of the body: raising the soul from impurity to health, by joy and confidence, is done by charms, for they induce the patient to receive the medicine with greater faith. They excite courage, more liberal confidence, and hope. The physician, then, who would magnify his cure, must devise some way of *exciting faith* in his patient; not that thereby he would cheat, but that he may stir up the imagination of the patient *to believe he will recover*."' This philosophic monk also believed in an invisible fluid which gave men power over other objects — the mesmeric force of the present day. 'Magnetisers affirm,' says Mr Merryweather, 'that those most susceptible of the mesmeric influence, as well as the most capable of effecting it, are the high nervous temperaments. It has been found, too, that spare diet and long fasting have strengthened the power of the mesmeric operator, and a strict continence of the body is a grand auxiliary to success. Who then bore the marks of such a temperament, or who then so encouraged it, by his peculiar living, as the monk of old? His days spent in deep study, in devotion, in penance, and long fasting; his nights in prayer and religious grief. Was not this a training to make a mesmerist, and to render the nervous system susceptible to the slightest touch? Have we not in such a being the very attributes of a successful magnetiser? And is it so very unreasonable to think the monk might have practised as supernatural what science has shewn to be a natural, although as yet an undefinable power?'

Such was monachism as an agent of civilisation; and, like other agents, when its work was finished, it was of no farther use. The wealth it created robbed it of its original character. The abbots became great lords, and the monks grew lazy, fat, and licentious. The illumination it had spread shewed the deformities of a system no longer applicable to the state of society; and at the Reformation the monk Luther shivered the superannuated colossus into fragments, of which here and there portions still remain as monuments of the olden time. Let us not despise monachism because its mission is accomplished. Let us look at it as a great historical fact, and give it the honour it deserves. The convents of the present world have nothing but the name in common with the monasteries of the dark ages; and those solitary apostles who take up their abode in savage lands, to spread industry, refinement, and religion throughout the wilderness—they alone are the legitimate descendants of the monks of old.

INVISIBLE VEGETATION.

In revelling in the glorious splendours of the vegetable world at a season when every tree and flower is in perfection, one is apt to forget or overlook the world of invisible vegetation which, though unseen and unheeded by man, is yet in full and active operation around us, and which, when investigated by the aid of artificial vision, presents a field of contemplation as varied and wondrous, though perhaps not so gorgeous, as the visible display of green foliage and blossoms of every tint and shade of brilliant colour which sparkle in the summer sun. There is something exceedingly interesting in tracing nature to her ultimate and simplest forms. The mind of man has a natural craving for the infinite. It delights to speculate either on the vast or the minute; and we are not surprised at the expression of Linnæus, that nature appeared to him 'greatest in her least productions.'

One is delighted in a summer evening in a walk amidst the dense, shaded woods to pick up a large, beautiful fern, to examine its frond, curiously and most symmetrically composed of numerous pairs of side leaflets, and turning over them, to find their under sides thickly covered with double rows of spores or seeds, the germ from whence in due season are to spring up other ferns of a like kind: or in wandering by the cool margin of the sandy sea-beach, to pick up the huge sea-tang (*laminaria*)—which the ocean waves have torn up from its rocky station in the deep sea, and thus cast ashore to wither and die—with all its accompanying parasites of little shell-molluscs, sea-worms, and zoophytes. All these are as interesting as even the contemplation of the great and venerable oak of the forest. Yet when we return home, and turn the

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microscope to various objects then within our reach, we shall find that there are forms and living things to be seen there as intensely interesting, and as suggestive of thought, as any we have seen in the wider field of nature out of doors.

Take, for instance, a little stale vinegar which has been exposed for some time to the air; or a solution of sugar in water of eight or ten days' standing; or, according to Schleiden, some bruised currant-juice mixed with sugar, and strained through blotting-paper, and allowed to stand for a day or two. If a drop of the muddy or filmy part of these fluids be examined under the microscope, minute granular bodies will be first perceived; these grains or little globules will in another day have enlarged, assuming now the form of rounded cells; several of these cells join together, and after another day a minute, fibrous-looking body, like a small bit of feathery down, will be visible floating along in the fluid drop: this is the famed *vinegar-plant*, or fermentation fungus. In a little time other similar forms make their appearance, till the fermenting fluid becomes studded over with opaque, muddy-like spots. If this fluid is still kept exposed to the air, these little floating islands, as it were, will soon be observed to enlarge, and to acquire other inhabitants. Minute living creatures like eels will be seen in full activity darting through the vegetable meshes. Other minute, but more decided vegetable forms, as confervæ, may perhaps choose to take up here their abodes; and, besides the vinegar-eels, animalcules of other families—as the *volvox*, the wheel-animal, and numerous monads—may be seen to swarm and disport around the shores, and in the little central lagoons of the floating islands. When we reflect, however, that those islands cannot be more than a line, or one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and that perhaps within the whole area of the drop of fluid under examination there are not less than some hundreds of vegetable forms, and from two to three millions of animals—the imagination is almost lost in the conception of such extreme minuteness. Yet we must by no means be incredulous, for we have at hand more palpable, though still very minute analogies to the primitive vegetation which we have just been describing.

If, during the warm summer weather, we put aside a bit of bread, or a slice of apple, pear, melon, or other fruit, or a turnip or potato peeling, if nothing better is at hand, we shall find, in a few days, all those substances will have assumed a mouldy appearance. Take a little of this mould gently off on the point of a penknife, and subject it to the microscope: you see in the moulded bread a grove of tall stalks, each with a round head slightly flattened; in short, a mushroom in miniature. This is the *Mucor mucedo*, the fungus of the bread-mould. While fresh and young they are of a beautiful milk-white colour; gradually they assume a yellowish tinge. The stalks are so transparent as, under a good magnifying power, to shew the cellular structure inside; the bulb now also exhibits, under a thin bark or skin, a number of minute circular bodies all arranged in a compact form: these are the spores or seeds. After a day or two more the fungi begin to ripen and assume a brownish tint, the bulbs blacken, the skin bursts, and innumerable spores are scattered about, many floating away in the air. This forest of mould, like larger ones, is liable to accidents: you may see in one corner, for instance, that the bit of bread forming the soil has cracked; thus a fungus has been loosened at the root, and it falls down, we may suppose with a crash, though we still desiderate instruments to magnify and make audible the sound. Nevertheless the effects of the fall are visible in the breaking down of neighbouring stems, and in the premature scattering of the seeds. You may see, too, sometimes the scattered seeds collect upon one or two plants, and, enveloping them entirely, destroy their vitality, and thus cause old, rotten-looking stumps. If you attempt to tear up a plant its roots cause a sensible resistance. A little water dropped into the centre of this grove will in due time clear away a portion of the plants and cause a lake; and this lake will be found very soon tenanted by living creatures.

The largest tree of this forest may be about half a line, or the twentieth of an inch high. The apple or pea fungi attain the great height of even three lines. In each head of seed there is generally a million of spores. Ten thousand millions of these seeds might be, and very often are, dancing about in the air-currents of our apartments, though totally invisible to us; but could we sufficiently magnify them as a sunbeam darted in at our windows and illuminated their bodies, they would appear like so many cannon-balls moving rapidly up and down, and in all manner of directions. Unlike the higher species of plants, these minute fungi do not pay exclusive homage to the sun. While all the aristocratic families of roses, tulips, sun-flowers, passion-flowers, magnolias, wait upon his beams, and twist and turn towards them, and live but in his smiles, the mould fungi delight in dark closets, damp, half-shut drawers, or shaded nooks and corners. Neither do they disturb themselves nor deign to turn towards his beams at all; they continue to shoot out perpendicularly, horizontally, or even reversed, just as the surface from whence they spring happens to be directed. No loyal pea or bean, or seed of barley or wheat, when germinating in the ground, fails to raise its head aloft and spread out its leaves and blossoms to the light and day; but the bread-mould points its stalk and its seed-vessel just as readily downwards to the earth as upwards from it. Give these fungi, then, moisture, air, and warmth, and they seem to care little about light—that agency so essential for stimulating and carrying on the vital operations of all the higher orders of vegetables.

The bread-mould we have compared to mushrooms: the various kinds of fruit-mould are of a somewhat higher order: they imitate mosses in a degree of arborescence, in roots which spread into the soil, in rudiments of leaves or rather fronds, and in a greenish verdure which the others want. The mould of the apple differs from that of the pear, and both from the mould of the lemon and orange; the parasites of different families of plants thus differing from each other just as is the case with the animated parasites of animals. But animated beings have their vegetable parasites too. A fungus has been detected growing from the body of the common blue-bottle fly; minute fungi have been found in the human lungs; and a peculiar fungus grows from the skin of the human corpse.

The snow-plant (*Protococcus nivalis*) is a minute red cell fungus, which is frequently seen in large clusters on the surface of snow, or incrusting bare rocks on the Alpine mountains of Europe. Another minute red fungus (*Trichodesmium Ehrenbergii*) has been described by Ehrenberg as seen at certain seasons of the year covering large portions of the surface of the Red Sea; and when the sun shines on it, imparting that red tinge, compared to mahogany sawdust, which has probably given the name to that celebrated inland sea. The appearance of this vegetable in immense quantities on the surface of the water is very sudden, and its duration transient. 'On the 8th July 1843,' writes M. Dupont, 'I entered the Red Sea by the Strait of Babelmandel. On that day the sands were white, the reefs of coral were white also; the sea was of the most beautiful cerulean blue. On awakening on the morning of the 15th of the same month, what was my surprise to behold the sea tinted with red as far as the eye could reach. Behind the ship, upon the deck, and on all sides, I saw the same phenomenon. The whole surface of the water was covered with a compact stratum, but of little thickness,

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of a matter of a fine texture, apparently like brick-powder mixed with rouge, or what fine sawdust of mahogany would exhibit. On examination it proved to be a minute cryptogamic plant. This redness continued till noon of the 16th, when it disappeared, and the surface of the sea became blue as before.'

We have seen that all these forms of vegetation, excessively minute and simple in structure as they are, yet obey the great law of nature in propagating their kinds. Millions of their invisible seeds are constantly floating in the air, or swimming in the water, or lie amid the dust and sand of the soil, ever ready to spring up when the circumstances favourable for their germination and development are present; and thus we need not wonder at their ready appearance in almost all fluids and in all localities; nor need we be led to the supposition which once prevailed, before their natures and habits were so well understood, that they sprung up spontaneously, without seed or germ, from the soil, or from substances in a state of fermentation. Undoubtedly they are most commonly found in the products of animal or vegetable fermentation and decomposition, just because these matters afford them the chief conditions of vegetable growth—that is, food, moisture, and warmth. Spallanzani long ago shewed that by sowing a quantity of the black dust or spores of bread-mould on a piece of bread, he had a quicker growth and more plentiful crop of fungi than when the bread was left to a natural or chance supply of seeds; just as the husbandman has a surer crop of wheat when he deposits a sufficient quantity of seeds than when he leaves the chance of a crop to the shake of the previous autumn. More recent and careful experiments by Professor Schulze have also shewn that if due care be taken to get quit of the ova of animals and the seeds of minute vegetables from any fluid, and at the same time carefully to exclude the further entrance of them through the admitted air, no traces of animal or vegetable life will be manifest.

What purpose, then, does this profusion of minute and almost invisible organic existences subserve in the great economy of nature, for nothing can have been made by the Great Creator of the world in vain? What is the use of those countless and almost inconceivable myriads of vegetables and animalcules, living, dying, and again reproduced in the most rapid succession, and all unseen and unmarked by the ordinary senses of man? They are evidently the advanced guard, the great pioneers of nature, the sappers and miners of the vast armies of the organic kingdoms. Inorganic matters—rocks, stones, the hard flints and limestones, even the obdurate iron—have to be invaded and rendered into impalpable atoms; the bland and inert fluid water, and the various impalpable gases, have all to be decomposed and moulded into new forms and into matters having new properties. All this, in the first instance, is the work of vegetables; the simpler kinds working and slaving for the more complicated—the minuter accumulating by the mere force of untold numbers food for the larger and more complicated. Before we can have the wheat grain which furnishes our morning roll, millions on millions of fungi and confervæ, of lichens and mosses, must have been at work preparing a suitable soil for the more delicate and noble cereal. Before the solitary student can read these pages at his well-trimmed midnight lamp, myriads of animalcules that feed on the particles of vegetable origin dissolved in the waters of the ocean, must feed the medusæ that feed the whale, whose sperm-oil feeds and sustains that midnight taper. Millions on millions of tons of minute organic particles that are every day and every hour, by a process of decomposition, fast hastening downwards again to join the mineral kingdom of inert chaos and dark night, are constantly being rescued by the roots and pores of some minute vegetables, or the maws of some hungry animalcules, and again carried for use into the great vortex of life. And thus it ever is in our ceaseless round of existence: all nature is connected by links of a great chain; and one of those links, diminutive as it is, but which could not be wanted in its proper place, is the microscopic plant.

'AN HONEST PENNY.'

It is interesting to remark the various shifts and contrivances, the resorts of a very humble species of ingenuity, to which some of the right-minded poor by whom we are surrounded have recourse in order to procure what they proudly and independently term 'an honest penny.' It is gratifying to know that there is a very large section of the lowest ranks to whom the feeling of dependence upon others and the practices of dishonesty are equally hateful and repugnant; and it is impossible not to sympathise with the persevering endeavours of many of this class whom society seems, from some accident or other, to have pushed aside from the beaten paths of labour and its deserved emoluments; and who are left to make their way in the world in the strict and literal sense of the term—seeing that they have first to invent a calling before they can pursue it. How much physical energy and good moral determination some of them bring to bear upon this praiseworthy undertaking the following brief sketches, drawn from the life, may assist in shewing.

Terence O'Donough is an Irishman whom a fortunate fate has united to an English wife. When I first knew Terry he was in the enviable position of a hanger-on at the underground warehouse of a small printing-office, where two or three minor monthly publications were rolled off from a machine in a cellar, the motive-power of which was supplied by a steam-engine in an adjoining factory. Terry's whole fortune consisted in his wife, who plied as a basket-woman in Covent Garden, and his own broad back, which he carried steadily under the pressure of three hundred-weight; to which might be added a temper insensible to provocation, and an appetite which, owing to 'his riverence, Father Matthew,' who had cured him of whisky-drinking, was a match for anything eatable under the sun. Terry's wife, whom he always addressed as 'me darlint,' was in every respect the 'dacent ooman' he was fond of calling her; and she was not a little proud of her Herculean spouse, as anybody might see who observed her watching him as he devoured the monstrous boiling of potatoes which she brought him regularly at one o'clock, and which, with a draught of water from the pump in the courtyard, constituted his unvarying dinner. I question if the good woman herself lived upon anything better: it was Terry's boast that he had made her, like himself, a 'taytotalman intirely,' and that 'iver since, wi' the blessin' of iven, they hadn't wanted for nothin' at all at all.' Terry had no regular engagement; his earnings were limited to fetchings and carryings, and running of errands; and when he had nothing to do he had nothing to receive. His average receipts were rather under than over a pound a month; and his wife, according to his own account, which I believe was the true one, earned about half as much; but she made his home comfortable to him; kept his little garret as 'clane as the blue sky;' and if Terry had any wish in the world, you may be sure the image of his wife was shut up in the centre of it.

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And, to tell the truth, Terry had his wishes; and they were, like those of all honest hard workers—for constant employment, and a larger income. How to bring about their realisation was the question. An untaught Irishman, bred in the bogs of Connaught, without education and without a calling, what could he do to improve his condition? There was no human rival whom he could supplant by superior qualifications. Even the little printer's devils, who galloped up and down stairs, and ran about the warehouse, had all 'got the larnin', and could rade a printed book out and out,' while he did not know 'sorrow a letther.' 'Tisn't the larnin' will do my business anyhow,' said he to himself. 'Bedad, if I was but a stame-ingin, it's a pound a week they'd be afther givin' me. Arrah now! that's what I call a diskivery. Sure I'll be the stame-ingin, and do it half-price, if the masther will ounly hear rayson!' So Terry watched his opportunity, and one day when the steam ran short, as it invariably did on the Saturday, he boldly volunteered to supersede the steam-engine 'if the masther would put a handle to the mill,' and drive it clean through the week for a less sum than he paid to the proprietor of the steam. Terry's proposition was at first laughed at as absurd, as the power required was considered far too great for one man to supply continuously. Repeated defalcations, however, on the part of Terry's rival, the steam-engine, at length induced the printer to listen to his offer. A handle was fitted to the machine, and Terry was offered half-a-crown a day for keeping it going. The experiment succeeded admirably. The contest between flesh and blood, bones and sinews, on the one side, and cast-iron on the other, was for once decided in favour of the former. The snorting, fire-eating rival was cashiered, and sent about his proper business; and from that day to this the arms of Terence O'Donough, with some occasional assistance from his wife, have supplied the motive-power to the printing-machine in —— Court. From long practice Terry now makes comparatively light work of his ponderous task. During the hot summer weather his wife makes her appearance in the afternoon, and laying hold of the same handle, proves herself a worthy helpmate to her toiling spouse. More than once have I seen Terry fast asleep on the floor, after working half the night, while his wife, grinding away, kept the concern going at the accustomed pace. The steam-proprietor is the only loser by the bargain; Terry's employer saves 20 per cent. by the exchange; Terry himself has trebled his earnings; and both he and his wife are confidently looking forward to the accumulation of sufficient capital for a start in the 'general line,' including 'murphies and black diamonds,' which is to lead them onwards and upwards to respectability and fortune.

Returning lately from a visit to the Principality, I arrived by the Great Western Railway at the Paddington terminus. Throwing my portmanteau on the top of an omnibus bound for the Bank, I mounted myself by the side of it, and in a few minutes we were *en route* for the city. We had not yet entered upon the New Road ere I became aware that the omnibus, which was crowned with luggage, was accompanied on its journey by no less than six young lads, the eldest not above seventeen, who, running at the side or in the rear of the vehicle, kept up with it the whole way. I noticed that if one of them caught my eye, he made a motion of touching his hat—though not a semblance of a hat or of a shoe either was to be found among the whole party—and executed a kind of shambling bow, which, being performed at the speed of six or seven miles an hour, appeared a rather comic species of politeness. I asked the driver the meaning of this curious *cortège*. 'Them poor young 'uns, sir,' said he, 'is arnin' what I calls a reg'lar hard penny. They are a-looking out arter the luggage; and because they runs it down all the way from the railway, they thinks they got a right to the porterage. When we drops a passenger and a portmanteau together you'll see the move. The fust man (they goes in reg'lar turns) will shoulder the luggage, and pocket the browns for carrin' of it home. He as has the last turn will have to run perhaps all the way to the Bank—a good four mile the way we go. They gits what they can, and takes their chance whatever it is. Sometimes they're done altogether. A boy may foller the 'bus all the way on the hunt arter a gentleman's luggage, and never git it at last—'cause why, d'ye see, a cab may take it out of his mouth, or a kind-hearted swell may think that a chap as will run four miles arter a trunk is perhaps likely to bolt with it when he's got it. 'Tis all a chance. I wish 'em better luck, that's all.' 'A hard penny indeed,' thought I; 'and a proof that these poor, ragged vagabonds are willing at anyrate to get one honestly if they can.'

The first passenger with luggage got out at Tottenham Court Road; his baggage was hauled from the roof and lifted upon the shoulders of one of our running attendants by the conductor, who seemed to look upon the ceremony as a matter of course. Away marched the little bare-legged Atlas at the heels of the passenger towards the Hampstead Road, and the omnibus proceeded on its route accompanied by the remaining five. The next stoppage was at Euston Square; and the porterage, being only from the omnibus to the North-Western Railway station, was but a twopenny job. At King's Cross we discharged another passenger, and lost another ragged attendant. At the Angel, Islington, two more disappeared; and the vehicle, on the roof of which my own was the only remaining luggage, proceeded onwards to the Bank. Onward at its side, with bare feet padding the dusty road, now at the rate of nearly eight miles an hour, came a flaxen-headed, country lad of fourteen, now and then scanning my face with eager glances, and pulling an obeisance at his straggling locks as they fluttered in the wind. When at length we stopped at the Bank, the little fellow had to fight for the possession of the portmanteau, which he did with a vigour almost amounting to desperation, with a half-drunken porter of forty, who was standing on the look-out. Finding himself likely to be worsted in the contest, he appealed to me with a look which a flint could not have resisted, and I felt myself compelled to interfere to procure him the job. He volunteered to carry the object of contention to Paternoster Row for 4d., after having run at least four miles in a broiling sun to make sure of the commission. He kept close to my side, as though fearful of incurring suspicion, either by going too fast or by lagging behind, and civilly bore the burden up stairs to the second landing before holding out his hand for payment. In answer to my questions, he told me that he should immediately start back again by the shortest cut to Paddington, there being no chance of a job by the return journey. He said he could get back in forty-five minutes in a direct line without much running, and that they could do three journeys a day. A good day was worth 1s. 3d. or 1s. 4d., a bad one, 8d. or 9d. He thought he made about 5s. a week out of it, but it was very hard work, and his victuals cost him all he got, except 6d. for lodging. He added that it would never do to run in shoes or boots—the gains would all go in leather: 'the sole of a shoe wears out

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in no time when a boy's a runnin' all day long, while the sole of a fellar's foot only gits the thicker for it.' His time was too fully occupied to allow of much questioning; and having received his coin, he was off westward like a shot, to rejoin his comrades at the railway terminus.

These poor fellows work in bands, and find their security in sticking closely to each other. It is only when one is left alone at the end of a journey that a stationary porter has a chance against them. Together they would infallibly chase away any interloper who should presume to attempt to bag the game which they had conjointly hunted down. There is no doubt that they rely a great deal, as they have reason to do, upon the sympathy of the passengers, some of whom find no small amusement in the race so pertinaciously maintained for the chance of a trifling reward. I am not sorry to observe that since the increase of employment for all classes which has arisen from the impetus of the Great Exhibition, their numbers have been materially thinned. They have been in some sort replaced by numerous gangs of country-bred urchins, who make a trade of following the suburban omnibuses, and tumbling heels over head, or 'wheeling' for a hundred yards together on outstretched hands and feet, after the manner of the gipsy broods, who, in times gone by, swarmed in the track of the old stage-coaches, cutting capers for the halfpence of the outsiders—an occupation that will most assuredly cease to be remunerative when London is again reduced to its average population.

Bob Rudge is the son of a 'navvie' employed on the Great Northern Railway. His father's fifteen shillings a week has been made to undergo a very considerable stretching in order to make it sufficient for the wants of eight young children, of whom Bob is the eldest, and he not yet sixteen. The mother has too much to do with her little troop of half-naked rebels to make any further attempt at industry than is manifested to the passers-by in the appearance of a small gingerbread and apple stall in front of the blackened brick cottage in Maiden Lane. If the poor woman manages by her desultory traffic to pay the rent of the little domicile she thinks herself well off. The number of undeniably good appetites beneath Mr Rudge's small roof has been long a source of perplexity to the honest man, and all of them would certainly have been reduced to occasional very short commons if Bob had not, like a dutiful son, come to the rescue. Maiden Lane and its adjoining purlieus and precincts, it should be known, are the El Dorado, the unbought paradise, of hungry donkeys. There and thereabouts are numberless small patches of unenclosed grass, half-lumbered with bricks and building materials, and destined to be built upon at no very distant date. These are plentifully pastured by asses too poorly ownered to boast of private lodgings, who browse patiently among the broken bricks and rubbish, and pick up a gratuitous livelihood, being turned out of the shafts and left to shift for themselves whenever relieved from duty. Man is ever the child of circumstances, and generally derives his knowledge, if indeed he gets any worth having, from his personal surroundings. Little Bob Rudge, like the rest of us, caught up his experience from the lessons of his daily life. He was nurtured and dwelt among donkeys, and from the long habit of observing their predilections and propensities, has at last struck out a business for himself, enabling him to relieve his parents of the burden of his maintenance, and further, to render valuable co-operation towards that of the family.

All round the suburbs of London, girding the metropolis in every direction, are miles upon miles of open sewers and drains. The pedestrian who diverges from the beaten track is often only prevented from walking into them by the kindly information of his olfactory nerves: they are carried by numerous culverts under the New River in the north, and under the roads and railways in the east and south; the aristocratic nostrils of the west have voted them a nuisance, and there they abound in less profusion; but everywhere their odours ascend and flavour the country air which the retired citizen imagines he is inhaling in all its purity. But the poison of one man is the meat of another, and this interminable source of disease and death little Bob Rudge has made the foundation of his traffic. The banks of these endless ditches and drains are everywhere covered with a rank and luxurious vegetation, chiefly consisting of a gigantic species of succulent grass rising on long reedy stems, which is to a donkey what turtle-soup is to an alderman. This Master Bob collects and sells by the sackful to the owners of asses; not to the poverty-stricken proprietors of the squatting herds in his own immediate neighbourhood, but to the thriving owners of the lively brutes who, on Hampstead Heath, and other such places of fashionable resort, amble flauntingly in milk-white drapery beneath the soft side-saddles of the frolic fair, or plod quietly along, guided by the feeble hand of the consumptive invalid.

Bob's profession is anything but a sinecure. He began by being his own beast of burden. I met him two years ago, armed with a short sickle and a sack six feet long; he was levelling the herbage on the bank of a ditch, and ramming it into his bag. Not being at all in the secret, I questioned him as to the use of his crop.

'What is it for?' said he: 'why for the mokes to be sure. Don't they like it—jest!'

'You don't pretend that they prefer it to grass or hay?'

'Don't they though? They prefers it to anythink. If you got a moke, you jest try him: if you lives handy here, I'll be proud to sarve yer. Bless your 'art, about three bags on it turns 'em out as sleek as a mole. Vy, look 'ere; it's pretty nigh all juice—aint it?' With that he squeezed a handful of the reedy grass till his fingers were dripping with moisture. 'The mokes is no fools, whatever you think on 'em: they likes gravy in their meat as well as Christians. He, he! You don't catch 'em leavin' on it till 'tis all gone, I can tell yer. I could sell ten times as much as I do if I could git it, only 'tis so fur to take it. This 'ere's a-goin' to Camden Town, more nor two mile. If I had a moke o' my own I'd do well.'

By this time he had reaped a dozen yards of the bank, and cut enough to fill his bag. He rammed it in with his head and shoulders as the sack lay upon the ground, until it was tight enough to stand upright. Raising it on end till it towered far above his head, he stooped, and buckling it round his waist by straps stitched to the sacking, walked off with bended back, the ponderous load projecting forwards over his head, like the coffin of Daniel Lambert on the back of a Lilliputian undertaker.

Bob has now grown quite the little man of business. His ambition is gratified, for he has two 'mokes' of his own, and is doing a smart trade as commissariat to a pretty numerous regiment of donkeys, if one may judge by the palpable improvement in his costume and the expression of his confident face. He reaps and sells his crops without paying rent, taxes, or tithe. The paternal cottage has been lately painted and whitewashed; little Dick has made his first appearance in a shirt; and a neat-boarded shed, well pitched with tar and weather-proof, in the rear of the dwelling, gives token at once of Bob's prosperity and his humane care for the comforts of his friends and benefactors the mokes, who have helped in bringing it about. How he employs his time and his donkey-power in winter is a secret which, not being in his confidence, I have not been able to fathom. I have no doubt that he has found a market for both, and turns them to good account. I encountered him only a few days ago in a field not far from the Seven Sisters' Road. He was accompanied by young Dick;

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both were busy 'reaping where they had not sown;' and their allies the mokes, tethered to a hurdle in an adjoining lane, stood witnessing the operation through a gap in the hedge with characteristic satisfaction.

LADY E. S. WORTLEY'S TRAVELS.

THE 'Travels in the United States by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley'* is one of the cleverest books of the present publishing season. Her ladyship is a shrewd observer, liberal in tone, and humorous and graphic in powers of description. Her work is consequently a very different thing from other productions of the kind, and it will be read with interest even by those who, like ourselves, have perused almost everything that has been written on America. We should also be inclined to say that Lady Emmeline is possessed of no small degree of courage, moral and physical. She tells her mind pretty frankly, and goes everywhere, even into very rude scenes, with only female attendants. In one thing she is original: she is the first English aristocratic writer who has spoken with respect and admiration of the American character, and dared to prognosticate for the nation a great future. We may expect that Lady Emmeline will be deified by our transatlantic friends, and held up as a fine set-off to the whole race of Trollopes.

The round which this intrepid female traveller made included some of the western states, Mexico, the island of Cuba, and the Isthmus of Panama, across which she went in order to have a glance at the Pacific, an ocean now coming rapidly into importance—and not merely talked about, but steamed upon. With singular good sense, passing over the petty disagreeables that must inevitably occur in this extensive and varied tour, she speaks in glowing terms of the grandeur of many things that came under her observation. With the mightiness of the Mississippi she was duly impressed. To this great sea-like river, she says Campbell's fine line would apply as well as to the ocean: 'The lightning's wing sinks halfway o'er thee like a wearied bird.' After contemplating its gigantic features, she feels that at home all will appear insignificant. 'I shall want a microscope when I return to England, so miserably small and petty will seem its rivers, its hills—all its features. Magnifying-glasses might save one's patriotic vanity a little till we get used to the miniature scale. The Mississippi springs to life amid the chilly glare of everlasting snows, and it ends its mighty career beneath a burning sky—ay, almost under the flaming heavens of the tropics. Nothing gives one a better idea of the immensity and greatness of this sublime river, than the reflection that a vast space, comprising about two millions of square miles, pours its surplus waters into this king of rivers. It is indeed a long sea. Then not easily can one forget, on looking on those wonderful waters, what change another hundred years will almost certainly have produced on the vast scenes which they lave. What very nations of men will crowd on its busy shores and throng its immense valley! What a world of wonders will be presented to the future voyager! What industry, what prosperity, what splendour, what yet undreamed-of attainments of civilisation, and triumphs of science, and achievements of art! Already you see the beginnings of all these. The desert is gradually blooming, the forest is retreating, the habitations of men are rising in all directions; fleets of steamers and other craft are covering the face of the river; thousands of enterprising settlers are setting foot on the shores, and advancing further and further into the beleaguered wilderness: but a hundred years hence, nay, fifty! Imagination almost fails to paint to herself what shall then be unfolded and displayed in broad day to the gladdened vision.'

* Bentley, London. 3 vols. 1851.

Reverting to this subject, after describing New Orleans, Lady Emmeline ponders on the destiny of the great people who are to work out the future of the Mississippi Valley; and this leads her to sympathise with the usually boastful character of the Americans, inferring that with such mighty works of nature before them they cannot help speaking in what seems to us the language of exaggeration. 'It is all petty malice and jealousy which make people talk of their exaggerated expressions and ideas. A man must have imagination indeed—must out-Shakspeare Shakspeare, the myriad-minded, and the very lord of imagination, to deal in hyperbolical extravagance here. What would be exaggeration in other countries is here the simplest moderation, and in all probability lags behind the reality. The fact is, they feel their destiny and their country's destiny, and they would be stocks and stones if they did not; and if in England we are disposed to think they "greatly daring" talk, we should remember a little what a prospect lies before them. Nature, their present, their future—all is in such an exaggerated mood here, all on such a stupendous scale! For them to have little views and entertain trifling projects, or hold petty opinions with regard to their mighty country's advancement and progress, would be as absurd as to see a party of giants in go-carts or in pinafores, and playing at "Tom Thumb" and "Goody Two-Shoes."' But the vulgar bragging of the Americans—for vulgar and offensive it is, in spite of Lady Emmeline's indulgent remarks—may be expected to undergo considerable modifications. 'As the people progress and advance more and more,' she says, 'they will gain more the humility of true greatness.'

Our authoress was not less gratified with the rapid advances making by Boston than the bustle and tokens of wealth in New York. The wharfs of this finely-situated city 'during the business season are densely lined with the shipping of every maritime country under the sun. Merchantmen of every size are there; and for at least three miles they present an uninterruptedly-continued forest of masts and cordage, commingling apparently with the chimneys of almost innumerable steamers. More than 1000 sailing-vessels, nearly 100 steamers, about 80 tow-boats, and 200 canal-boats, may usually be found in the noble harbour of New York during the busy time of year. In the severest winter this harbour is never obstructed by ice, so that vessels are not inconvenienced on that account. I have already mentioned the magnificence of the New York hotels, but must just add that the enormous Astor House not only is said to be furnished with its own private printing-press for striking off the diurnal bills of fare, but it also makes all its own gas. However, it does not yet, I believe, manufacture its own linen or plate!'

The more novel portion of the work refers to Mexico, whose thoughtless inhabitants, clearly incapable of self-government, she hits off in an amusing style. It is Lady Emmeline's candid opinion that if the Mexicans were to be free of revolutions and their troublesome consequences, they would be positively too happy. They may be said to have paid, in the shape of 300 revolutions, for their superlatively fine climate. It is clear that 'people cannot be allowed to live in such a paradise for nothing. We may go on and enjoy our jog-trot peace and quiet at home in our misty little island; we have to keep our windows shut, to exclude the fog and chilling dropping rain: it would be hard to have them broken open by drizzling cannon balls, and rather expensive too, though glass is cheap. We want a good roof over our heads, to prevent rude Boreas from visiting us; to have it summarily blown off by a shell would be a double hardship in our bitter clime. So we have the blessings of order, as maintained by our metropolitan and rural police; and of Britannia warming-pans and coal-scuttles; and the non-blessings of

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fog, ice, snow, clouds, east winds, and unripe gooseberries. They have glorious suns and balmy airs, and mighty mountains and dazzling stars, gold and purple skies, a silver earth, and insurrections of every pattern and species — a large assortment always on hand, agreeably diversified by numerous little stabbings and killings by undisciplined amateurs; for the regular *pronunciamiento* must be quite a profession in Mexico by all accounts, and is conducted on principles of high art.'

During these revolutions funny things occasionally occur. Our authoress was told a 'tale of a lady at Puebla, who had some beautiful flowers on her balcony, and who neglected them during the civil war, a week ago (we came through as it was dying off, I believe, but we were rather sleepy, and did not find it out at all.) She left them for nearly three days, and then, afraid that they would be quite spoiled, in spite of the peppering balls that fell round faster than usual (the popular tempest, just going to clear off perhaps for a few weeks or so, was expending its last strength fitfully), out she stepped on her fair balcony armed with a watering-pot—not so bad a weapon after all if it could have held enough—and proceeded to refresh the unlucky flowers, some of which had had their heads carried off by bullets, while several were bearing scars like the very flowers of chivalry. She watered them pretty fast, you may be sure; but before she had done, bang came a great ball, and cut in two the body of a flower-pot. That was enough; away ran the lady at once, thinking that the flowers had better be killed than herself.'

The streets of Mexico are broad, clean, and airy, and the gayest in the world. The equipages are splendid, and the costumes of the people brilliant and striking. Then, what abundance of novelties in the shops, arranged beneath open arcades! 'What is there not to be found here? Look round: here are sombreros, mantillas, reboses, satins, silks, silver, gold, china, pictures, mats, and twenty thousand things besides, all close at hand; and just look at those splendidly-embroidered cloth-mangos for gentlemen, with a circular piece of coloured velvet in the middle to act as a sort of masculine necklace. Here are wax figures, most elaborately and exquisitely finished, faithful representations of every class in Mexico—a perfect population in themselves, and, it is asserted, not given to the melting mood, which you would have suspected. Here are spurs like merely moderately-sized windmills! that weigh, some of them, a pound and a half, and the rowels of which clatter along the pavement, when the wearer happens to walk, like a travelling tinker's store on an uproarious and kicking donkey. And here are gold and silver ornaments in lace, and aërial flounces and furbelows, and artificial flowers, which it is said—but I cannot corroborate the assertion by having witnessed anything of the sort—are made by men; and that you may there see a whole regiment of stout, active Mexicans, who ought to be quarrying stone, or working in the mines, or mending their abominable roads (which must destroy a large proportion of ill-starred travellers annually, we should think), with enormous moustaches, and desperate-looking *cuchillos* at hand, actually employed in mincingly manipulating delicate decorations for ladies' dresses, trimming fairy-caps, and artistically twisting and pinning bows of ribbon. Would the reader like to give 200 dollars for a cheap pair of Guadalaxara stamped leathern boots, wrought all over with silver? And a saddle for about double that trifling sum? Would he admire more those *lassos* or *sarapes*, or beautiful Mexican hats, with their tassels and broad rolls of shining silver, fastened with little lions, serpents, and other devices? Or has he any fancy to pay away a small fortune for a complete set of horse-furniture, and a full riding-dress of the country to match? It is a most beautiful costume altogether; and one cannot help hoping that the Mexican *caballeros* will not give up their magnificent and appropriate costume, and splendid horse-equipments, to adopt the ugly fashions of Europe.'

With Havana, the capital of Cuba, Lady Emmeline was enchanted. The beauty of the cloudless climate, the richness of the vegetation, and the fairy-like gracefulness of the female inhabitants, reclining in their glittering *volantes*, were all attractive. Going to the *paséo*, as the place of fashionable resort is called, the scene is thus described. Here a multitude of carriages 'swarmed in double lines, and all seemed like a fairy tale in action. Those graceful, aërial-looking, gaily-painted open volantes, like cars fit for Queen Mab, and the ethereal-seeming beings within, crowned with flowers, with no other covering on their gracious heads than these delicate blossoms, and their own massive braids of superb black hair—for very seldom did they even wear the mantilla, and when they did, its exquisitely-disposed folds seemed little else than the light shadow cast by those abundant waves of silky sable locks: all was enchantment. How gracefully waved their fans, with which they fluttered light pretty salutations to each other!—those glistening feathery fans, like the wings of sylphides: and their dresses! surely Arachne herself must have spun them, and Iris coloured them! I will try and paint, in words, three of these fair daughters of Cuba, as they recline in their luxurious volantes. One is in a dress of the most sky-like azure; another in a diaphanous dreamy sort of robe, of the most gossamer texture, and of the softest yet brightest tint of rose-colour; and the third—who sits forward in the middle—is in spotless lily white: and these dresses float light and full as very clouds about them. They are all *décoltée*, and with very short sleeves, and all are snow-pale with statuesque features and magnificent hair. There seem to be hundreds and thousands of these carriages, with equally fair and fairy-like *damosels* within, and clad in every hue of the rainbow—lilac, emerald-green, the faintest strawy-yellow—that admirably suits with their generally jet-black locks—and various delicate tints and shades of all colours. The carriages themselves look like enormous butterflies glittering in the rays of the descending sun, with their innumerable, bright, varied colours. Then how beautiful are the long double rows of trees on either side of the paséo, and the flowers, and the exquisite sky above, and the splendid fountains, falling into sculptured marble basins; and how charming is the delicious temperature and the soft breeze from the neighbouring sea!'

Pity that the race of holiday-makers who occupy this paradise of an island are so utterly incompetent in the way of general progress. That they are destined to lose it, sooner or later, there can be no reasonable doubt. Of the transit across the Isthmus of Panama, likewise afflicted with a slothful race of Spanish Creoles, the authoress gives some interesting particulars; but for these and other matters we must refer the reader to the book itself, which will amply repay perusal.

DOMENICHINO.

Domenicho Zampieri was born at Bologna in the month of October 1581. He was the second son of a shoemaker, who, by the persevering exercise of his humble trade, gained a comfortable living. The elder Zampieri wisely determined to give his sons a good education, with a view to their embracing liberal professions; and on this latter subject he sought the advice of some of his respectable customers. Among these was the painter Calvart. This artist offered the shoemaker to take his eldest son and instruct him in the art of painting, and the proposal was gladly accepted. It now remained to dispose of the younger son, a quiet, reserved, sad-looking boy, who took no pleasure

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in the noisy games of his young neighbours, but always sought to muse in some retired corner.

'What shall I make of him?' said his perplexed father one day to Calvart: 'he is a strange, moping sort of boy, whose inclination it is difficult to discover.'

'Make him a priest,' replied the painter: 'you can't do better than put him into the church. Gregory VII. was a carpenter: the worshipful guild of shoemakers has not yet supplied us with a pope, but who can say what it *may* do?'

Calvart's advice was followed, and Domenicho Zampieri commenced the studies preparatory to a course of theology. Being naturally of a studious, meditative disposition, he had acquired at the end of four years a considerable amount of information and learning calculated both to enlarge the mind and benefit the heart. Meantime Calvart was labouring in vain, trying to make an artist of the elder brother. Not a single spark of genius could he elicit; and at length he told the shoemaker that the lad, whatever might be his vocation, would never make a painter.

'Well,' said Calvart, 'I got you into this scrape, and I will now try to get you out of it. Let your boys change places: the eldest, I daresay, will make an excellent priest; and as to the youngest, without any instruction, and from merely visiting my studio occasionally, he has already acquired a far greater knowledge of painting than his brother.'

Once more was Calvart's counsel followed implicitly, and Domenicho found himself at liberty to follow the career for which nature had intended him. He soon became Calvart's best pupil, and his master predicted that his fame would equal his own.

This Calvart was a Flemish painter of undoubted merit, and who in public estimation occupied a place next to the Caracci. But this did not satisfy him: he wanted to excel the distinguished brothers of Bologna; and so far did his jealousy extend, that he forbade his pupils, on pain of expulsion, to enter the studio of his rivals, or even to copy any of their works.

Notwithstanding this prohibition, our hero became acquainted with a youth of his own age named Albano, who, as well as Guido, had commenced his studies under Calvart, but a short time before had deserted to the enemy's camp—that is to say, the studio of Ludovico Caracci. The sympathy of taste and feeling which at first attracted the young men towards each other soon ripened into close friendship, and Zampieri was erelong induced to visit the forbidden scene of Albano's studies. There he could not help perceiving Caracci's vast superiority to his own master; but filled with gratitude towards Calvart, and nobly unwilling to desert his cause, he warmly defended the Flemish painter against the sneering accusations of want of skill which Albano's companions were wont to bring against him. However, he thought it quite allowable, for his own private improvement, to make copies at home of some of Caracci's masterpieces. For some time he did this in secret; but at length some talebearer carried the story to Calvart, who, under pretext of paying a visit to Domenicho's father, went immediately to ascertain its truth.

He began by praising the youth's progress, and then asked the father to shew him the pieces which he painted at home. The delighted shoemaker hastened to usher his visitor into the attic which Domenicho occupied; and there one glance was sufficient for the jealous painter. On the easels against the walls everywhere did he see copies from the works of the Caracci, and none from his own! He, however, dissembled his wrath, and on his return said nothing of his visit to the culprit, who heard of it in the evening from his father.

Great was Domenicho's consternation. With fear and trembling he repaired next morning to the studio, thinking that Calvart would expel him. The artist was walking up and down the room with hasty strides, stopping now and then to inspect the works of some of his dullest pupils, and praise them in an extravagant, and yet irritated manner. At length he stood behind Domenicho, who was employed in putting the finishing touches to an admirable study from nature, one which offended the Flemish painter's eye from its unmistakable likeness to the school of Caracci.

'Domenicho,' said he, pressing his hand heavily on the young man's shoulder, 'you have been going on very badly of late, falling off in your painting, and spending your time with that good-for-nothing scapegrace, Albano.'

'But, master'—— began Domenicho.

'And worse than that,' interrupted Calvart, 'you try to imitate these unworthy Caracci, whose mission seems to be to destroy every rule and principle of good painting. Do you think that in this way you will ever become an artist?'

Domenicho, without deigning to reply, shrugged his shoulders.

This unlucky gesture was taken by Calvart as an impertinent answer to himself, and acted like a spark falling on a train of gunpowder. His rage knew no bounds; he tore the canvas from Domenicho's easel, dragged the young man towards the door, and dismissed him with a violent box on the ear.

The next day our hero, to the great delight of his friend Albano, enrolled himself among the pupils of Ludovico Caracci. In the evening a supper was given in his honour by his new companions, and it was with great difficulty he could prevent them from going afterwards in a body to serenade, in anything but a complimentary manner, the ears of Master Calvart.

In order to excite the emulation of his pupils, Ludovico Caracci was in the habit, from time to time, of giving a prize to whichever among them produced the best painting; and one of these trials of skill took place soon after Zampieri's entrance. The new-comer, diffident of his powers, dared not enter the lists, but finished a sketch in secret. When the prize was adjudged, his master upbraided him with his timidity, and Domenicho ventured to shew his sketch, almost anticipating blame. Ludovico Caracci, however, was so much struck with its merits that he appealed to his assembled pupils to pronounce what its author deserved. With one accord they assigned to him the first place, and the youth who had gained the prize yielded it to him with the best possible grace. It was at this time that he began to be called Domenichino, by which caressing diminutive of his Christian name he continued to be known, almost to the exclusion of his patronymic. Our hero was endowed by nature with a tender, loving heart, and his affection for Albano increased daily. It was, therefore, a sad trial to him when his volatile friend set out for Rome. During a year Domenichino patiently pursued his studies at Bologna, and then yielding to Albano's pressing entreaties, he went to Rome. There he was kindly received by Annibal Caracci, who was then painting the Farnese Gallery. Associated in his master's labours, he produced a picture, 'The Death of Adonis,' which was at first attributed by the public to Caracci; but the latter was too upright to profit by the error, and took care to secure to his pupil his full meed of praise.

Domenichino could not boast rapidity of conception, nor any remarkable facility of execution. He loved to remain secluded in his studio, working out patiently his own ideas, and avoiding the gay society of his fellows. Therefore among them he was far from being popular: they laughed at the shoemaker's son, who dressed shabbily, and cared so little to join in their sports. In contempt of his apparent slowness they gave him the nickname of *The Ox*.

'He whom you call an ox,' said Annibal Caracci one day, 'will plough his furrow after a fashion that will yet fertilise the field of art.'

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Thomas Aquinas, on account of his presumed dulness, received when a boy a similar title from his comrades. They were reproved by his illustrious master, Albert the Great, in the following words:—'If Thomas is an ox, he is one whose roaring will yet fill the world.'

The noble House of Aguechi, of Florentine origin, was at this time represented at Rome by two of its members — the one, P. Aguechi, was a cardinal, the other, J. B. Aguechi, was a man of immense wealth, and a passionate lover of the fine arts. Through the interest of Albano, Domenichino obtained an introduction to this powerful patron, and painted for him two excellent pictures. These caused quite a sensation in Rome, and very soon a band of jealous rivals sought how they might injure the unsuspecting artist. One day Cardinal Aguechi told his younger brother that he must immediately expel from his palace a dangerous infidel and scurrilous painter, as he believed Domenichino to be.

J. B. Aguechi, not wishing to displease his powerful and imperious brother, appeared to acquiesce, but privately reassured his protégé as to the issue of the business. He gave a splendid banquet in honour of the cardinal's birthday, and in the evening proposed that the assembled guests should view his picture-gallery, to which, he said, he had lately made several additions. Now this gallery, although much talked of, was but little seen; for Aguechi, like many great collectors, was chary of exhibiting his treasures to public gaze, and reserved the view of them for those choice spirits who could really appreciate their merits. Therefore, on the present occasion, the company eagerly expressed their satisfaction at the promised treat.

'It would seem, brother,' said the cardinal, 'that your gallery must contain marvels.'

'Your Eminence shall judge for yourself.'

Accordingly the cardinal, followed by the other guests, passed through the door which their host held open, and truly beheld inestimable treasures. There was a panel whose surface was painted on wax by the Greek Apollonius in the thirteenth century; pieces by Cimabue, Giotto, Perugino, Leonardo Da Vinci, and Raphael, besides several great artists of the time. At one end of the gallery the cardinal remarked a green curtain, which seemed to veil some large painting, and he asked his brother to withdraw it. J. B. Aguechi feigned excessive reluctance; but the cardinal persisted so earnestly in his request that at length the curtain was drawn back, and Domenichino's magnificent painting of 'St Peter in Prison' appeared, brilliantly lighted up by a ray of the setting sun. The cardinal, who, without being as accomplished as his brother, really possessed taste, was struck, not to say startled, by the beauty of the picture. He looked at it for some time in silence through his hand half-closed in the form of a tube.

'Why, this is a *chef-d'œuvre!*' he exclaimed at last. 'What do you think of it, gentlemen?'

The obsequious guests, who had waited to take their cue from the cardinal, now with one accord launched out into extravagant praises of the painting.

'Who is the artist?' asked his Eminence.

'My brother,' replied J. B. Aguechi, 'you will please to recollect that it was only in compliance with your own urgent entreaties that I shewed you this piece: it is the production of a Bolognese painter who has had the misfortune to incur your Eminence's displeasure.'

'What! Domenichino? Who could have told me that he was a mere heretical dauber?'

'His ignorant and jealous rivals say so.'

'Well, well, it is not too late to make him amends.'

From that time our artist enjoyed the favour of Cardinal Aguechi. He painted for him 'St Jerome in his Grotto,' and 'St Francis kneeling before a Crucifix.' He had just completed the latter piece when the cardinal died. Before his death he recommended Domenichino to the protection of Cardinal Aldobrandini, who complied with his friend's wishes by intrusting his protégé with the decoration of the palace of the Belvedere. He also painted a series of pictures of sacred subjects for the abbey of Grotta-Ferrata; and these, still bright and glowing as the day when they started into life, attract even now the notice and admiration of visitors.

After some time he returned to Rome, where Albano was occupied in executing pictures to adorn the castle of Bassano, belonging to the Marchese di Giustiniani. Here Domenichino experienced the value of true friendship. The generous Albano, under pretext of wanting time, persuaded the marchese to confide part of the work to his friend. Accordingly, while he was engaged on the 'History of Apollo,' Domenichino was employed in painting the 'History of Diana.'

For his splendid piece, 'The Communion of St Jerome,' executed at this period, and destined for the chapel of San-Girolamo-della-Carità, he received the miserable sum of fifty crowns. But from it he reaped an abundant harvest of fame. It burst on the public as a resurrection from the ancient school of art, and its author was lauded to the skies. He had, however, a bitter enemy, named Lanfranc, who accused him of being a mere servile copyist of the Caracci. Agostino Caracci had, in fact, treated the same subject, and the two compositions bore some faint resemblance to each other. Through the intrigues of Lanfranc 'The Communion of St Jerome' was thrown into a barn, where Poussin, twenty years afterwards, discovered it. The French painter proclaimed its transcendant merits, and through his influence it was placed in the Vatican, opposite Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' The remainder of Domenichino's career was strangely chequered by weal and wo. He married a beautiful girl, named Marsibilia, to whom he was fondly attached, and whose devoted affection was his chief support under those trials which his sensitive spirit could so badly bear. Lanfranc and the Spanish painter Josef Ribera, surnamed Spagnoletto, persecuted him without ceasing. At length the latter devised the cruel expedient of bribing a workman to spoil the frescoes which Domenichino was painting for the dome of San Gennajo. Despite this injury, however, and the sorrow which he felt at the death of his two children, our artist continued to prosecute his work until the fear of poison broke down his spirit. He refused to leave his house, and took no food save that which he had prepared with his own hands. Notwithstanding these precautions he died in 1641, a victim to poison by some accounts, but, as others assert, cut off by pulmonary consumption.

PEAT AS A MANURE.

[The following is from a little practical *brochure* by Mr James Cuthill of Camberwell, entitled 'Market-Gardening Round London,'* in which a horticultural account is given of everything—from cauliflowers to parsley, from filberts to water-cresses—grown in the neighbourhood of the metropolis for its own supply.]

I HAVE tried the following plants in a mixture of peat-charcoal and earth with the following results:—

Geraniums.—These luxuriate in a mixture of three ounces of pure charcoal to one pound of mould. In this material they make good saleable plants in half the usual time. Cuttings strike freely, either in the pure charcoal or in the mixture.

Cucumbers.—For these I mixed the charred peat with mould during winter, and when the plants are put into it, they grew famously, and produced a heavy crop. The peat-charcoal not only yields nutriment, but it affords good drainage. Cucumber tops strike root freely in pure charred peat.

* London: Hamilton & Adams. 1851.

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Melons.—These succeeded in a mixture of charred peat and soil equally well with the cucumbers; and if a large proportion of the soil consist of peat, I am of opinion that the flavour of the fruit will be improved, more especially in cloudy, sunless seasons.

Strawberries grow admirably in charred peat mixed with soil, and in the case of pot plants they like a good handful of the pure peat placed in the bottoms of the pots. This latter has a tendency to prevent the ingress of worms, which do not appear to like its sharp edges.

Vines.—I have not yet tried the effect of charred peat on vines; but judging from analogous cases, I am certain that it will prove of much advantage to them, not only as a fertiliser, but also as a means of keeping the borders porous, and thereby bringing better into action the other materials of which they may be composed. Under such an arrangement much finer-flavoured fruit may be expected.

Potatoes.—I have found those manured with charred peat drier and more mealy than others to which farm-yard manure was applied. In the former, the foliage and stalks are more compact and firm, and when taken up the tubers were found to be clean-skinned. In my case no wireworm came near them. Where potatoes are pitted in long ridges, in the open ground, a layer of peat between them and the soil helps to keep them dry, and if this heap could be covered with it below the straw it would also be an advantage.

In flower-gardens, peat-charcoal will be found invaluable, inducing, as it does, quick growth; but not over-luxuriant, and consequently plenty of blossoms. Under its influence the colours of the latter are well 'brought out.'

The experiments mentioned above were all tried last year. This season I have found that if, instead of horse-dung being turned and sweetened for a month before it is used for forcing, it is allowed about a week's laying, and then put into a four-light pit, and covered over with an inch of peat-charcoal, all will be well. Under this system, by the time my cucumber plants came up, all smell was removed. Again, gardeners are much annoyed in January and February by plants damping off. I dusted my cucumber plants in the pans every morning with peat, and I did not lose six out of 600. Those treated in this way throve better than the others, and produced a more healthy, dark-green leaf. In short, I consider charred peat in a melon ground to be as necessary as a telegraph to a railroad. The one is incomplete without the other. The sort of charred peat that I use is the granulated kind.

I have only to add, that I never had finer crops of strawberries in pots, as well as all the above sorts of plants, than I have had this summer. On frequent examination of the roots, I have always found the young fibres adhering closely round the particles of peat, shewing at once the great benefit they derive from it, not only in the shape of nourishment, but also in the warmth, air, and moisture the charcoal affords, being so porous. If this is the case in a light soil, to clayey land a good dressing must be much more beneficial. My potatoes have never been better than this year (1851.) I have had many potatoes weighing three-quarters of a pound, the stems strong and woody, with not half so much water in their system as usual. And if my plan of wintering them was carried out (as mentioned in the 'Belgian Prize-Essay on the Potato,' in my last pamphlet), the potato would bid defiance to disease; as we find the charred peat to be so splendid a manure, and without an end, covering, as it does, three millions of acres, from fifteen to thirty-five feet deep, and lying just at our hand, and in a distressed part of the three kingdoms, where industry only wants stirring up; for in England the Irish are the most industrious, hard-working people on the face of the earth. By using this manure largely, you will not only be enriching your own ground, but be lending a helping hand to poor Ireland, where Providence had placed the peat as a blessing; but the uses of the material were not to be discovered until wanted. It is now in a ripe state. The earth wants more manure, and a greater demand is made upon it, which will increase as the population multiplies. And when this mighty store, laid up for the earth's use in time of need, is all gone, some other vast hidden accumulation will appear. In the meantime, the Irish Amelioration Society, Waterloo Place, London, deserves encouragement for the help their operations in Ireland have given to the people in their late great struggle for existence, not less than for the benefit you will confer on yourself by purchasing the article they sell, which I have been endeavouring to shew is a first-rate manure, and a capital deodoriser of all obnoxious smells.

A FANCY ABOUT A BOY.

'Nothing—less than nothing—and vanity!'

We stood beside the window-sill,
The little lad and I;
Within the room was sober gloom,
Without, a sunset sky.
I drew him forward to the light,
That I might see him plain;
That sudden view thrilled my heart through
With a delicious pain.

I leant his head back o'er my arm,
And stroked his crispèd hair—
The dear, dear curls, o'er which salt pearls
I could have rained out there!
I looked beneath his heavy lids,
Drooping with dreamy fold;
What visioned eyes I saw arise!
But nothing shall be told.

Gaily I spoke: 'Could I count back
Nine years, and he gain nine,
I would not say what ill to-day
Had chanced this heart of mine.'
He laughed—all laughed—I most of all:
But I was glad, I ween,
That the whole room lay in such gloom—
His face alone was seen.

He talked to me in schoolboy phrase;
I gave him meet replies—
I mind not what; my sense was nought,
Or lived but in my eyes.
I could not kiss him as a child,
I only touched his hair,
Or with my hand his broad brow spanned;
But not that it was fair.

He strange to me—as I to him,
We never met before;
Yet I would fain brave mickle pain
To see the lad once more.
But why this was, and is, God knows!
And I—I know, with joy,
I'll find among His angel-throng
An angel—like that boy!

DR CHALMERS AND MR IRVING.

The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion, he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding, 'I can be short.' I said, 'How long will it take you?' He answered, '*Only one hour and a half!*' 'Then,' replied I, 'I must decline the favour.'—*Dr Hanna's Memoirs.*

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ENJOYMENT OF THE FUTURE.

It must be confessed that a very seductive study is afforded by that science which treats of the successive revolutions that rent asunder the crust of the primeval globe, and of the series of races which inherited by turns the pre-Adamite earth. It is interesting to trace what appears to be the preparation our world received by those mighty changes for some condition of permanence and tranquillity, and to follow the fearful and wonderful developments of organic life till they ended in Man. But what next? What is to follow? Has the awful and magnificent drama really come to a conclusion? May the mind at length sink into rest and contentment after having revelled in the marvels of geology? This is impossible. These marvels have only given the impetus to excitement; and we turn our eyes 'from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' in search of the new phenomena that are to follow.

Is it reasonable to suppose that man is only a link in the chain, a race in the series of existences; and that after him will come some different and nobler being to continue the infinite progress? Is it reasonable to suppose that even now we are in the course of a new geological revolution, which, slower still than the movement of a glacier, will take ages upon ages for its development? To think thus we believe to be as contrary to reason as it is to Scripture; but we believe, likewise, that although at the birth of man there terminated one series both of organic and inorganic changes, he is the beginner of another of a wholly different character. The stone monsters of the old world which geology has caused the earth to disgorge from her successive strata, and to relate their history to us with the distinctness of written monuments, exercised no influence upon the destinies of the world otherwise than as forming a portion of its crust. They flew, they swam, they crawled, they ravened, they died—and that was all. A convulsion of the globe buried one race, and a new one took its place, as unconscious of the fate of its predecessor as it was unable to prophesy its own.

But man is in quite a different position both as regards the physical world and the fortunes of his own race. The aspect of the former he is able to change at his will. Wherever he goes he makes, when he does not find, the conditions necessary for his existence. He modifies the climate, disarms the thunder, sweeps away the forest, drains the marsh, bores his path through the rock, throws a road over or under the river, descends into the bowels of the earth, and skims over the surface of the deep. But, unsatisfied with this sovereignty over material things, he flings his influence abroad into the future; making laws for unborn generations, and moulding the form and destiny of times that as yet have no existence. This is the grand distinctive character of his being. He lives in the future. Even without the aid of revelation he conceives the idea of a future life, and feels, without being able to see, that he is not a thing of dust, but a spirit of the universe. From his earliest childhood, his thoughts, his dreams, his longings, flee away into the future. He is not a child when he plays with his companions, but the future man, father, master; and as he advances into life, that mystical future recedes before him, and so he marches on, and on, and on. He works, plans, provides, all for the future. He plants woods, and builds dwellings, cities, temples, all for the future. He lays up treasure for the future; and when arrived at the end of the present—when the last sands of life are running, and the grave yawns to receive him, and the darkness of death descends upon him like a pall—behold! a new dayspring rises amid the gloom, the silver cord is loosed, and he steps into the future. Yes, with the appearance of this being there ended the series of geological changes, and in him there commences a series of moral changes as awful and astonishing.

In examining this connection of man with the future, we observe the difference between two important springs of human action—the love of reputation, and the love of fame—and are able to estimate their respective value. He whose god is reputation is obviously an inferior being, debarred from the exercise of the higher functions of his nature. He is only a child of the future as belonging to the species, for he is incapable of appreciating or enjoying his inheritance. He is satisfied with the applause he can hear, and the reward he can feel, and pleases himself with the maxim of a spurious philosophy—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die.' Now, there is in this, to the unreflecting mind, a certain colouring of common sense. What benefit, it is asked, can we derive from a fame which is born only when we have ceased to live? What can the future do, as regards the enjoyments of this state of existence, for a being who dies with the present? What compensation can he find in posthumous renown for the labours and woes of his mortal life? Does the fame of the Macedonian hero, which still resounds throughout the world, warm the ashes in his grave of ages? or does this fame constitute the paradise of our own blind schoolmaster, the teacher of all times? The answer is: That the aspirations of man are a part of his nature, and that the exercise of the nobler functions of our constitution forms in itself the happiness of the mind, just as the exercise of the instincts forms the happiness of the senses. These aspirations are their own reward: the future is enjoyed in the present; and

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the free spirit wears the crown, even when the head knows not where to rest. The idea that the love of fame is absurd, since it is impossible to realise its enjoyments, can only proceed from a grovelling mind, unable to comprehend any higher felicity than its own.

But the longing after fame is confined to a few. It requires for its dwelling a mind of a peculiar and somewhat poetical order; while the practical working out of great ideas, without any reference to posthumous compensation, is a far more common test of character in the children of the future. But here we are met with the same objection. Why care for generations that are yet unborn? What pleasure can you philanthropists take in benefiting those who have never done anything for you, and whom you will never see? It is better to enjoy the present, and leave the future to take care of itself! Why, this enjoyment is precisely what they seek, however unconsciously to themselves! In caring for the future they enjoy the present in its keenest relish; while the objectors, absorbed in the exercise of the lower functions of human nature, proclaim that they belong to an inferior and less-favoured order of the species. All this feverish excitement we see around us —this longing and labouring after the improvement of mankind—is a proof that in our day the new series of progression goes rapidly on, and that we discharge our prescribed task in the work of human life with zeal and fidelity.

The instinctive striving even of common minds after a good that is not to be enjoyed by their own generation is one of the most remarkable phenomena of man's nature. We argue, we toil, we lavish our fortune, we submit to present hardships and privations—for what purpose? In order that at some indefinite time an advantage may arise to be enjoyed by beings yet unborn. These hypothetical beings are nothing to us or ours. If indeed we crippled our resources in order to improve an estate which would yield the return to our heirs, the thing would be intelligible on the principle of a wide and generous selfishness. In like manner, when the kindly Hindoo plants a grove, he pleases himself with the notion not only that some unborn traveller may repose in its shade, but while reposing bless his unknown benefactor; and therefore, while admiring the beautiful action, we are at liberty to suspect that the advantage he thinks his soul will derive from that grateful thought mingles with benevolence in the motive. But there are a thousand objects of human effort which are wholly inconsistent with the idea of self-interest of any kind whatever; even of that kind which arises from our habit of identifying ourselves with the beings *in posse* who are to proceed from our own blood. We may mention as an instance the earnest struggles that are now making by all wise and good men to wrest from bigotry and ignorance an education for the people. These champions of civilisation do not consist merely of the young, who may suppose themselves to have some interest in the growth of knowledge and order in the land: the old man who totters on the brink of the grave is one of the foremost of the band, and his step becomes firm and strong, and his eye gleams with a generous light as he girds himself up for the strife. If you ask him why, he will tell you of the good to come a score or two of years after his body is dust and his soul for ever severed from the things of time. Does he expect the thanks of that new generation? Does he look for the fame of a public benefactor? He smiles at the idea. Of what service would thanks be to the dead? Fame! he does not comprehend what fame means: he is an obscure, quiet, comfortable man, who, if public honours were offered him even in life, would refuse to have them, if he could refuse for laughing!

The motive is innate. The old man as well as the young belongs to the future, and the future belongs to him. He yearns over the idea of the unborn world, which is to him an actual existence, and which his spirit presses forward to meet. His labours are labours of love, and his compensations spring from the exercise of the required functions of his being. But this he does not know any more than the unreasoning animal knows why it loves, cherishes, and would die for its young. They both fulfil their destiny—the animal and the man: the one belonging to the present, the other to the future; the one perishing, the other living for ever. And this future, in its mundane sense, only ends with the end of the world. It is vain to dream that when this or that is accomplished our labours will cease. Our labours will never cease, for they are a condition of our existence. The future recedes step by step as we advance, and we advance till we stumble into the grave.

This reminds us of one of those great thoughts of Christianity, which would be enough of themselves to testify the divinity of its Founder, and which, when the mind is once awakened to their grandeur, excite both astonishment and awe. We allude to the *impossible* perfection we are *commanded* to reach. If this perfection were attainable by human nature, it would not only give rise to a thousand delusions and misconceptions, but would, if really attained, be the destruction of the soul, which would say in secret, with the pride of the Jewish formalist: 'All these things have I kept!' But the unattainableness of the prescribed perfection keeps the loftiest natures on the stretch. Even like the future, what they seek recedes as they advance; and the pilgrim of the world finds at length that the object of his struggles and reward of his labours lies beyond the grave.

In describing the distinctive character of the race, we have furnished a test wherewith to try the intellectual standing of individuals; for he of course holds the first rank who discharges best the loftier functions of his nature. It is vain for the sneerer to pride himself on what he calls the 'common-sense' views that chain him to the present; they prove simply that his intellect is of a lower order, that in mental vision he is purblind, that he is an inferior and imperfect being. Not, however, that the heir of the future is inattentive to the present; for in reality he is more attentive than if the latter bounded his horizon. With him the present is a portion of the future just as time is a portion of eternity; and the same attribute of his nature which throws him upon the distant and unborn, directs his sympathies towards the beings that surround him. But the practical corollary is obvious to any one who observes and thinks. Let him only divide the individuals of his acquaintance into high and low intellects, mean and lofty spirits, and he will find that he has separated the slaves of the present from the children of the future.

THE STRANGE SCHOONER.

Mein Herr von Bischoff was a Dutchman, as almost every one will perceive from his name, and one of the most comfortable, smoking, tea-drinking, punch-imbibing of his numerous fraternity. He had abandoned business at an early era, no one knew why, unless from love of ease, though certainly it was quite clear he had enough to live upon. He had been a merchant in New York, but no longer lived in that city. He had before he was forty years of age retired to a splendid estate on both sides of a small creek that opened into a lovely bay. A green and high bluff stood on the southern side of the bight, covered at the summit with low trees and bushes, and on the sides and all around by wood. At the foot of the cliff Bischoff built his house. It was a perfect model of neatness and cleanliness. It was of stone, and formed two storeys.

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The upper storey was all bedrooms, as were the garrets; while on the lower was a dining-room, a smoking-room, a large kitchen, and one apartment into which no man but the master of the house ever ventured. It was barred with iron, and the only window opened into a passage. But no one thence could see the inside, the glass being stained, and heavy curtains further obscuring the vision. The door was always carefully locked.

Bischoff had numerous servants, male and female, white and black. He grew his own vegetables, reared his own cattle, had a poultry-yard, a splendid dairy, as clean as an old maid's parlour. He lived well did Mein Herr. He rose at six, took a walk round his garden, looked at his tulips—if in season—scolded his gardener good-humouredly, peeped into his poultry-yard, examined the dairy with the air of a connoisseur, and then breakfasted. He ate heartily of his pork and beef, drank plenty of tea, munched two or three corncakes, and then smoked a pipe by way of promoting digestion. At eleven, after a stroll through the house—a stroll always accompanied by numerous grunts and objurgations at the laziness and extravagance of servants—he took his *schnapps*, as he called his first glass of spirits, and then read the last Dutch paper with rare gusto, though he had almost worn it out, and it was at length nearly two years old. But until another came it was the retired merchant's latest intelligence; and as in those days no one, especially Dutchmen, were ever in a hurry for news, it served the purpose at least of our modern Sunday paper. At one he dined, with an appetite which to us degenerate mortals would seem dreadful in its vehemence. But Von Bischoff—Peter was his Christian name—looked upon dining as a duty, and never moved from table in less than an hour. He ate his beef and cabbage, his bacon and beans, his venison, his fish, with clockwork regularity, and quaffed his beer with equal respect for the interior mechanism of his stomach. Then he made a glass of punch, and in fine weather went down to the port of New Rotterdam, as his estate was called. We said the port. This requires explanation.

The Dutchman's garden went right down to the edge of the water. It had been chosen for the purpose where the bank was high and steep, and a very decent quay had been knocked up with a few cedar piles driven into the water, and a number of planks laid down from them to the land. A little bower had been erected close to the port, and here Peter would take his glass of grog and his pipe, and spreading himself out in a leathern cushioned arm-chair, would gaze upon the water in the direction of the capital of the state of New York. Once a month a methodical schooner would, about two o'clock on the first day of the month, come in sight, wind and weather permitting, and about three would moor alongside the wharf, with the most praiseworthy punctuality. But Andrew Brock was even a more jog-trot Dutchman than Peter von Bischoff. He was never known to hurry himself, or ever to be behindhand, when he could help it. He could not be induced to understand why wind and tides should ever vary, or at all events should not be perfectly regular in their variations. And yet if the wind was against him, Andrew took it quietly; he was not, like an English madcap of a sailor, going to bother himself with beating-up the channel against the wind, wearing out ship and tackle, but waited until he could sail in a reasonable and methodical manner, in his usual course, with his usual sails set. He brought Von Bischoff his letters, his supplies of tea, sugar, and tobacco; and took away bacon, and cheese, and corn, and leaf-tobacco, and other things which the Dutchman grew; and now and then the schooner brought a Dutch paper, which delighted the heart of the owner of New Rotterdam for months, yea, even years. A whole week did it take Andrew Brock to load and unload, with the assistance of his crew and the well-fed negroes of the establishment. But Mein Herr never grumbled. He had some one to drink with him, to smoke with him, and to sit with him. Not that when Captain Brock sat down before him they ever roused themselves to any greater exchange of intellectuality than a few remarks relative to the Hollands or the tobacco. But then there is sociability in company which even a silent Dutchman can appreciate, and Von Bischoff was on such occasions eminently happy.

For some years previous to the commencement of our narrative, Von Bischoff received every month by the hand of Andrew Brock a letter of some pages in length, written in a clear handwriting, but with all the delicacy and elegance of woman's usual style. Peter looked at them gravely, and with some little alarm, and at length found courage to open them. He read them with a solemn countenance, but with tears glistening in his eyes, and always made up his mind to write an answer next time. But though Peter could indite with facility an invoice or a business-letter, an epistle which had to deal in sentiment and feeling was something out of the way, and required consideration. And so Peter went on considering for three years; and little Katherine, the author of the documents in question, received no other reply to her affectionate outbursts of filial duty save promises to write next time, kind wishes, and handsome presents.

'Katherine is eighteen, she says,' exclaimed Andrew Brock one day, taking his pipe away from his mouth for a minute—'and thinks it time she should come home.'

'Eighteen!' replied Peter, opening his little eyes to their extreme width, and looking in truth unutterable things—'eighteen! Her mother was married at that age.'

'I'll marry her,' said Andrew Brock gravely. 'She is pretty, and as lively as a kitten.'

'Ah!' responded Peter, without noticing the offer of his skipper; 'lively! Just like her mother, I suppose. These English have quicksilver in their veins. But she is a woman now: she must come home.'

'Give me the order to receive her,' continued Captain Brock, who understood clearly that his overtures were rejected for the present, and, like his patron, was not inclined to waste words in explanation.

Mein Herr did all that was necessary: sent the money for her schooling, a female servant to accompany her, and two lines to his daughter requesting her to come home, and declaring himself very glad to see her. There was a little hypocrisy in this, for Peter felt considerable uneasiness about the matter. During the two years that his young English wife had lived his life had been miserable. She was a joyous, young, merry thing, who would have given untold happiness to any man who could have appreciated her. She was always singing, dancing, or running about. She could never stand still, and the methodical Dutchman was miserable. Worst of all, she made him laugh, and that made his stomach ache, he said, which was an alarming symptom of future illness. About a year after giving birth to a lovely child, Mary Bischoff was drowned while crossing over to New Rotterdam. She was standing on the taffrail, trying in her girlish way to catch a glimpse of a large fish by the side, when her foot slipped, overboard she went, and being swept away by the rapid current, was seen no more.

The next evening the bereaved husband sat in his bower thinking of the sudden loss he had sustained of one he had loved with all the love of which he was capable.

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'*Mein Gott!*' he cried aloud, 'I am very sorry. But there is comfort in all things: I shall be quiet now. What a pity she was so lively. But she would have killed me; so I suppose it is all for the best.'

Was it the wind or was it a sigh that made the Dutchman start? But though he rose and looked around he saw nothing. But his unfeeling speech had sufficient effect on his feelings to make him believe that the ghost of his drowned Mary had reproached him in this gentle way. This belief made him turn to little Kate with sorrowful love. But soon he could not bear the sight of her. Before a week the memory of the winsome ways, the pleasant smile, the jocund laugh of his charming wife had melted the heart of the young Dutchman, and Peter would willingly have once more lost all his peace and tranquillity to have been teazed even into leanness by his pretty Mary. But it was too late. The water yielded not up its dead, and Kate was sent to nurse, and after that to school.

Some years beyond this, Peter, whose ruling passion was money, was accosted by a strange sailor, who made him a proposition. What it was no man ever knew. But Peter grew suddenly wealthy, lent money to all who needed it, retired from business, and took up his residence at New Rotterdam. For some years he seemed far from happy; he was always on the look-out, as if for some one. But by degrees, as no one came, he grew easier in his mind, and at last seemed to forget every cause of unhappiness, and waxed fatter, being more contented and satisfied than ever. He still lent money to good houses; but Captain Andrew transacted his business for him, collected his accounts, had his bonds signed, and did everything which was needful. Every month he brought home all that had been repaid in interest or principal during the month, and took back all that Peter consented to put out to interest. Richer and richer grew our Dutchman, for not only his money but his vast estates brought him in profit.

The 1st of May was the day on which Katherine was expected home. It was a bright and sunny morning. Peter ate his dinner with his usual method, after ordering a luxurious tea to be ready at three o'clock, the hour at which the schooner was expected to arrive. At two precisely he was in his bower with pipe and glass. He lit the one and took a sip of the other, and then looked around. His pipe dropped from his mouth and almost out of his hand as he saw two schooners heading for the port of New Rotterdam, at the usual distance. They were so exactly alike that Peter was puzzled to know which was which. What could this mean? There was some mystery about the matter. There was, he was sure, going to be trouble and vexation, and his equanimity would surely be disturbed.

'That it should happen on this very 1st of May 17—,' he cried; 'the birthday'——

But why is he so pale and trembling; why does he lay down his pipe; why does he gulp down his drink, and, buttoning his pockets, assume an air of sullen defiance, as if prepared to defend them with terrible energy?

'My Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'it is the 1st of May 17—; Katherine's birthday, and the anniversary—— What will become of me?'

The usually rubicund and merry face of the Dutchman grew pale, all the commonly suffused red congregating on the top of his large nose, his eyes twinkled with angry vehemence, and an awful frown of alarming portent collected on his brow. His glance never left the two schooners, which came on exactly abreast, with their flags flying, and heading exactly for the port of New Rotterdam. Peter now recognised that of Brock by the oft-mended sails, those of the other being spick-and-span new of white duck, while the vessel itself had a smart and natty appearance. Mein Herr von Bischoff sank down upon his arm-chair in deep thought. His unlit pipe was between his teeth, his replenished glass was untouched. He could distinguish something on the deck of Andrew Brock's schooner which made his heart leap. It was a figure which carried him back sixteen years. It was the same size, in the same dress; and the Dutchman could have sworn it was her who, after twenty-four months of wedded life, had found a watery grave. The schooner came nearer and nearer, and Peter Bischoff rose as usual to walk down to the very edge of the water. The small craft was brought up in the wind, stood still, and then was with wonderful rapidity moored by the negroes to the shore.

'My father,' said a soft, ringing, silvery voice in Peter's ear, that made him look round in amazement, for he could have sworn it was the voice of the dead—'my father, here is your Katherine, your Kate.'

Merciful Heaven! It was the same hair, the same eyes, the same voice, the same form; and Peter turned away and wept bitterly, Dutchman and phlegmatic as he was.

'What is the matter?' asked Katherine, much amazed.

'You are so like what your poor mother was,' replied the father.

'Dear papa, and do you mourn for her still?' said his rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, light, airy-stepped daughter.

'I do. I never shall forget the wicked relief I felt at being quiet. But that very unnatural joy was my punishment. Years, my child, had healed the wound; but you have reopened it.'

O what a smile of unutterable love came from that child's face as the Dutchman thus spoke of her mother! She caught him round the neck, she kissed him, she laughed, she chattered like a monkey, and then ran with noisome glee to see what the house was like.

'Well, Captain Andrew, what is the meaning of this schooner following you, and anchoring 200 yards off our port?'

'The devil blister its black sides!' said Andrew Brock fiercely: 'it has followed me from New York like a leech. It has never been fifty yards apart; sometimes it would come so close I thought we should touch. It is a richy Englishman, I know: the captain is a little handsome fellow with smart curly whiskers; I fancy he has come in chase of Katherine.'

'Little man, smart curly whiskers, in love with my daughter: *der teufel*, I will kill him!' and Peter Bischoff looked as angry as he had done some hours before. 'But I don't understand such impudence. What can he want?'

There lay the strange schooner in the stream, riding at anchor about 200 yards distant. It was an elegant and graceful craft, with low hull, tall, raking masts, white duck-sails, a clean, well holy-stoned deck, and all that air of natty seamanship which is peculiarly English. Peter shook his head, and looked as if he expected to see some sign of life on board. But not a soul was on deck—not a sign of life was visible. The schooner lay stilly and silently at anchor, as if wholly abandoned by man.

'Very odd,' said the Dutch skipper.

'Very,' replied Peter; 'come and take tea.'

Away walked our two portly friends up the garden towards the house, musing with very different feelings relative to the advent of the strange schooner. The Dutch skipper saw only a rival in love and trade in the English sailor, but Peter saw something far more serious; but what it was, unfortunately, he could not communicate to any one. They found Katherine roaring with laughter at the astonishment of the negro female servants when she began upsetting a whole system of her father's arrangements, of which she did not approve. First a chair did not please her; then a table; then a heap of old china was not in a position to

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satisfy her; and with her own hands and those of her alarmed assistants all was in process of alteration.

As Peter entered the negresses stopped, looking at him with an air of uneasy doubt.

'Make haste, Darkness,' said Katherine, with her rich merry laugh, that still made her father's heart leap, and still moistened his eyes.

'Obey your new mistress,' exclaimed Peter quietly: 'I give no further orders here. Katherine, my daughter, rules the house.'

The negresses laughingly and cheerfully prepared to obey; but Kate had changed her mind for the minute, and checking them, bade them prepare tea. Down sat the two Dutchmen, one on each side of Kate—the one to admire and gaze at her in fixed silence, the other to make desperate love. Peter was a handsome man of forty, and would have looked well, making himself into a beau—but the skipper was as ugly a man as you would find in the land, too fond by far of his glass, which Peter did not altogether abuse, though he, too, might more wisely have been a little more abstinent. So Kate laughed heartily at his compliments; asked him if he was not ashamed to dream of marriage at his age, when he should be thinking of a future life—a man of fifty is quite ancient in the eyes of a boarding-school miss of eighteen—and only became more uproarious in her mirth when he got a little angry. Peter would have laughed if he could, but he had a dim perception now of all he had really lost sixteen years before: he knew now what joy might have been his if his wife had been spared to him; and again, as it did ever, his heart reproached him with that unfeeling speech of his the evening after her death.

The tea seemed never likely to finish: Peter kept asking for fresh cups, and fresh slices of hot cake, and eating them slowly, as if he never tired of being helped by his beloved child, whose little hands, stirring his tea and cutting his cake, seemed to make it twice as pleasant. Andrew Brock tried to imitate him, but he was too fond of brandy and water to be able to do so. It was in vain that gallantry made him try a third cup: he could not manage it. About seven, Kate, who was tired with her journey, retired to rest; and Andrew Brock, for the same reason, followed her example. Peter Bischoff remained alone with his pipe and his glasses.

There sat the Dutchman in his cloud of smoke, puffing away out of a bowl of huge dimensions, and quaffing his grog with more gusto than usual. He was not happy. The return of his daughter had brought to his mind the days of his courtship—all that was pleasant in his married life, all its charms, all the excellences and pleasant qualities of Mary Bischoff, while none of her faults were remembered: then he thought of the anniversary of the 1st of May—to him one always of painful import; and as he smoked and drank the good man dozed away, half asleep, half awake, with all manner of queer beings around him. Presently some one seemed to call him, but so faintly he could scarcely hear, and he fell quite into a heavy slumber.

'Peter Bischoff, Peter Bischoff!' said a voice again in a shrill tone which made him start.

Peter sat upright, and looked wildly around; he then clearly distinguished some one tapping at the window in a mysterious way. As usual, all the servants were gone to bed, and Peter Bischoff was alone.

'Who is there?' said he in a low tone.

'I,' replied a half-shrill, half-gruff voice—'the sailor of the island.'

Peter Bischoff groaned; but seeming to resign himself to his fate, went to the door, unbarred it, and gave admission to the stranger. A well-made little man, of about six-and-thirty, with light curly whiskers, a cap, a round jacket, and loose trousers, and a sash supporting pistols and dirk, walked quietly in, entered the smoking-room, sat himself down in the portly Dutchman's arm-chair, and looked at him with his clear, piercing blue eyes with an air of considerable curiosity and surprise.

'How odd you look!' said the English sailor laughing; 'as if you expected me, yet did not like the visit.'

'Quite prepared to see you,' replied the Dutchman.

'How you're changed in sixteen years!' said the other: 'fat, gray-haired, red nose—can't say you're improved.'

'Mere matter of taste,' said the Dutchman.

'Exactly. But to business. Do you recollect the 1st of May fifteen years since?'

'Yes; there must have been such a day,' observed the Dutchman.

'Glad you are willing to own that. But allow me to refresh your memory:—In the year 17—, sixteen years ago, living in a small hut on Long Island, I discovered a treasure in my garden, buried there by pirates, I suppose'——

'So you said at the time,' mused the Dutchman.

'And so I say now!' exclaimed the English sailor shrilly. 'I should have declared the discovery to the state, but I didn't. I thought a provision for my old age of more importance than the enriching a corporation; so I looked round for an honest, upright, but hard man, who could make the best of my money until I wanted it, and rumour brought me to you.'

'Exactly,' groaned the Dutchman.

'I came over to you in my schooner, in which I traded down the coast, and told you that I had made the discovery. You never advised me to make it public, but offered me 5 per cent. for my money as long as I liked. I preferred wandering just then to settling down, and I accepted: I brought you over to the island, handed you the money, you gave me a receipt: here it is—I want my money. The 1st of May 17— is not yet come; the sixteen years when it was to be yours if unclaimed are not past.'

'Exactly,' said the Dutchman.

'You are ready, I suppose?' exclaimed the English sailor: 'L.10,000 net at 5 per cent. for fourteen clear years is L.17,000.'

'*Mein Gott!*' said the Dutchman with a deep sigh.

'I understand: it is not pleasant to give up so round a sum. Suppose we strike a bargain?'

'*Hein!*' cried Peter, rousing himself.

'What do you say to a swap, Mein Herr von Bischoff? Your daughter against the L.17,000?'

'See you blistered first!' cried the Dutchman in a loud and thundering voice.

'What!' said the sailor, much surprised, 'you prefer your daughter to your money?'

'Of course I do, young man!' exclaimed Peter von Bischoff; 'and you shall strip me of my fortune ere you shall rob me of her.'

'Suppose I denounce you as having secreted treasure?' said the sailor gruffly.

'Do so, and the teufel take you!' thundered the Dutchman.

'Pay me my money then,' said the sailor: 'here is your receipt. Here is the sack in which I intend to carry away my gold.'

The Dutchman looked fiercely at him, but did not move. To part with L.17,000 was dreadful, but to promise his daughter to a man he didn't know was worse.

'Well,' asked the sailor, 'what do you decide?'

'Nothing!' said the Dutchman in angry embarrassment.

'My dear papa,' exclaimed Kate, bursting into the room, 'what is the matter? I hear you quarrelling with Captain Andrew: what has he been doing?'

'Go to bed,' said Peter Bischoff much annoyed, 'my dear Kate! I am engaged in business with a stranger'——

'A stranger!' cried Katherine in wild and passionate

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accents; 'do you say a stranger? Oh, my mother! why have you come in this disguise?'

'Your mother! What did you say?' said Peter, pale and trembling.

'Yes, my dear father!' replied Katherine; 'and after what you said to-day, you must indeed be proud and happy.'

'Proud and happy!' said Mary Bischoff sternly. 'Then why have I been dead to him for sixteen years? Why, when I fell overboard and was picked up, and was coming home, did I hear him say, "It is all for the best?"'

'Because I was a fool; because I knew not the happiness I lost that day; because I loved my ease and quiet, I seemed glad for a moment. But explain all this. I shall go mad! How are you here? Are you Mary, or are you the sailor? What is the object of your lending me money? But no; I am an idiot to ask you. This is some trick. It would be too much happiness—too much'——

'Do I hear aright?' cried Mary, looking at her husband and her child. 'Is it possible that you really love me?'

'Mother,' said Kate solemnly, 'if you had heard and seen him this morning you would not have doubted him;' and drawing the sham sailor on one side she spoke earnestly in a whisper.

In a minute more the sailor's whiskers fell off, his cap was removed, and but that the face was browned, a little plumper, and the form a little rounder, Peter von Bischoff saw before him the same loved being who, sixteen years before, had disappeared beneath the waters of the Hudson. But Peter had no time to speak, for Kate drew her away. Overcome by his emotions, the merchant sank into his arm-chair.

'It is my wife or her ghost, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!' he cried.

In a few minutes Kate and Mary returned, the latter having hurriedly changed her garb, and Peter knew her once more. He took both their hands, unable to speak, and gazed at them with surprise and affection. His little eyes stood out prominently in his head; he looked first at one and then at the other, and then drawing his wife to his bosom, kissed her earnestly.

'Tell me all about it,' said he, rising with a tremendous effort, and offering her a chair. 'My dear love, welcome home!'

'To say, Peter, that I am surprised is to say little. I am very happy, very proud, even after so many years, to be united to my husband. When I fell overboard sixteen years ago I was swept away by the current instead of sinking, and was picked up by a fisherman whose canoe you could not see in the dark. I lay all night in his hut, nursed by his wife and daughter. Towards the afternoon I was better, and was brought home in the canoe. The man set me on shore at the low beach, and I walked up here with the wicked intention of frightening you with my ghost. Just as I reached the bower I heard you speak. Never shall I forget that moment. It seemed that my girlish spirits made you unhappy, and that you looked upon my death as rather fortunate than otherwise. I resolved never to let you know I was alive: my pride revolted at the idea of being a burden to a man who rejoiced at my supposed death. I would have taken my child; but I loved you still, and wanted to see my child well brought up. You knew that my father had been a sailor, and even that it was rumoured he had been hard upon the Spaniards in the Indies. I had been often long voyages with him. I assumed the dress of a man at once, as the best disguise and the surest way of getting on. I shipped on board a trading boat which went to Long Island, where my father had died. I sought his house, now mine, and made it my head-quarters. Arranging the house one day I found a letter to myself hidden in an old box. It was put there in the prevision that his daughter might marry and not be happy. It told me of the hidden treasure. I saw in this unexpected windfall a future fortune for my child. I knew you to be a man capable of doubling it. You know the rest. But I could not bear not to see my Katherine. I went to the school—the mistress knew me well—I told my story, and she agreed to let me see my child as often as I liked. My child loved me dearly. Every voyage—and they were only along the coast—I put off my male garb, and spent some hours with Kate. When she was old enough to understand, I explained the reason of my parting with you, but, as you well know, without seeking to diminish the child's affection for its father.'

'God bless you!' said the Dutchman.

'And so you mean to take back your runaway wife?' replied Mary, sidling up to him.

'*Mein Gott!* you don't want to go?' exclaimed Peter anxiously.

'But I'm as merry and wild as ever. Kate and I romp together like two kittens.'

'So much the better,' said the Dutchman, whose eyes looked very moist. 'The house is yours: do as you like; only forgive me my words—I did not mean them—and you may dance on my head if you like.'

'I do forgive you, Peter. I would do so simply to quiet those imploring little eyes of Kate's,' replied Mary; 'but I do so from my heart—on one condition.'

'Anything you like,' said Peter with enthusiasm.

'The fact is, when I came here it was not with any intention of making myself known. I had heard it rumoured that you intended to marry Kate to old Andrew Brock; at all events, he said so'——

'Old porpoise,' growled Peter indignantly.

'I am glad to hear you had no such intention.'

'See him drowned first!' said Mein Herr von Bischoff.

'For I, my dear husband, have one ready for Kate. He is a young Englishman—a clever, handsome, lively, pleasant fellow. You like ease; he likes work. Make him manager of your estates: you have plenty of money; you can enlarge and improve them'——

'But it is your money'——

'No, Peter; it is yours in trust for Kate. She will be happy to share our home. By and by we can build her a house on the port, and then years hence when we really do die'——

'Hush, mother!' cried Kate eagerly. 'Talk of anything else.'

'We'll talk of your marriage then'——

'Yes!' exclaimed Peter, who was in a rapturous state of mind. 'And won't *we* dance, and have a fine time of it!' and the Dutchman actually rose, seized his wife and daughter by the hand, and, amid shouts of laughter, began dancing round the room. They tried to stop him, but in vain; he was too much for them. At length, however, he was out of breath, and sank into an arm-chair.

'Let's have some supper,' said he suddenly, 'and drink to the health of the mistress of the house. Holla! oh! Up there, Gratz, Joseph, William, Ebony, Alice. Be stirring; look alive!' and seizing his walking-stick, the Dutchman began banging the table with a settled energy which made his wife smile. It was a strong proof of his love; for he hereby declared that he abandoned willingly all his ideas of phlegmatic comfort, and authorised those he loved to be henceforth as uproariously mirthful as they pleased.

'Your father is going mad!' said Mary laughing.

'With happiness, mamma,' replied Kate, joining their hands, and gazing at them with such an exquisite smile of joy as made both embrace her fondly.

A happy man from that day was Mein Herr von Bischoff. He never looked grave again, for fear of making his family fancy he was tired of their mirth. When he unexpectedly found the house filled during the next ten years by little children—both his daughter's

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and his own—he certainly did look at them with somewhat of a serious expression of countenance; but when he caught his wife or daughter's eye fixed on him, he would laugh heartily, and winking at both, exclaim with genuine delight: 'It's all for the best!'

THE MAGUEY OF MEXICO.

Full five millions of people drink the sap of the maguey, a fact which of itself entitles this interesting plant to a more generous description than has yet appeared in the note-book of the traveller. We shall venture a few particulars from memory.

The appearance of the maguey is picturesque in the extreme, not yielding in this respect either to the palm or the tree-fern. On seeing it for the first time the traveller reins up his horse, and gazes admiringly on its thick dark leaves. He feels that he is in a foreign land—a land of vegetable giants. He feels, too, that he is in Mexico; for on no other part of the American continent does the great aloe attain its full and colossal proportions.

It is difficult by 'word-painting' to present the *coup d'œil* of the maguey; but most persons have seen the aloe of our botanic gardens, or the plant of the pine-apple, and these suggest the idea, though somewhat feebly, of its general appearance. On looking at the maguey you see nothing but its leaves, or rather blades, for such huge, thick masses of vegetable matter can hardly be termed leaves. Let us call them blades then. Popularly speaking, there is no stem—that is, there is no visible stem—the great flower-stalk being quite another thing, which we shall describe hereafter. The blades appear to grow directly out of the ground, or out of something slightly elevated above the surface; which, however, is hidden by their bases that lap each other around it. If you amputate the blades close by their bases, you will discover this 'something' to be a large mass of fibrous and succulent vegetable matter, exactly of the form of an ostrich-egg or cocoa-nut, its lower extremity resting upon the ground, to which it is held fast by a number of stout branching roots. This is the true stem; but, to be more expressive to the popular ear, we shall take the liberty of terming it the 'nucleus' of the plant. In a full-grown maguey this nucleus will be about twenty inches in its vertical or longest diameter, and at least twelve inches measured horizontally. It consists of two distinct parts: the outer or rind, and the heart (*corazon*), which is contained within. The rind is tough and fibrous, and about an inch in thickness; the heart is a mass of succulent matter, very similar, both in appearance and consistency, to the flesh of a firm Swedish turnip. It can be scooped out and removed, as we shall see presently, without causing the immediate death of the plant. Let us now turn to the leaves or blades. In a large specimen of the plant, each one of these is about eight feet in length, and twelve inches in breadth at the base, where it is widest. It is also thickest at this point, where it is at least four inches through. From its base the blade tapers regularly, lessening both in width and thickness till it ends in a sharp point. Neither surface is a plane. The upper one is concave or troughed, though the trough disappears towards the point; and the under surface, on the contrary, exhibits a convex or ridged form, the convexity nearly corresponding to the hollow of the other side. A cross section of the leaf, near its base, would not be unlike the representation on paper of an obtuse-angled and isosceles spherical triangle. Both surfaces are perfectly smooth, and of a uniform dark-green, not far from the shade of the common bulrush. Where the plant grows in a low, rich soil the green is still more obscure, and on close inspection the surface will be found delicately mottled with patches of a purplish-black.

In botanical language, the leaves of the maguey are *armed*. Along each edge is a row of small claws, like fish-hooks, set about four inches from each other, and giving to the leaf a serrated appearance. These claws curve inwards towards the nucleus of the plant. They are of a dark-blood colour, keen at their points, and as hard as horn itself. They are firmly set—sufficiently so to take the piece out of your coat or skin, should you be so imprudent, after getting hooked upon them, as to drag yourself hurriedly away. But the maguey is still further armed. Each blade is tipped with a hard, thorny spikelet, four inches in length, as black as ebony, as sharp as a needle, and not unlike the quill of the porcupine. These, with the claws already described, constitute the defensive armour of the plant. Without them, however, it would not be so easily wounded; for the leaves, though soft and pliable, are sufficiently tough and fibrous to prevent their being readily crushed or broken. It requires a smart stroke of the sabre to amputate one of them near the base. I have often made the experiment. It is somewhat of a feat.

Imagine, then, some thirty or more of these huge blades radiating from a common centre, their spikelets pointing to every quarter of the heavens, and even to the earth itself—for in many instances the lower leaves curve gracefully over until their tips rest upon the surface of the soil; I say, imagine this, and you will have before your mind's eye a faint idea of the appearance of the great *Agave Americana*. You will not see the spheroidal nucleus I have described. *It* is hidden by the leaves, whose broad bases grow out from its surface, sessile, and lapping one another. You will see nothing but the huge green blades rising above the head of the horseman, and radiating *chevaux-de-frise*-like from each other.

Such is the aspect of the maguey in its ordinary state. It presents an altered appearance when it has flowered. The leaves still remain as before; but out from their centre, and partially sheathed by the two or three which point vertically, shoots a tall stem of three inches in diameter, and between twenty and thirty feet in height. This is the flower-stalk, and its top is ornamented with thick clusters of bright yellow flowers. It is somewhat irregular in its outline; that is, it is not exactly cylindrical, though nearly so. It is semi-ligneous, its surface exhibiting slight grooves, with here and there small nodes. It is destitute of leaflets or branches, except at and near the top, where the blossoms hang out on their numerous pedicles. Considering that this tree-like stem shoots vertically up to a height of nearly thirty feet, and that its top is crowned with a fragrant cluster of flowers, it will easily be imagined that it adds to the imposing appearance of the plant. It certainly does so; and it is in this stage of its growth that the maguey is usually pictured by travellers. Yet, strange to say, you may journey from one end of Mexico to the other without seeing half-a-dozen plants in the state of flowering. The reason is obvious. The maguey is not cultivated for ornament, but for use—the use of its sap, which can be extracted from a single plant to the value of ten or twelve dollars. Since the flower-stalk would destroy, or rather monopolise the sap for its own nourishment, the latter of course could not be extracted, and the value of the plant would be lost. Under these circumstances, it is evident that nature is seldom permitted to carry out her design—never, in fact, except by the accident of neglect on the part of the cultivator, or in some wild spot where the maguey may chance to 'blush unseen.'

We come to the geography of the *agave*. Although Mexico is peculiarly the country of the maguey, an aloe resembling it is found in all tropical regions, and even distributed to some extent through the latitudes of the temperate zone. It is indigenous in Spain, and will grow in the climate of Britain; but in no country that I am aware of, excepting Mexico, has any attempt been made to extract its sap as an exhilarating beverage.

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This may arise from the fact, that in no other country does the plant attain that colossal size or luxuriance that would render such a thing either possible or profitable. Even in Mexico itself, a stunted or ill-cultivated specimen is worthless to the proprietor, as such a one would not yield enough to pay for the ground it would occupy.

But the most singular fact in the geography of the maguey is, that although principally found within the limits of the tropics, it is not a tropical plant; that is to say, it does not thrive to perfection in the hot lands (*tierras calientes*)—the region of the palm. The surface-formation of Mexico is peculiar. Along both oceans that border it extends a belt of low land, hot and febrile in its climate, and altogether tropical in its character. Having crossed this belt towards the interior, the traveller ascends at first gradually through the foot-hills of mountains, then more abruptly through the mountains themselves, till at an elevation of 6000 or 8000 feet he debouches upon wide level plains. From these he beholds other mountains rising still higher—some of them crowned with eternal snow, some standing apart and solitary like obtuse cones, while others trend in *sierras* running around the plains, and separating them from each other. These plains, or, as they are called in the language of the country, *vallés*, are the *tierras templados*—the table-lands of Mexico. Here are found all the great cities, here dwells the main body of the inhabitants; and this is the true region of the maguey. Here alone is it seen in full luxuriance, and here only is it cultivated for the use of man.

The aloe of the tierras calientes is altogether a different affair. It is the wild maguey or mezcal-plant, and bears but slight resemblance to its gigantic cousin of the tierras templados. It is similar, however, in generic properties. It possesses the same spheroidal nucleus, though much smaller, and sends up the tall flower-stalk. You may see this species in flower at all times, for, like other wild plants of the forest, it is allowed to bud and blossom when it will. The most striking difference between the two will be noticed in the leaves. Those of the wild species are much more slender, and there are three or four times as many of them to a single plant. They are more thickly barbed along the edges—so much so indeed, that where a patch of wild magueys covers the ground, it is no easy matter to make one's way through them; hence the skin-savers and leathern-leggings worn by all the *rancheros* of the tierras calientes. I remember having a pair of military overalls torn to pieces in a single day's scouting by the claws of the wild maguey. No cloth can hold out against them.

The leaves of the wild plant, from the fact of their being more slender, curve still more gracefully than those of the cultivated species. In colour the two species differ essentially. Instead of the dark-green which distinguishes the blades of the upland maguey, these exhibit a surface of mottled-red and whitish-green. Frequently the whole plant appears of a bright scarlet, as if burned to this hue by the hot rays that constantly pour down upon it. A thicket of them, which is often seen, or even a single plant of this colour, bursting suddenly upon the eye of the traveller, presents a most striking and vivid picture.

There is no use made of the wild maguey—at least it is not cultivated to this end. It is indigenous in the arid districts of the tierra caliente; and in some parts grows in such plenty as to form the characteristic plant of the tropical underwood. It flourishes side by side with the cactus and the acacia, the three together forming impenetrable jungles called in the language of Mexico *chapparals*. Sometimes its sap is extracted and distilled into a fiery drink—a species of whisky—named *Mexical* (*mezcal*.) The Indians have a way of roasting, or rather baking its roots and part of its leaves, so as to yield a sweet and agreeable esculent. Thus cooked, they carry it into the markets of the great cities, where it is purchased even for the tables of the rich. I know not the process by which they prepare it, but I have often eaten it in this state, and could not help liking it. It is full of saccharine matter, and tastes not unlike preserved citron, though it is firmer and more fibrous. It produces a most singular effect on the tongue of those unaccustomed to it—a sort of indescribable nervous titillation.

The wild maguey makes its appearance upon the northern plains of Mexico, upon the less elevated plateaux of Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Valley Del Norté. Its roots and leaves are also eaten by the Indians who roam over these plains—the Navajos, Comanches, and Apaches. By them it is baked, along with horse-flesh, in hot stone-ovens sunk in the ground; and thus cooked, it forms one of their most favourite dishes.

Let us now return to the *true* maguey, which we have seen is a different plant both in its appearance and uses. It has been matter of surprise to me why such intelligent travellers as Ward, Tolnsett, and others, have neglected to note this difference. They could not well have failed to observe it; but indeed most foreigners visiting Mexico rush somewhat hurriedly out of the tierra caliente, in order to escape from its febrile dangers. It was my fortune—at the cost of a good uniform or two—to skirmish for several months among the wild magueys; and when I afterwards climbed up to the table-lands and beheld for the first time the cultivated plant, I was impressed with the idea that I had never seen it before. Strange, too, that at the elevation where the latter is first met with, the wild species disappears; and their line of conjunction, if I mistake not, will be found to correspond very nearly with the highest line of the palm. But it is upon the high plateaux, 7000 feet above sea-level, where the maguey attains its greatest strength and luxuriance. As one ascends the mountains above this elevation, it gradually appears more stunted and worthless. It might be supposed, from the temperature of the table-lands, that it would thrive in the latitude of the temperate zones; but such is not the case. It can be cultivated to no purpose in the United States; and even in Northern Mexico, outside the tropic, it again assumes the form and aspect of the wild species. Notwithstanding the objection to the temperate zone, it is not extreme heat which the plant seeks for, but a *uniform temperature throughout the year*—a climate never warmer than an English summer, and never colder than an English spring. Such a one does it find on the great intertropical plateaux of the Mexican Andes.

It is there alone that it is cultivated—in many places being the principal object of agricultural industry. In the vallés of Puebla, Mexico, Toluca, Guanajuato, around the pyramid of Cholula, and on the Llanos de Assam by Tlascalla, large plantations may be seen entirely occupied with the cultivation of the maguey. In these, as well as in other plains, it may also be seen planted in double or triple rows along the edges of the maize or wheat fields, or bordering the green meadows, thus forming an ornamental enclosure as well as a valuable addition to the property of the farmer. In most of the plateaux of Mexico timber is scarce, and fencing is a costly operation. In such cases the maguey serves an important purpose in helping out the enclosure. A double row of plants, with their long spiky blades locking each other, make of themselves a hedge sufficiently formidable to turn both horses and cattle. But whether planted for the sake of fencing a farm, or whether forming of itself the staple product of the proprietor, the plants are carefully tended, and the sap of each drawn from it in its proper season.

The planting is a simple operation. The young magueys are set in the ground at a distance of about

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two yards apart, just wide enough to prevent them from crowding each other when they arrive at full size. They are kept clear of weeds, and digging around them is sometimes beneficial. Should any of the blades be wounded, or *wilted* from blight, which is sometimes the case, the dead part is amputated with a large pruning-knife. And thus they are tended with no great labour or expense for a space of about eight years, during which time they make no return to the proprietor, for as yet not one of the plants has yielded sap. The time, however, of productiveness has arrived. This is at the end of the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, or sometimes even of the twelfth year. The irregularity depends upon soil, climate, and other incidentals; but eight years may be taken as the average. The plant now threatens to 'shoot,' but it is closely watched by the *tlachiquero* (klatch-ee-ká-ro); and when that hour arrives at which the great flower-stem should spring up out of the nucleus, the top of the latter is cut off, and the maguey is tapped. We shall describe this process anon.

It is plain from all this that to create a new maguey plantation would require a somewhat patient sort of mind. In many cases it would be planting for posterity—'sowing that others might reap.' Even in beginning a plantation of magueys, the ground must not all be occupied the first year. A portion of young plants must be set out each succeeding year, until those first planted have commenced yielding sap; and even when these have been sucked dry, which is accomplished in three months from the time of their being tapped, their wilted and wrinkled bodies are dragged from the ground, and a fresh generation of juveniles are stuck into their places. In this way a constant succession of ripening is kept up, and the sweet *aguamiel* (honey-water) flows on for ever.

In an old plantation you will see the maguey at every age—from the year-old that looks like a new-set beet-plant, to the huge giant radiating over a circumference of yards. When it is considered that a full-grown maguey is worth at least a couple of guineas, and that thousands of them may be seen upon a single plantation, it may be concluded that this species of farming is no small business. Many have realised handsome fortunes in their culture, and many at this moment draw ten thousand dollars a year out of their magueys.

We come to consider the *uses* of the maguey. Its principal value lies in its sap, and for this alone is it cultivated. From this is manufactured one of the most grateful and wholesome beverages known to the human race — the celebrated drink *pulqué*. I need not have said manufactured: the process is extremely simple, but I will detail it from the beginning. You are passing along the edge of a field of magueys a little after sunrise; you see a singular-looking man, with short leathern breeches, legs naked from the knees down, and *guarachés*—rude leathern sandals—strapped over his feet: a jerkin or spencer of smoky-brown leather, corresponding to the breeches, covers his arms and shoulders, and on his head is a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat of wool, glaze, or palmella. The dark bronze of his face and legs, the inward turning of his toes, his long and tangled black hair, convince you that he is an Indian. The hog-skin bag that hangs over his left shoulder, and the long trumpet-shaped calabash which he carries in his hand, tell you he is a tlachiquero. His business is to extract the sap of the maguey, and carry it home to the *casa grande* (large house) of the proprietor.

He has skulked in among the huge green blades, and you lose sight of him in a moment. Follow and observe him. He wends his way through devious paths known only to himself. Here he stoops down under the curving leaves; there he pushes them gently aside, holding them so, as he squeezes past, lest their keen claws might wound his bare legs. All this he does with the nimbleness and silence of a cat. He arrives at length before a plant that has been tapped, and halting in front of it lays down his calabash. The plant thus tapped (*cortada*) is easily distinguished from its fellows. It has a ruinous look. Two or three of its leaves that have been cut off lie withering beside it; and over the ground is scattered a quantity of whitish scrapings, exactly resembling horse-radish when brought to table. The ovate nucleus is partially exposed to view, and you perceive that a small segment has been cut from its top. A large stone is resting upon it, or a piece of the butend of one of the amputated leaves.

The tlachiquero lifts off the stone, and you perceive that the nucleus is hollow. The heart (corazon) has been scraped out, though not all of it, and the thick rind remaining forms the sides of a regular spheroidal cavity or jar. You perceive that half way down to the bottom of this jar some of the heart still remains, but portions will be removed from day to day. You will perceive, also, that in this cavity there is a quantity of a clear crystalline liquid: taste it. It is as sweet as honey-water, and both in taste and appearance exactly resembles the juice of the sugar-cane or the sap of the maple-tree. It is the sap of the maguey; it is the aguamiel. You will observe that there is nearly half a gallon of it (remember that it is morning, and this is the first visit of the tlachiquero), and that quantity is the collected flowings of the whole night.

The tlachiquero now takes up the calabash, which is called the *acojoté* (a-ko-hó-té.) This is a curious implement, and deserves a word. It is an oblong gourd, nearly three feet in length, and hollow of course. One of the ends is tipped with a horn open at the point; there is also a hole in the other, which is the larger or butend; and the acojoté therefore is nothing more than a rude suction-pipe, and that is its purpose.

Having laid hold of this instrument, the tlachiquero inserts the horn into the great cup of the plant, and, placing his lips to the other end, by a well-known hydraulic law, draws up the liquid contents into the gourd. A finger is then placed to the horn end, and he removes his lips, raises the acojoté to his shoulder, inserts the point of the horn, and allows the aguamiel to run into the skin bag. The bag is fastened at its mouth by a draw-string, which prevents the liquid from being spilled, while the tlachiquero proceeds to further operations.

The acojoté is now laid aside, and our Indian takes from his belt a small hoe-shaped instrument called the *raspa*. It is simply a scraper, not unlike what is used on shipboard, but smaller and of keener edge. With this the tlachiquero, inserting his arm, scrapes off a light layer from the corazon, which he throws out of the cup. The veins through which flows the aguamiel are thus opened afresh, and the liquid goes on collecting as before. The tlachiquero now replaces the stone (this is done to keep out dust, flies, and the sun), takes up his acojoté, passes on to another plant, goes through a similar series of operations, then to another, until his skin bag is filled, when he trots off to the big house to empty it.

He will pay three visits a day to each of the plants that are yielding sap, but in his noon-visit he will obtain a smaller quantity than he found in the morning, and in the evening still less. During the whole day the plants will yield him from a gallon to a gallon and a half each, and this yield will continue for the space of three months. At the end of that time, the whole of the corazon will have been scraped out, the sap will have ceased to flow, the huge leaves will have grown brownish and wrinkled, and the maguey will have died. It will now be dug up, the ground levelled in, and a young successor planted in its place.

I have said that the cultivated maguey is rarely seen with its flower-stalk. When this happens to be the

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case, the plant is considered as lost. The sap cannot be drawn from it after it has flowered; and only on the eve of its flowering can it be tapped so as to yield successfully. The tlachiquero watches zealously for the symptoms that denote the approach of this epoch, and notes them carefully. In passing a maguey-field many of the plants may be seen with husks of maize impaled upon their topmost spikelets: these are the marks of the tlachiquero. They are plants that will soon be ready for cutting—*Magueyes de Corte.*

Let us now follow the tlachiquero to the house, and see how pulqué is made.

Arrived with his bag of aguamiel, he enters an outhouse set apart for the pulqué-making business. Here are seen numerous raw hides nailed upon frames, and stretched so as to hollow them into the shape and capacity of vessels, each of which might contain about a barrel. Into one of these the tlachiquero empties his bag, and, going off again, soon returns with another cargo; and so on till the vessel is filled. Meanwhile the process of fermentation has commenced, and the aguamiel, thus jumbled about and mixed, soon loses its crystal colour and honey-sweet taste. It grows whitish, and becomes more and more acidulated as the hours pass. It is now what is termed *tlachique;* but this—although to the foreign palate by far the most agreeable drink—is not the true pulqué. The latter is thus produced. In a vessel which stands in one corner of the room will be found a quantity of the sap which has been fermenting there for ten or fifteen days: this has grown white and sour, and is called *madre de pulqué* (mother of pulqué). A small portion of this is poured by way of leaven into the vessels that contain the tlachique, to excite and assist the fermentation; and in twenty-four hours after the sap has been taken from the plant it becomes pulqué. It grows whiter with age, and in three or four days it assumes the appearance of thin milk.

The fresher it may be, it is the more pleasant to the palate of the foreigner; but a genuine old Indian pulqué-drinker likes it long kept and sour as a tart. I myself should prefer the tlachique—that is, the aguamiel—shortly after it has commenced fermenting. I should prefer it not only to pulqué, but to any other drink on the face of the earth—not even champagne being allowed to form the exception.

The pulqué slightly intoxicates—about as much as Bavarian beer, and not so much as English ale; but the intoxication from it is short-lived, and is never followed by those terrible effects that are the certain sequents of intoxication from all other drinks. Its wholesome properties as a tonic are too well known to need confirmation. Every foreign resident in Mexico, although shy of it at first, on account of what they call its disagreeable smell—I have never observed this—after awhile take to it, like it better than the natives themselves, and grow fat upon it.

The pulqué is to be had at all times and at all seasons: *Nunca falta pulqué* (pulqué never fails) is one of the sayings of Mexico. In that unchanging clime the juice of the maguey flows at all seasons of the year—the pulqué is fermenting at all hours, and a constant supply is thus thrown into the market. It is usually carried in hog-skin bags, on the backs of mules or donkeys, and sometimes to a considerable distance; but it is seldom to be met with in any part of the tierras calientes, as it will not bear transportation to these regions and remain in a fit state for drinking. It is a perishable beverage, and can never form an article of export.

In the large cities it is sold in shops called *pulquerias*, and similar establishments are found in the villages and along much-travelled roads in the country. The walls of these shops are frequently ornamented with gaudy paintings, representing parties of men and girls enjoying themselves over the refreshing beverage; and not unfrequently may be seen, painted in large letters on these walls, verses that celebrate the good qualities of pulqué. Among the people it is a national drink, and they seem to have a sort of national feeling in regard to it. A Mexican is sure to ask the stranger whether he likes pulqué, and an answer in the affirmative always seems to give gratification. Besides making the pulqué, the maguey-plant serves many other uses, and some of them by no means of slight importance in that peculiar country.

We have seen that it is used in making enclosures where timber is scarce. Houses are often thatched with its broad, trough-shaped leaves, and this use can be made of them after the sap has been extracted. An excellent kind of thread, called *pita*, is also manufactured from their fibres, and strong cloth is woven from the same. No doubt, in the hands of a more energetic people, the maguey could be turned to far better account. As it is, however, they convert it to many excellent purposes, and it is well worthy of the couplet assigned to it:—

'Comida, bebida,
Casa y vestida.'*

'AN HONEST PENNY.'

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

NANCY GOODALL was the only daughter of poor parents. Her father was a day-labourer upon a farm at which when a boy it was my wont to pay an annual visit at harvest-time. She was a sprightly and active young woman when, while yet a child, I first saw her. Born to servitude, she graced her lot with those quiet virtues which render servitude respectable and often endearing. In her twenty-first year she accompanied the squire's family to London in the humble capacity of housemaid. There she remained for nearly thirty years, rising gradually through the various grades of service, until, finally installed as housekeeper, she had the sole management of domestic affairs. She might, perhaps ought to have saved during this long period a considerable sum of money. She really saved nothing. The sole use of money, in her estimation, was to ameliorate the condition of those dear to her. Her parents, who, as they grew old and infirm, needed assistance, received the best part of her earnings, and by her bounty were saved from having recourse to the hateful charity of the parish. After their death her only brother, who had married young and imprudently, emigrated with a large family to America. It was Nancy's money and Nancy's credit that procured his outfit and paid his passage; and several years passed after his departure before she had discharged the responsibilities undertaken in behalf of him and his wife and children. Still no thought of care or anxiety for herself ever troubled her. She knew her old master too well to imagine for a moment that he would ever allow her to be in want. Since the death of her mistress she had been the friend rather than the servant of the young ladies, and after they were married and settled in the north, had been the careful nurse of the old squire, who, before he died, added a codicil to his will, which secured her, as he thought, a comfortable provision for life.

When the lifeless body of the old man was borne off to the family vault in Devonshire, Nancy felt herself completely alone in the world. She remained a few weeks in the house in Piccadilly, awaiting the settlement of affairs, and expecting the purchase of the annuity which she well knew had been bequeathed by her master. The cruelest misfortune overtook her at once. Owing to certain family quarrels, and some real

* By a somewhat free translation, 'Meat, drink, clothing, and lodging.'

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or fancied neglect on the part of his heirs, which the deceased squire had violently resented in the disposition of his property, the will he had made was disputed on the ground of alleged insanity on the part of the testator; and after a great deal of strife and some litigation, the estate was thrown into Chancery. Neither of the litigants had the slightest objection to Nancy's legacy, which each and all pronounced well deserved, and pledged themselves to pay: but no one paid it, and the desolate woman, now past the prime of life, was thrown, after a comparatively easy and luxurious existence, upon her own resources. The town-house was shut up, and Nancy, with one quarter's wages in her pocket, was turned loose on the desert of London to seek for the means of subsistence. As if it were decreed that nothing should be wanting to complete her distress, she was knocked down and run over by a coach while wandering about in search of a lodging; and emerged from the hospital—to which she was carried in a state of insensibility—three months after, a cripple for life, to begin the world again at fifty years of age upon a pair of crutches.

Nine-tenths of the women in existence so situated would have given up the contest, and retired to die in the workhouse. Nancy was made of harder stuff. In a dingy house in a by-street in Somerstown she took a humble lodging, and, determined to support herself, cast about for the means of doing it. The pride that kept her from asking alms of any one strengthened her resolution to do without alms. Hardly possessed of the power of locomotion, she still managed to creep about in search of employment. Needlework was out of the question—her way of life not having sufficiently skilled her in the art, and it being too late to learn; her sight, moreover, beginning to fail. So she boldly entered the lists of handicraft labour: paid a journeyman clogmaker for instruction in his craft, bought the necessary tools, and set about making clogs for the market. In muddy London there is an immense demand for these useful manufactures; and Nancy, with a woman's tact for an article of woman's wear, contrived to make her productions favourites with her sex. It was little indeed but a few pence that she got out of each pair; but she became expert from practice, and therefore never wanted employment. For seven years she pursued her laborious trade, and supplied a large district of dealers with her stock. She faced the rigid economy and penurious fare to which she found herself suddenly reduced, after a life of plentiful abundance, with a courage and patient endurance that never flagged. Her one room was half-filled with narrow planks of wood, from which she sawed with her own hands the soles of the clogs, afterwards carving them to shape, and hollowing them for the reception of the foot. This was the labour of the morning, generally commencing with the dawn; the latter part of the day she spent seated at a little bench, cutting out and affixing the leathern ears, and finishing off the goods for the shopkeeper. She lived constantly surrounded with chips and cuttings, and used to boast that she smelt like a carpenter's shop. But the exercise preserved and even improved her health, and the little excitement of traffic gave a purpose and a pleasure to her toilsome life which she had never felt before.

Nancy is yet alive. Contrary to almost all precedent in Chancery cases, that one in which she was so deeply interested has been lately settled. Her master's will has been executed to the letter, and Nancy is now in receipt of an annuity considerably greater than the sum bequeathed for the purchase would have bought when she was eight years younger. She has retired to her native village—not to indulge in the pride of ease and sloth, but to set an example of usefulness and benevolence. She has voluntarily undertaken a task for which few are better qualified—that of educating practically young girls for service, two of whom she has constantly under tuition. If this short history of her life should meet her eye, which is not improbable, she may perhaps suspect who was the writer; but the very last thing she would think of would be the idea of taking offence at the narrative.

Billy Ducks (I must not give his real name for fear of Colonel Maberley) is the lad who drives the mail-cart from the chief town of a midland county to the market-town of B——, situated some fourteen miles off. Billy is the only son of a widow. While he was yet an infant his mother, a sickly woman at best, was driven into the workhouse by the sudden and accidental death of her husband, a farm-labourer, who was killed by the fall of a felled trunk of elm from a forest wain which he was assisting to load. Billy was brought up in the workhouse, where he was taught to read the Testament, and to write a very little. He had inherited an active temperament from his father, who had the reputation of a 'harum-scarum chap;' and the habits, manners, and likings of the boy were altogether different from those of his dull comrades and fellow-prisoners. He shewed an early fondness for animals, and for horses in particular, and soon attracted the notice of the master and manager, who kept a nag, and who found that it was no bad economy to intrust the creature to the general superintendence of Billy, even while he was yet an urchin. One consequence of this charge was, that Billy in course of time learned to ride—a species of accomplishment destined to be of more use to the workhouse lad than the abstruse arts of reading and writing. When he was about twelve years of age his active habits and his self-acquired skill as a groom recommended him to the notice of a neighbouring farmer, who received him into his house, and gave him shake-down and board, but never a copper of money, in return for his services in the stable-yard and at the plough-tail. The farmer drove regularly every Saturday to the market at the county town, and sometimes Billy went with him; and when the farmer, relying on the steadiness of the boy, had sacrificed too freely to John Barleycorn, Billy had to drive him home; and in this way he learned to handle the whip and reins with a dexterity which earned him quite a reputation. Billy was happy, and would have been contented with his lot but for one trouble which preyed upon his mind—the other boys on the farm christened him 'Young Workus,' and jeered him on account of his mother, who yet remained in the house. More than one battle he fought to avenge her outraged name; but that did not mend the matter: the more he 'licked' the youngsters, the more the bigger boys molested him. His thoughts were ever on some plan to get his mother out of the house, and a thousand times he wished himself a man, that he might support her by his labour.

When Billy had been two years with Farmer F——, he heard accidentally one Saturday at the inn where his master was in the habit of putting up every market-day, that somebody was wanted immediately to drive the mail-cart to B——, the regular post-boy having met with an accident, which had sent him to the hospital with a broken head, through a collision with a wagon in the High Street. Billy pricked up his ears, and rushing out to find his master, sought and obtained permission to offer his services. A trial was granted him; and six o'clock the next morning saw him perched on the little red mail-box, and trotting nimbly over the pebble-stones, charged with the delivery of the mail-bags at the town of B——, fourteen miles off, at half-past seven—trusting for guidance to the horse, which, having travelled the same route for three years daily, was supposed to know pretty well where he was going. The boy's services gave entire satisfaction, and his predecessor, obtaining promotion upon his recovery,

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never returned to unseat him. Billy was officially installed in the office, with the tremendous salary of 5s. a week, being at the rate of 10d. per twenty-eight miles, as he goes and returns each day; throwing the currying, foddering, and care of the horse, the cleaning of the vehicle, and the responsibility attaching to the charge of Her Majesty's mail-bags, into the bargain. Verily, whatever retrenching reformers may say, some of our public business *is* executed with a due regard to economy.

But Billy never once thought of grumbling with his pay. To a lad who had never felt the weight of half-a-dozen sixpences in his life, 5s. a week appeared a mine of wealth. He marched with the air of a lord to the workhouse, and lugged his astonished mother incontinently forth; and placing her to lodge with a cottager in the village of C——, two and a half miles from B——, returned to his duty as proud as a general who has just won a battle. But there is a speedy end to 5s. a week when a pair of mouths are at work upon it; and both Billy and his mother soon found that some addition to their income was necessary to make both ends meet. Luckily the exaltation of her son revived the withered hope in the mother's heart, and she set her own wits to work to produce an 'honest penny' to augment their scanty earnings. It happens that in C—— there is but one post-delivery, and that late in the day, though it is a large, straggling village, receiving some thirty or forty letters a week. Mrs Ducks consulted with Billy, and having formed their plan, canvassed the whole village; offering the housekeepers, if they thought fit to intrust her with them, to fetch the letters daily from the post-town, and to deliver them by breakfast-time at C—— every morning, receiving a penny each for the trouble of fetching them. There were but few dissentients. The gentry and most of the farmers were but too glad of the opportunity of getting their correspondence in good time. She obtained authority from nearly all to receive and forward their letters—and thus, self-constituted post-woman of the parish upon which she had formerly been a burden, she has made for herself an occupation which upon an average adds a couple of shillings to the weekly income. Every morning at seven o'clock, whatever the state of the weather, in wind, hail, rain, or snow, in the cheerful sunlight of summer or the howling storms and darkness of winter, the widow sallies forth on her solitary route. It is for her near an hour's walk to the post-office, where she waits but a few minutes while the letters are sorted which Billy has just brought. She is back again before nine; and if she have letters to deliver—for she frequently does the whole distance for nothing—they are delivered and paid for on her arrival.

No later than the beginning of last month I had taken it into my head to walk from the county town whence Billy Ducks starts on his daily drive to the little town of B——, and, rising early for the purpose, set off almost as soon as the lark had left her nest. When about three miles on the road, my relish for the task had considerably abated, and seeing Billy coming spanking along in my rear, I hailed him, and asked for a lift. He pulled up, and thrusting a book into his pocket, made room for me on the seat by his side. I knew the particulars of his history perfectly well before, and was not sorry for an opportunity of a little conversation. His mode of life, as I learned it from his own lips, would be no luxury to one accustomed to domestic comforts. He sleeps in the stable with his horse; in the stable, for the most part, he eats and drinks; and in the stable he studies, having undertaken to educate himself in a practical way. The book he had secreted at my appearance was a small treatise on arithmetic, bought for twopence at a butter shop where he got his cheese for dinner. He had worked past the rule of three, and was 'botherin' out' vulgar fractions when I hailed him. He said he could do most of the sums in his head, without the chalk, as he rode along—but he worked them over again on the stable-door in the day; and when I asked him: 'How much is three-fourths of seven-eighths of twenty shillings?' answered in less than a minute: 'Thirteen and three-halfpence.' He said he had nearly all the day, from eight in the morning to six at night, to himself, with only the 'oss' to look after, and to call on the 'old ooman' now and then; and he was trying to pick up a little writing and arithmetic, to qualify himself for something better when it should offer. He found his berth worth rather more than he expected. His employers did not countenance his taking passengers, but they took no notice of it; and he made a few shillings most weeks by sharing his seat with a traveller, though it was rare to meet with one of a morning.

I could see plainly enough that Billy is made of the right metal, and is destined to get on. If circumstances don't make him, he will make circumstances for himself—and this, after all, is the faculty worth most in connection with worldly prosperity.

A COURT-POET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The reign of Elizabeth may be considered pre-eminently the age of chivalry. The dark days of feudalism were past; the burdens which had long lain heavy upon the liberties of the people, although not formally repealed, had been gradually relaxed; the intellectual ignorance which had formerly been the characteristic, if not the boast of all, except the clergy, had passed away before the humanising influence of letters. The spirit of chivalry, however, still existed, not less potential because separated from the stern realities with which it had formerly been associated, not less fascinating because no longer connected with the remembrance of outrage and oppression. But the chivalry of the age of the Tudors was not merely distinguished by external splendour, or by the absence of the intolerable evils inseparable from feudalism. Henry VIII., detestable as his memory must ever be, was no enemy to civil liberty, and he was a genuine patron of letters. In both these respects he was followed and excelled by Elizabeth. Literary merit was seldom overlooked in her court; and among the accomplishments necessary for the courtier who aspired to the favour of his royal mistress the talents of the *trouvère* were not the least indispensable. Her court was consequently thronged with gentlemen, who, while they rivalled the troubadours—whom they proposed to themselves as their models—in every other knightly accomplishment, far exceeded them in poetic feeling and refinement. In truth, Elizabeth seems to have looked for the union of the courtly graces with intellectual superiority in all whom she received into her favour or honoured with her confidence. It is difficult otherwise to account for the neglect which Spenser experienced, and for which the disfavour of Burleigh is not a sufficient reason, unless we charge his disappointment to the want of those courtly graces which were at all times a sure passport to royal favour, although more solid acquirements might be needed for its preservation.

The natural result of the favour shewn to men of letters ensued: almost every courtier aspired to be a poet, and every poet strove to be a courtier. Perhaps the former class succeeded better than their more gifted brethren. Among oceans of rhyme, distinguished for nothing but its servile imitation of the poems of the troubadours, disfigured by the same extravagance of metaphor, puerility of conceit, and ingenuity of versification, we occasionally discover traces of real poetic feeling, for which we should in vain search in their prototypes. Sir Walter Raleigh was undeniably the first

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of these courtier-poets, and excelled all his brother minstrels in the gentle science as far as he outstripped his age in more solid acquirements and romantic enterprise. Especially he differs from them all by abandoning the eternal theme of the Provençal poetasters and their imitators: his poetic magazine contains other weapons besides darts and flames: Cupid is not his sole auxiliary, nor his mistress his only divinity. When he occasionally deviates from the more lofty and natural style which he usually employs, and condescends to this well-worn theme, he seems only to disguise his real meaning under an allegorical garb: his loves are political, and the mistress whose bright eyes he worships, or whose frown he deprecates, is one whose displeasure was a real calamity, and whose smile brought with it those gifts of honour and fortune to which Raleigh, although a philosopher and a scholar, was by no means indifferent. The following stanzas indicate a quick perception of the beauties of nature. The invectives against the court may possibly have been dictated by some temporary disappointment, of which Raleigh experienced his full share; but the exquisite descriptive touches which it contains evidence the existence of a true poetic feeling which must be considered as a pledge of his sincerity.

'Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts;
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth 's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find!

Abusèd mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comfort grow,
You 'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here 's no fantastic masque nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance,
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.
* * * * *
Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn crock;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.'

Shakspeare has often been charged with plagiarism; assuredly, in one sense, not without reason: he was superior to the petty vanity which impels bookwrights to strive after originality, and to prefer a startling paradox, or a barren simile, which they can claim without dispute as their own, to the weightiest truth or most brilliant image which may have been suggested by another. Shakspeare read the book of nature; but he read other books too, and never hesitated to adopt and interweave with his own whatever of beauty he found in either. It is no slight distinction to be allowed the privilege of furnishing even the smallest of the gems which adorn the diadem of Shakspeare, and few authors would be willing to forfeit the honour or to object to the appropriation. Shakspeare would seem to have been familiar with the writings of Raleigh, as several instances occur in which remarkable expressions, and in one case the whole of one of his best-known passages, have been borrowed from the poems of the accomplished courtier. One example of the former will be sufficient:

'That saunceing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell,'

bears too evident a resemblance to the famous exclamation of Macbeth, to be regarded as an accidental coincidence. Again, who will not instantly recognise in the following lines the germ of the soliloquy of Jaques? It is headed 'De Morte,' and deserves to be placed in juxtaposition with the more elaborate paraphrase of Shakspeare, as a fair example of the readiness with which the dramatist was wont to adapt to his purpose any material that he met with and could turn to account.

'Man's life 's a tragedy: his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is the tiring-room;
This spacious earth, the theatre; and the stage,
That country which he lives in: passions rage,
Folly and vice are actors; the first cry,
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth of dumb shows;
The second, he to more perfection grows;
The third, he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin;
I'th fourth, declines; i'th fifth, diseases clog
And trouble him; then Death 's his epilogue.'

The corresponding passage, it will be remembered, is put in the mouth of Jaques; and it is worth considering how far the poet, while adopting the thoughts of the courtier, may have made him further subservient to his purpose, by embodying in the person of the caustic moralist the character of that remarkable man, whose personal and mental qualities must have been as well known at the time when 'As You Like It' was written as the extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune through which he passed.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Shakspeare is the life-like reality, the statuesque individuality of his characters—forcing upon us the conviction that he was not so much indebted to the liveliness of his imagination and fertility of his invention as to his intimate knowledge of nature derived from the living model. Such we know to be the fact in those historical characters whose lineaments are well known. No writer ever took fewer liberties with history: careless of geographical detail, heedless of occasional anachronism, he never falsifies a fact or misrepresents a person. Even if we had not contemporary authority to attest his accuracy, who would not realise the intense reality of his delineations of the hero of Agincourt, of Wolsey, of Queen Katherine, or of Beaufort? They are evidently not sketches emanating from a poet's brain, but *sun-portraits*, Daguerreotyped by the genius of Shakspeare; invested with all the graceful ornaments that poetic imagery and diction can confer; and not only engaging our admiration for these, but claiming our sympathy from the irresistible conviction that they are the genuine portraits of the very men whose names they bear. The same remark applies to his own historical characters. The intense sympathy which these excite differing, not in degree but in kind, from that which attaches to the character of every other poet, can only be referred

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to our recognition of them as intensely faithful, though still poetic delineations of real beings. Of course this remark applies to a comparatively small class of Shakspeare's characters, as the majority of them are adopted —together with the plot—from the old novels which he dramatised. However much, therefore, they may have been embellished and enriched in passing through his hands, they must not be confounded with his own creations.

Unhappily for us, literature in the time of Elizabeth was too stately a thing to be employed as the vehicle for gossip: Shakspeare was not blessed with a Boswell; no Horace Walpole had arisen to enliven his own and instruct afterages by his piquant anecdotes and lively sketches of society, bringing us face to face with our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, and giving us an assurance of their veritable existence, which history, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, fails to convey. Had Shakspeare been as fortunate in this respect as Dr Johnson, how much labour might have been saved to commentators; how many an obscure passage would have been cleared up; with what interest might we have recognised Mercutio or Benedict in some of the gay flutterers of the court, under names possibly not unknown to fame; or enjoyed the castigation inflicted on folly and presumption in the persons of Slender and Malvolio. It is worthy of remark, that the only characters in this play which are not copied from Lodge's 'Rosalynd' are those of Jaques and Touchstone. Neither is of the slightest service in the conduct of the plot, and both bear the strong impress of originality which invariably belongs to all of Shakspeare's own creations. The correctness of the portraits would doubtless soon be recognised by those who were familiar with the originals, and must have lent much extrinsic interest to the play in the eyes of those with whom the real Jaques, by right of birth, and the original Touchstone, by virtue of his profession, were entitled to associate. The character of Jaques affords much internal evidence in support of this theory: the haughty, cynical temper of the disappointed courtier; the rebuke of the duke—for Raleigh's life had not been blameless; the turn for philosophical speculation; the state of Sir Walter's fortunes at the date when the play is supposed to have been produced—about the year 1600—all agree with what we know of his character and history. One striking passage must not be overlooked. In act iv., scene 1, we find the following dialogue between Jaques and Rosalind:—

'*Jaques.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own. Compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith you have great reason to be sad! I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; though to have seen much, and have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience!'

It is scarcely necessary to point out the applicability of this passage to Raleigh, who, eminent as he was in many respects, was doubtless best known as a traveller. The allusion to his broken fortunes in the reply of Rosalind is pointed and *à propos*. That such was the result of Raleigh's experience is confirmed by his own testimony. In his dedication of his discovery of Guiana, published in 1596, we find the following passage: 'I do not then know whether I should bewail myself either for my too much travel and expense, or condemn myself for owing less than that which can deserve nothing. From myself I have deserved no thanks, for I have returned a beggar and withered.' These coincidences may possibly be merely accidental; but they at least form as broad a foundation as many upon which imposing structures of hypotheses have been erected. It is at all events interesting even to imagine that we can discover some traces of one of the best specimens of our national character fossilised, as it were, in the poetry of our great dramatist. Many of Raleigh's poems have doubtless perished. Spenser refers to a projected work of his which was to have been entitled 'Cynthia.' It was intended to celebrate the glories of the maiden queen, and was probably planned upon a large scale, since Spenser alludes to it as being in some sort a rival of the 'Fairy Queen.' But the adventurous spirit which possessed him was incompatible with the life of contemplative solitude indispensably necessary to a great work of art. For his larger prose works the world is indebted to the tedium of his frequent sea-voyages and the constrained seclusion of his latter years. The few poetic specimens which we possess are scarcely more than ejaculatory—the almost involuntary expressions of a mind keenly alive to a sense of the beautiful, and clothing its thoughts intuitively in a poetic dress, as their most appropriate garb, with little appearance of labour or premeditation.

Spenser has recorded the circumstances of Sir Walter's first introduction to him in 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' in which he pays a high tribute to the poetic genius of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean:'—

'Æmuling my pipe, he took in hand
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And played thereon, for well that skill he conned,
Himself as skilful in that art as any.'

It seems that Raleigh was at that time under the cloud of regal displeasure:

'His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard;
Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,
Which from her presence faultless him debarred;
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cried out to make his under song:—
Ah, my love's queen, and goddess of my life!
Who shall me pity when thou dost me wrong?'

We are not informed of the reason of his disgrace; but it could have been only of short duration, as we soon afterwards find both him and Spenser at court and received with due distinction; probably it is to this temporary banishment from court that the following stanzas refer. They are not without elegance: their humble tone, bordering on servility, might perhaps offend our modern ears, if we did not recollect that it was the fashion of the day to approach Elizabeth not merely with the homage due from the subject to the sovereign, but also with the gallant devotion exacted from the true knight by his lady.

'The frozen snake oppressed with heapèd snow,
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,
And spies far off from where she lies below
The winter sun that from the north is fled.
But all in vain she looks upon the light,
When heat is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it help a wretch in prison pent,
Long time with biting hunger overpressed,
To see without, or smell within the scent,
Of dainty fare for others' tables dressed?
Yet snake and prisoner both behold the thing
The which but not with sight might comfort bring.

Such is my task, or worse, if worse may be—
My heart oppressed with heavy frost of care,
Debarred of that which is most dear to me,
Killed up with cold and pined with evil fare.
And yet I see the thing might yield relief,
And yet the sight doth cause my greater grief.

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So Thisbe saw her lover through the wall,
And saw thereby she wanted what she saw;
And so I see, and seeing want withal,
And wanting so unto my death doth draw.
And so my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this verse my hated life might end.'

Raleigh's muse seems to have expired with Elizabeth. Poetry was no longer the fashion of the court, and the dark clouds which now rested on his fortunes, and which were destined to be dispersed only by his death, although they did not repress his love of historical and philosophical research, must have had the effect of quenching that fine fancy which once teemed with forms of beauty. The following lines, written the night before his execution, are the sole relique to which we can assign a date subsequent to the death of Elizabeth. This brief summing up of a long experience, simple and devout as became the occasion, possesses a peculiar interest from the circumstances under which it was written:—

'Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust!'

Such were the last notes of the last as well as the greatest of the bevy of courtier-poets who had embellished the reign of Elizabeth. Although infected by the characteristic affectation of the age, and trammelled by the rules which fashion had imposed upon poetry, it was impossible not to recognise in Raleigh the stuff of which poets have been made. With a keen eye for the beauty of external nature, and a strong bent for philosophical speculation, he combined remarkable purity of diction and considerable ingenuity in that complex and highly-artificial versification upon which the passion of the times set the highest value. He has contrived even to lend interest to the eclogue. His shepherds and shepherdesses are not knights and ladies of high degree in masquing attire; they bear the veritable stamp of Arcadia, and prattle with a *naïveté* which is really charming. It is a matter for infinite regret that a restless spirit, constantly goading him on to visionary schemes of impossible execution, should have hindered him from accomplishing some great work which would have reflected honour upon his age, and have entitled him to a niche side by side with Spenser. That he was capable of a great work that colossal fragment, the 'History of the World,' attests. Had he devoted his energies to a great literary task earlier in life, when his fancy was still buoyant, and his mind unclouded by care, there can be little doubt that he would have selected a poem as the monument of his genius. It would have been *ære perennius*.

A LOST ART.

It used to be the fashion for those who stayed at home to assert that travellers lied. It never was quite clear how they arrived at this conclusion—how they learned the exact degree of accuracy that might be assigned to a description of some Timbuctoo woman's housekeeping, or discovered whether there were savages who really ate earth, when they themselves had never been 'beyond seas,' nor ever seen a creature more outlandish than their own country cousins 'come up' from Somersetshire. However, assert it they did; and the veracity of such a man as James Bruce was a question they settled at once off-hand.

The fashion is now gone out; not, however, because travellers have changed one whit in their narrations, but because fewer people stay at home than formerly; and they having seen some wonders, and heard of others well authenticated, deem it no longer quite impossible that there may be others still as yet undreamt of in even their philosophy. The ends of the earth having been brought together, and the hitherto unknown discovered and well ransacked, there is now hardly anything which appears beyond our belief. We are staggered by nothing. New Holland furnishes a goodly share of startling animal wonders. The opossum, which was first heard of, lifting its young in and out of a natural pouch just as we put our handkerchief in our coat-pocket, was hardly more strange than the quadruped recently discovered there—a creature not unlike an otter, with the bill of a duck (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus.*) The isles of the Indian Archipelago shewed us a fantastic world, whether vegetable or animal we at first could hardly tell. Here a thing like a monkey seemed suspended in the air; there, as it appeared, a gorgeously-spotted butterfly had alighted on a dead stick; the forceps of a horrid beetle were stretched towards one somewhere else: in short, you could not make out how such various grotesque shapes could thus have got huddled together. If you asked, you were told it was not monkeys, moths, nor beetles you were looking at, but plants — new sorts called Ophrys and Orchideæ. In time we get used to everything, and at last cease to wonder. Birds-nest soup is thought no more of now than our own turtle. That Chinese women should lace up their feet so tightly as to change the original shape, seems as natural to us now as that our own women should do the same with their waists.

And yet, hand in hand with this general absence of astonishment at whatever may happen in our own time, will be found a vast amount of incredulity for certain wonders of the past. There is the same inclination to doubt them as there once was to doubt the traveller's tale. It may be that vanity has somewhat to do with this; that people do not like to hear that the men of earlier centuries knew anything which is as yet a secret from them. They seem to feel themselves aggrieved by such assertions, and not being able to deal with them, deny their truth. Yet it would appear as if other arts besides glass or mural painting, or the famed purple dye, did once exist, which we are unable to imitate—to imitate at least in equal perfection. Though now ridiculed as fabulous, there is still the record that glass was once made malleable. What reason have we for doubting the story of the glass cup that was dashed on the ground, and which bent but did not break? That our glasses are shivered by such experiment is no proof of the falsehood of the narrative. If, but a few years ago, we had read in some hitherto undiscovered ancient manuscript, that in the author's time were persons who possessed the art of arresting another's shadow, of holding it fast and keeping it when the person himself was gone, who is there that would not at once have pronounced it to be untrue? And why? Because then we had not seen the possibility of doing it; but we should believe it now, being able to do it ourselves. Shallow reasoning, forsooth; yet nevertheless it makes its way.

In a curious old book written by Abrahama Sancta Clara,* and entitled 'Etwas für Alle' ('Something for Every One'), is mentioned a juggling trick which, incomprehensible as it seems to us, was, it appears, practised in great perfection by many persons in those days, whose performances are specified with the time and place of their occurrence. Sancta Clara can hardly be looked on as a person not worthy of credit. He was court-preacher at Vienna, and was as famous for his g... love of truth as his sermons are well known for the severe attacks they contained on the lusts and vanities of the world. They are remarkable for their strange language, for their occasionally jocose style, and

* Born 1642; died 1709.

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the terrible denunciations they launched forth against the ungodly, whether high or low in station.

The art he describes, and which he seems to consider as a quite separate one, was termed 'Wasserspeien' ('Vomiting Water.') One person in particular—Biasio Manfredo, a Maltese—who practised it in perfection, is thus described:—

'He would have a vessel brought full of tepid water, and fifteen or twenty glasses, which were large at top, and he would then rinse his mouth out to shew that he had nothing between his teeth. When he had swallowed some glasses full, he would spurt out a liquid like red wine: then would follow brandy, rose-water, orange-water, white wine, and the like, which things were all to be known by their taste. It was observed, however, that he always began with the red wine. Sometimes he swallowed twenty glasses of water, and spurted it out again like a *jet d'eau*. Cardinal Richelieu caused this Manfredo, whose scholars were all the like sort of jugglers, to be put in prison, and threatened to hang him unless he proved his art to be natural, and not connected with magic. This the Maltese did in great secrecy, and was then liberated, to earn his living as before.' With this description a woodcut is given, in which the performer is represented standing upright, with his head thrown back, while from his mouth a high jet of water is seen to play. There could have been nothing displeasing in the exhibition; on the contrary, it must seem rather pretty to view than otherwise.

Another artist is also named, Jean Roger of Lyons, who could spout out water of twelve or fourteen different colours, all of a pleasant odour. He could besides make a *jet d'eau* which played so long that one might repeat the 51st psalm while it lasted. Once, in presence of his imperial majesty Ferdinand III., he represented a jet of fire which came from his throat.

The variety in the performances of the different persons professing the art shews that it was not so very uncommon: each one endeavoured to surpass the others by the novelties he introduced, just as now the Wizard of the North tries to distance his contemporaries by the inexplicability of his tricks. In India at the present time may be seen performances quite as marvellous as those described by the trustworthy Benedictine monk.

ART-EDUCATION FOR ALL.

Everything which surrounds us is an influence. We are surrounded with beautiful things in the world, and it is our duty to make our houses look as beautiful as possible. Everything we have in our houses, every glass and jug, every painted door and table, is an influence, an association, out of which the mind receives its instruction, even more than that which the pedagogue conveys in school. Therefore art is nothing more nor less than the recognition of the example set us by God. I should be sorry to limit art to a mere canvas and statuary exposition of it. The basis of all good art—of painting and statuary, and architecture and the ornamentation of domestic vessels—is a constant acknowledgment of the beauty of the external world, out of which can only come good art. The craving for this art is perfectly universal. The savage who carves his spear and war instruments, and paints his body, evinces a leaning towards things that are beautiful. The commonest hind who cultivates his small plot of land with flowers is declaring an inward and conscious sense of the beauty alluded to. Therefore the manufacturer, the designer of every class, and the workman, instead of working from the thought that he is merely catering to a luxurious feeling, should labour rather with the consciousness that he is labouring to cultivate and raise that which in the human mind is a natural instinct. To the designer—and house-painters and architects are amongst this class—a true sense of art is indispensable: that he should think for himself, and not be continually reproducing what has been done before. Take the ordinary house-painter: a man thoroughly educated for his business would for 3s. 6d. make a cottage an arena of excellence. Shop-fronts and signs, and all these things, are influences. It is impossible to live opposite an ill-painted shop-front without being morally the worse for it. But supposing the designer of every character were perfect—the best would be thrown away upon us with ill-educated workmen. If the design be not realised by the workman it must lose all its vitality and beauty. We are continually talking of our inferiority to France and Germany in designs. In these countries every man has received an education in art, from the designer to the lowest class of workmen, to enable him thoroughly to understand and to love the work to be done. In Lyons I have seen workmen bring into their shops quantities of flowers and draw them, merely for their beauty, not because they were obliged to do so. These are the men to make work beautiful and to do justice to the designer. But even supposing the designer and the workman to be well educated, it is no less important that the user of a thing should be able to appreciate it too. 'People in this country,' say manufacturers, 'are not in a position to tell good things from bad ones.' I have no belief in the statement that the people are not prepared for beautiful things in art. That they want education in art I readily admit, but that they have an instinctive love for it I fully believe.—*Lecture on Art-Education by Mr J. A. Hammersley.*

POWER OF KITES.

The power of a kite twelve feet high, with a wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is as much as a man of average strength can stand against. With a stronger gale, such a kite has been known to break a line capable of sustaining 200 lbs. The surface spread by this sail is forty-nine square feet, and it should be noticed that these serve as standing ratios, from which, by the rule of proportion, the power of larger kites can be calculated. We must not, however, suppose that a kite of thirty-six feet in length has only three times the power of a kite twelve feet in length; for, in fact, it has three times the power in length, and three times the power in breadth, which will make the multiple *nine*; so that it would lift or draw nine times as much as a kite of twelve feet. Two kites, one fifteen feet in length, the other twelve, have power sufficient to draw a carriage with four or five persons when the wind is brisk.'—*History of the Charvolant.*

RAILWAY TRADE.

A regular trade is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow; every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are despatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlocked tins from and beyond Harrow at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into both Liverpool and London, there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market—thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of congou up or send as many of hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of 500 to 2000, and the sheep from 2000 to 6000; and these animals can be brought from the farthest grazing-grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury or the Valley of the Thames.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

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IMPRESSIONS OF CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.

Travelling on the continent is not, generally speaking, so rapid as in England. The roads are not inferior to ours, but the carriages are heavier and the horses not in so good condition; therefore it is seldom that a diligence or private carriage goes much more than six miles an hour. This rate of speed suits the wishes of continental people, who are rarely in a hurry about anything—the idea of a business-value for time being scarcely known amongst them. An Englishman chafes under it; but it is to little purpose, for it is scarcely possible to induce any driver or conductor to make haste. The same moderation of speed has been maintained in the railways. Sixteen miles an hour may be stated as the ordinary rate of progress in that mode of conveyance. One does not find so much as twenty except in Belgium, where business principles are more in vogue, but they may be presumed to be in some degree affected by English ideas.

It is not merely that movement is slow, but there are many impediments that cause a consumption of time. Continental people must have a great deal of accounting about everything. The *comptoir* is always a most conspicuous and important part of a business establishment. Billets charged with minute specifications have to be taken out beforehand for even trifling distances by an omnibus. You may come at the moment of starting, find an empty place, and offer the money; but that won't do. You must walk into a *bureau*, and go through the formality of taking out a ticket. So it is at railway-stations. The simplicity of the ordinary transaction in England—the purchase of a ticket at the counter perhaps three minutes before the hour of starting—is totally inconceivable to our friends abroad. You probably are sent away from your hotel an hour before the time of starting, and you will find it well to be as near this time beforehand as possible. On arriving, you have to engage and fee one of the railway porters to take your luggage to a comptoir, that it may be weighed; for in most places every pound of it has to be paid for, and nowhere is it wholly free. You have to go to this place, full of coarse bustle and noise, and wait till your turn for weighing arrives, when your porter announces its weight, and hands you a billet expressive of that particular, and of the appropriate charge, together with the number put upon the various packages as a guidance to your ultimately claiming them at the end of your journey. You then go to another bureau and take out your personal billet. Sometimes you are required to take out the personal billet first, and as a necessary preliminary to getting your baggage expedited. This happens where, as an essential preliminary to getting a billet of either kind, you have yet another piece of business to transact—namely, to go through an office where your passport is inspected, or at least to shew that document to a gendarme standing by. We lately found it so in Prussia, in Saxony, and in the Austrian dominions. Now, all these matters require some time; for, be it observed, a billet is not stamped as with us. It has to be partly written, the writing has to be dried by sand (a thing nearly obsolete in English stationery, but in universal use abroad), and it has also to be cut by scissors out of a book. The slow, pedantic formality of the whole affair is very trying to an Englishman's impatient temper; but he cannot help himself. After all, he has to go to the *salle* or waiting-room appropriate to the particular class indicated in his ticket (shewing his ticket before he is allowed to enter), and there remain till the proper moment when the doors will be thrown open, and the travellers allowed to take their places in the carriages. And this is apt to be a trying part of the business to an Englishwoman, as in Germany she will scarcely fail to find every man present with a cigar or pipe in his mouth, the room full accordingly of smoke, and the floor in a state disgustingly filthy. On the whole, it is a most disagreeable half-hour or three-quarters which it requires to allow a traveller to start on a continental railway journey. When it is for a short distance, so much time may well be much grudged. We lately went from Verona to Mantua, in order to look on those Mincio-laved fields where Virgil once lived, and which one still associates with the idea of his Meliboeuses and Daphnes. The railway journey required strictly one hour, but it was made nearly three by the omnibus journeys to and from stations, the preliminary, and the consequent formalities. Our passport was examined both in leaving Verona and in entering Mantua. One fact in the return is sufficient to shew the small value set upon time in that part of the world: the omnibuses commenced their round of the hotels in Mantua for the taking up of passengers at half-past four, and were off on their way out of town at a quarter to five, for a train which was to start from the station—a mile and a half distant—at six. This was more time than was strictly necessary; but the reason appeared, when we found the omnibuses in time to receive and carry back to Mantua the passengers who came in by a train from Verona at about twenty minutes past five!

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the formality and deliberation with which the continental railways are managed are attended by an apparent safety to the passengers. Accidents are comparatively

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rare on these railways. The continentalist is not in a hurry, and he does not object to being treated with a kind of military rigour by the officials: he appears thus to benefit in point of security for life and limb. The Englishman grudges to misspend a minute, and he occasionally gets smashed. It is now indeed generally asserted that the appalling frequency of railway accidents in England is owing chiefly, if not solely, to the insufficiency of attendance or to culpable negligence; but we can entertain no doubt that, other things being equal, the ratio of accidents must coincide in some degree with the hurry of the procedure. One feels on a continental railway that he is treated like a slave, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is treated *like a parcel;* but he also feels that he is all but certain of coming safe to his journey's end.

Passports have been touched upon. It is a terrible business to the English continental traveller, forming a subject of anxiety and trouble, and a cause of expense at every place he comes to. He never can be safe for a moment without it; and yet it must occasionally be parted with in order to be examined by the police. Returning to Berlin from a forenoon's visit to Potsdam, we lately found a cordon of soldiers drawn up across the platform, and all the passengers had to shew their passports before being allowed to leave the station. Our own passport being at this time in the hands of the police, we should probably have been in some difficulty here had it not been for our *commissionaire*, who contrived to make his own certificate pass for us also. What would our London holiday-makers think if they could not visit Windsor without a similar detention on their return to the Paddington station? The strictness is at present greatest in the Austrian dominions. At Vienna we wished to go to Presburg to visit an English friend who lives there. It is a two hours' journey; but it cost us a considerable part of the previous day to make two attendances at the police-office, in order to give the explanations necessary before obtaining permission to go. Being subsequently too late in our application at the police-office for our passport *visé* for Trieste, we had to wait an extra day in Vienna in order to obtain the document. By a similar oversight, the consequence of misunderstanding an official, we had to wait a day in Trieste before getting permission to go to Venice. Thus we lost two days out of five through this troublesome formality—a considerable loss in money to a party of three persons, but a greater loss in tedium and ill-humour. Such things are great drawbacks from the pleasures of a continental journey. In the Austrian railways one or two officers wearing their swords come in at the second-last station, and before the final stoppage of the train go through the carriages from end to end, examining the passports of the passengers. The poor passengers always appeared to us to have a sadly cowed look while under this process. It was a particularly painful spectacle in Hungary and Lombardy, where everybody knows that the people are kept down purely by military force. We may here remark that the Austrian railways are altogether in the hands of the government, which contemplates a primary utility for them as means of transporting troops through its disaffected provinces. The filling up of a space, where a mountainous tract has to be crossed, is a stupendous piece of railway engineering. In passing along in the omnibuses, which at present form a provisional mode of transport, one sees the sections and bridgings for the line going on at an aërial height on the rough, woody mountain-side, and reflects how powerful must be the motive which compels a government notoriously embarrassed to push on so expensive a work. Meanwhile the unrailed intervals of the space are all furnished with electric lines for the communication of intelligence. It is curious to see the poles stretching across a moorland tract where there is no railway, and sometimes, for the sake of short cuts, not very near to the post-road.

There is one comfort pretty general on the continent for which the traveller feels himself in a great measure indebted to the rigid system of administrative discipline by which so many matters are conducted: we allude to the street carriages, which are almost everywhere under such regulations that attempts to overcharge are nearly prevented. The one arrangement above all others conducive to this good end is, making the charge depend on time. Obviously, while there may be great doubt about the distance which a street carriage has travelled, there need be none about the time occupied in the course. We accordingly found in the cities where this plan prevails, that we could settle with the drivers of street carriages in an amicable spirit and without an approach to dispute, thus avoiding that worry to which every stranger in our English cities is subjected in dealing with that class of men. We would instance Berlin and Baden-Baden as places where the time-system, with some little fortification from other regulations, works particularly well. Is it beyond hope that a system founded on the best continental experience could be introduced in England? We hardly know any department of public service in which there is more need for reform than this. In Berlin the charge for one or two persons by a one-horse carriage is sixpence for a quarter of an hour, and one-and-sixpence for an hour. An additional person pays a half more.

The physical distinction between the continent and England which most strikes a traveller is with respect to the atmosphere. A native of our cloudy island feels exhilarated by the pure, dry, blue air which envelops him abroad. There is a lustrous brightness over even city objects which one never sees at home. We feel the air to be a fine medium in which we are bathing—a novel and most pleasing sensation. It is distressing in central Europe to observe the extent to which, in towns, the natives persist in drugging their beautiful atmosphere with tobacco-smoke. The German seems as if he would never willingly part with his pipe or cigar. He indulges his propensity without delicacy towards women or strangers—at all hours and seasons: we have seen him keep the pipe in his mouth in situations of difficulty, or while engaged in work, when an Englishman would have deemed it necessary to be free of all encumbrances whatever. While conversing with him you feel his breath like the air from an old disused chimney, as if his windpipe were cased with ancient soot all the way down. Throughout Austria you can enter no public carriage where you are safe from the persecution of tobacco smoke, nor can you anywhere secure an exemption from it in favour of any ladies in your charge. Political feeling has lately effected in Lombardy a reform which probably refinement could never have accomplished—the people having generally abandoned the use of tobacco out of hatred for the government, which derives a revenue from the article. Would that some similar gust of sentiment would banish the nuisance from other dominions of the House of Hapsburg! One quickly perceives how smoking accords with the deliberate habits of the German. Being never in a hurry, he has time to smoke; and being devoted to smoking, he can do nothing expeditiously. It is a prominent feature of continental life all through the season of travel, that multitudes of well-dressed men are continually seen sitting in the open air in front of the establishments called *cafés*. They generally content themselves with some very innocent liquor—coffee or *eau sucré;* and thus provided, with a newspaper, and a few neighbours to converse with, they will sit for hours, as if they had no business to call them elsewhere. We at one time felt pleased with the sight of so many people making themselves happy with such simple things;

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but we have latterly begun to think the custom not very creditable. To be contented with an amusement so puerile, so insipid, and so *slow*, marks, we should say, some default in the popular mind. The men who spend much of their time in this way must to some extent neglect their affairs. They can have little time besides for improving their minds by study. They cannot be a progressive people. There is a vicious circle in politics. If a people has no share in ruling, its mental calibre becomes or remains contracted; and while its mental calibre is contracted, it cannot be fit for any share in the government. To this total inaptitude and inexperience in which the continental nations have hitherto been kept by their governments—as if it were necessary to treat men in all situations and throughout all time as children—must mainly be attributed the sad failure of the democratic movement all over Europe in 1848–49, by which, to all appearance, improvement has been put back for a generation. But this is rather a serious corollary to draw from a few remarks on the custom of dawdling over *eau sucré*; and as our *rôle* is not politics, it would perhaps be best to say no more on the subject.

One general remark that arises in our minds from a pretty long continental excursion is, that though there is much to be pleased with in what one eats and drinks and hears and sees and feels when abroad, there is yet a felicity in the condition of England which may well make an Englishman content with his own country. We have a kindly regard for all neighbouring countries and people, and are no bigots on any point; but commend us after all to the tight little island!

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

OCTOBER.

I MUST now beg to introduce those who have been so far companions in my rambles to some friends who had at this time joined me in my solitude, and who will accompany us in a walk to the bogs where I formerly found the *Equisetum sylvaticum*. These were a beloved brother, who had come to pass a day or two with me, and his intelligent and merry little son, of about eleven years old, who had accompanied him; and as if to make all things around me seem bright and joyous, my own dear invalid charge had sufficiently recovered to be able, under certain restrictions, to share our pleasure, and to go at least part of the way with us. The special object of this ramble was to shew to the new-comers the beautiful sight of the flowering fern (*Osmunda regalis*), now just in perfection.

It was a glowing day—one of those very hot mornings which sometimes burst forth to gild the autumn; yet, as we ascended the hill and crossed the heath, the never-failing sea-breeze relieved the ardent heat, so as to enable us much to enjoy our walk, as we lingered on our way—*lionising* the ground as we went—now pointing out to our interested friends the different beauties of the scenery, and the exquisite views of the deep-blue sea, which from time to time opened on us; and then diversifying the scene by eating some blackberries, or searching out relics of such rare plants as still remained, spreading their almost faded beauties among the decaying leaves—in like manner as we sometimes see a few of those gems of person or mind which have adorned youth outliving the wear and tear of the world, and embellishing the latter years of the life of their possessor. But as the relics of summer flowers are chiefly found in sheltered and calm nooks, where neither sun nor wind has had full power, so are those lingering ornaments of body or mind most frequently found in those whose lot has been cast in the more sequestered paths of life—where nature has not been stifled by art, and the free course of her blossoming neither forced by the glare of worldly adulation and prosperity, nor checked by the biting blasts of undue discouragement.

Chatting, botanising, and berry-eating, we pursued our way, a happy group, once more down the sloping field, where the cotton-grass still displayed its snowy tassels of fibre, and the cross-leaved and purple heaths, and the silvery spikes of the pale-lilac ling, still decked the ground; and now I had the pleasure of finding the pretty white beak-rush (*Rhynchospora alba*), which grew in profusion all over the face of this bog, though wholly unknown in either of the others in the neighbourhood. The white beak-rush is not a true rush, and belongs not to the *N. O. Juncea*, in which real rushes are placed, but to the *Cyperaceæ*, and has but half the number of stamens and pistils which are to be found in a *juncus*. It is an elegant little thing. The spikelets of white flowers are collected so as to form a level surface at the summit, and spring from a large floral leaf which overtops the head of flowers; the leaves are tapering and linear, extremely elegant and delicate in their growth, rising erect with a graceful curve, and being very slight and sharp-pointed. The whole plant is almost white; and the root, which generally comes out of the soft, boggy ground at the least pull, is a pretty tube with delicate fibres hanging from it, and looking almost like a small bulb. The bog now displays a great variety of different kinds of carex, rush, and plantains, but it is very wet; and we find that the fatigue of crossing it, and proceeding to the marsh in search of the *Osmunda*, would be too much for the strength of my feeble young charge. We were loath to leave him, but his cheerful good-humour made all easy; so, settling him on a pleasant bank under the copious shade of a lofty oak, and providing him with a store of rushes to plait, we left him with his little friend to supply him with fresh materials for his work, and amuse him with his chat, and pushed briskly on to the enclosure, which we found now fairly overgrown with the beautiful little arborescent sterile spikes of the *Equisetum sylvaticum*, and turning to the right, we soon stood directly in front of the object of our pursuit.

But before entering on the description of any one individual of that tribe, so full of interest, so curiously and beautifully diversified in form and structure, though forming such a united and well-defined family—I mean the fern tribe—it may be as well to examine a little in detail what are the most marked characteristics by which we may readily know a fern from any other plant; and in so doing we shall be led to observe how wonderful and varied are the works of God, and to remark fresh instances of that love which provides for his creatures so many sources of interest and enjoyment, and so many wonderful and beautiful objects for their admiring study. The most clear and simple definition of a fern that I have seen is that given in Macgillivray's condensation of Withering's arrangement of British plants—a little work so easy to understand, so portable, and so cheap, that I would strongly recommend it to any one who wishes easily to make out the names of any flowers or plants he may meet with—it is this: 'A plant consisting of a frond (leaf) with dorsal or terminal fructification.' Whenever you meet with a leaf bearing on its under side roughish dark-coloured spots, which you find on investigation contain seeds, you may be sure—whether it is small or large, or whatever may be its shape—that it is a fern of some kind or other. But there are some plants which, though classed by most botanists as ferns, and belonging to the *N. O. Filices*, are yet not true ferns, nor quite so

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easily discerned to be of that order. Of these the *Osmunda*, which bears its fruit on a terminal spike, instead of at the back of the leaf, is one; a second is the moonwort (*Botrychium lunaria*), a pretty little plant, from about three to six inches in height, the *rachis* or stem of which is divided into two parts—a pinnate leafy portion, and a spike of fructification. This grows in many parts of England, and is found also, though more sparingly, in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Magical properties were formerly attributed to it. A third kind is the adder's-tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgare*), also more abundant in England than in the other divisions of Great Britain: this consists of a single, undivided, and sharp-pointed frond, rising so as to form a shield for a spike of fruit which springs from the same hollow rachis or stem. After this spike begins to mature, it grows so as to overtop the leaf, which, when young, formed its shelter; and when perfect, stands as much above the frond as below it, displaying a double row of *thecæ* or capsules, which, when the seed is ripe, open transversely, gape widely, and allow the seed to be scattered by the winds. When this plant gets abundant it is considered a serious injury to the crop of grass, as it often covers acres of ground. These three are the only British plants which, though called ferns, do not bear their fruit on some part of the back of the leaf.

Ferns differ widely in their size, form, and the situation where they grow. There are some of which the fronds are three or more feet in length, elegantly cut and divided—as the brachen (*Pteris aquilina*), the shield ferns, &c. There are others where the leaf is straight at the edge, and uncut, from three or four inches to a foot or more in length: of these is the elegant glossy hart's tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), so abundant around fountains and spring-heads, as well as drooping in huge clusters on the hedges in shady places, of which Dioscorides tells us that, 'being drunke in wine, it is a remedie against the bitings of serpentes.' Then there is the polypody, formed of leaves cut in even to the very midrib with alternate divisions, the back of its leaf ornamented by a double row of yellow, bead-like thecæ, and growing in beautiful tufts in all directions. From the top of old walls, out of the fissures of aged oaks, or on the surface of the weather-beaten rock, there the year through may be found the graceful polypody in drooping clusters; for the fronds thrown up in May and June are matured by September, and retain their vigour and beauty until those of the succeeding year make their appearance. But to give an idea of half the varieties of ferns which exist even in these islands would be impossible in the limited space which I can allot to that purpose: it must therefore suffice to say, that though there are some species so large as I have before stated, there are others most diminutive; that whilst some sorts may be found on the crests of the loftiest mountains, there are others which luxuriate alone in the sheltered woods and lanes which intersect the land; some, such as many of the spleenworts (*Asplenians*), abounding on old walls, ruins, and churches, where, mixed with the scaly-leaved hart's tongue (*Ceterach officinarum*)—so rare in the midland and northern counties, though so very plentiful in the south-western—they start from beds of the driest mortar, and enamel the stonework with their brilliant verdure; whilst others no less lovely will flourish only where the spray of the waterfall ceaselessly drops on them, keeping them continually in a dripping state.

There is scarcely a locality where ferns of some kind are not found, and there is no season of the year when you may not gather them in all their brightness. From the frozen regions of the north to the flowery plains of the south, in the frigid and in the torrid zones, these beautiful plants are indigenous, and many of them have valuable medical properties. The leaves contain in many instances a thick astringent mucilage, with other matter, on which account many are considered pectoral and lenitive. Capillaire is so called from being prepared from the *Adiantum capillus veneris*, a plant of pectoral and astringent qualities; and *Osmunda regalis* has been employed successfully for the rickets. The common bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) and the male shield-fern (*Aspidium filix mas*) have even been used in the manufacture of beer—at least so Lindley states, and we cannot have better authority—as *Aspidium fragrans* has been as a substitute for tea. The people of Tasmania roast and eat the root of one species of fern for bread with the flesh of the kangaroo.

But I must not allow myself to dwell longer on the subject of ferns in general; but having given a few of the leading characteristics of the tribe, we must now return to the little enclosure where the *Osmunda regalis* awaits us. The generic name of this family, *Osmunda*, is said to be of northern origin, and to be so named on account of its potency in medicine. Osmunder was one of the names of Thor, a Celtic divinity; and *mund* in Anglo-Saxon is expressive of force or power. It is the finest of all our species of British ferns, and indeed there was no need of minute investigation in seeking for it: high-arching over our heads rose the proud fronds of this 'flower-crowned prince of English ferns.' The whole hedge was a mass of fronds—some in full fruit, others robed only in the fairy green, which decks the sterile branches, absolutely glittering with beauty, and rising from the foot to the crown of the hedge in massive luxuriance; the upper ones, standing high above our heads, being in themselves both sterile and fertile fronds, from six to eight feet in length, and raised on a bank some feet high, which they amply clothed; indeed they so intersected the whole hedge for some yards of its length as to appear to form its main substance.

If you, my reader, have ever felt that sort of enthusiastic feeling which leads you to a sort of personal appropriation of the scenery or objects of nature or art which happen to be near your dwelling, making it all seem as if it were really your own, and you yourself were answerable for its making a good appearance, and justifying your description of its beauties, you will perhaps be able to enter into the proud feeling of exultant success which possessed me when standing before this splendid group of foliage I saw at a glance that it more than answered the expectation I had raised in the mind of my companion, and observed the pleasure with which he selected two or three of the giant fronds, traced the stems to the point where they sprung from the *rhizoma*—the part between the stem, or rachis, and the root—and cut them. One measured more than seven feet, and the spike of fruit was, I should say, not less than twelve or fourteen inches in length, the rest falling little short of like dimensions. The *Osmunda regalis* differs from the usual habit of others of its order in its mode of fructification, which approaches more nearly to that of the *Equisetaceæ*, its thecæ or seed-vessels being gathered into a terminal spike, or rather cluster of spikes, instead of being, as I have said is usual with most ferns, disposed on the under side of the leaflets. The frond of the *Osmunda* is linear and pinnate, there being four or five pair of *pinnæ* or leaflets, exquisitely veined, and of a clear, semi-transparent green of a remarkably vivid tint. The apex or point of the fertile frond is composed of its spikes of fruit, whilst that of the sterile bears green leaflets to the summit. It is not unusual to find some of the pinnæ towards the base of the spike only partially converted into thecæ, and presenting an edge of green to view. This arises from the thecæ being borne on the margin of contracted leaves. Old Gerarde, in his Herbarium, calls it 'Osmund the waterman.' Why, I know not, for I have not been able to trace the reason, though I do not doubt that there must have been some legend connected with the plant,

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which led to the name. He says of it: 'The root is great and thicke, folded, and covered over with many scales and interlacing roots, having in the middle of the great and hard woody part thereof some small whiteness, which has been called the heart of Osmund the waterman. The root, and especially the heart or middle part thereof, boyled or else stamped, and taken with some kinde of liquor, is thought to be good for those that are wounded, dry-beaten, or bruised—that have fallen from some high place; and for the same cause the empiricks doe put it in decoctions, which the later physitians doe call wound-drinkes. Some take it to be so effectual and of so greate a vertue that it can dissolve cluttered blood remaining in any inwarde part of the body, and that it alsoe can expell or drive it out by the wound.'

It is exceedingly difficult to get this 'great and thicke root' out from the bog in which it grows. A collector gave me an amusing account of the manner in which he had long in vain assailed it, as, in consequence of there being no resistance in the soil, his spade failed to act on the root, and gave way under the pressure—a result likely to overthrow him in the mire. He, however, succeeded at last in securing a piece by getting the spade fairly under the root, and so lifting it out, conveyed it safe to his fernery, where, with some two dozen other species, collected from various parts of England, it was happily flourishing and bearing its fruit a year after its removal. This fern, though usually erect in its growth, sometimes, when it grows near the water's edge, assumes a pendent character. Newman says: 'I noticed a beautiful instance of this when at Killarney, where it completely fringes the river between the lakes, and certainly forms a most prominent feature in that lovely but neglected portion of Killarney's far-famed scenery. So altered is the usual character of this fern, that its long fronds arch gracefully over, and dip their masses of seed in the crystal water; whilst the saucy coots, from beneath the canopy it affords them, gaze fearlessly on the visitors who are continually passing by.' The whole aspect of the plant is most noble and majestic. Hooker records that Mr Stewart Murray measured a tuft of its fronds on the banks of the Clyde, which, from the base to the apex, measured eleven feet and a half in height. Impressions of the leaves of *Osmunda* are, according to Withering, frequent in the nodules of ironstone found in Coalbrookdale, Salop. He says it is the only species of an indigenous vegetable which he has ever discovered in a fossil state; adding, that all the other impressions of fifices which he has found on ironstone seem to be those of American plants; but remarking, however, that *Osmunda* is also a native of Virginia. He tells us a curious fact—namely, that 'this plant, though before not to be found for many miles around Birmingham, in the year 1802 appeared on an archery butt on Moseley Common, artificially raised with mud from a deep pit, in which the seeds had probably lain for a length of time. It continued to flourish so long as the butt remained.'

The singular phenomena which exist connected with the vegetative power in seeds require but observation to strike every mind with wonder and admiration. 'Some,' says Withering, 'lose their vital principle by being kept out of the ground even for a short time after ripening; whilst others may be sent round the world, and exposed to every vicissitude of climate, or even be buried for ages in the earth, and yet vegetate with the first favourable opportunity.' Some will spring up on any soil or in any aspect; whilst others wait, lying dormant till some soil or rooting-place to which they have affinity is presented to them, when they at once put forth their energies, and become vigorous plants. Wheat, taken from the wrappings of mummies 3000 years old, has been known to vegetate freely. New cuttings for railroads or other purposes, to be speedily covered with plants of species before unknown in their neighbourhood, as in the cuttings at Box, near Bath, plants of the brittle fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*) were found, as if sprung from seeds which had lain dormant perhaps for ages—that fern not being, as I have been told, before known in that locality. The *Osmunda* seems to be widely distributed over the kingdom, yet it is not generally well known. Probably the fact of its growing only in bog-earth may account for this, as few people are in the habit of visiting wet bogs; yet it is well worth while to do so, if only for the sake of becoming acquainted with this noble plant. It is said that Sir Walter Scott, when visiting Killarney, seemed unmoved and unadmiring until coming to a part of the scenery where this fern abounds and takes a drooping character, gracefully arching in large tufts over the water, and forming a shelter for many aquatic birds, he stopped the boatmen, and exclaimed—'*This* is worth coming to see!' The fronds when they first appear are of a salmon hue, and, until matured, continue somewhat of a reddish colour. They are of very rapid growth, and each root bears from six to twelve fronds, two or three of which would form an ample shade from the sun for a tall man; and, indeed, we ourselves found those we had gathered most useful for that purpose as we walked homewards.

We now, having secured our main object, began to think of returning to those whom we had left on the other side the bog; but as we retraced our steps, we found other objects of interest. On the turfy banks of the hedges, rising from the sloping sides of ditches, on the ramparts of earth which separated the enclosures—all round us, feathering the ground with its elegant foliage of the most vivid green, we found that pretty and graceful fern, which, though generally distributed throughout our land, is much less frequent in the southern than in the northern counties, as indeed its name would indicate: as it is called the *northern* hard fern (*Lomaria spicant.*) Every fern has a root—a rhizoma—which is the part between the root and the stem, and which corresponds to the trunk in a tree, and is in fact that which in the tree-ferns of tropical countries forms the trunk—and a stem or rachis from which the leaflets spring. Now the roots in the hard fern are black, tough, and wiry; the rhizoma is tufted—that is, above ground—and hairy; the rachis of the fertile frond dark purple, smooth, and shining; whilst that of the sterile is green; the fertile frond is linear and pinnatified—that is, *once* cut, and pointed at the apex. It grows very erect, and is often a foot and a half or more in length, the back being thickly loaded with capsules, lying so close together that none of the substance of the leaf is to be seen. The barren frond is not so erect, wider and shorter, of a brighter green, and wholly without capsules. The appearance of this and some other ferns would puzzle those who are not aware that some plants of that order produce both barren and fertile fronds from the same root and at the same time. The beautiful parsley-leaved fern (*Allosorus crispus*), which so richly decorates those masses of stone which hang about the mountains in the Lake and other northern districts, and may be found springing from the crevices in old stone-walls, is one in which the fertile and barren spikes are found at the same time and on the same root; and the beautiful maiden-hair (*Adiantum capillus veneris*), so rare in England, is another. This most elegant species is to be found at Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, and in two or three spots in Cornwall. I have also heard of plants being found near Brixham, in South Devon; but the inconsiderateness of collectors has been such, that where it used to grow abundantly it is now difficult to find specimens. In the South Isles of Arran it, however, abounds to such an extent that it is said the inhabitants gather it and use it as tea.

And so, after a lengthened ramble, combining much enjoyment with the attainment of some information

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and a grand display of specimens, we reach our home in safety, none of our party being injured by the efforts they had made, and we rustics only regretting that such cheering and intellectual companionship so seldom shared and enlivened our country walks.

WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

The angling season begins in London with the very first disappearance of frost and the first blush of blue sky in the heavens; and, with comparatively few exceptions, Sundays and holidays are the only days of sport. The young angler begins his career in the Surrey Canal, the Grand Junction Canal, or the New River, whichever happens to be nearest to the place of his abode. His first apparatus is a willow-wand, bought at the basketmaker's for a penny, and a roach-line for fivepence more. A sixpenny outfit satisfies his modest ambition; and thus equipped he sallies forth to feed—not the fishes—them he invariably frightens away—but himself, with the delusive hope of catching them. The blue-bottles have not yet left their winter quarters, and 'gentles' or maggots are not yet to be had; so he has recourse to kneaded bread or paste, hoping to beguile his prey with a vegetable diet. In order that the fishes may be duly apprised of the entertainment prepared for them, he crams his trousers-pockets with gravel, which he industriously scatters upon his float as it sails down the stream, doubtless impressed with the notion that the whole finny tribe within hearing will swarm beneath the stony shower to take their choice of the descending blessings, and finding his bait among them, give it the preference, and swallow it as a matter of course. The theory seems a very plausible one; but we cannot say that in practice, though witnessing it a thousand times, we ever saw it succeed. For the sake of something like an estimate of the amount of success among the juvenile anglers of this class, we lately watched the operations of a group of nearly thirty of them for two hours, but failed in deriving any data for a calculation, as not a fin appeared above water the whole time. With the exception of a few 'stunnin' bites,' and one 'rippin' wallopper,' which was proclaimed to have carried off a boy's hook, there was no indication of sport beyond that afforded by the party themselves.

When the sun, bountiful to sportsmen, begins, as Shakspeare has it, 'to breed maggots in a dead dog,' a new and superior race of anglers appears upon the margin of the waters. The dead dogs then have their day, and are now carefully collected from holes and corners by the makers and venders of fishing-tackle, and comfortably swaddled in bran, where they lie till their bones are white, originating 'gentles' through the livelong summer for the use of the devotees of angling. Now we see something like tackle deserving the name: capitalists who think nothing of a crown, ay, or a pound either, by way of outfit; rods of real bamboo, straight as an arrow, and fifteen or twenty feet long; floats of porcupine quill, and lines of China twist; bait-boxes, fish-cans, and belted baskets, and all the paraphernalia of the contemplative recreation appear upon the banks; but still no fish, or nothing larger than what a half-pound trout would gobble up in his prowlings through some country stream for breakfast. All these mighty preparations are made against a generation among which a full-sized sprat would rank as a triton among the minnows. Not one Cockney sportsman in ten thousand has ever seen a trout alive, and would perhaps be as likely to be pulled into the water by one of a couple of pounds' weight as to pull the fish out were he by any miracle doomed to the terrible alternative.

The oriental's enthusiasm for the sport has no sort of relation to his success. We met Charley Braggs in our last Sunday-evening's walk returning from his day's amusement. Now Charley is a machine-man in the —— Printing-office, and having put the Sunday paper to bed at about two o'clock, instead of going home to his own after a week of unremitting toil, he had set off for Hornsey by moonlight, where, perching himself upon a bank, he had sat from three in the morning till seven at night, bobbing for small fry at a bend in the New River. His basket was well stuffed—with grass; among which he pointed exultingly to four or five little silvery victims, whose united weight would have kicked the beam against a quarter of a pound. And yet Charley thought himself successful; and so he was in comparison with the average of New-River anglers.

But we must ascend in the scale in order to do fair justice to our subject, and take a glance at the angling establishments in the neighbourhood of London, where good-sized fish are really caught, or, as the phrase is, 'killed;' and where, in order that there may be no doubt about it, their skins are plentifully varnished and preserved as evidence of the fact. Upon the banks of the several rivers that empty themselves into the Thames at various points in the vicinity of London there are numerous establishments of this kind. We shall sketch one where we have before now passed a delicious day in the enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, and which will serve very well as a sample of the whole.

We mount upon an omnibus, and driving four or five miles through the suburbs in a north-easterly direction, are set down at a turnpike-gate in a neat, tree-sprinkled village. Leaving the village to the west, we take the turnpike-road, which leads in a direct line to the river, where, at the distance of half a mile from the village, it is crossed by a substantial and handsome bridge. Traversing the bridge, we turn to the right after a passage of a few score paces, and enter, through neatly-trimmed walks, upon the grounds and gardens of a country inn. Covered seats and rustic alcoves—arbours, and quiet, snug, leafy retreats, abound in the gardens and grounds which abut upon the river's brink. The water foams and dashes with the unceasing noise of a cataract over a series of wooden dams, erected to divert the main current into a new channel for the purposes of navigation—the old bed of the river being that rented by the proprietor of the inn, and by him strictly preserved for the delectation of his patrons, the amateur anglers of the metropolis. Let us enter the house, and proceeding up stairs to the piscatory sanctum, look around us while we impinge upon a bottle of the landlord's unexceptionable ale. Here we are in the very paradise of the London anglers, and surrounded with the trophies of their cunning and patience, ranged in glass-cases, and labelled with the weight of the immortalised victims and the names of their fortunate captors. Here it is recorded, for the instruction of future generations, that a gudgeon of seven inches three-eighths in length, and five ounces ten drachms in weight, was captured by the redoubtable Dubbs of Tooley Street, on the 6th of August 1839; and though Dubbs himself, for aught we know, may long since have been gathered to his fathers, the wide-mouthed witness of the fact, the gudgeon himself, still hangs in the centre of his glass-case, suspended like Mohammed's coffin between heaven and earth, to bear perpetual testimony to his prowess. Yonder is a perch of three pounds caught by Stubbs of Little Britain; and above it a marvellously chubby chub, caught by Bubb of the street called Grub. These memorials of past achievements no doubt have their due influence, and urge the rising heroes of the angle to emulate their great forerunners. One whole side of the dining-room you see is parcelled out in lockers large enough to contain the necessary tackle and apparatus; and each locker is neatly painted, and bears the name of the amateur to whom the contents belong. These—and their number is not small—are the regular

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subscribing members of the angling fraternity; and here on every Sunday throughout the summer, unless the weather be very bad indeed, they muster strong, often arriving while the dew is yet on the grass, and pursue their silent pleasures till dinner, steaming on the table at two o'clock, calls them together to report progress and recruit their strength.

The conversation on these occasions is characteristic and technical, and altogether fishy.

'Ha, Bubbs!' says Stubbs; 'shake a fin, old trout. What's the cheese? You don't look very fresh about the gills to-day.'

'Why,' responds Bubbs, 'you see I started afore light, and had but a scaly breakfast—not quite the thing in the ground-bait, you see. I'll be all right as a roach after I've nibbled a bit, I daresay.' Happy the man who at the dinner-table can display to the view of his admiring comrades some fish of mark—some roach of ten, or chub of twenty ounces. Old exploits are gone over for the hundredth time, with added particulars at every repetition. Baits are overhauled and discussed along with the brandy and water. Moss-crammed bags, where blood-worms, dung-worms, lobs, and lance-tails are kept to scour, are ransacked for specimens, and notes and maggots are compared, and much finny and vermic lore is elicited from the veterans of the silent art. The dinner and grog being duly honoured, the rod is again resumed beneath the shadowy shelter of the trees on the river's brink; and long after the gloom of night has descended upon the gurgling stream the brethren of the angle in populous silence pursue their labours. It is now seven years since friend Bubb caught his big chub: the monster fish rose at his fly full sixty feet off, on the opposite side of the stream, where there is an eddy of the current rebounding from yon projecting piles. It was the work of an hour—*the* hour of Bubbs's life—to bring the 'wallopping gentleman' safe to land; and ever since, throughout every Sunday and holiday of the fishing season, has Bubbs been lashing away at the water with his whipping-rod and fifty yards of line, in the fond expectation of catching another to match him. 'Good-luck to your fishing!' say we. We cannot wait for the next bite, but must be off to see what the punters are about in the Thames.

'Patience in a Punt' is the title of an old caricature, representing the 'elderly gentleman' of hat-and-wig notoriety seated on a dilapidated chair in a flat-bottomed boat during the pelting of a pitiless storm, from which he is but partially sheltered by the skeleton of an umbrella, and, with eyes intent on his float, waiting for a bite. The picture is as applicable at the present hour to the class for whom it was intended as it was when published forty years ago. The punt is a nondescript kind of boat, with perpendicular sides and square ends. The fishing-houses on the banks of the Thames—of which there are plenty on both sides of the river, from Putney to Kingston, and beyond—are abundantly provided with these boats, in which the angler sits upon a chair, and generally baits for barbel, the only fish in the waters near London, with the exception of the pike, which, from the unwillingness he manifests to leave his native element, can be said to yield anything like sport in the catching. In some parts of the river near Twickenham they are exceedingly plentiful at times, and thirty or forty pounds' weight of them are not unfrequently caught in a day by a single rod. There is one thing against them, however, and that is, that they are worse than good for nothing. They hardly deserve the name of fish, being a species of mud vermin armed with snouts, and they taste of earth to a degree perfectly nauseous. People every season die through eating them, yet they are eagerly sought after, and an immense amount of time and expense is annually thrown away in their capture. The virtue of patience in connection with punt-fishing is exemplified in waiting day after day half the season through before you make acquaintance with a single barbel. These unsavoury creatures herd together in swarms, and migrate from place to place, seeking a new feeding-ground when the old one is exhausted, and seldom staying long in one spot. As it is never possible to tell where these herds of river swine are lying with their snouts in the mud, you may plant your punt fifty times before you light upon a swarm, and thus cultivate your patience to the highest pitch of perfection.

In conjunction with the barbel-fishing in the Thames we may notice the bream-fishing in the different docks. It seems an odd thing that there should be any connection between the corn-laws and fishing for bream; yet a connection there certainly is. Certain of the docks appropriated for the reception and unlading of vessels freighted with grain became gradually well stocked with this particular fish, which thrives well upon a bread diet. Corn that from long hoarding under a high duty had become weaviled and worthless, was frequently thrown overboard, and that in vast quantities; and the consequence was, that enormous specimens of full-fed, aldermanic-looking bream were occasionally lugged forth to the light by the amateur anglers of the docks. We have seen them hauled up to the surface from a depth of twenty feet, looming through the green water like the broad, white waistcoat of an alderman through the reek of a civic feast. Apparently too fat to wag their tails, they dangled supine upon the treacherous hook, and only winking a bleared eye under the unwelcome light of day, 'gave up their quiet being' without a struggle.

In walking about the streets of London one is struck with the singularly great proportion of fishing-tackle shops taken in connection with the actual requirements of the population. There are some districts literally crammed with them—quiet, retired spots generally, where the traffic in other things is small, and the passers-by comparatively few. The key to this apparent riddle will be found in the fact, that the London makers supply the greater part of the kingdom—that nearly the whole of the fresh-water fishing-tackle of England is the produce of London manufactories. The harvest of these tradesmen is of course the summer season, and they spare no pains to make it as profitable as may be. At any of these shops you may purchase liberty to fish in private ponds or streams, situated, some of them, in distant counties, and contract for board and lodging at a moderate rate, or at any rate you choose, during your stay.

But we must proceed summarily to notice the winter field-sports of the indigenous Cockney with dog and gun, or with gun and no dog, as it may happen. Of this class of sportsmen there is no variety: the species is one and the same, and you might almost fancy it is the same individual you meet with everywhere, turn your face in what direction you will out of town on a Sunday in winter. He is a sort of hybrid specimen, half-artisan, half-mendicant, with a dash of the area sneak. Unwashed, untrimmed, and you may be sure unlicensed, he saunters forth with his hands in his pockets; his gun, a long iron-barrelled, rusty old flint, balanced under his arm; while his unctuous rags flutter in the wind. He is followed at a little distance by a half-starved, unwilling whelp, which is too well acquainted with the vigour of his master's toe to venture his lean and lanky anatomy within kicking distance, and which cannot always be seduced by the combined allurements of oaths, whistlings, and peltings, to participate in the day's sport. He carries his powder and shot in his pocket, and measures the charge with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; and his game is anything that flies or runs, from a crow to a water-rat. His impatience for sport seldom allows him to straggle farther than the brick-fields, which on all sides of London constitute the

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line of demarcation between the country and the town. Here he loads his piece and his short pipe, and with the latter firmly gripped by his teeth, prowls among the half-baked bricks, waging war among the sparrows and wagtails unfortunate enough to come in his way. He is the terror of the cottagers and gardeners of the suburbs, and the admiration of a cluster of ragged urchins, who gather round him and do his despotic bidding with alacrity. He never aims at a bird on the wing; and never, if he can help it, pulls the trigger without first securing a convenient resting-place for his long barrel. With all these precautions he considers himself fortunate if he kills once out of three times; and all the dead sparrows he carries home cost him at least ten times their weight in lead. We have met him more than once in the custody of the policeman, marching off to the station for sending shot through cottage windows, or leaping garden-fences after maimed sparrows. It is fortunate for the public that his recreation is generally over early in the day. By one o'clock the public-house is open, and even though his ammunition be not by that time all shot away, as is generally the case, he cannot resist the vision of the pewter-pot, which rises before his imagination as the destined hour draws near. Sometimes a wild ambition seizes him: he will learn to shoot flying, and then you may perchance come upon him in some retired field under Highgate Hill, in company with some congenial spirit, furnished with a luckless pigeon tied by the leg, at which these considerate sportsmen fire by turns, as the miserable bird rises in the air to the length of the string. The last time we witnessed this delectable *sport*, the string was severed by the twentieth discharge, and the unwounded bird got clear off, to the mortal chagrin of the pair of brutes.

The purlieus of Whitechapel and some other districts of London are yet disgraced by the disgustingly-cruel and senseless exhibitions of dog-fights, badger-baitings, and rat-slaughters; in which latter spectacle of barbarity certain wretches in human shape, envious of the reputation of the celebrated dog Billy, have aspired to emulate his exploits, and are actually seen to enter the arena with a hundred or more live rats, which they are backed, or back themselves, to kill with their teeth alone in a given time! The cockpit, too, yet survives, and mains are fought in secret and out of ear-shot of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. These and similar brutalities, however—thanks to the dawn of a better feeling and a more enlightened self-respect among the lower orders—are very much on the wane, and it may be fairly hoped will hardly survive the present generation of Cockney sportsmen.

CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOCKS.

When Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V., he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his piercing eyes—heretofore cautiously veiled by their downcast lids—and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had elected an inflexible master. Many glaring abuses existed in Rome, and these the new pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's 'following' resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street, a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place on Easter-day within the very precincts of St Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned), should thereby incur the penalty of death. At this notice Pasquin jested, and the nobles laughed, but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff; and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honour to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the gay guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and amongst them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered by sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope. Although a feudatory of the holy see, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. War might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son. What cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse.

The news spread quickly: so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet of the pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the holy see. Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome—might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? Then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late pope, Paul III.

The holy father's reply was cruelly decisive. 'The

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law,' he said, 'makes no distinction: a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The vicegerent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness.'

The cardinal bent his head and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the governor of Fort St Angelo. To him he gave imperative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock* that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir-apparent of the Duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivarès, ambassador from the court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers. Two precious hours remained.

'Our only plan,' said the cardinal, 'is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome! Meantime do you occupy Angeli's attention.'

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed hour, as if by magic, time changed his noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St Peter and St Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivarès, in his quality of ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and monks chanting the solemn 'Dies Iræ.' Everything was prepared save the victim. Olivarès was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

'My orders,' he said, 'are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over.'

'But the pope may change his mind.' Without replying the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. 'Is all prepared?' All was prepared: the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the hour.

'It's strange,' muttered the governor. 'I should have thought'——

'At least,' interposed Olivarès, 'if you will not delay, do not anticipate.' And monsignor resumed his hasty walk between the door and window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes more, and Ranuccio's fate would be sealed.

* In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring timepiece Ranuccio was already executed.

'What seek you?' asked his holiness.

'The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors.'

'Did he die like a Christian?'

'Like a saint,' cried the cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay. Sixtus V. traced the following words: 'We order our governor of Fort St Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese.' Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates, Farnese, agitated between fear and hope, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant note of the 'De profundis.' He rushed towards the court. Was he too late?—had his stratagem succeeded? One look would decide. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived. His neck bare, and his hands tied, he knelt beside the block, between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased; the cardinal flew towards the governor. Ere he could speak, his gestures and his countenance lied for him.

'A pardon!—a pardon!' exclaimed Olivarès. The soldiers shouted. The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The governor read and reread the missive.

'The *body* of Ranuccio Farnese!' he repeated: 'the criminal's name would suffice. Why these words, "*The body of?*"'

'What stops you?' cried the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew.

'Read!' replied Angeli, handing him the pope's letter.

'Is that all?' said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. 'Look at the hour: it still wants two minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his holiness more than a quarter of an hour since.'

The governor bowed: the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage, with four fleet horses, waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their master's cause. It might be well if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example.

Monsignor Angeli, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. In fact, the next hour seemed to him as short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he esteemed his duty, he was in reality a kindhearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be Ranuccio's pardon.

On the morrow the Spanish ambassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V., with admirable *sang froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivarès was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and made every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reasons for so acting. His master, Philip II., seldom jested, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the church; and he strongly suspected that the clocks of Madrid might prove less complaisant than those at Rome.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch, the pope

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deprived him of his office, and imprisoned him for some time in Fort St Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, renouncing all the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, he prudently remained an absentee.*

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

October 1851.

The friends of Sir J. Franklin, and all those interested in arctic explorations, have been excited and disappointed by the recent news brought from the polar regions by Captain Penny, who has come home with all hands in good condition. At headquarters, which of course means the Admiralty, the intelligence has been discussed with the usual amount of professional insight and rivalry, and judgment pronounced accordingly. In order to a proper understanding of the question, you must permit me to recapitulate various particulars which I have from time to time communicated. Sir James Ross was, as you will remember, sent out to look for Franklin in 1848; and such was the opinion entertained of his abilities, that every one expected he would accomplish all or more than all of the work intrusted to him. How miserably he failed, and how unexpectedly and undesired he came home towards the end of 1849, will not soon be forgotten. A general feeling prevailed that we ought not to abandon the search for the long-lost adventurers while the slightest hope existed of their being discovered; accordingly the government resolved on a comprehensive scheme, which should, if possible, finally settle the question. The arctic sea was to be penetrated from the east and the west. Captain Collinson was sent out with two ships—the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*—in January 1850, to try what could be done by way of Behring's Strait; one of the vessels got well up and into the ice last autumn, and Captain Maclure, her commander, hoped to push his way far to the eastward before winter set in, and intended when frozen up to send out walking-parties in the same direction, in the hope of falling in with other parties from the opposite quarter. Captain Collinson wintered at Hong-Kong, and is now probably following on the track of Maclure. The next measure was the equipment of the ships *Resolute* and *Assistance*, and the steamers *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*, forming an expedition of which Captain Austin was appointed chief, and Captain Ommaney second in command. Two other vessels, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, were placed under the charge of Captain Penny, a whaler of much experience and ability; Sir John Ross came forward to aid the search in a ship fitted out by private enterprise; and last, the squadron was increased by two schooners from the United States, sanctioned by the American government. Besides all these, Lady Franklin sent out a small vessel on her own account. The ships sailed in April and May of last year; and after exploring the shores of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, wintered at Cornwallis Island, having discovered nothing of the missing expedition except traces of an encampment at which a number of bones and some pieces of rope were collected, and considered of such value that they were brought home to be examined. The excitement created by the arrival of the *Prince Albert*, Lady Franklin's ship, with these relics, and a rumour of a wholesale slaughter of English crews by Esquimaux, you will probably not have forgotten. In the spring of the present year, before the ships were released from their winter quarters, several walking-parties were organised and sent out to prosecute the search. By these the northern and southern shores of Barrow's Strait were diligently explored; Melville Island and the Winter Harbour of Parry were revisited; and the vicinity explored up to 106 degrees of west longitude, and up to 104 degrees in the latitude of Cape Walker. New land was seen to the north-west, and from the discoveries made there is reason to believe that Banks Land is continuous with the land already known on the south of the strait; and the conclusion appears to be inevitable that Sir John Franklin did not pass to the westward of Wellington Channel. It was known that he had thoughts of attempting this inlet, as Parry had seen it on one or two occasions clear of ice; the exploration of it was therefore intrusted to Captain Penny as a special task. Having forced his way up as far as the ice would permit, he started with a walking-party to continue the search; and at eighty miles from the mouth of the channel came to a second broad inlet, dotted with islands, stretching away to the north-west, all open water as far as could be seen, and presenting indications of the same to the remotest point of vision. This was encouraging; but as nothing could be done without a boat, the captain retraced his steps, mounted a boat on a sledge, went back to the new inlet, which he named Victoria, embarked on it, and, in conjunction with his assistants, explored more than 300 miles of its shores, when provisions failing, he was obliged to return once more to his ships. Here he found Captain Austin, and proposed to renew the search with more efficient means. It appears, however, that his wishes were overruled. Captain Penny was bound, by his instructions, to return to England this autumn; and has recently arrived, bringing with him a collection of relics obtained from Cape Riley, which proves to have been Franklin's quarters for the winter of 1845–46. The relics consist of portions of ropes, part of an old sail with the name *Terror* stamped on it, a cask, and a finger-post: the latter was lying on the ground near three graves in which three seamen belonging to the expedition had been buried. Thus all we know respecting the veteran Sir John, his colleague Crozier, and their companions is—that they wintered at Cape Riley during the first winter after their leaving England; that three of their number died and were buried; that the ships went away—and then all trace is lost. Since that time six years have passed; and if any of the long-lost party still survive, how painful must have been their sufferings from privation, severity of climate, and hope deferred!

Captain Austin states in his dispatches that, not considering any further exploration of Wellington Channel and its upper waters desirable, he was preparing to make his way to Jones's Sound at the head of Baffin's Bay, considering it probable that Franklin may have got to the north-west by that opening. So far as is known it has never yet been explored; and it is considered by those competent to judge as affording less prospect of success than appeared in Wellington Channel. To have abandoned the latter seems like throwing away the only promising opportunity that has hitherto presented itself; the more so, as we may believe the open water discovered by Captain Penny to be one margin of the arctic sea or polar basin, the existence of which has long been known, and more than once visited by Russian adventurers from the coast of Siberia: its diameter is about 2500 miles. Across it lies the shortest route to Behring's Strait, and it is possible that Franklin, if he got up Wellington Channel to the open water, may still be sailing about it, trying to find an outlet. What attempt will be made to verify this supposition we cannot tell until further news come from the north. Sir John Ross, who has just reported his return, having left the ice on the 13th August, brings no additional intelligence: he inclines to the opinion that Franklin did not go up Wellington Channel, but that he was attacked, as rumoured, by the Esquimaux. This again painfully involves the question. It is said that Captain Penny has offered to return forthwith to Wellington Channel if the

* The above is abridged from the French of Edouard Foussier.

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Admiralty will grant him a steamer for the purpose: winter, however, would have set in before he could arrive on the spot.

This subject has led me to greater length than I intended. I could not, however, close it, without giving you a complete summary of a question which engages a more than ordinary share of attention, and so trust to your indulgence.

To pass from a cold region to a hot one, let me say a few words about the famous Egyptian obelisk, known to us as 'Cleopatra's Needle,' and to the Arabs, even ages ago, as 'Pharaoh's Packing-Needle.' It has rather suddenly come to be a subject of talk; and the reason why appears to be briefly as follows:—It is very old, having been cut from the quarries at Syene, 750 miles from where it now lies on the beach at Alexandria, in the reign of Thothmosis III., at the time when Thebes was in its glory. Most of the inscriptions on the stone were the work of this monarch and his successor Sesostris, and on this account is held to be the more interesting. It appears that this obelisk had been set up on a pedestal near a companion needle of similar proportions; that it fell down in course of time, and eventually became half buried in drifting sand. Thus it lay when the British army, having achieved a victory in Egypt, resolved on bringing home the monument as a trophy of their valour. A vessel was purchased, and machinery and apparatus prepared for lifting and shipping the ponderous mass in 1801, when the operations were stopped by order of the general in command at Malta. In 1820 Mehemet Ali made a present of the neglected monument to George IV., thereby confirming our claim to it; but nothing was done towards its removal; and an enterprising Frenchman suggested that it might be conveyed to Paris in the same vessel that carried the Luxor obelisk from Egypt to the Place de la Concorde in 1880, as though to rebuke our slowness.

The subject, although half a century old, has not been forgotten: it was mentioned in parliament, and since then all sorts of projects have been published for the embarkation and transport of the huge monolith. Some say that it should be set up in the courtyard of the British Museum; others that Hyde Park would be a more fitting place, as the monument would then serve as a striking memorial of the Great Exhibition. Let us get the stone first, and then we will determine what shall be done with it. Its dimensions are extraordinary—being 64 feet long, 8 feet square at the base, and weighing about 240 tons. Notwithstanding a general wish that it should be 'sent for,' an influential authority states that it is 'scarcely worth the trouble and expense of the undertaking;' and adds, that 'it will cause disappointment if it is expected to prove an ornament, as it is in a very mutilated state, the edges being broken off, and the hieroglyphics much defaced.' The length at present uncovered by the sand is about thirty-five feet from the apex, with from three to four feet down the sides; and the whole of what is visible is in the same dilapidated condition. It must also be said that the longer it is left in its present position the worse it will become, from the anxiety of all travellers to possess pieces of it, which the native boys knock off largely to sell. The base of the obelisk is about twenty feet distant from the sea, and the city-wall will have to be broken through to remove it. The water is only two feet deep at the distance of fifteen feet from the shore, nine feet deep at twenty fathoms, and twenty feet deep at 200 fathoms' distance.' From these particulars some idea may be formed of the nature of the undertaking as regards the removal, and an inference drawn as to its ever being attempted.

Next, there are certain American patents to be talked about, some of them perhaps more amusing than useful. Judge for yourself:—For 'improvements in balloons, and their appendages;' 'in exercising chairs;' 'in magnetic needles;' for a 'pocket-filter and drinking-tube;' 'a trap for catching flies;' a 'submarine telescope,' to be used under water; 'for slitting clothes-pegs;' 'improved machinery for making pill-boxes;' another is a contrivance which has claims on the notice of people who wash dishes. According to the description, 'the crockery or other articles of table furniture are placed in a machine fitted to receive them, and then to wash them by turning a shaft, with arms and buckets so arranged as to throw the water upon the crockery with force, and thus act upon and clean each article.' Another is a varnish wherewith to protect hams, fruit, and vegetables, composed of a 'union of resin, shell-lac, and linseed oil.' Another is for improved 'hames,' so fitted to the shape of the horse's neck as to make the pressure greatest where the muscle is thickest, and at the same time to render 'displacement or disarrangement of the collar almost impossible, and prevent much, and in most cases all chafing.' Then comes something interesting to agriculturists in their newly-awakened spirit of enterprise —'a cultivating seed-planter,' which is 'a combination of the roller and the harrow for crushing and pulverising the soil, with the cultivator teeth for forming the furrows and depositing the seed, the roller preceding the harrow, and both preceding the cultivator teeth.' Another is intended for the benefit of those who incline to grow honey as well as wheat and barley: it is called the 'bee-moth trap,' and 'consists in making the bottom or floor of the hive of two opposite oblique surfaces, approximating to two sides of a prism, with a fluted roller revolving in the partial interval between their converging edges, which roller is rotated by the air operating on a vane or wind-wheel on the outside. This keeps it almost constantly in operation; and as the bee-bread, refuse of the hive, droppings, and other matters, fall to the bottom, they are carried out by the grooves as they come round, and fall to the ground, the roller thus serving as a cleaner to the hive, preventing the accumulation of dirt and refuse of the operations of the bees, which are injurious as affording harbour for the miller, and likewise a temptation to her to enter the hive.'

Before quitting the subject of rural economy, let me mention here that the Royal Academy of Georgofili, at Florence, have offered a prize of 280 francs for a solution of the question—'To determine by experiment the quality of soil best adapted to the cultivation of leguminous plants, and the relative advantages of the various manures hitherto known, chiefly those consisting of inorganic matter;' also one of 500 francs and a gold medal for a thrashing-machine to supersede the present Tuscan mode of treading out corn by horses; and a third of 280 francs for an essay on the use of salt in cattle-feeding. Here, at home too, our Royal Agricultural Society have published their list of prizes which are to be given for forty-four different implements and instruments, including ploughs, drills, steam-engines, portable and stationary, pulverisers, crushers, bruisers, chaff-cutting machines, harrows, light wagons, hoes, rakes, and 'any new implement;' and 'for the best dynamometer especially applicable to the traction of ploughs.' Competitors are required to have all arrangements completed with the secretary before next May. There are, besides, prizes of from thirty to fifty sovereigns for the best report on farming in Herefordshire and Cumberland—on the manufacture of beet-root sugar—on seeds, and underwood, and other agricultural subjects, to be sent in by March; and last, one on guano, to be ready by 1854. It is a good sign to see agriculture thus on the move for improvements; it involves many moral as well as substantial considerations.

Now to come back to the American items: a patent has been obtained for a method of taking sheets of paper from a printing or paper-making machine by means of 'a cylinder or curved instrument that shall

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receive such sheets and pile them upon a table provided for the purpose; and also in combining certain mechanical powers and movements with such table, that the accumulation of sheets thereon, by bringing into contact certain parts, produces a movement which causes the said table to descend in such manner as to keep the top of the pile upon it at nearly the same height constantly, the increase of the depth of said pile being used as a means by which to cause the apparatus for the purpose to perform its work.' Another invention is for simplifying the weaving of piled fabrics, one part of which is to use short wires, lapped in the middle for the loops, instead of the usual long wires. Another, similar in purpose, 'cuts the loops on the wires as the cloth is woven, by means of a reciprocating-knife combined with the weaving part of the loom;' and with this knife further combines 'a take-up roller,' which keeps the loops parallel, and 'wedge-formed guides,' which insure that the knife shall traverse truly, and 'a trough into which the wires drop, and a second trough into which they are successively transferred, that they may be carried back to and under the looping warps,' where they are ready to repeat their former operation. Another is for an 'improved mantelpiece,' made 'of glass or similar material, properly ornamented on its back by paint or otherwise, and surrounded and guarded by a cast-iron framework, which shields the glass from injury by accident; said metal-frame serving at the same time as an ornament, which can be highly elaborated into any pattern that the fancy of the manufacturer may suggest; and mantelpieces produced of the greatest beauty and durability at a comparatively small cost.'

One ingenious inventor proposes to ventilate railway carriages by a peculiar mode of fixing outside shutters; another professes to do the same and to prevent the entrance of dust, by 'attaching to one of the cars of a train a centrifugal fan, which is driven from one of the axletrees of the car: the blast thus generated being conveyed through the car by pipes, whence it is discharged by adjustable adjutages of peculiar form in the direction required to prevent the dust from entering the car.' You will see that nothing is said of what becomes of the passengers while this windy process is going on. The subject is one of much importance in the United States, owing to the great heat of summer and annoyance from sparks and dust thrown off from the wood burned in the locomotives. Hence the number of railway-carriage ventilation schemes is great. I add one more, thus prosily described by the inventors. They say: 'The object of our invention is to introduce into the several cars of a railroad-train a current or currents of air taken from some point or points forward of the smoke-pipe of the locomotive, and thereby not only to supply the cars with the required ventilation, but at the same time to produce in each car of the train an outward pressure of air, which will effectually prevent dust, smoke, and sparks from entering the cars; and to this end the nature of our invention consists in combining with the railroad-train a tube or tubes, united at the junction of each car in the train by a flexible or yielding joint, the said tube or tubes being carried farther forward than the chimney of the locomotive to receive the air in the front of the train, and the said tube or tubes being made to communicate with each car of the train, so that the current of air forced by the motion of the train into the forward end of the tubes, where it cannot be charged with dust, smoke, or sparks, may be thus caused to enter each car of the train.' And next, another gives 'the shell of a submerged propeller the form of a section cut from the open extremity of sea-shells,' whereby 'the mouth of the helical tube at which the water enters has a greater area than its hinder extremity, at which the water is discharged.' And last, a cunning individual in Alabama is said to have invented a machine calculated to be highly useful to the planters. It plants and cultivates cotton 'with about one-fourth the usual labour to a man and horse, besides doing the work more neatly and better. It lays off the rows two at a time, the ridges being made in the usual way, opens the drill, drops the seed, and covers the same in two drills at the same operation, doing the work of seven or eight hands and four horses. It then harrows and scrapes both sides of two drills, chops out at the rate of two drills at a time, bars them, and cultivates, entirely breaking and stirring the ground the width of two rows at a time, superseding nearly all the necessity of scraping and hoeing through the season. The machine is worked with one horse, is very simple in its construction, and needs only one person to manage it.' If this machine will do all that is stated, perhaps some of our East India cotton-growers may be disposed to make trial of it, and Manchester will not be unwilling to encourage anything which increases the growth of cotton.

To touch upon astronomy is a sudden change of subject; but as what I have to say is American, it may be suitably introduced here. You are aware that the supposition of a third ring to Saturn has been reported from time to time for several years past, and at length verified by observers at Liverpool. The phenomenon has been perseveringly discussed by United States astronomers, who, after a diligent examination of it, and investigating it on numerous hypotheses, have come to the conclusion that the whole of Saturn's rings are fluid, and not solid, and not of equal density. They are preserved intact, because 'the satellites are constantly disturbing the ring; but in the very act of perturbation they are sustaining it in its place. Their sustaining action is not negative, but positive; and without satellites there can be no ring.' Among other conclusions to which they have been led by the interesting inquiry is, that 'delicate micrometrical measurements of the rings shew that they are not of uniform thickness. May not this accumulation of matter on one side be the incipient nucleus of a satellite? If so, it will be reserved for future astronomers to witness a scene no less amazing than the formation of a new world within the limits of the solar system.'

We are shortly to get further information respecting the law of storms—a subject, on many accounts, of growing importance to science and commerce. A circular was issued some time ago from the Colonial Office to parties in foreign countries, and another has just been sent out by Lord Palmerston to British consuls abroad, containing a series of inquiries suggested by Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, who, as you are aware, has done much towards elucidating the law of storms. 'In order'—so runs the missive—'that an investigation of this nature may be practically useful, it is essential that facts connected with the atmospherical phenomena in question should be carefully observed and accurately recorded over as large a portion as possible of the surface of the globe, by persons of education, and whose scientific attainments or professional avocations qualify them for making such observations.' It is suggested that 'captains of ports, masters of lighthouses, and harbour-masters,' would be competent to the task, as they are habitually observing the sky. The consuls are to send home half-yearly an abstract of the information obtained, and diagrams of the routes of remarkable storms when they can be procured. We shall probably get manifold data from many climates: meantime the Swedish government is about to send out the ship *Eugene* on a voyage of discovery and circumnavigation, with a scientific commission on board, nominated by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm. The French also are going to explore the Japanese sea with a frigate, corvette, and a steamer, to promote at the same time science and commerce, and make an attempt to renew European intercourse with Japan.

There appears now a prospect of our telegraphic communication with the continent becoming permanent, as

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the wire is laid across the Channel, from the South Foreland to a point about four miles south of Calais. 'It consists of four copper wires of the thickness of an ordinary bell-wire, cased in gutta-percha, and twined with a corresponding number of hempen strands, steeped in a mixture of tar and tallow, into a rope of about an inch in diameter. Another strand, similarly prepared, is wound transversely round this; and, finally, ten wires of galvanised iron, about a third of an inch thick, are twined round this central core, and form a solid and at the same time flexible casing. The whole, when thus completed, has the appearance of an ordinary 4½ metallic cable.' The length is 24 miles, and the weight from 170 to 180 tons. Then there is Henley's underground telegraph, which, it is hoped, may become a means of diminishing accidents on railways. It needs no battery, and can be kept in working order with very little trouble. It has been tried at the Welwyn Tunnel, and the directors of the Great Northern have determined that no train shall enter a tunnel until a signal has been made from the opposite end that the preceding train has passed out. Apropos of railways, the frequent casualties of late have elicited a scheme for a 'Railway Passengers' Protection Society,' which all persons interested in the subject—and who is not?—are invited to join.

Go where you will in London at present you are sure to hear the means of travel talked about—a truly interesting subject. Projects are afoot for a monthly line of steamers to the Azores and the west coast of Africa: a Liverpool and Manchester company are at work on another line to run to Rio and other ports in South America, to commence next spring. The vessels are to be fitted with screws instead of paddles, and constructed on such models as will insure a speed of ten miles an hour. This movement, it is said, has originated in the great and increasing trade of Liverpool with Brazil. 'The departures from each end will be monthly, the boats calling at Lisbon for passengers and fuel. It is calculated that the passage to Rio will not exceed twenty-five days, and that the whole distance to the river Plate will be accomplished in thirty-five days, including the detention in Rio to transfer the cargo and passengers to the branch-boat.' Then there is to be another line of screw-steamers between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and Boston and Liverpool: one of the vessels belonging to the latter is to accommodate 1000 passengers. Another line is to ply from some ports in Virginia to certain ports in Europe; and last, another of four vessels, each of 1500 tons, to run from New York to Genoa, touching on the way at Madeira. If travelling facilities are to go on multiplying in this way, we shall soon want other worlds besides our own to circumnavigate.

I must compress my remaining items, or you will complain that I am running on to too great a length. So—Professor Horsford, while verifying the pendulum experiment in the Bunker Hill Monument, near Boston, found that the sides of the edifice opposite the sun expanded every day with the heat. Mr Young, of Manchester, has succeeded in solidifying gas—a result which Liebig said some time ago was 'one of the greatest wants of the age.' The substances obtained—a volatile oil, and paraffine—are entirely wasted in the present process of manufacturing coke. Cheap coal makes cheap gas; and now that we get coal cheap by railway, an offer has been made to 'lay on' gas to the great parish of Marylebone, at 4s. per 1000 feet. The number of bathers at the Euston Square Baths and Washhouses during the present year has been 15,897; of washers, 33,276: in 1847 the respective numbers were 15,630 and 15,576. The Society of Arts promise a prize-medal for a box with the best and most numerous set of water-colours and brushes—to sell at one shilling—and for the best and cheapest case of instruments. A fossil human footmark has been found in a red-sandstone quarry near Dumfries. What an excitement this fact, if true, will cause among geologists! And having occasionally reported to you the proceedings of Mr James Richardson, the African traveller, I may close this paragraph with the melancholy intelligence that the enterprising explorer died last March while on his travels near Bornou.

Before these lines appear in print the Exhibition will have closed, the medals will have been distributed, the bustle of packing and removal will have gone through, most of its convulsions, and the grand and extraordinary spectacle will cease to exist, except in books, and in the memory of those who beheld it. Much will grow out of it: among the first results is a project for 'The International Institute;' by which 'it is proposed that the exhibitors, foreign as well as British, shall form themselves into an association, under a title that will commemorate the most interesting epoch in the history of nations, and that they seek the necessary powers to erect in some central situation a building upon an unprecedented scale of grandeur, as an International Museum and Emporium of Arts and Manufactures; where, as in its great prototype, the results of science and the choicest productions of art, in each branch of the world's industry, may from time to time be seen with the utmost facility for study; and where the inventive genius of every clime shall ever find encouragement and timely assistance—where every new invention shall have a place; where the inventor and the capitalist shall be brought into immediate and direct communication; and where, also, periodical exhibitions would take place, with a judicious distribution of prizes.'

Would not Smithfield make a capital site for such a building?

AN INTERESTING PRESSFUL OF BUSINESS-BOOKS.

We were lately much interested in being shewn by a friend, who has frequent occasion to use the treasures of a large public library, the ledgers and other business-books, along with the miscellaneous correspondence of a great joint-stock mercantile company. This bare intimation will not convey to the reader a notion of much exciting interest, since romance is seldom supposed to be perched on a three-legged stool, or to be embodied in the figures confined within vertical red lines. Yet these thoroughly business-looking books and papers had in them a strong and almost fascinating interest, and the greater part of our readers will probably be inclined to sympathise in this feeling when we state that they were the books and papers of the renowned Darien Company. That undertaking is unfortunately too well known in history. Yet to revive the memory of those whose recollection of it may be indistinct, and to save them the trouble of consulting some ponderous history, we shall give in a very few words a sketch of this celebrated adventure.

The people of Scotland could not fail to observe how much the commercial enterprise of England had enlarged its wealth and material happiness, and they desired to imitate so attractive an example. An ingenious schemer, named Paterson, concocted a plan for effecting this with the aid of English wealth. He was to obtain from the government certain privileges for a great trading company; and as these privileges would, it was deemed, secure to it beyond doubt a very lucrative trade, it was supposed that English capitalists would readily take shares in it, and swell the rather meagre capital to be expected from Scotland alone. It happened as he expected, and all went smoothly and triumphantly, when the great English trading companies took the alarm. They were determined at all events to prevent their own countrymen from investing capital in a rival trade, and they got parlia-

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ment to take up their cause. Severe measures were threatened, and the English shareholders withdrew; but this only served to increase the excitement in Scotland, and it was resolved to make the adventure purely national. For this purpose subscription-books were opened in Edinburgh and Glasgow in February 1696. They excited a complete fervour throughout the land. Never was railway or mining adventure more recklessly run after. In a short time L.400,000 were subscribed. This seems a small sum when we remember that in many a secondary Scottish manufacturing town as much railway stock has been subscribed. But we must take the assurance of contemporaries, that such at that time was the impoverished state of Scotland, that only by excruciating efforts, by borrowing, by exacting payment of debt, by selling land, and by clubbing small sums, could the amount which each subscriber desired to advance be procured.

When the money was engaged for and partly advanced, the next question was what should be done with it? In an evil moment the country went into the dazzling scheme of Paterson, and determined to create a Scottish colony. They selected the narrow neck of land sometimes called Darien and sometimes Panama, which joins the northern and the southern continents in America. They had thus in view the very object which has lately been so effectively recommenced—a commercial communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. There was no end to the dreams of richness and greatness which this project opened up to the ardent people of Scotland; but the first necessary step was to get themselves firmly planted on the spot. With this view an expedition was despatched, which took up its position at what seemed a suitable spot, and it was followed by several auxiliary detachments. We do not intend to go further here into the melancholy history of the colony, than to say that it was overwhelmed by disaster after disaster, and in the end failed utterly. Besides mismanagement and a wretched climate, it had to suffer from the hostile assaults of the Spanish; and as King William had taken the part of the English traders, who looked with jealousy and rancour on the colony, the poor adventurers, instead of obtaining aid from English colonies and English ships, were by them treated with little less severity than by their enemies of Spain. Not only was the capital lost, but many valuable lives were sacrificed, and the national pride was outraged. The event tended in the end to good, for the national animosities created by it shewed the imminent necessity of an incorporating union of the two kingdoms. This great project was brought to a conclusion, as all the world knows, in 1707. Never was a political event so earnestly deprecated as this connection with proud and wealthy England was by the equally proud but miserably impoverished Scots; never was event fraught with so lasting a heritage of benefits to those who saw in it the harbinger of misery. To get the treaty carried at all it was necessary to secure some immediate and tangible benefit to Scotland. Nothing could suit better than cash in hand; and a fund reaching the whimsically fractional amount of L.398,085, 10s. was given by England to Scotland, and received the name of 'the equivalent.' It was applied partly to make up for the effect in Scotland of the larger public debt which England had incurred; and a considerable portion of it went to reimburse the losers by the Darien Scheme, who maintained that they were the victims of English interference, and were entitled to reimbursement from English money.

Such is a brief outline of the events of which the pressful of books and papers to which we have alluded is the still speaking record; and it will be admitted that such documents must possess no inconsiderable interest. A gentleman who superintended the printing for the Bannatyne Club of some of the letters and other documents in this collection, gives the following account of it as a whole, and of the place where it is deposited:—'In an old oak-press in one of the under rooms of the Advocates' Library, there has been preserved a collection of books and loose papers, all connected with the proceedings of the company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, commonly known as the Darien Company.

'Of these, certain bound volumes were the business-books of the company; and the loose papers are letters, accounts, and memorandums, of more or less importance. The editor has been unable to discover the circumstances under which this curious collection came into the possession of the Faculty of Advocates; but he thinks it probable that, when the affairs of the company were wound up after the Union, and its miscellaneous property was dispersed, the oak-press, containing the business-books of the establishment, was carried from the office, in Bristo Port, across the Cowgate, and deposited in the Advocates' Library, as an institution where it might not inappropriately be preserved, and which was conveniently near. The collection has been suffered to remain undisturbed in its original repository, except that a large mass of the miscellaneous papers appear to have been collected together, and bound up without reference to any method of arrangement. This mass constitutes the main source from which the contents of the following pages have been selected, and is referred to in the foot-notes as the "Miscellaneous Collection."'

The business-books of the concern—journals, ledgers, stock-books, &c.—are remarkable for their gigantic size, as if even in them should be personified the vast ideas and bold projects of the undertakers. We had a rather startling illustration of their unusual size, since the friend who shewed us the collection, pulling one of the largest rather hastily from its shelf, was pressed backwards by its weight, so that, being encumbered with a lawyer's gown, he sank on the floor, and required to be relieved from the huge mass which kept him prostrate. Save in their size—but rarely rivalled—it would be difficult to distinguish these books from the contents of a banker's or joint-stock company's safe at the present day. They are bound exactly in the same manner in vellum, strengthened at the hinges by bands of thick leather, fastened with slips of vellum crossed or platted with a sort of faint attempt at ornament. And over this regular binding they have generally a sort of greatcoat of loose, soft, red leather, to give a temporary protection to the book during frequent and rapid use.

Nor are the interior aspect and substance of these books less remarkable than their merely external appearance. There are few who do not know how irregular, angular, and twisted is the ordinary writing of the seventeenth century, and how especially difficult it is without great practice to decipher accounts of that period. Now in the inferior books—such as the local accounts in the various towns, the cargo-books of the vessels, &c.—we find these cramped, old-fashioned methods in full use; but we never saw any manuscript more beautiful and distinct—we might say more modern looking—than the entries in the great books kept in the central office. The ink is still singularly black; the paper fine and white; and in flattening the pages of an unfinished account one might suppose that the clerk had just left his desk, and would come back to complete it. The system of double-entry is pursued; and altogether it would appear as if, under the presiding genius of the projector of the scheme, a stride had been at once taken from the old slovenly habits to the perfection of modern book-keeping. Caligraphers are a vain race. They count beautiful writing one of the fine arts—sometimes at the head of them. One can imagine the pride with which the so-soon-forgotten penmen looked over these pages, to lie nearly a century and a half in obscurity, and only furnish amusing reflections to those

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who not only know not who they were, but do not, as in the case of more dignified memorials of skill, care to know.

Yet though one turns over these ponderous volumes with interest and admiration, there is one among them, dirty and torn, bearing marks of much and rough usage, and full of irregular, and sometimes illegible scrawls, which is endowed with still more interest: it is the subscription-book, in which those who adventured their means in the enterprise signed their names and set forth the sums for which they stood good. The date of the opening of the books is 26th February 1696, and on that day there were subscribed upwards of L.50,000. On the progress of the subscription, it is stated in the introduction to the club-book already cited, 'by far the greatest part of the whole amount was subscribed before the end of March. On the last day of that month there appears, for some reason or other, to have been a sort of rush upon the books. It is noticed on the margin that the subscriptions were continued during the afternoon; and that day presents 176 separate transactions. A separate book was opened at Glasgow on 5th March. The total amount entered in this book is L.56,825. In May and June the numbers in the general book became scanty—three, two, and sometimes but one entry being made in a day. The books were announced to be closed on the 3d of August, and on the 1st the whole sum was subscribed for. The subscriptions on this day—sixteen in number—give a sum of L.14,125. There was now no further opportunity for the tardy, the diffident, or those who could not raise sufficient means, partaking in the great adventure; and the last of the envied band—the destined participators in the boundless wealth of a new world—was the provost of Couper-of-Fife, whose name is pledged by Sir Archibald Mure for L.100. On that day the royal burghs as a body ventured for L.3000; and two merchants who were conspicuously connected with the scheme—James Balfour, merchant in Edinburgh, and William Arbuckle, merchant in Glasgow—entered for second subscriptions of L.1000 each. One of the books of the company betrays the secret of this transaction, and shews that the amount to which the stock was limited, L.400,000, was rather beyond than within what the country could promise to embark. In the "General Journal" there is, of date 2d February 1700, this entry: "Stock invested in the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, Dr. to sundry accounts L.1000, for so much William Arbuckle subscribed for, the 1st August 1696, to compleat the quota of L.400,000 stock, p. verbal order of the Council General; and in regard ditto Arbuckle paid in the several proportions of 8d. L.1000 out of his own private cash, therefore the Council General ordains that the said several proportions be repaid."'

In looking over this list, consisting as it does of about 1500 of the best-off Scotsmen of the period, one cannot help being struck, almost to a humiliating extent, with the paucity of great names among them. After the nobility, notable chiefly through their rank and power, the only names known at the present day as those of distinguished men seem to be Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, and Sir Robert Sibbald, whose political profligacy was after all more conspicuous than his scientific and antiquarian acquirements. Among men with conventional reputations there are George Lockhart of Carnwath, the Jacobite intriguer, and the respectable judge Lord Fountainhall. Some people would perhaps attach more interest to the entry: 'I, Master David Williamsone, minister of the gospell at the West Church, subscryb for ane hundreth pounds sterlin,' being, if we mistake not, the identical Dainty Davy of Scottish song. The clergy are pretty numerous, and so are the physicians, so that these two learned professions appear to have been at that time in a comfortable position. The number of landlords is of course considerable, but there is a far larger proportion than we would naturally anticipate of burgesses and other traders. What enormous strides has Scotland made since these times!

THE DROP OF DITCH-WATER.

[FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.]

We all know what a magnifying-glass is—a thing like a round spectacle-lens, which makes everything appear a hundred times larger than it really is. Take one of these glasses, hold it before your eye, and look into a drop of water taken from a ditch or stagnant pool: there you will see a thousand strange creatures, such as you would not have believed could have existed in the clear-looking drop of water before you. But the monsters *are* there, and there is no deception in the matter. They look like a whole dishful of water-spiders. See, too, how voracious they are! See how they tear each other limb from limb! Still they seem to be happy and comfortable after their own fashion.

Now there was once an old man—all the people called him Old Creep-Crawl—who would always have the best of everything; if he could not get it by any other means, then he had recourse to magic to obtain his ends. One day Old Creep-Crawl was sitting with a magnifying-glass in his hand looking at a drop of water taken from a puddle. Heugh! how it did creep and crawl! Each individual of the thousands of animals hopped and jumped at his own discretion, totally regardless of the feelings of his fellows, and they mangled and killed each other without mercy.

'Horrible!' said Old Creep-Crawl shuddering. 'I wonder if by any means one could induce them to live in ease and peace, so that each one might mind his own business.'

He sat down to consider and ponder over the matter, but no good plan occurring to him he called his magic to assist him. 'First,' said he, 'I will give them a colour, so that one may see them better.'

As he spoke, he poured in what looked like a drop of red wine; but it was more than wine: it was witches' blood, taken from the lobe of the ear—an extremely costly preparation, and a very valuable agent to a necromancer. Instantly all the creatures became of a general flesh colour, so that they looked for all the world like a population of wild men.

'What have you got there?' inquired another necromancer, who had no name—a peculiarity of which he was very proud.

'If you can tell me what it is, I will give it to you,' answered Creep-Crawl; 'but I fancy you will not know unless I tell you.'

The nameless man then peeped through the glass and saw—he saw, as he thought, a city full of wild men. The sight was frightful; but more frightful still was it to see how the citizens thrust and cuffed, slashed and hacked, bit and tore each other. Whoever was undermost wanted to come to the top, and those who were above wanted to stop there, and of course to keep the others down.

'Look, look! there goes one with a leg as long as my own. Bah! take it away—— Stay, there is one with a little bump behind his ear—a little, insignificant bump; but it is an unlucky bump for him, and a deal of mischief will come of it. The other creatures catch sight of the bump, they rush at its possessor, knock and hammer him about, and now they have killed him. In another place I see one sitting as still and modest as a maiden, seeming to think of nothing but peace and quietness. No; she must go out among the others. There—they dash at her, and she is torn to pieces in a moment!'

'That's queer sport,' said the nameless magician.

'It is; but can you tell me what it is?' replied Creep-Crawl: 'can you read me the riddle?'

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'Oh, that is plain enough,' replied the other. 'It represents Paris, or London, or some other large city—I don't know which, for they are all alike: it certainly is a large city.'

'It is only ditch-water!' growled Creep-Crawl.

EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

How meanly does the present posture of general education in Great Britain, compare with what now prevails in New York! Let the reader peruse the following speech of Mr Raymond, one of the representatives of that city:

'I am proud, sir, to be able to stand here to-day, and say that the city of New York offers a *free* education to every child within her limits. She has erected about 200 houses for school purposes, with all the appliances of scientific and mechanical invention; she employs the best teachers whose services can be procured; she purchases books, stationery, everything required in such schools—and then, sir, she throws the doors wide open to the free admission and instruction of every child within her borders. There is not a child in the darkest street or narrowest lane, or the most crowded court of that most densely crowded city—no matter how destitute he may be—there is not one so poor and friendless that he may not walk up to the door of the best schoolhouse in that great city, and demand the very best education which its wealth can procure. Nor does she stop there, sir. She has organised eighteen evening-schools, and provided teachers for them, at which children and adults, whose necessities require them to labour during the day, may attend during the evening and receive the rudiments of education. Nay, more; she has organised and established a Free Academy, where any child whose faculties and whose industry qualify him therefor, may receive, under able and accomplished teachers, and with all the aids and appliances which money can command, an education equal to that afforded in the best of your colleges throughout the state. And this, sir, without money and without price. All this, sir, does New York city provide for the instruction of those into whose hands her destinies are to be committed. And all the property within her borders is taxed to pay the expense thereof. The man with his hundreds of thousands, and without a single child to reap the advantages of the schools, pays his tax for their support, and feels that he is only doing the duty which he owes to the community in which he lives and with which his interests are identified. The tax-payers there, onerous as is the tax imposed upon them, make no complaints that their property is taken for the use of others without their consent, or that they are compelled to educate children not their own. They feel that they are parts of the society in which they live—that they hold their possessions in subordination to the necessities of that society—and that their interest, as well as their duty, compels them to aid in the education of all its children.'

LONDON STATION STATISTICS.

The passenger-carriages afford eleven miles of seat-room, and would accommodate 40,196 individuals, or the whole population of two such towns as Northampton. The loading surface of the goods equals eleven acres, and would convey 40,000 tons. If the tires of all the company's wheels were welded into one ring they would form a circle of seventy-two miles. To keep this rolling stock up in number and efficiency there are two establishments—one at Camden Town and one at Wolverton.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

PARTIAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

Among the heathen nations, the Persians in the time of Cyrus considered the virtues, especially justice and gratitude, as the main object of education; among the Athenians, accomplishments in arts, sciences, and letters were the end; and among the Spartans, obedience was the sole principle of instruction, because that would preserve the ascendancy of the laws. Yet neither of these answered their designs. Persia acquired some of the milder virtues, but failed in strength and hardihood; Athens found that neither art nor science would avail against depravity of morals; and Sparta found that it was not enough to secure obedience to laws without considering their nature and effect; Persia fell a victim to luxury, Athens to licentiousness, and Sparta to tyranny. Such are the lessons of antiquity, and its splendid wreck remains an example to warn us against the dangers of partial systems. But under the new light which the Christian system has thrown over the power and destiny of the soul a different view has been taken of the end and means of education. We consider the object of education as twofold: one, to improve and strengthen the mind itself; the other, to endow it with whatever is valuable or auxiliary in the duties of life.—*E. D. Mansfield.*

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS ALARIC WATTS.

[The principal part of the inhabitants of a village in the north of England, desirous of bettering their condition, resolved some few years ago to seek their fortune as settlers in the backwoods of Canada. Having arrived at this conclusion, they waited on the minister of their parish church in a body to ask him to accompany them in their wanderings, 'lest they should forget God in the wilderness.' The good man appealed to his wife, who replied in the words of Ruth: 'Whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried,' &c. A small grant from a society established for missionary purposes prevented the pastor from being burdensome to his flock in the first instance. The little colony is now in a very flourishing condition; and a description given by the clergyman of 'their first Sabbath in the bush' to a friend of my own suggested the idea of the following poem:—]

Beneath a forest's shadows dim,
Beyond the broad Atlantic sea,
Uprose—strange sound—the matin hymn,
Startling the vagrant bee.
Music those skies had never heard,
Save voice of stream or song of bird.

And youth and age were gathered there
Alike to brave life's changeful weather;
Warrior and peasant joined in prayer,
Bowed down in love together.
There, where no Christian foot had trod,
The wanderers sought their fathers' God.

Their altar was but logs unhewn,
By woman's willing fingers piled.
First offering hers—a fitting boon
Won from the desert wild.
Had sculptured cedar shone more fair
To Him, who owned that offering there.

Sweet words that spoke of peace and love,
Proclaimed in a familiar tone,
The welcome message from above,
To hearts that were his own.
Another fold his flock must find;
Say, could their shepherd stay behind?

Sweet counsel, urged with accent bland,
He gave; but coldness o'er them crept.
He saw—he blessed their native land:
The floodgates burst—they wept, they wept!
O England! could thy deathless sway
The Atlantic's waters wash away?

But dovelike Peace at length came down
The fainting heart to heal and bless;
And Faith and Hope, their joy to crown,
Sprang up in that lone wilderness.
The Lord they sought had there been found;
The desert place was holy ground!

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UP THE GAMBIA.

There is a river so far under the sovereignty of our country that she levies custom-duties on all merchandise that enters it—one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and one of the richest in the hopes of civilisation—yet almost wholly unknown to the English reader. Having ourselves had an opportunity of visiting the Gambia, and not as a mere passing voyager, we are in hopes that the slight sketch we purpose giving of its general aspect will excite the curiosity of some, and perhaps occasion the surprise of others.

Before the high land of Cape Verd could be distinctly traced, we felt that we were approaching the sultry regions of Western Africa. This feeling increased as the faint remains of the trade-wind gently wafted us toward the mouth of the river. All nature now seemed to become changed. The sky had lost its deep-blue colour and assumed a light and dazzling hue, from the sultriness of the air and the reflection of the yellow sands; the atmosphere was dry and intensely hot, so that, without any previous agreement, we found all the ship's company clothed in their thinnest apparel; the waters of the sea were now commingled with those of the Gambia, and wore a lighter tint than the usual waves of the ocean; while one or two large sharks swam near the vessel, watching if any offal should be thrown out, or any living creature should fall overboard. Passing by Cape St Mary we soon anchored off the island bearing the same name, where the main channel of this noble river is about three miles across; although above and below it is twice wider.

St Mary's is a British settlement—the seat of British government and trade in the districts of Senegambia since the abolition of the slave-trade. The island is about sixteen miles in circumference, and contains 8000 or 4000 inhabitants. Its principal town, Bathurst, has a long row of well-built dwelling and store houses fronting the river, presenting a very interesting appearance to the stranger, who scarcely expects to witness such signs of civilisation on his first view of life in Africa. The cottages and huts of the natives lie in the background. Here are to be found men of all shades of colour and all degrees of civilisation: it would be a perfect Babel if all were to speak their native languages; but a broken English takes the precedence of other tongues. The negroes who have been located on the island and trained to habits of industry are in general decently clothed, and possess comfortable cottages surrounded by little gardens; but groups of people from inland towns are to be seen in all the rudeness of a semi-barbarous condition. The mixed progeny of European men and negro women occupy a middle rank, whilst British merchants and officers form the caste of the highest order. A few blacks have by dint of persevering industry risen to mercantile rank and influence, and they imitate the English style and mode of living.

The colony of St Mary's is not only a receptacle for thousands of recaptured slaves—where they learn the arts and ways of humanised life—but it is a focus of civilisation, and of its attendant blessings, to the neighbouring countries. An important trade is carried on between England and the nations of the Gambia. Vessels of considerable burden can reach M'Carthy's Island, 250 miles up the river; and small merchantmen of thirty or forty tons navigate the stream about 200 miles farther, nearly to the Falls or Rapids of Barraconda. As our principal object is to depict the country and its native inhabitants, we shall not dwell upon the localities inhabited by foreign settlers.

It was a beautiful day in January when we weighed anchor to proceed up the Gambia. This month and that of December with part of November and February, are the finest in the year—the only ones in which an Englishman can perfectly enjoy himself. After this period the weather becomes intolerably hot: June is a month of tornadoes; then come two months of rain, and another of tornadoes, which is followed by the drying season, the most unhealthy part of the year, for then the vegetable matter which had accumulated upon the surface of the soil, and has been decomposed by the supervening rains, sends forth its pestiferous effluvia, and causes those fevers which prove so fatal to European emigrants. At this season *every one* is sick; and the question is—who shall die or who shall live? But after two or three years the constitution becomes acclimated, and the annual fever is no more dreaded than the influenza in England. Yet the dull, foggy, dreary months of our English winter are really delightful to think of in Western Africa. The thermometer ranged from 80 to 84 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest part of the day; but the air was so exhilarating that it was difficult to imagine the temperature to be so high.

A sea-breeze which prevails on the coast during the day-time filled our sails and fanned us up the splendid stream. An awning was spread over the stern-part of the deck, and we sat down in the luxury of repose to enjoy the wonderful scenery with which we were surrounded. This was rich and magnificent—the vast river appeared studded with promontories and islands, and its low banks were lined with the majestic mangrove. This tree grows in the margin of brackish water, and propagates itself by letting down suckers, which take root in the submarine soil, at length forming impene-

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trable groves of ever-verdant beauty. Wherever the bank is high enough to be dry, the mangrove disappears, and the plains are decked with other trees—such as the African oak, the teil-tree, the monkey-bread, the tamarind, locust, and lofty palm tree. In these open spaces the natives build their towns, and cultivate the adjoining land, around which dense forests have sprung up, the abodes of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles, of many species.

At nightfall the sea-breeze died away, and we let down our anchor, except when the channel was clear and the tide flowing, in which cases the vessel gently floated up with the assistance of her boat. In the midst of the stream these evenings were delicious, and our repose under the awning was safe and sweet. The cry of the hyæna, the howling of the wolf, and an occasional roar of some larger animal, were distinctly heard as they ranged the forests or scoured the open country in search of prey; these, and the snorting of the hippopotamus, as he playfully tossed the water on high, reminded us of the mighty monsters of Africa. But in mid-river we were secure from the violence of the beasts and the annoyance of the insect tribe. The latter form one of the scourges of these tropical countries, especially in moist situations. As soon as night puts on her sable mantle, the mosquitoes issue from their lurking-places in countless millions, like those ephemeral insects which bask for a few hours in the summer heat of England.

Although England claims the sovereignty of the Gambia, there is still a small French settlement which was by some mismanagement exempted from British jurisdiction. In a late war with our opposite neighbour the king of Barra, the sovereignty of the river-bank, for half a mile inland throughout the length of his dominions, was ceded to the English. This old king was a sad tyrant and a sturdy warrior; nor did he yield to the cannon and rockets of his civilised enemy without a severe struggle, in which many lives were lost. He was as despotic over his own subjects as haughty towards strangers, treating his people as if they were his own goods and chattels. If he wished to purchase an article of foreign luxury, or to buy a horse or a wife, he sent some armed men to plunder one of his own villages of its children, whom he sold or bartered to gratify his desires. On the shores of Barra, the lovers of lawless fraternity might have found a spot suited for their Elysium; for no Christian priest has ever trod this soil, no civilised legislation has ever corrupted the native mind! Yet they *are* victims of wild and gloomy superstition, and the law of nature seems to be one of unmixed selfishness; for 'might overcomes right' throughout these *untutored* tribes.

One morning we found ourselves beside the mouth of a large creek. These are natural canals penetrating far into the country, causing openings in the mangrove thickets, and making watery highways for social communication and commerce.

We entered the boat, and rowed up this creek for nearly a mile. The sun's morning rays could not penetrate through the trees, and the breeze had not yet sprung up, so that there was a shady calm and stillness almost startling. It is chiefly in these places that so many English seamen have met their death. Vessels come up the large creeks for timber, and the sailors inhale the malaria bred in the pestiferous woods. Their feverish bodies are deprived of sleep through the closeness of the atmosphere and the swarms of mosquitoes; and the disease is aggravated by toiling under a vertical sun and drinking spirituous liquors, so that ordinary remedies fail of having any effect, and whole crews have thus miserably perished. At this time of the year, and after sunrise, there was no fear of such miasmata. At length we reached a break in the mangroves, and found ourselves in sunny fields with every sign of animated nature. Monkeys chattered over our heads, and hurried down with their usual curiosity to see the white men; birds of brightest plumage flew about in countless hundreds; guinea-fowl, pheasants, and wood-pigeons, seemed to court the sportsman's gun; the hawk screeched above us, and a royal eagle winged his upward flight. A native town lay before at a short distance. It was inhabited by Jaloofs, who dwell in certain countries of Senegambia—a name given to the region between the Senegal and Gambia rivers. The Jaloofs are very dark in their complexion, but are regular in their features and of handsome form, approaching the European model of size and figure. Their hair is short and curling, and their skin of a jetty black. They frequently tattoo themselves with gunpowder or the juice of a certain tree.

The village which we visited was composed of a number of huts irregularly situated. They were generally round, the sides composed of wattled cane supported by strong stakes, and the roof a thatch of long grass. Sometimes the sides are plastered over with mud, and the *tout ensemble* has the appearance of a large bee-hive. The richer or greater men, who possess several wives, have a proportionate number of huts, all enclosed within one fence. A man's riches are calculated by the number of his wives, whom he employs in cultivating the soil, and in other ways which bring pecuniary profit. The women are really a kind of household slaves, and upon them devolves all the laborious part of field and domestic work. Nor are they regarded as fit companions for their husband, but eat their meals alone, and often find themselves the scorn of their own children. No wonder that many Africans regard the birth of a female child as a great calamity. Poor thing! its prospects for life are very dreary and disheartening. It is only in countries where the Bible is made the rule of morals that woman is raised to her proper rank in society. The Great Lawgiver, who has denounced polygamy, and declared that woman should be a 'help-meet' for her husband, who must love and cherish her as his own flesh, has prescribed the only efficacious rule for delivering the weaker sex from degrading bondage or heartless oppression. Nothing but Christianity will persuade an African to be married to one wife in lasting wedlock. His pecuniary interests are concerned in polygamy, for his wives support him in idleness and dissipation: if they do not work for him he must work for himself. Besides, 'if I marry according to the white man's fashion, I cannot change in the event of my disliking her,' is an argument in the mouth of every pagan negro. Ignorant of love and of domestic happiness, the haughty African pretends to despise the nuptial bonds to which the European submits; but their women envy the state of Christian females. The result of our moralising upon this important subject, after all our observations made in different lands, approaches nearly to the old saying—that 'England is the paradise of women.'

Most of the Jaloofs are now nominally Mussulmen, though few of them know anything of the Mohammedan creed. Their conversion was made by the sword of some Moorish king, who forced them to acknowledge God and his prophet; which faith they hold in conjunction with their native superstitions and heathen practices. They eat twice a day—in the morning and at sunset. At the time of our visit they were preparing to take their early repast, and the chief or headman of the village courteously invited us to eat with him and his (male) friends. However, upon witnessing the provision, and the process of eating it, we respectfully declined, on the plea that the food did not agree with us; which was true enough. But we signified our desire for friendship by accepting a draught of milk presented in a calabash. The natives sat on the ground round wooden bowls, and helped themselves with their hands to a preparation of millet called *kooskoos*, stewed with a

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little meat. The latter was divided with their fingers; and with the same natural instruments they formed the stew into little balls, which they adroitly chucked down their throats. We gave the chief a little tobacco, with which he was much pleased, and we then withdrew to our boat. Outside of the men's huts we met a number of women, who had come to see the white men. Their dress was a simple cloth fastened round the waist, and descending nearly to the ankles like a petticoat; but some of them had a number of necklaces and other ornaments round various parts of their bodies. The men likewise wore a cloth about their loins, having another to throw over their shoulders — which the women also have for full dress.

On another day, as we sailed by the dominions of a Mandingo king, we paid a visit to one of his towns. It differed little from that which we have already described, only it was larger, and the huts were constructed with mud walls. The residence of the chief, who was a 'great man,' was made of the same material, being a circular apartment with an outer and inner wall; but a number of huts were enclosed within his precincts. We were at a loss to discover how any one could obtain access to the interior, as neither door nor window at first appeared; but our interpreter shewed us a small aperture, through which one must creep on hands and feet, and which supplies the places of door, windows, and chimney. The palaces of the warrior-kings are sometimes fortified, and are of larger size and better workmanship than those which we have described. The Mandingoes are not so jetty black as the Jaloofs, and have more of the Guinea style of nose, lips, and hair; but they are tall and well-formed. They are a warlike people, and possess many kingdoms in this part of Africa.

As we sailed up the river, we began to lose the mangroves, and to form a closer acquaintance with the alligators, which bask in great numbers on the sunny banks. The sea-breeze also began to fail us, and our progress was slowly made by the tides and the towing-boats. We were therefore obliged to anchor whilst the water ebbed; but this enabled us to go frequently ashore, and make short excursions to see the country where it was not covered with wood. The danger of wild beasts and serpents, the fear of losing ourselves, and the dread of meeting with any hostile depredators, deterred us from penetrating into these vast forests. The grass also is a great hinderance to peripatetic movements, as it grows as high as a man's head; but the natives frequently set fire to it, when the country presents the appearance of a vast conflagration. There is a danger, however, of valuable timber being burned at the same time. So with the corn-fields: the seeds are planted immediately before the rain begins to fall; after it is over, the harvest is ripe, the whole process occupying but a few months of the year. The tops of the stalks are cut off, the grain is winnowed by women, and the stubble is subsequently burned.

One day in the course of our peregrinations we fell in with a village of pastoral Foolahs. We were surprised to see the lightness of their complexion. The young women especially were very fair, not being darker than an ordinary mulatto. They were of European shape, with black, silky hair, well-proportioned, and of delicate features. As they wore little clothing, they exhibited their form to the best advantage, and seemed proud of their proximity in colour to the Tubabo or white man, with whom they claim a kind of consanguinity. The pastoral Foolahs differ from the Teucolors in colour as much as in their national habits and customs. The latter are a powerful people, possessing many kingdoms, interspersed among those of the Mandingoes and Jaloofs; but the nomadic tribes have no lands of their own: they are passionately fond of cattle, which they feed in the territory of any chief who will not injure them, paying tribute for the right of pasturage. They are frequently the victims of those international feuds which the slave-trade has produced, and are plundered by marauding chieftains, who live at the expense of their neighbours. They do not seem to have any definite notions of religion, or even of a human soul; but while they keep aloof from the religious practices of other pagans and the dogmas of Mohammed, they are the victims of many fears connected with witchcraft and sorcery. Most of the Teucolors are Mussulmen. A third class of Foolahs are the Loubies—a vagabond, stunted race, the gipsies of Western Africa.

Such are the principal inhabitants of this noble river, which is almost unknown in history, and has never been celebrated in the verse of a poet. Yet deeds of war and of barbaric chivalry have been here wrought which might have formed the theme of many a lay of Border minstrelsy. The Gambia has had its noted warriors and adventurers, its councillors, crusaders, and Robin Hoods. One of the last of these freebooters, named Kemintang, was for many years the scourge and terror of the upper districts of the Gambia. His eventful history and savage deeds of valour and cruelty might have formed a narrative of no small interest to the lovers of romance.

The want of authentic records must for ever leave unsolved some very interesting questions of African history. How came such a variety of nations, speaking different languages and having different manners, to be so curiously intermingled in this portion of the earth's surface? How is it that these people are now found in a semi-barbarous condition, while traces remain of civilisation and mental culture of no mean order? For the language of a people contains the hieroglyphics of their former character, just as the Pyramids and ruined temples of Egypt would convince us of her ancient grandeur if all literary records had perished in the flames which consumed the library of Alexandria. The language of the Foolahs contains words and terminations exceedingly like the names of the old Carthaginian heroes who fought with gigantic Rome. In other respects it bears the marks of considerable taste and genius: its euphonic and intricate grammatical changes cannot have been the product of a barbarous people. It exhibits far richer traits of refinement than does the dialect of modern Egypt, and deserves the study of a curious philologist. A rough sketch of its grammar and imperfect vocabulary of words in manuscript, by the Rev. R. M. Macbrair, may be seen in the library of the British Museum. Are these people the descendants of the once far-famed Carthaginians? If not, how came they here, with such a colour of skin and such a language?

The Mandingo tongue, altogether different from the Foolah, may be called the Italian of Africa—so simple, euphonical, and full of soft vowel sounds. It would make a beautiful language for ladies, and might be formed into the melodious verses of Tasso. Whence this dialect was derived, and how it was moulded into such pleasant combinations, is another marvel among the wonders of Africa.

After passing several beautiful islands, only inhabited by wild beasts and serpents, we reached M'Carthy's Isle—an oasis of civilisation in this vast desert of the mind, and as such deserving of separate consideration: it is one of the brightest hopes of Central Africa. The river, which below this place is about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, gradually narrows as far as Fattatenda, where its stream is 100 yards wide, and two or three fathoms deep in the dry season. Here are various depôts of European merchandise, as a considerable trade is carried on with the interior by means of native merchants. The tide rises a few inches as far as the Falls or Rapids of Barraconda, above Fattatenda. Beyond this point the river is not navigable for boats, and the country assumes a wilder aspect.

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While we tarried up the river the weather became intolerably hot, and we proceeded downwards before the coming rains. From the middle of March till the same time in May, the thermometer stood at 104 degrees to 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade during the whole of the day. It did not sink lower than 90 degrees in the night. A strong wind blew from the east, as parched as the deserts from which it came, drying up every kind of moisture, and filling every place with light sand. It seemed impossible to stir in this burning temperature, and we were much annoyed with the prickly heat in our skin, and with other inconveniences from noxious insects. In May the evenings began to grow cloudy, and sheet-lightning appeared in the distance. The nègroes now became busy in the fields, where the women were employed in sowing grain. The first shower fell near the end of May, and in a few days the tornadoes began. These may be classed with the grandest phenomena of nature. Due notice of their approach is given by a blackness which rises from the horizon until it covers the whole heaven; then a deep and solemn silence prevails, as if nature were collecting all her energy to swell the coming blast. Meanwhile all the animal creation may be seen hastening to their wonted places of shelter: birds, beasts, fowls, with trembling haste to escape the storm. Presently a rustling noise is heard, and then a terrific wind sweeps the earth, as if it would hurry away everything with resistless violence. The rain next falls in torrents, not dropping, but pouring, so as to flood the ground in a few minutes. Lightning flashes from every quarter of the heavens at the same instant, illuminating the country in the darkest night, and making the smallest objects visible. Forked streams of electric fluid shoot up and down the black clouds, and rattling thunder drowns every other sound in the noise of its deafening peals. These tornadoes always blow from the east; and when overtaken by one of them in sailing down the river, we took in all sail, and were blown forward with amazing velocity, scudding on bare poles till the angry wind had somewhat lulled. It has been computed by actual measurement that as great a depth of rain has fallen in one day in Western Africa as during a whole year in England.

THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

M. DE LAMARTINE'S 'History of the Restoration,' now in course of publication, will no doubt greatly add to the author's deserved popularity as a writer, and to many minds will bring up the recollection of events to which in the present day there is no parallel. We confess that we have read the first two divisions of the work with much pleasure, but also with some degree of pain. The accounts which M. de Lamartine, as a faithful historian, finds it his duty to present, are in some instances a fearful revelation of the lengths to which Napoleon went in vindication of his authority. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of history equals in atrocity the assassination of the young Duke d'Enghien; and as it is important to have the real truth unfolded of this terrible affair, we propose, with the aid of the new lights thrown on it by Lamartine, to lay it before the reader. It may be of use to begin with a few words on the genealogy of this hapless victim of political vengeance.

The Duke d'Enghien was a descendant of the great Prince de Condé, a member of the family of Bourbon, who, after signalising himself as a general, died in 1687. The third or fourth in direct descent from this eminent individual was Louis Henri Joseph, Duke de Bourbon, who, at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1789, emigrated with many others of the French *noblesse*, and held a command in the small army raised in Germany to fight for the declining cause of Louis XVI. In this desperate, and, as it proved, vain attempt, the Duke de Bourbon was accompanied by his youthful son, Antoine Henri, Prince d'Enghien. Failing in their military enterprise, the emigrant army dispersed. Many went to England, and among this number was included the Duke de Bourbon; his son remained in Germany, where he resolved to live till better times. Bidding adieu to relatives and companions in misfortune, he retired to the château of Ettenheim, near the town of that name, in the archdukedom of Baden. This was in 1804, when Bonaparte had attained the position of First Consul of France, and, in the possession of almost uncontrolled authority, had prepared measures for being crowned emperor. In the selection of Ettenheim as a favourite scene of retirement, the duke was influenced by perfectly honourable motives. He had become attached to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort, niece to the Cardinal de Rohan, who possessed Ettenheim as part of his archbishopric. With the view of residing near this lady, D'Enghien came to Ettenheim, and there, it is said, he was privately married to her, the ancient château being at the same time resigned by the cardinal for the accommodation of his niece. When the catastrophe which we are now about to relate occurred, it is not quite clear that D'Enghien and his wife lived together in the old château; and, according to some accounts, the union had not yet taken place. This circumstance, however, is immaterial to the narrative. It is indisputable that the Duke d'Enghien lived in an exceedingly retired manner at Ettenheim, where he took no part whatever in political affairs: indeed he never quitted the place except to pursue field-sports in the neighbourhood, of which he was very fond, or to make a short excursion into Switzerland.

It will easily be supposed that at this period Bonaparte was exceedingly jealous of encroachments on his newly-acquired supreme power in France; and it is but justice to acknowledge that he had some cause for apprehension. The republican armies had put down external aggression, but within the bosom of French society secret conspiracies were formed against the life of the First Consul; and it was generally believed that the British government privately aided in these furtive designs. No one can now seriously believe that English ministers could have lent themselves to schemes for assassinating even their worst enemy; but Napoleon himself always pretended that such was the case, either through a perverse mistake or with the view of palliating the act of villany into which his fears or his vindictiveness unhappily precipitated him. In the early part of 1804, a conspiracy was discovered in Paris, the parties implicated being mostly men of distinction. General Georges had been some time previously arrested, and those in his employment stated that he had been visited at intervals by a young man, to whom great respect was shewn. The police conjectured that this secret visitor was the Duke d'Enghien, to whose personal appearance he bore a resemblance. Spies were forthwith despatched to Ettenheim, to learn something of the duke's movements, and the story they brought back was that the prince occasionally absented himself from home—the truth being that at such times he was out on shooting excursions, and had never so much as crossed the

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French frontier. These absences, however, were made coincident with the visits to Georges, the conspirator, in Paris; and on this flimsy ground of accusation it was resolved to seize the person of the duke, and bring him into France. That the seizure must be made by a military force, and on foreign soil, formed no obstacle to the French authorities.

Acting under the immediate orders of Napoleon—as has been verified by the statements of his private secretary, Menneval—General Ordener proceeded from Paris, under a feigned name, to Strasburg, where he obtained a large military force to proceed to Ettenheim. He set out secretly on the night of the 10th of March 1804, and having arrived at Strasburg, took counsel with General Leval, Charlot the colonel of gendarmes, and the commissary of police. It was resolved by this conclave to anticipate and facilitate the capture by despatching spies. The two rascals pitched on for this mission were Stahl a police-officer, and a man named Pfersdoff, both being able to speak German, and act the part of wandering peasants. By these mean agents the localities were reconnoitred, and private particulars learned respecting the movements of the duke. The appearance of the spies did not escape observation: a vague suspicion was created, but no steps were taken by the duke or his domestics to avoid a possible danger. Having done nothing wrong, there was nothing to be feared. Accordingly all proved favourable for the enterprise. It is here proper to state that the account of the two spies confirmed a report which had reached the French authorities, that Dumouriez, who was known to be engaged in a plot against the First Consul, lived in communication with the Duke d'Enghien. This was a mistake originating in a similarity of names. The person supposed to be Dumouriez was in reality a harmless French emigrant, named De Thomery. What mischief sprung from this silly mistake!

'On the evening of the 14th March,' proceeds Lamartine, 'General Ordener, accompanied by General Fririon, chief of General Leval's staff, and by Charlot, colonel of gendarmes, set out in the dark from Strasburg, towards the ferry of Rheinau on the Rhine, and found there, at an appointed hour, 300 dragoons, fifteen ferrymen, with five large boats; and lastly, thirty mounted gendarmes, destined to be employed in the violation of dwellings and seizure of persons, in an expedition more worthy of lictors than of soldiers. The Rhine was crossed in silence at midnight; and the column, unperceived during the sleep of the German peasants on the right bank, and guided by different roads, arrived, as the day was breaking, at Ettenheim. The spies, whom Ordener and Charlot had brought with them, pointed out to the gendarmes the houses which were to be invested. Colonel Charlot first caused to be surrounded that which was supposed to be inhabited by Dumouriez, but which was really inhabited by the emigrant General de Thomery; and then hastened with another detachment of troops to encircle and attack the house which contained the principal prey marked out at Paris. Ordener, with his dragoons, had formed a belt of cavalry around the town and the paths that environed it, so that no attempt at escape or resistance should succeed in thwarting the vengeance of the First Consul.' Early in the morning, the château of Ettenheim was violently forced open; and the duke, who was in the act of dressing to set out for the chase, was immediately seized—resistance, at first thought of, being speedily shewn to be impracticable. 'The prince was dragged away from his residence without being permitted to take a last farewell of her whom he left swooning and in tears. While Ordener withdrew, and mustered his dragoons, the Duke d'Enghien, with his companions in captivity, was secured at a short distance from the village in a mill called La Tuilerie. Here he was permitted to send to the château for his dog, his clothes, and his linen; and shortly afterwards, placed in a cart with his attendants, he was carried forward to the ferry. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he arrived in Strasburg, and for security was confined in the citadel. While here immured for about two days, he was allowed to write to the Princess de Rohan, describing his situation. At one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 18th, having only had time to dress, he was placed in a carriage drawn by six horses, under the escort of several gendarmes, one of whom sat beside him. The carriage, travelling day and night, arrived on the 20th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the gates of Paris; and after a short pause at the ministry of foreign affairs, proceeded by the external Boulevards to Vincennes. The carriage, which had been expected, passed the drawbridge of that fortress, and stopped in the court at the door of the chef de bataillon, Harel, the commandant of the castle. . . .

'The prince descended from the carriage, shivering with cold and the moist air. Harel, feeling for his situation, asked him to walk up into his apartment to warm himself by the fire. "With pleasure," said the prince as he thanked him: "I shall look on a fire with great satisfaction: I shall also be glad to have something to eat, for I have taken nothing during the whole day." A poor woman belonging to a religious order, who educated the children of Mme Harel, and who lived outside the castle, was coming down the staircase from the commandant's quarters at the moment the prisoner was going up with his guardian. She heard the dialogue, and drew aside to let the young man pass. "He was pale," she says, "and appeared very much fatigued: he was tall, and his appearance was noble and striking. He was dressed in a long uniform riding-coat of blue cloth, with a cloth cap ornamented with gold lace."' Harel, not aware of what was to follow, provided an apartment for the duke, and furnished him with supper. Of this melancholy meal the dog which had accompanied his master gratefully partook. After supper the duke wrote a letter to the princess, and then laid himself down and slept profoundly, like a man who anticipates a happy wakening.

Little was the unfortunate prince aware of the measures that had been adopted to insure his destruction. Already within a room of the castle a mock tribunal had been formed by the nomination of Murat, governor of Paris. The names of the miscreants who composed this sham court were General Hullin, president; Colonels Bazancourt, Barrois, Guitton, Ravier, and Rabbe; D'Autencourt, judge-advocate; and Molin, chief-secretary. Promptitude, silence, secrecy were enjoined; and the trial was to be only a method of passing sentence. Savary, who appears to have been deeply implicated in hurrying the duke to his fate, attended as a spectator to prevent any mismanagement. We again take up the thread of Lamartine's narrative.

'It was eleven o'clock at night, when the lieutenant, Noirot, and the two gendarmes, Thersis and Lerva, entered the room where the young prince was asleep. These men had tender hearts under the rude uniform of their profession, and they have since avowed how much it cost them to interrupt thus, by the summons of death, the only happiness which a captive can taste, and how gladly they would have prolonged, at least for some minutes, the repose or the dreams of the prince, who was a soldier like themselves. But the tribunal and Savary were waiting. They awakened the prince without precipitation, and without harshness of word or gesture, and he could perceive pity in their eyes

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and in their accents. He dressed himself in the same clothes as the evening before. He buttoned his gaiters, and put on his travelling-cap, uncertain whether they had called him to make an appearance or to depart; and he permitted his dog, which had slept at his feet, to follow him. He then went with the lieutenant and the two gendarmes through the staircases, the corridors, and the courts, and was introduced into the chamber adjoining the saloon of Harel, where he found himself in the presence of the judge-advocate, D'Autencourt. It was then midnight, as it appears by the date of the examination.' To D'Autencourt's questions as to who and what he was, and what had been his mode of life and actions, he gave simple and explicit answers, not one of which could associate him in any respect with a conspiracy; and he finally begged to be allowed to have an interview with the First Consul. This request was not acceded to. Before his assumed judges, to whom he was immediately introduced, the same plain answers were given to all interrogatories. The trial was a burlesque on justice. The accused was confronted with no witnesses; no documentary evidence was produced against him; he was allowed no advocate —a point in itself clearly illegal. There was literally nothing to criminate the prince but suspicion, and that founded on mistakes. Anxiously was he pressed to reveal the particulars of the conspiracy in which he was presumed to be engaged. He could only tell that he had borne arms against France, but in honourable warfare; and that, as a Bourbon, he must naturally retain a feeling of hostility against the revolutionary government. He also confessed that he had for some time been dependent for subsistence on bounty kindly extended to him by England. Having with a noble candour given these explanations, the accused was ordered to withdraw. Savary, the officers of the legion of gendarmerie and of the line, and the spectators also, retired to allow the judges to deliberate in silence and secrecy. Their deliberation lasted no longer than was required by decency to give them an appearance of having reflected, when, with a unanimous voice, they pronounced him guilty of having borne arms against the French republic; of being in communication with England, and concerned in conspiracies against the life of the First Consul. The sentence—death!

'"Let it go forth," said the president of this tribunal, "to the times in which we live, that, having been appointed judges, we have been compelled to give judgment under the penalty of being judged ourselves!" They forgot, however, that they could not be judges without a culprit, and that he who was brought before them was not amenable to their tribunal, but was an exile dragged before his enemies with the bayonet at his throat. They also forgot that they would indeed be judged by the equity of the world, by their own conscience, and by the Almighty. . . . .

'As soon as the judgment was pronounced, and even before it was drawn up, Hullin sent to inform Savary and the judge-advocate of the sentence of death, in order that they might take their measures for its execution. It seemed as if the time was equally pressing to the tribunal as to those who awaited their decision, and as if an invisible genius was hurrying along the acts, formalities, and hours, in order that the morning's sun might not witness the deeds of the night. Hullin and his colleagues remained in the hall of council, and drew up at random the judgment they had just given; and this short and unskilfully-prepared document (summing up a whole examination in two questions and two answers) terminated with the order to execute the sentence forthwith.'

As the execution on the open esplanade of the castle might have led to unpleasant consequences, Savary resolved to have it perpetrated within the fosse of the fortification. 'Harel received orders to give up the keys of the iron gateways and steps which descended from the towers, and opened on the foundations of the château, to point out the different outlets and sites, and to procure a gravedigger to commence opening a grave while the man for whom it was intended still breathed. A poor working gardener of the château, named Bontemps, was aroused, and his work pointed out to him. He was furnished with a lantern to guide him through the labyrinth of the moat, and light him while he dug the pit. Bontemps descended with his shovel and pickaxe to the bottom of the moat, and finding the ground all about dry and hard, he recollected that they had begun to dig a trench the evening before at the foot of the Queen's Pavilion, in the angle formed by the tower and a little parapet wall, for the purpose, it was said, of depositing rubbish in it. He accordingly went to the foot of the tower, marked out in paces the measure of a man's body extended at length, and dug in the earth, that had been already moved, a grave for the corpse they were preparing for it. The Duke d'Enghien could have heard from his window, over the humming noise of the troops below, the dull and regular sound of the pickaxe which was digging his last restingplace.

'Savary at the same time marched down and arranged slowly in the moat the detachments of troops who were to witness this military death, and ordered the firing-party to load their muskets.

'The prince was far from suspecting either so much rigour or so much haste on the part of his judges. He did not doubt that even a sentence of death, if awarded by the commission, would give occasion for an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of the First Consul. He had granted an amnesty to emigrants taken with arms in their hands; how could it be doubted, then, that he who pardoned obscure and culpable exiles would not honour himself by an act of justice or clemency towards an illustrious prince, beloved by all Europe, and innocent of all crime?

'He had been taken back, after his interrogatories and his appearance before the military commission, into the room where he had slept. He entered it without exhibiting any of that terror which prisoners experience in the anxiety and uncertainty of their sentence. With a serene countenance and unembarrassed mind he conversed with his gendarmes and played with his dog. Lieutenant Noirot, who was on guard over him, had formerly served in a regiment of cavalry commanded by a colonel who was a friend of the Prince of Condé. He had also seen the Duke d'Enghien, when a child, sometimes accompany his father to reviews and field-days of the regiment; and he reminded the prince of that period and these circumstances of his youth. The duke smiled at these reminiscences, and renewed them himself by other recollections of his infancy, which mingled with those of Noirot. . . . . A noise of footsteps, advancing slowly towards the chamber, interrupted this agreeable and last indulgence of captivity. It was the commandant of Vincennes, Harel, accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmerie of the village, Aufort. This friend of Harel had been permitted to remain in one of the commandant's rooms, after having ordered the prince's supper, and from thence he had heard or seen all the events of the night. Harel, agitated and trembling at the mission he had to fulfil, had permitted Aufort to follow and assist him in his message to the prisoner.

'They saluted the prince respectfully, but neither of them had the firmness to acquaint him with the truth. The dejected attitude and trembling voice of Harel alone revealed to the eye and the heart of the prince a fatal presentiment of the rigour of his judges. He thought they now came for him only to hear his sentence read. Harel desired him, on the part of the tribunal, to follow him, and he went before with a lantern in his hand, through the corridors, the passages, and the courts it was necessary to cross to

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arrive at the building called the "Devil's Tower." The interior of this tower contained the only staircase and the only door descending to and opening into the lowest moat. The prince appeared to hesitate two or three times on going into this suspicious tower, like a victim which smells the blood, and which resists and turns back its head on crossing the threshold of a slaughter-house.

'Savary, while waiting till the prisoner had descended to the place of execution, and till the detachments and firing-party had been drawn up on the ground, was warming himself, standing by Harel's fire, in the hall where the trial had taken place. Hullin, after having sent off his *procès verbal* of condemnation, was sitting at the table, with his back turned towards Savary. Hoping that the sentence would be commuted by the power and clemency of the First Consul, he began reading, in his own name and in the name of all his colleagues, a letter to Bonaparte, to communicate to him the desire that the accused had expressed of obtaining an audience of him, and to supplicate him to remit a punishment which the rigour of their functions alone had forced them to award. "What are you doing?" said the man after Bonaparte's heart, approaching Hullin. "I am writing to the First Consul," said the president, "to acquaint him with the request of the condemned, and the wishes of the council." But Savary, taking the pen from the hands of the president, said to him, "Your business is done; the rest is mine."

'Hullin yielded to the authority of the general, and arose mortified at being deprived of the privilege of recommending a prisoner to mercy, which is inherent in all tribunals and military commissions. He thought that Savary claimed this privilege for himself, and he complained to his colleagues of a despotism which left the remorse more heavy on their consciences. He then prepared to return with them to Paris.

'Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a dungeon. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot, as he addressed his guides in front: "Where are you conducting me?" he demanded with a stifled voice. "If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would rather die this instant." "Sir," replied Harel turning round, "follow me, and summon up all your courage." The prince partly comprehended him, and followed.

'They at length issued from the winding staircase through a low postern, which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which had concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of the troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing-party selected for the execution was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants, threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly-dug grave. The prince stopped at a sign from his guides within a few paces of the firing-party. He saw his fate at a glance, but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above, and on the drawbridge which led into the forest of Vincennes.

'Adjutant Pellé, who commanded the detachment, with his eyes lowered, advanced towards the prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The prince listened without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to shew his enemies that he knew how to die. Two feelings alone seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence: one was to invoke the aid of religion to soothe his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on earth.

'He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night, which was to shroud everything. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation; and one brutal fellow, from the midst of a group, called out in a tone of irony: "Do you wish, then, to die like a Capuchin?"

'The prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning towards the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked in a loud voice if there was any one amongst them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noirot advanced from the group and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low voice, and Noirot, turning towards the side occupied by the troops, said: "Gendarmes, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?" The gendarmes searched their cartridge-boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the prince. He took off his cap, cut one lock from his hair, drew a letter from his pocket, and a ring from his finger; then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan at Ettenheim.

'This love-message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice recommended his soul to God. He then walked a few paces, to place himself in front of the firing-party, whose loaded muskets he saw glimmering at a short distance. The light of a large lantern, containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing-party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth, without a cry and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three.

'Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon anything but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more.

'His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot, and given to one of the prince's servants, who took him to the

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Princess Charlotte — the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore. They placed him, dressed as he was, in the grave dug under the wall; and they buried with him his money, his watch, his rings, his trinkets, and a chain that he wore round his neck. They took nothing from the pocket of his coat but the diary of his journey, which Hullin put under cover, and addressed to Réal for the First Consul.' It is only necessary to add that Napoleon, on hearing the whole circumstances of the case, said, 'Tis well!' It is known that he afterwards loaded the murderers of the Duke d'Enghien with wealth and honours.

The finishing scene of this terrible drama remains to be noticed. On the day after the execution, a post-chaise with four horses, containing a young lady and an old man, drove up to the door of the inn at Vincennes. The lady was the Princess de Rohan, and the aged man was her father. The princess had hurried from the borders of the Rhine to implore pardon for him she loved. She arrived in time only to learn his death, and to mourn a separation till reunited in a better world.

Every sort of shuffle has been resorted to for the purpose of screening Bonaparte from the obloquy of this horrible act, but without avail. At St Helena he justified the deed on the ground of the conspiracies known to be carrying on against his life, and the necessity for striking terror into the Bourbons and their adherents. Hullin, Savary, and some other agents of Napoleon, have in their published memoirs endeavoured to free themselves from blame by throwing the burden of guilt on others. Hullin, going beyond the rest in expressions of regret, speaks of suffering pangs of remorse for the part he was compelled to act; but as these penitential feelings were paraded during the reign of the restored Bourbons, their sincerity may admit of some degree of doubt. History, which clears up state-mysteries, has fully demonstrated the entire innocence of the unfortunate D'Enghien. By one of the most recent revelations, it is evident that throughout the whole affair the duke had been mistaken for the young Count Jules de Polignac, who was the real party that had been in communication with Georges in Paris! This fact only aggravates the injustice perpetrated by Napoleon, whose doom we shall suffer the honest Lamartine to pronounce, in words ever to be remembered.

'Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon the spilling of this innocent blood by Napoleon. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalids, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out from one single block of granite, harmonising with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand the sentinels of ages around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on the sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins, from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered by the light of a lantern at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, and of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shewn at the angle of a wall round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marsh-mallows, and they exclaim: "It is there!" With a cry of indignation they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim and an implacable resentment against the assassin! This resentment is a vengeance for the past; but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterwards to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour — the victim has eternity!'

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

Several spirited ladies of the United States have made their appearance at the head of a movement for the reform of the female dress. A Mrs Bloomer of New York is the literary advocate of the party, and from her it seems likely to take an appellation. Other ladies have begun to act as apostles of the cause, not merely by writing and lecturing, but by exemplifying the new costume on their own persons, appearing as a sign to the people, to use the phrase of Robert Barclay of famous memory, when he walked into the streets of Aberdeen without any dress at all.

The Bloomer reformation has not been well received in this country. By association and otherwise, it excites too much merriment to be held in much respect. Accordingly, some of the apostles have been treated in a manner rather martyrly. This is all very natural. First, there is a great standing absurdity which provokes the wrath of all rational minds. Some one starts off in a crusade against it, and goes to the opposite extreme. The public, tolerant of the first error from habit, hoots the second because it is new, failing to observe the good which is at the bottom of it. So it is that our people see women every day defying common sense and good taste by the length of their skirts, and say little about it, but no sooner observe one or two examples of a dress verging a little too far in an opposite direction, than they raise the shout of a persecuting ridicule. We say there may be some little extravagance in the Bloomer idea, but it is common sense itself in comparison with the monstrous error and evil which it seeks to correct.

That some reform is wanted all the male part of creation agree. Many of the ladies, too, admit the inconvenience of the long skirts which have been for some years in fashion, though they profess to be unable to break through the rule. Why should not some compromise be entered into? In order to avoid trailing through mud and dust, it is not necessary to dock petticoats and frocks by the knee, or to assume a masculinity in other parts of the attire. Neither is it necessary to connect a rational length of skirt with certain unhappy foolish notions about equal privileges of the sexes, which seems to be one of the mistakes made by the Bloomer party in America. Let there simply be a reduction of the present nuisance, an abbreviation of those trolloping skirts by which even a man walking beside the wearer is not unfrequently defiled. When the hem of the garment is on the level of the ankle, which once was the case, it answers all the purposes of decorum, and is sufficiently cleanly. A return to that fashion would do away with all objection. Or if one or two inches more be taken off, and the void filled by such trousers as are generally worn by young girls, it might be as well, or better. Such changes might be brought about with little fracas, like any of the ordinary changes of fashion.

If the question is between the present skirts and Bloomerism, then we are Bloomerites; for we would rather consent to error in the right direction than the wrong one.

We have alluded to fashion and its slavery. It is a curious subject, not unworthy of even a philosophic attention. In the late wondrous exhibition of the industrial arts of the civilised world, how many admirable devices were presented for articles of utility and ornament! What an idea did it in its general effect give of the amount of ingenious intellect exercised on such matters! Yet we never see any of the same taste and ingenuity exercised in the fashioning of clothes. Milliners and tailors appear to be the most brainless of

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all professions. We scarcely remember to have ever seen a new fashion proceed from them which accorded with true elegance, and which did not tend to deform rather than adorn the human person. At present they make a woman into a bell-shaped object, painful from the sense of its incompleteness—feet being wanting. Always some absurdity reigns conspicuous in their models of form. Each of them will tell you: We cannot help it—it is the fashion. But whence comes the fashion, if not from some of their own empty heads? And how is it that no one of them can help it, but that no one of them has the sense or spirit to devise, set forth, and promote anything better? The tailors are better than the milliners, and do not in general misdress mankind to such an extent as to call for a particular effort of resistance; but the women are treated by their dressmakers in a way which would call for and justify a rebellion. A friend of ours goes so far as to say that the one thing above all which convinces him of the inferiority of the female mind generally to the male, is the submission which women show to every foolish fashion which is dictated to them, and that helplessness which they profess under its most torturing and tyrannical rules. We would at least say that, if there is folly in a fantastic dissent—such as that of Mrs Bloomer and her friends—there is a far greater self-condemnation of the judgment in adherence to an absurdity which involves filthiness as well as inelegance, like the present long skirts.

LOTTERIES IN NORTHERN ITALY.

In travelling through various states of Germany and Italy, it may be observed by placards on the walls that the lottery still exists as an institution recognised and regulated by public authority. Of course, one feels inclined to despise governments which countenance this species of gambling; but as we all recollect the days of state-lotteries in England, with the vociferous advertisements about 'lucky offices,' the disposition utterly to condemn these continental authorities is a good deal modified. Civilisation goes on by slow steps, and it does not do for one country to abuse another for its backwardness.

Let us, however, for the sake of a little amusement, describe the lottery-system of Piedmont. There the game of purchasing tickets and drawing numbers is rather curious. The numbers in each lottery are only from one to ninety. He who wishes to play goes to a lottery-office, and dictates any of these numbers he pleases to the office-keeper, who writes them upon a double register. You may put as many numbers as you please in one ticket, or separate them into several. This done, the office-keeper cuts off from the register the tickets demanded—of which the duplicate remains—and gives them to you in exchange for your money. The men employed in the lottery are paid no salary, but are entitled to 8 per cent. on the receipts. When the day comes for drawing, five numbers are publicly extracted from a wheel containing from one to ninety, and the winning tickets are those inscribed with either two, three, or four of these numbers, which have come out. A single number guessed gives no right to anything. The guessing of two numbers—called *ambo*—is paid 270 times the amount of money staked; three numbers guessed—a *terno*—bring 5500 times; and, finally, four entitle to 60,000 times the stake.

At first sight, to any one inexperienced in this species of gaming, winning seems very easy. It only requires to put a great many numbers in one ticket—say twenty or thirty—and with a little perseverance one is almost sure to win. But, practically, although the quantity of numbers does indubitably increase the chances of winning, it augments also in an alarming proportion the various combinations of these numbers, and consequently the amount of money that must be staked. A franc staked upon each combination is the rate at which a fair sum may be realised in case of winning; but although a franc is the minimum staked on every ticket, there is likewise a minimum for the stake on each variety of combination—of ten centimes for each ambo, and of five for each terno and quaterno. This is the way in which generally poor people—who are the majority—play, and this is the reason why the prizes of terno and quaterno, which are not uncommon, are generally very small.

Every object in nature is represented by a number; but of course, as there are only ninety of these numbers, while things in existence are innumerable, a multiplicity of them come under the same head. In each lottery-office there hangs a table of the ninety numbers, each occupying a square, which contains, rudely coloured, the thing or things represented by their respective number. This table is daily examined and consulted by amateurs, to what profit it is vain to ask. There is also at your disposal in every lottery-office a precious book entitled 'A Key to Dreams.' Even Christian names have their corresponding numbers; and to each number from one to ninety is annexed the name of a poor woman, who receives fifty francs (a good idea this!) when the number to her assigned comes up. The names of these ninety women, followed by the names of their fathers, form a register, which any one may consult. Now suppose you have dreamed of a Rosa or a Caterina, what have you to do? Just to turn over the above-mentioned list, and the number to which is annexed the name of a Rosa or a Caterina is the one you are in search of. The same for names of men. You see that nothing has been forgotten, and that every case is foreseen and provided for.

The lottery is drawn eight-and-forty times in the year, four times each month, alternately at Turin and Genoa every Saturday at mid-day. When there chances to fall five Saturdays in one month, on the fifth there is no drawing. This ceremony is not very imposing. At Genoa it takes place in a low, dirty room in the ducal palace, in presence of a limited public, invariably composed of soldiers, sailors, street-porters, and market-women — some hundred and fifty, not counting the babies that these ladies, young or old, always carry in their arms. The remaining space in the hall is occupied by a platform, like the stage of a theatre, at each extremity of which there is a large wheel suspended by swivels upon a stand. By the side of each of these wheels, in the attitude of two guardian genii, stand two charity boys in blue surtouts; blue sashes, white cotton gloves, and huge shirt-collars, to make amends for an absent cravat. Each couple is possessed of a white handkerchief between them, to which, be it the effect of cold or of novelty, the two co-proprietors have frequent recourse. Precisely as twelve o'clock strikes a certain movement takes place in the hall, and three gentlemen, with not too clean linen, members of the town-council, come forward and take their places in the middle of the platform, while a dozen fifes and trumpets execute a flourish.

Now the operation begins. A little window in the wheel on the right hand of the spectator is opened, and charity-boy No. 1 is hoisted up to a level with the opening; boy No. 2 stands a little lower; and a dirty attendant proceeds to weigh, four at a time, two in each scale, the covers or sheaths, at present empty, in which shortly after are to be shut up the numbers. These sheaths are shaped like large needle-cases, and open and shut in the middle. As fast as each of these is weighed, the dirty attendant passes it to boy No. 2, who passes it in his turn to boy No. 1, who throws it into the wheel. When the ninety sheaths have been thus weighed and thrown in, the little opening is previously closed, and the wheel turned

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several times upon itself. Then it is opened again, and boy No. 1 takes out of it, one by one, the little cases, which he passes on in due succession to boy No. 2, who hands them over to the dirty attendant, who presents them to the gentleman on the left, who gives them to the gentleman in the middle, in whose hands they remain a little while. During this operation another unwashed, standing behind the gentleman in the middle, exhibits to the public a little square bit of dirty paper—everything and everybody connected with the business is as dirty as possible—and calls out with a loud voice the number engraved upon it, and the name of a poor woman annexed to it, as we have said. 'No. 1, Teresa Cornaro, daughter of Paul; No. 2, Maria Bella, daughter of the late Bartholomew;' and so on. As fast as the squares of paper are shewn to the public, and the numbers thereupon proclaimed, the attendant makes a little roll of each that he hands to the gentleman in the middle, who insinuates it into one of the sheaths which we have already seen remain with him. These little cases are shut one after another, and through the hands of the gentleman on the right of the charity-boy No. 2 and No. 1 of the second couple, each envelope now containing a number passes into the wheel hitherto unemployed on the right hand of the spectator. At every tenth number the wheel is shut and made to turn rapidly round and round several times.

When the ninety numbers have been transferred to the wheel on the right, the music strikes up again, the charity-boy No. 1 is blindfolded, plunges his hand into the wheel, draws from thence a sheath, which passing from hand to hand is delivered to the gentleman in the middle. He opens it, takes out the little roll, and gives it to the attendant, who unfolds it, shews it to the public, and proclaims with a loud voice the number it contains; and so on five times following, with a good fling of the wheel, and a flourish of the music between each. The numbers thus drawn are received with a murmur of approbation or with ironical cheers, according as they are expected or not, popular or not: for—where shall we not find popularity and unpopularity?—there are some numbers which are popular and some which are not. Under the former head may be ranged 5, 16, 32, 39, 48, 50, all double numbers, and the whole series from 80 to 90. Why there should be any preference in numbers it would not be easy to tell. Gamblers are usually superstitious; and what more likely than that those who habitually stake money on hazard should come to associate luck with certain numbers.

From time to time a rumour goes abroad that such or such a person has the gift of second-sight with respect to the numbers which are about to come. I remember very well that, not many years ago, public credulity had endowed a poor Capuchin friar with this precious foresight, and the unfortunate man could not appear in public without being beset by a crowd of people, who asked him for numbers. The police were obliged to interfere, and the poor prophet, I believe, was ordered to change his residence.

We have seen how many minute precautions surround the public drawing of the lottery, so as to remove even the least possibility of fraud. In spite of this a general popular notion prevails that the government does not play fair; and whenever a certain number which is expected does not come out, Caterina, my old cook, will shake her head and say: 'Such or such number is too much played—an order is come from Turin to strike it off the wheel;' or, 'Such another number wont come out; they have put a leaden weight to it, so that it must sink to the bottom of the wheel.' What can one answer to this?

Caterina's all-absorbing interest in life has been for fifty years, and still is, the lottery, in which she may be said to live and move. Its abolition would prove her death. She is an authority with all the maids and milk-women of the quarter, and when she has said of a number that *it wont do*, this number is condemned. Caterina has an independent way of her own, and so she rejects with scorn the commonplace doctrine which makes of dreams the great and exclusive source of divination. Dreams ought to be attended to, certainly, but at the proper time. She contends that for those who have eyes to see, the occurrences of everyday life may afford the widest, and at the same time the safest ground for cabalistic speculation. On this principle she acts, and is on the look-out from morning to night. If a mason fall from a scaffolding, if a poor fellow faint in the street, if a dog howl in a certain way, if thunder roll, if the river overflow, if two drunken soldiers set to quarrelling, if a funeral chance to pass, if the chimney be on fire, if the neighbour be brought to bed of twins—Caterina, like a new sort of bee, draws from each of these events a honey *sui generis*, which ends by crystallising into numbers. Caterina goes out betimes, for meetings in the early morning are the best. If the first person she sees is a woman or a priest, it is a bad omen; if a chimney-sweeper, a sign of luck; if a cat crosses the street, the day will be fortunate. Every day, as sure as the day comes, Caterina goes to hear mass in a church specially dedicated to the souls in purgatory, and addresses to them fervent prayers to send her good numbers. Theirs, as it seems, is the lottery department in yonder world. After this she begins her operations. But to pick up a certain quantity of choice numbers is not all: they must, moreover, be proved. It is in this second stage of the business that the efficaciousness of dreams has been made evident. You prove your numbers by putting them under your pillow when you go to bed. Your dream, provided you know how to interpret it properly, will tell you exactly whether your note contain good numbers, and how many. Generally speaking, to dream of silver, gold, or diamonds, is unfavourable. To dream of rags or rubbish is very good, but the best of all is to dream of fire: wherever there is fire, there is sure winning. Let me tell you as to this point a short anecdote, the authenticity of which I can guarantee as an eye-witness. A lady dreams that her drawer was on fire. Search is made, and an old lottery-ticket with three numbers is found; these numbers are played, and all come up. What say you?

Saturdays of course are days of great excitement with Caterina, and the dinner had better look to itself. If she does not win, which is often the case, it is somebody's fault; her own fault sometimes, she allows it freely and passionately. 'Fool that I was! to attend to the milk-woman, and to put aside two numbers of which I was sure! The souls in purgatory sent them to me, bless them! But of what use was it? I do not deserve to win. I will never put into the lottery again!' You laugh at poor Caterina's infatuation, and so do I. And yet Caterina has twice won a terno, and with the produce thereof she has given a marriage-portion to each of her two daughters.

It is naturally amid the poor and ignorant that the lottery chiefly finds its votaries; yet there are exceptions to this rule. I have seen a young man of good family, of the best education, and, I venture to say, of superior attainments, prove in this respect as absurd as Caterina, and fall a victim to his own folly.

He had obtained through the interest of his family a situation of high trust and good pecuniary profit in a public office, of which he was named cashier. The chest was heaped full of gold, a small portion of which, as he thought, would suffice to make his fortune. Why not borrow it for a short time? The temptation proved too strong. He borrowed, and borrowed, till at the end of two years there was a deficit of L.20,000 sterling, which the lottery had swallowed up. As it

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may be supposed, the young man did not go to the first chance office to take his tickets for stakes of 10,000 or 20,000 francs at a time, which would have infallibly brought about the discovery of his guilty practice. It was in the hands of a friend, keeper of a lottery-office, that he placed in private, and with the utmost secrecy, the sums which he played, and this friend returned to the young man in the strictest secrecy the ticket or tickets containing the numbers taken, and setting forth the sum staked upon them. Our gambler was in despair. In a month he would be called upon for his accounts, and it would be impossible to conceal further the enormous deficit. What was to be done? Once more he takes his chance in the lottery. This happened before 1842, an epoch at which certain combinations of the game which offered most temptation were abolished. One of the combinations then subsisting was to stake upon a single number, fixing beforehand the place it would hold in the series drawn—that is, that it would come out first, second, third, and so on. This *determinate extract*, as it was called, was paid seventy times the amount staked. The young man staked upon number *seventy first drawn* 10,000 francs (L.400 sterling.) *Seventy came first drawn.* This was a prize of 700,000 francs (L.28,000 sterling.) Imagine the raptures of our cashier. Not only had he wherewith to fill up the deficit, but there remained an overplus of clear gain 200,000 francs (L.8000.) He rushes to his friend's house, but does not find him. He goes to seek him at his lottery-office; he had not been seen there. The cashier shews his winning-ticket; the head-clerk turns to the register, and finds indeed the duplicate of the winning-ticket—but, alas! instead of a stake of 10,000 francs there is one of ten francs upon it. The false friend had thus appropriated to himself almost the whole of the sums gambled by the cashier during the two past years. The tickets which he used to give to the unfortunate young man bore the whole figure meant to be staked; but in the duplicate which remained upon the register he used to mark merely some insignificant amount, and of course pocketed the difference. It is scarcely necessary to add that the faithless friend did not reappear: he had run off to France. The infatuated cashier had barely time to do the same, in order to escape the terrible consequences of his breach of trust, and died shortly afterwards in extreme poverty. The incident will serve to remind readers of various instances of defalcation in bankers' clerks which came to light in England during the late railway mania—a kind of gambling as injurious to society as anything connected with the continental lotteries.

LONDON FROM THE VIADUCTS.

Railways have opened new prospects all over the land: we no longer travel the old, familiar, hedge-fringed highways, but flit through valleys, across plains, and under hills before unvisited; and in most cases, instead of dashing boldly into a town we pass outside of it, oftentimes in a deep cutting, and never know anything of its real chronic aspect unless we stop and perambulate it for the special purpose. In some instances, were it not for the name legibly painted on the station-wall, you would not know that you were stopping at a town at all; in others, such as at Bath, you look up at the town, which rises handsomely above you as the train speeds by; or, as at Edinburgh, where, from the bottom of the deep valley which bisects the city, you get a glimpse of the huge castle and the old town on one side, and of the new town, with some of its monumental edifices, on the other. Never was a city so well prepared to receive railways as Edinburgh: the valley affords all needful entry and exit without disturbing streets or houses.

But it is not always burrowing. At times the iron road rises to a remarkable altitude, and we look down on men and their ways and works with a glance often more comprehensive than comfortable. What a fine bird's-eye view you get of Berwick while crossing the lofty bridge over the Tweed, and of Newcastle while traversing the Tyne—full of excitement and interest. At Stockport, too, the viaduct is on a level with the tops of the tall factory chimneys; and you are half inclined, as the extraordinary spectacle presents itself, to question the possibility of ever reaching the solid earth again. There is scarcely a county that cannot shew some similar railway phenomena—stand-points for new prospects, as we said at starting, not unprofitable to contemplate: but we must confine our view for the present to the banks of the Thames.

Five of the railways which have termini in the metropolis make their approach on viaducts at several points from the north-east round to the south and south-west—precisely the directions which shew most of the characteristics of a densely-crowded city. Streets, lanes, alleys, and gardens are traversed by the arched highway; and not a few of the mysteries of London are revealed to the gaze of the inquisitive traveller as he looks down from the train coming grumbling in with slackened speed: he will see some aspects of the great capital not perceptible to those who pass along the ordinary level of the streets.

We have travelled on all these viaducts, greatly to the increase and rectification of our topographical and social knowledge. From the centre to the circumference we have found something peculiar to each point of the compass—each suburb has a character of its own. At present we can only study them piecemeal, by going from one terminus to another; but some day, perhaps, we shall have a circular railway all round London similar to that which is to engirdle Paris, and then without leaving the carriage we shall be able to contrast Belgravia and Paddingtonia with Bethnal Green and Bermondsey—the sumptuous with the squalid, splendid indolence with prosy industry. A portion of the circle is already complete: from Camden-Town to Fenchurch Street, passing close to the Pentonville Prison, where 'unlovely' captives are immured, skirting Islington and classic Highbury, traversing insipid Kingsland, cutting Hackney in two, touching Bow—the whole route a strange intermingling of town and country until it joins and becomes part of the Blackwall line at Stepney. You may travel the whole nine miles for fourpence, with the comfortable assurance that the ride is well worth the money whether you have business in hand or not.

Leaving town by the South-western line you first get a view of the shabby-genteel, and altogether mean district lying between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, including a peep at the New Cut in Lambeth, a street always busiest on the Sunday. Here and there are open squares surrounded by poor tenements; and the whole space covered with broken crockery, refuse vegetables, and dirty children. Next Vauxhall Gardens are seen; and you are puzzled to know how so dreary-looking a place should have gained an Elysian reputation. Then come gasworks, foundries, kilns, stoneware and whiting factories—the entire suburb is filled with artisans of various grades—Battersea Fields are beyond, and soon you are in the green, glad country.

Go to Greenwich: immediately on leaving the terminus at London Bridge you look down on tortuous, unctuous, odorous Bermondsey. There is a powerful smell from the tan-pits and the heaps of spent bark, and the glue-factories, and the dyers and hatters, tainting the atmosphere of an uninviting neighbourhood. There is a muddy creek led in from the river after the Dutch fashion; there is another too: and there is Jacob's Island—suggestive, besides its own especial attributes, of Oliver Twist and Bill Sykes. A long maze of masts marks the course of the Thames, and

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huge warehouses seem to be ever swallowing the cargoes of ships; cranes creak, steam-engines clank, trucks rattle, wagons rumble, as sugar, treacle, timber, and other produce from the ends of the earth, are hoisted, wheeled hither and thither, sold or stored. Presently you are flying across Market-gardens: there lies Greenwich, yonder New Cross, and London is left behind.

Turn into Fenchurch Street, and qualify yourself for a ride to Blackwall: you mount a long flight of steps, take your seat in a carriage, the train moves, and Bermondsey with a difference is beneath you, not quite so noisome in appearance, but with features in common with the opposite shore. There is no mistaking the locality: you feel assured it must be near the river, for you see stores of sails, ropes, masts, booms, oars, and all sorts of ships' furniture, new, second-hand, and worn out; and occasionally a wooden midshipman squinting through the sights of a quadrant, perched on a bracket; or a flagstaff bearing a bit of bunting rigged on a house-top to indicate where nautical instruments are to be purchased. You see boats at landing-places, and in yards in all stages of efficiency and dilapidation, and are made aware of much that is going on by senses other than that of sight; for the noise of shipwrights' and calkers' hammers comes to the ear, and the scent of tar and fumes of burning pitch to the olfactory nerves, in addition to the constant odours of fish and mud. Low taverns there are in number, with groups of grim sailors and noisy coal-whippers lounging about them, and you hear sounds of boisterous merriment or noisy quarrel. Then come coal-yards and coal-docks, crammed with ships and lighters, all as black as carboniferous dust can make them; and presently the long ranges of the West India Docks, with troops of labourers waiting to be hired at the gates, and all the signs of a great and active business going on; and soon afterwards the bowsprits of tall ships appear above your head stretching far across the line—and before you have ceased to wonder at the sights which have passed like a moving panorama, the train stops at Blackwall.

Our journeyings have been most frequent on the Eastern Counties line—the view from which, though presenting much in common with the others, has yet certain distinctive characteristics. You are no sooner clear of the terminus in Shoreditch than you have proof of the assertion that to every bad there is a worse; for however wretched the fronts of the houses appear in the narrow streets, the backs are still more wretched. Forward there may be a sincere or spurious attempt to look respectable, but rearward there is no hypocrisy, and you may seek behind each dwelling for its certificate of character, and learn not a little of hole-and-corner life, domestic and otherwise. What a *plexus* of gloomy streets and alleys meets your eye, with tall old houses, each storey lighted by a small-paned casement-window, running its whole length, and many of them surmounted by a supplementary attic, seemingly built of nothing but slate and glass, scarcely less hot during the dog-days than 'under the leads' at Venice. You cannot help commiserating the poor silk-weavers who inhabit them. In some the looms are seen vibrating briskly, in others languidly; and from the alternate motions you may infer, if you will, the character of those who produce them. The railway is on a level with the roofs; hence you can see plainly into the rooms, and look down the less aspiring chimneys. It is easy to perceive that most of the apartments serve for parlour, kitchen, and sleeping-room as well as workshop; and while the husband plies the shuttle, the wife may be seen cooking, washing, mending stockings, or leaning out at the window with three or four children clinging to her side, and others crawling upon the floor. At times the weary weaver himself turns his head as the train passes, with a wish perhaps that he also were speeding away to green fields beyond the smoke; yet he pauses not in his labour, for his struggle to live is a desperate one. The condition of too many of these households can only be expressed by the term 'hugger-mugger:' a few, however, exhibit praiseworthy signs of an effort towards amelioration—flowers in pots and boxes stand outside the windows, and here and there a convolvulus or nasturtium twines round a string stretched across the panes, cheering, it may be hoped, the hearts of those who tend them. Then there are numbers of bird-cages hanging out, and you may hear the mellow notes of the blackbird, the trill of the lark, or warble of the goldfinch, and you will conclude that the people hereabouts have a keen relish for the song of birds, or are rare ornithologists. In truth they do know a good deal about the qualities and habits of winged creatures; and it is worth remembering that many of these poor weavers are excellent mathematicians, and have for many years constituted a mathematical society. Blessed be that learning which thus dignifies and lightens the humblest toil!

There is another branch of ornithology studied in this neighbourhood; you see which it is by the numerous pigeon-coops and traps constructed of sticks and wire on the house-top, with more or less of skill and neatness. Always on the Sunday, and frequently during the week, you may see the owner peeping from a trap-door in the roof, or lolling against the chimney-stack, and watching with keen though quiet eye his flock of pigeons, as they tumble and wheel in circling flight. If more than his number come home he is not averse to the increase, for, unless sadly belied, many of the owners are sharp practitioners, and cunning in the inveiglement of *columbiadæ*. How the wary fellows seem to enjoy themselves lounging there on the slope of the roof in the warm sunshine!

You have scarcely had time to make observations before you are past the dingy weaving district and the headquarters of pigeon-fanciers, and enter what may be called a miscellaneous neighbourhood. Rows of pert, pretensious cottages are seen trying to look genteel, though some of them are put out of countenance by having their front-walls and windows not more than three feet from the side of the viaduct: you could step easily from the parapet to the edge of their roof. Fine weather is surely lost upon their occupants, and the roar and clatter of forty or fifty trains passing between sunrise and sunset must be a continual cause of exasperation. In some instances an attempt is made to convert the annoyance into a source of profit, by enterprising publicans, who fit up the roof of their house as an open-air drinking-stage, where drouthy customers may quench their thirst on sultry afternoons, and watch the passing trains. Crowds of bibulous people, male and female, may often be seen on these elevations, zealous in smoke and sonorous in song, particularly on Sunday evenings from six to ten.

There is always a difference in the view on Sundays: tired labour lies longer abed, and blinds are kept down and shutters closed until noon. Now and then you may see a corner of a curtain raised as you dash past, and a night-capped head gaze sleepily out, owl-like, dazzled by the bright sunshine. But the curtain drops, and the head goes back to its pillow, darkened chamber, and stifling atmosphere. Tired labour does not always take the best means of restoring itself, and clings with fatal fondness to a morning of sleep and an afternoon of jollity.

The plots of ground behind the houses seem to have been parcelled out by a stingy hand, so diminutive do they appear; but many of them are turned to good account. Look at that coal-yard, scarcely twelve feet square, and yet it ingests more tons of 'best Wallsend' in a year, to egest them in quantities from ten pounds to ten hundredweight, than would be credible by the uninitiated. There, too, is a timber-yard of the like

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dimensions, with stacks of deals, and ranges of boards, planks, and scantling coaxed into a space that a villager would consider hardly large enough for a pigsty. Close by is a foundry, with a furnace in full blaze in alarming proximity to the adjoining houses, whose inmates have to 'put up' with the thumping of hammers, the gasping of bellows, and annoyance of flame and smoke, without hope of respite. These vanish; and next you see the gardens of two rows of 'back-to-back' houses, all as green and lively as scarlet-runners, hollyhocks, dahlias, and thickly-sown vegetables can make them. They form a little vista of verdure, as welcome as the oasis in the desert. These, however, are exceptions, for most of the plots shew nothing but neglect: in one place stands a pile of old baskets; in another brickbats, wrecks of pots and pans, a decaying crate, a dilapidated cask, or broken-down cart; and the roofs of the little pantiled penthouses behind each row of tenements are covered with similar deformities. Why they are preserved is a mystery which perhaps the owners themselves would be puzzled to explain. Except as an atmospheric area the whole of these miserable plots may be looked upon as wasted. Yet among them are slips and angles of ground from which the utmost benefit is exacted: here is just room for a cart to stand shafts uppermost; there a truck lies on its side in the smallest of nooks; yonder three cabs are accommodated, but we have never yet seen how the horses manage to squeeze by them to get to the stable. In another queer-looking hole we saw the X-shaped advertising vehicle which once went proudly through the streets exhibiting the name of DOUDNEY in all the glory of ultramarine and gold. The glory had departed: capital letters no longer made its eight surfaces eloquent, and it stood there idle and weather-stained—a melancholy example of occupation gone.

There is a skittle-ground at the rear of a tavern—a more unattractive-looking place would not be easy to imagine: a mere strip of earth surrounded by a gloomy fence; and yet you see men as earnest and intent in knocking down the pins as though there was nothing else worth living for; and as though there was no such place as Greenwich Park, whither they might travel for the cost of a quart of porter. Close by is a pigsty, where you see the owner—doubtless an Irishman—sitting astride on the fence, and talking to his neighbour on the merits of his grunters. A little farther, and there are three or four families of costermongers, their morning's work over, smoking and eating in their gardens, and drinking healths from five or six doors off. Here and there are women washing dishes, or the clothes of the household, while with voluble tongue they strive to check the unruly propensities of their children; and ever and anon you hear cries and wailings, provoked by a hasty and angry slap. Domestic life in public is not always an agreeable subject of contemplation. Or another branch of industry appears: a cabinetmaker has brought his bench out of doors, and is working busily, while the breeze sweeps away his shavings, and perhaps imparts to him a brief, unwonted vigour, which gladdens his overworked frame; for unless those three *chiffonniers* standing there 'in carcass' are finished by Saturday he will not have wherewith to buy the Sunday dinner. Weary work: week after week, and never a penny the richer!

There is a sound of many young voices: you look and see a small play-ground, where some twenty or thirty children are playing as only children can play; as happy, apparently, in their limited territory as though it were an Arkansas prairie. How they look when summoned into school we have never yet had the opportunity of witnessing.

These are but a few of the sights that present themselves from the viaduct; the variety and contrast are scarcely to be classified or enumerated. Extremes meet—pleasure-grounds and graveyards, churches and taverns, appear in close proximity. Then there are canals, roads, bridges, ponds, green and stagnant ditches, coke-furnaces, windmills, gardens, brickyards, meadows—where the sheep are blackened by London smoke—potato-patches; all the phenomena, in fact, of the debatable ground between *urbs* and *rus*, until, having passed Stratford, you are in the broad, flat, Dutch-looking meadows which stretch away with little interruption to the fenny levels of Lincolnshire.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

After the extermination of Donoghue and his companions, the good folks in the neighbourhood of the Hunter River began to throw off together their fears and precautionary measures, no doubt hopeful that the sad end of these wretches would deter others from entering on the same hazardous course of life. On this, however, we reckoned prematurely; for in 1838 another company of bushrangers, as daring and not less sanguinary, sprang up under the command of a man named Davis, reputedly of Jewish origin; but as his visits never extended to our neighbourhood, we trusted to escape being brought into contact with him or his party. It is true we returned to our old safeguards: the doors were kept locked, and barricaded at dusk; the arms ready loaded and in good order; and there was always a tendency on our parts to make for shelter on the distant warning given us, by our dogs, of the approach of horsemen.

In 1839 I was once more obliged to visit Sydney, and, as formerly, business induced me to take a circuitous route homewards. I traversed nearly the same road that had brought me into such a disagreeable acquaintance with Donoghue; nor could I help remembering all the unpleasant suspense of that occasion, which Buka took care to improve by pointing out every now and then the localities of greatest interest, descanting on the events with a volubility which evidenced that I had guarded against any more 'belly-tighteners' in travelling. We crossed over the wild and varied Warren-warren Range towards Ravensdale; thence down Bumblo's Hill—so called after one of the aborigines with a deformed foot, who practised 'baling up' on any single or unarmed person that passed his haunt; thence on through Ravensdale Creek and the cedar scuchs past Yanamolong to the Valley of Wyong, at which place Mr Soling—a respectable Danish settler—obliged me with his hospitality. The morning after my arrival all the establishment was in busy ply at a very early hour; for on that day Mr Soling was to have his annual cattle-marking—one of the most animating employments connected with the squatter's life. As is usual on such occasions, a number of friends had congregated to assist, and a scene of much excitement prevailed. Some were in the stockyard busily throwing the lasso and branding; others were outside, on horseback, ever and anon giving chase to some fiery-tempered bullock, that perhaps, having overturned two or three sturdy stockmen, would dash through every obstacle, and scour the well-cleared open space in front of the station, his pursuers yelling, whooping, and cracking their stock-whips in deafening uproar. Such meetings were then indeed festive; the good things of this life were in abundant supply, for settlers could well afford them, such was the prosperous state of the colony. About fourteen of us were thus merrily at work, when, just as we were about to leave off for breakfast, our party very unexpectedly received an addition by the arrival of seven men, all heavily armed—pistols in their belts and double-barrelled guns in their hands—who galloped furiously up to the enclosure—the leader Davis, recognised by his Israelitish features, calling out: 'Bale up this moment, or we'll fire among you.' At the same time some of them rode to

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the front of the house where Mrs Soling and female friends were busily at work preparing for our bodily wants; and a succession of screams from the inmates assured us the unfortunate ladies were also 'baled up.' The notification produced the same effects on all our party—stupid, staring fright. Mr Soling tried to stammer out something, but Davis cut him short with a blasphemous oath, letting him know, 'that if any person attempted to use force, or to leave the stockyard, not one should be spared; that by remaining quiet, *he might be* content with a part of the money and arms in the house.'

Any other course than that of passive obedience was out of the question: here we were fairly at his mercy; as never anticipating such a possibility, the arms were all inside. Those who were on horseback were ordered to dismount, and marched into the stockyard—a large enclosure made with rough branches of trees—where we had to remain, while Davis and some of his companions went into the dwelling and rummaged, taking the arms, money, and everything else disposable. They then made a hurried repast on the viands prepared for our use; and drinking long and deep draughts to our success in cattle-marking, came outside and mounted, not, however, before they had exchanged some of the best of our horses for their own, which were not so good as bush-rangers usually then rode—the choice of horse-flesh being one of their many assumed privileges. On taking his departure, Davis called out to Buka to mount and follow the party; also to bring with him some of the rope and hide cuttings we had been using to throw the cattle with. My valued servant prepared to obey with a look which the bushranger not unjustly construed into unwillingness, and giving him a lash with a stock-whip, which made him jump higher than if he had been enacting the most vigorous of the wild corrobory-dances of the country, the party cantered off. It was with no little pleasure we saw them turn the corner of the wood to the left. 'Thank Heaven, they're off at last!' burst simultaneously from every one of us; such was the dread which these ruffians inspired, known as they were to be guilty of shooting their victims sometimes out of mere wantonness when excited by drinking. Our gratulations were in this case premature; for just as we were about to leave the stockyard, two of the brigands came galloping back to say that the captain had sent them for Mr F——. My feelings, as may be supposed, were not the most enviable at this moment. The excitement of the last two hours had certainly prepared me for almost any termination to the events passing around me, but could not reconcile me to being thus singled out. Bidding adieu to my friends, I mounted and followed my impatient warders, who shewed by the expert and rapid manner in which they rode through the dense forest, that they were accustomed to make hurried marches across the country. As we cantered along, I essayed in vain to learn why Davis required my company. The only reply to my anxious inquiries was, 'that the captain had found out I knew the line of country he wished to traverse, and if I conducted myself to his satisfaction it would be well for me.'

On joining the band we all struck off to the left, and instead of keeping near the main road passed through a cedar scrub, interspersed with the *bangolas*, or wavy palms, where the only marks were those of wild cattle. About seven we halted, when an abundant supply of provisions and spirituous liquors were produced, of which I was invited, in a surly tone, to partake; and which, despite my anxiety, a long fast and active exercise compelled me to do. After the repast, Davis, somewhat softened into better humour, inquired if, or how far, I was acquainted with Scone or its neighbourhood—questions which I endeavoured to evade, but his evident irritability of temper, and the click of a pistol close to my breast, obliged me to confess. For all this, as I afterwards found out, I was indebted to Master Buka, who, fearful of being separated from me, had informed the party that his master, Mr ——, 'Murry strike-a-light that place.' At first the festivity was confined to deep potations; but as the excitement increased all prudential considerations were laid aside, and loud, boisterous singing followed; in which I could recognise the name of that incarnate villain, Donoghue, often mentioned, as the chorus ran much in the following strain:—

'Oh, himself was a man bold and true,
And never knuckled under—the Bold Donoghue.'

The evening was far advanced when Davis, whose authority over his drunken companions was wonderful, obliged the party to break up, by removing and fastening to his saddle (his pillow) the two remaining small kegs of spirits; after which Buka and myself were firmly pinioned and secured to trees, at a distance from each other. This done, and the watch set, the sonorous nasal breathing of all save the look-out soon shewed that Bacchus and tobacco had done their work very effectually. Nor was the man appointed to keep watch long in following the example: first a nod—then a little struggle to keep awake—then a nod; and he too was soundly in the embrace of Morpheus. The constrained position in which I had been left bound prevented entirely the possibility of sleep; although 'nature's sweet restorer' oft invited my tired-out energies, but in vain. There I lay, crippled up much after the manner of the delinquents in the old pictures of the Inquisition; gazing wistfully at the stars as they sent their mild rays peeringly through the foliage of the splendid eucalyptus which towered over the bandit party.

The squatter's life soon accustoms those who are engaged in it to all sorts of vicissitudes; and 'roughing it' in the bush, without bed or blanket, was what I should have cared little about, had I not been placed in my present painfully-constrained position. Nothing, however, now remained for me but to wait quietly for morning, listening to the shrill cry of the large night-jay, or watching the sly opossums and the more agile flying sugar-squirrels, as they performed all sorts of antics in the branches of the weeping mimosas which enclosed our little encampment.

It was indeed a relief to me when the 'settlers' clock,' or laughing jackass—a sort of large gray kingfisher—gave indications, by its loud peculiar cry, of the approach of day; and as if accustomed to its alarum, all the party jumped up simultaneously, rubbing their eyes to remove the impressions of the past night's debauch—Davis ordering them to shake the grog out of their heads. We should not omit to mention that the bird just referred to was called the 'settlers' clock' by the primitive founders of the settlement, who, probably not being encumbered with timekeepers, availed themselves of its early propensities to call their assigned convict servants to labour. Most of the precious gang in whose hands I now was had been assigned convict labourers, and had no doubt been habituated to rise at the peculiar sound of this sylvan clock.

After a very hurried breakfast, we were again on the move to the north, passing, one after another, the high rough ridges of the Blue Mountains—not by any means an easy task, as our route lay through a forest probably untrodden hitherto by the foot of the white man. As we rode cautiously along, Davis repeatedly interrogated me about Scone and its neighbourhood, also the safest way of approaching it; but as I was only acquainted with the usual road, I was obliged at length to declare I could give him no information he did not already know. It was clearly his policy to keep out of the frequented path as much as possible; so that we traversed several high points, the *locale* of which, bush-man as I was, I knew nothing of. At last we reached a place so precipitous that no horse could descend, nor

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was there any spot where such was practicable without making a long *detour*. The object of bringing the ropes, hide-strippings, &c. was now manifest; for one after another, the horses were led to the brink, and the saddles removed. The poor brutes were then slung and suddenly pushed off the edge by four of the party, while the others eased down the ropes, which were passed round a tree. To accomplish this they were obliged to unfasten the stirrup-irons and add the leathers, the ropes not being sufficiently long. With some difficulty, and not without many bruises from their kicking and plunging, the poor horses were all landed safely below; after which we descended, Buka being the last to do so—the captain remarking, 'that as he was a black devil, nothing would break his neck.' After this we ascended another high portion of the Blue Mountain, when I guessed the reason of our late proceedings, as I recognised by the nature of the country in the distance, over which the sun was setting, that Scone was not many leagues off, and that, regardless of the usual safe routes, Davis had adopted a plan very common with bushrangers of 'cutting across country.' Our ringleader now became more than ever inquisitive about the different establishments in the neighbourhood, to which he was obviously bent on a visit; and at every faltering reply he quietly cocked a large pistol, as much as to intimate that I should receive its contents if I hesitated to give true information.

Shortly after sunset we halted for the night; and again the scenes of drunken revelry were enacted, but with somewhat more caution, as no singing was allowed —although in this respect it required all Davis's firmness to keep his men in order. As soon as all the eatables and drinkables were consumed, Buka and myself were again secured for the night, and the party soon lay stretched around in strange confusion, forming a group which would have delighted a Salvator Rosa. Sleep was not long in visiting my companions—even the watchman; for he, too, after vainly attempting to keep his eyes open, soon joined the loud chorus of stertorous sleepers. Thoroughly worn out, I felt every inclination to follow their example, but, doubly pinioned, it was impossible; so I amused myself once more by watching the agile opossums chasing one another from branch to branch, or the flying squirrels gliding from tree to tree by means of their broad lateral membranes, and in longing for the morning dawn, and revolving in my mind whether escape was altogether impossible.

My chief trust had always been in Master Buka, who I knew would, if possible, concoct some scheme to liberate me. As to attempting to escape with my arms secured as they were, it was quite out of the question; for I could neither mount a horse, nor direct his movements if mounted. Of all the singular beings I have met in my travels—and they are not few—certainly the aborigines of New Holland are the most remarkable—remarkable, I should say, for all want of moral characteristics: even their sagacity—the highest feature—partakes of the instinct of the lower animals more than the reasoning of the human species. Indolent to a degree scarcely to be credited, they despise any sort of continuous labour, and prefer the uncertain subsistence of an occasional hunt; and so improvident are they in regard to food, thus or in any other way acquired, that they will throw away what remains after their immediate wants are supplied, rather than be at the trouble of carrying it with them. As a proof of their general improvidence, we may state that on one occasion we saw several of a tribe clothed in European attire by some kind people, and within a week scarcely a rag was to be found among them: some articles having been disposed of for grog, and others thrown away because the weather was hot, or because it was too troublesome to wear them. They seem to have scarcely any idea of a future state, and they regard death with aversion, chiefly because it removes them from the gratification of the animal passions. But with all their stupid indifference they possess much strategy, and scarcely any emergency can arise in which they will not devise some method of escape. Gratitude or any other exalted feeling they cannot be said to have, for they receive with apathy anything that is given to or done for them; yet if once attached to a European, they will not readily desert him: on the contrary, they will sometimes, when least expected, shew a desire to serve him, especially if in any dilemma connected with bush-life, and in which they are quite at home.

I was not disappointed on this occasion; for after passing two very miserable hours, I thought I could discern a figure hovering about for a second or two, like an evil spirit, over each of my companions, and approaching me, whispered: 'Bale, you get jerrend; me mill-mill all them warragals asleep;' in other words —'Don't be afraid; I find all around us asleep.' He then asked for a knife, which I remembered was in my waistcoat-pocket; but how was it to be got at, firmly pinioned as we both were with our hands behind? The wily native, however, knelt down and applied his mouth in such a way as to work it out, and then opened it; which done, he contrived to cut the cords that secured my wrists, now much swollen and almost devoid of feeling. As soon as his own hands were free we moved off stealthily to where the horses were tethered. It was too dark to distinguish one from another, nor was it at the moment a matter of much consideration. Fortunately the bridles had been knotted and thrown over the necks of the animals, so we were not long in getting two moved away. It is very probable we might have gone back without much risk to look for saddles; so completely were all the party under the influence of the evening's debauch, that even the trampling of the horses as we led them off did not awake them. Buka took the lead, and we pushed along as fast as the dim light and the nature of the woods permitted, every step which we took increasing our distance from our late companions, and adding to our thankfulness.

As soon as daylight broke upon us Buka recognised that we were not far from Invermein, although quite out of the proper road. The last two days' ride, however, had shewn us that with determination almost any part of the country might be travelled; so making our way over the intervening irregular ridges, we reached Invermein by nine o'clock. No time was lost in communicating to the good folks the probability that their township might be visited by the party we had escaped from, and instant preparation was made; but as to going on with me to Scone to assist, that was declined on all sides. We were reluctantly furnished with saddles and fresh horses, and immediately set out for Scone, hoping, by giving timely notice, to avert the attack of the bushrangers. On reaching the little township I found all the houses shut up; and on knocking at the door of an acquaintance, was surprised to hear loud shrieks, but on making myself known, was admitted. The first question was: 'Oh, Mr ——, did you meet them? They have been here, and murdered young Graham at Mr Dangar's store.' As soon as the confidence of a few was restored, we went down to the scene of the late murderous robbery, and found poor Graham lying in the enclosure behind the house quite dead, in a pool of his own blood. From a youth who had been secreted in the store we learned the particulars, that when the bushrangers came to the house and ordered the inmates to 'bale up,' Graham presented a pistol, which missed fire, and a second one went off, but without taking effect, on which he attempted to escape by the back-door to alarm the neighbours; but Davis followed and killed him, by discharging a double-barrelled gun, while the victim was on his knees

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imploring mercy. Information of the occurrence was soon transmitted to Maitland; and Mr Day, a most energetic magistrate, lost no time in calling out a strong body of assigned servants, to whom a promise was given, that if they used proper exertions to capture this band of ruffians, they would be recommended for pardon—a measure which was often found of importance at that time, as with such stimulus before them they were more reckless of consequences than volunteer free persons, who had little but the honour or excitement to set off against the almost certainty of being wounded or killed in an encounter with the bushrangers. Mr Day tracked them from place to place, and at last came upon them encamped in Doboy's Hollow, between Scone and the Hunter's River; and so unprepared were they, that after a few ineffective shots, all surrendered—Davis observing, as they were seizing him in Mr Day's presence: 'Ah, Mr Day, if there were but a few more magistrates as active as you are, there would be no bushrangers.' All this detestable gang were soon after executed at Sydney, and since that people have been able to traverse the colony in all directions without danger of being robbed or murdered—a state of security which we believe will continue even should transportation to New South Wales be renewed; for we cannot but hope, that if our government does resume it in that colony, they will see the propriety of following out the ticket-of-leave system, by which the unfortunate exile has an interest in his labour, and a stimulus to use his best endeavours to regain his lost position in society.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL EMIGRANTS.

Since the autumn of 1848 upwards of three hundred youths have emigrated from the London Ragged Schools to Australia and America. We take a low estimate when we suppose that two hundred and fifty of those youths are doing well, and have proved themselves worthy of the confidence of their teachers and the assistance of their friends. Now, if such is the case, we maintain that the reclamation of that number—even if the remainder had fallen away, which we are by no means disposed to admit—is more than a compensation for all the money expended on emigration purposes, and the education of those who have shared its benefits. The average age of the emigrants is sixteen. Let us suppose they had been left another sixteen years, the subjects of ignorance and neglect. Doubtless fifty, at least, would have been transported; and several convictions, imprisonments, and ultimate transportation, would be economically managed in each case at L.200. Here we have an expense to the country of L.10,000, and our colonists again visited with the terrible infliction of another fifty ignorant and brutified miscreants, of whom the mother country had become wearied. Nor is this all; for, at a low estimate, twenty-five of these convicts would have become fathers prior to their expulsion; and thus we should not only have had twenty-five destitute mothers, paupers in the workhouse or systematic beggars in the streets, but also, *at the least another fifty* hungry, ragged, destitute children in a condition even worse than were their fathers, and obliged to follow in their very footsteps. Add to this the amount of moral evil—that no human gauge can measure—which these fifty victims of ignorance and neglect must for several years have been propagating.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

MANNERS OF THE COAL DISTRICTS.

In the northern coal-fields, near Newcastle-on-Tyne especially, we have noticed that when the miner ascends from the pit in the evening, his first care is to wash himself from head to foot, and then to put on a clean suit of white flannel. As you pass along the one street of a pitman's village you will see the father reading a 'Chambers's Journal,' or a cheap religious magazine, at the door of his cottage, while smoking a pipe, and nursing a child or two on his knee; and through the open door a neat four-post bed, and an oak or mahogany chest of drawers, bear witness to his frugality. In Wednesbury, Bilston, and all that district, when work is over, you find the men drinking in their dirty clothes and with grimy faces at the beer-shop of the 'Buttey'—that is to say, the contractor or middleman under whom they work—according to the system of the country, and the women hanging about the doors of their dingy dwellings gossipping or quarrelling—the old furies and the young slatterns.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

HEALTHFULNESS OF HOPS.

The following observations, in a work by Dr Wardrop on 'Diseases of the Heart,' are exceedingly worthy of attention:—'Animals as well as man are instinctively impelled to eat substances when they are out of health, in order to assist the digestion of the food; and no cattle will thrive upon grasses which do not contain a portion of bitter extractive. Even the inhalation of the odour from the flowers of the hop has an extraordinary beneficial effect upon the sick; and in Kent, where it is extensively cultivated, those employed in collecting the flowers are so greatly improved in their health, that many persons who are enfeebled quit the metropolis to 'pick hops,' and return to their homes with their appetite and strength materially improved.' If such really be the case, as this respectable authority reports, cottagers and others might be recommended to grow a few hop-plants outside their doors and windows, with a view to improving health. The hop is a beautiful climbing plant, and on that account alone it forms an agreeable shrub for the window.

THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

When the American forces under General Taylor stormed Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September 1846, a Mexican woman was seen going about among the disabled of both armies, binding up their wounds, and supplying them with food and water. While thus employed she fell. She was on the following day buried by the Americans, who had even them to bear an incessant discharge of shot from the Mexican batteries.

The strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And, pealing through that mortal fray,
Flash'd the strong battery's vengeful gun:
Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first,
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found a pale and stricken foe
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parched and fevered lips:
When, thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot and flaming shell
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she—the good and gentle—fell!

They laid her in a narrow bed—
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were shed,
Above that lowly resting-place.
Ay! glory's crimson worshippers
Wept over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy such as hers
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease:
They heed alike *our* praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she, who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey!

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CONFESSIONS OF A SAFE PERSON.

It is a generally received opinion that the greater part of the minor miseries of human life usually arise, either nearly or remotely, from our own faults, follies, or misdemeanours. Now, without having any intention of attempting to controvert this impression as a general rule, I cannot help thinking that it admits of many and great qualifications in its various bearings. I know not how it may fare with others, but I think I may venture to affirm, on my own behalf, that all my delinquencies put together have not entailed upon me so plentiful a harvest of bitter fruit as the possession of one inconvenient characteristic that may almost be regarded as a virtue—namely, that of being a *thoroughly safe person*.

How this peculiarity of temperament evinces itself I am rather at a loss to describe: I fancy, however, that it must lie rather conspicuously on the surface, or I should not so frequently have to lament its possession.

If this very inconvenient endowment were known only to the friends of my youth, or even those of long-standing, who had watched the gradual growth of my character and mind, it would be of little consequence, but it appears equally obvious to the casual acquaintance of yesterday; and no individual of them all, as it seems to me, ever becomes the recipient of a disagreeable of any kind, but he or she hastens without remorse to deposit the unwelcome burden upon me, as though I were a feminine Atlas of old, strong enough to bear the woes of the world, instead of a fragile widow lady, needing support for myself. Perhaps it may be that, as I am well known to have graduated in the school of sorrow without having made any violent demands on the sympathy of others, I may be supposed to possess some unknown and specific consolation which might be equally efficacious with all who have sufficient confidence to seek it at my hands. Whether I am quite correct in this surmise I know not; but I do know that it is very disheartening to one willing to bear unshrinkingly her own share of the cares of humanity, to be called upon to sustain all the troubles, real and imaginary, of a rather extensive circle of acquaintance.

Thus it is, however; and so numerous have my clients of this kind become, that I could divide them into almost as many classes as those of the Swedish naturalist himself. For the present I pass entirely over claimants for consolation under those real evils of life in which we are in a manner bound to sympathise with each other. To bear each other's burdens is a great duty, and I trust I am not unwilling to take my share in exemplifying it. But what I do deprecate and protest against is the wearisome detail of those mean and petty cares which people too often create for themselves, and which to them

'Make up in number what they want in weight.'

My claimants for consolation under this head are, I regret to say, neither few nor unimportunate; nay, many of them are accustomed, as a matter of course, on the occurrence of the slightest untoward event, to bring their budget of grievances and unlade them at my door. It is vain to look, if not to say, that nothing of the kind is wanted; they persist in unpacking and spreading out their wares before me, obtruding them for inspection *en gros et en detail*, until finding escape impossible, I proceed to examine as the best means of getting rid of them. I separate the real from the imaginary, and finally suggest such expedients and alleviations as may occur to me at the time. Having done all this, I naturally congratulate myself on my approaching release from their importunities; but the result too often proves my joy to have been premature. These dealers in distress are by no means disposed to part with their stock in trade without some better equivalent than an exhortation to patience, or an assurance that others are as highly taxed and as heavily laden as themselves.

Another variety of my visitants are in the habit of endowing me with a vast amount of important secrets, which I neither desire nor deserve; but escape is of no easy attainment, for in all probability I meet them the next day in the public thoroughfare as facts well known to every one but myself. I am entirely at a loss to understand how such important nothings could have transpired, until I recollect that some persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money—for the express purpose of circulation.

But it is time to descend from generalities to particulars. One old friend of mine fulfils for me the office of a legal almanac, acquainting me, by the length and frequency of his visits, when term-time commences and terminates. He has for some years been in the habit of requiring me to accompany him through all the windings of an intricate and protracted Chancery suit; from the first 'cruel injustice' which necessitated the litigation through the first filing of the bill, the cross-bill by which it was met, the answer, the interlocutory hearing, reference to the master, judgment, appeal, and *da capo* before the lord chancellor—not a single phase of its tediousness will he abate me. He even offered to send me the pleadings home, to satisfy me of the justice of his claim—a fact which I had never for one moment doubted. I did not, however, avail myself of his offer, particularly as I had travelled over the ground again and again; nay, arrived, as I flattered myself, within

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sight of the decision—extinction, I was going to say; but who ever witnessed the actual death of a suit in Chancery? No; it is the very phœnix of litigation, and in its apparent demise leaves behind it the elements of a new and more vigorous successor to supply its place—

'E'en in its ashes live its wonted fires.'

Such being the case, should the antiquated cause in question ever give up the ghost, I should speedily be called upon to sympathise in another troubled joy of the same nature; my worthy friend being of a constitution that is never quite at ease except when under the influence of a blister of one description or another.

Another old friend, of ancient lineage and somewhat Puritanical views, took advantage of a morning-call to pour into my sympathising ear his fears that his eldest son Augustus must have been getting over head-and-ears in debt, for he had, by mistake, opened a letter from which the word *junior* had been inadvertently omitted, which proved to be a bill for cigars of L.18, 3s. 6d.; and as vexations never come singly, another letter had arrived by the same post to himself, from the young gentleman's tailor, enclosing a little account of L.48, 17s. 10d., and soliciting his intervention with a view to its early settlement, having a large remittance to make up, &c. As the anxious father made this communication, he drew forth the missive in question, as though ill-news ever needed confirmation, or I were a person to require vouchers! I can truly say that I fully shared in the vexation of my friend, for the young man had always been rather a favourite of my own. I had often thought how much credit he reflected on his tailor, and was therefore proportionably disappointed to learn that the 'credit' appeared rather to lie on the other side. However, I fully concurred in the propriety of a strong remonstrance being despatched forthwith; to do which, before he cooled, my old friend shortly retired to his study, leaving his wife and myself to talk the matter over, and consult on the best means of arresting the evil. After a sufficient time had been devoted to lamentations, &c. I ventured to suggest that the strong remonstrance should be followed, at a convenient distance, by a cheque; hinting that I had known a free pardon of a first offence very effective in preventing the recurrence of a second—nipping, in fact, the evil in the bud.

No sooner had we settled this difficulty—so far as agreement on our own parts could do so—than the good lady hastened to inform me that she was not without her own peculiar trial as it regarded her youngest son Horace (whom she was educating at home under her own eye), although she had not at present communicated the circumstance to his father. Though I am by no means an advocate, in general, for conjugal concealments, I thought in the present case a degree of reserve might be commendable, even before I was aware that the cause for anxiety arose from no more important fact than that she had, on several occasions, latterly, detected the young gentleman in the perusal of the 'Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' on church festivals, although she had expressly provided the 'Life of Henry Milner,' by Mrs Sherwood, for such recreation! At this announcement she looked steadily into my face for some answering sign of surprise and sympathy. But as the offence in question did not appear to me to be of so very deep a dye, I thought myself justified in reminding her, in extenuation of the delinquency of my young friend, that the obnoxious work was by no means an objectionable one, in time and place; and that it might have been a much worse book that had seduced the lad from his duty. To this suggestion she returned rather a reluctant assent, but was evidently too little informed of the mental food most attractive to boys of twelve years old to derive all the consolation which this view of the subject was calculated to present.

In common honesty, I must admit that all the confidences by which I am honoured are not of so serious a class as those above mentioned. For instance, love-affairs, to which I am far less averse, are on the whole very endurable; for though they may be rather voluminous, there is something not actually disagreeable in finding yourself the depositary of hopes bright as sunshine and transparent as truth itself: I must own, however, I like the revelations to be direct and from the principals in the affair, and utterly repudiate all second-hand communications. It is true I have often to bear witness to the verity of Shakspeare's opinion about 'true love never,' &c.; but then, as Juliet says, 'Tis such sweet sorrow,' that I can hardly help prophesying smooth things, and cherishing the hope that all will come right in the end. And then how pleasant is it to hear that the hero or heroine, as the case may be, 'always admired us so much as a Safe Person,' and 'had so high an opinion of our influence and powers of persuasion.' One young gentleman, in the fervour of his gratitude for a successful negotiation with a rather refractory grandmother, went so far as to say, that he thought, 'when I was young!' I must have borne a striking likeness to dear Gertrude in person and character. Was not this ample reward for the sour looks and short answers that I had encountered on his behalf? I must, however, admit that one or two of my confidences of this description have not been without their cares and anxieties. One desperate case, I remember, caused me two or three sleepless nights, for the parties seemed rather too familiar with the exact point at which England ends and Scotland begins; and even the lady dropped some hints that the penalty of exclusion from Her Majesty's drawing-room might be endured. I confess I did not like all this; but happily papa's blessing and the bishop's licence relieved me of all trouble in the event. I cannot deny that I have witnessed the death as well as the birth of more than one eternal attachment; but such events have not shaken my faith in constancy, or led me to concur with Dr Johnson in his opinion, that marriages would be as happy if made by the lord chancellor.

I do not profess to be equally tolera[illegible] munications from the heads of house[illegible] being usually less ethereal in their re[illegible] by no means equally refined in their [illegible]. One lady, the wife of a military man, for instance, walked two miles to inform me that she fully believed her daughter Georgiana would sacrifice herself to young Sylvester, who had not 'joined' more than a twelvemonth, and who did not possess a guinea to buy himself up; and she fully believed the silly girl was even prepared for his sake to 'throw over' their old friend Colonel Cannon, who was about to retire on full-pay, with the 'good-service pension' in prospect. I certainly did not much wonder that Ensign Lackland, with his handsome face and gallant bearing, should present greater attractions to the eyes of nineteen than the gallant colonel, with double the amount of years and of wisdom; but the idea of 'throwing over' a gentleman of such weight and magnitude presented so ludicrous an image to my mind, that I could not resist a smile, which, unfortunately, did not pass unnoticed, and being misinterpreted, was resented accordingly. I was reminded that, however improbable such events might appear to some persons, more unlikely unions were of frequent occurrence; and she had reason for believing that the colonel only awaited a little encouragement to declare his sentiments. In confirmation of this view she instanced the fact that, at the commandant's ball only a week before, he had been heard

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to remark that 'Georgiana was almost as pretty as her mother had been at her age;' which led some persons to think that old wounds might be scarred over. However that might be, she had determined to probe the affair as regarded Mr Sylvester to the bottom. As she was so determined, I had no alternative but to defer at once to her superior judgment and experience. I had, besides, a special repugnance to any conversation reminding me of surgical operations, ever since I had accompanied the said Georgiana to have a tooth extracted; to spare the poor girl a lecture from mamma, by the way, on the ease with which such operations were performed in the present day, and the courage which she herself had always manifested on similar occasions.

Of the general history of servants, as well as of their individual errors and omissions, I think I may venture to say that I am an animated encyclopædia, although I made for a long time a steady and vigorous resistance; but what can a single defender do against a host of assailants? I was obliged finally to capitulate, and abandon my position with as good a grace as possible.

The venerable Archdeacon Paley, if I mistake not, observes in one of his admirable works, 'that the general lot of humanity, however dark it may appear, will on examination be usually found to contain its own peculiar compensations.' And I have learned to be of the same opinion; for no sooner did I look this infliction steadily in the face than I discerned many alleviations in its unpromising physiognomy that had not presented themselves before, in the opportunities it afforded me of offering suggestions of a palliative character for those who are seldom permitted an opportunity of saying much for themselves.

My general acquaintance with human nature has led me to believe that a certain peculiarity of temperament is very likely to be accompanied by a certain style of error and misdemeanour; hence when any general complaints are made of the shortcomings of Jane or Susan, I have only to put a few leading queries, with the view of ascertaining to which class—the sanguine or lymphatic—the offender belongs, and I am forthwith prepared to offer some suggestions of a consolatory character. If, for instance, the delinquent be of the sanguine temperament—rather given to short answers to her lady and long questions to the policeman; though I am fully prepared to believe that she may be a little too coquettish in her attire as well as in her temper; rather addicted to followers perhaps; with a certain familiarity of smile when she is pleased, and toss of the head, by way of defiance, when she is affronted: still, in such cases I have usually found it safe to suggest how swift-footed she is in general—how ready and intelligent on emergencies—how willing, with a little bribe of praise, to take upon herself duties not exactly her own—with a concluding remark on the credit a house derives from having a trim damsel to open the door in the absence of the footman.

If, on the contrary, the subject be of the lymphatic class—given to late hours in the morning and dowdiness throughout the day—such unpromising representations by no means discourage me; for even inertness may have its compensation. In such cases your correspondence is pretty sure of remaining intact; china and glass pass scathless through her hands; and thus, as Dr Kitchener profoundly remarks, 'fragile wares may be made to last as long as iron.' The baker seldom receives encouragement to linger long with his basket; she does not seek to rival her young lady by clumsy imitations of her Parisian bonnet or Polish Kesiewick; nor is she apt to strike your piano dumb in your absence by any practisings of her own.

Now, although these qualities are of rather a negative character, they are very important in their way, and I have seldom found my observations without effect. Once, indeed, I confess myself to have been completely at fault; for the delinquent brought to the bar of justice was said to unite in her own proper person all the faults common to both classes. In vain I taxed both memory and imagination to meet the exigencies of the case, but without effect. At length, wearied of the subject, I proceeded to dismiss it by what I thought an unanswerable proposition—namely, 'that we must not expect perfection for twelve pounds a year;' but my antagonist was 'too cunning at fence' for me, and even foiled me with my own weapons, by triumphantly exclaiming: 'True, my dear; but I give guineas!' I need hardly say that after this I never attempted to lead a forlorn-hope again.

Though the history I have given, for obvious reasons, can hardly be considered a complete specimen of the confidences with which I am honoured, as regards the more exclusive class of my visitors, it may perhaps be received as a sample of the more general and commonplace description of revelations that come before me.

'Give sorrow words,' said the poet who best knew human nature in all its phases. To thousands of persons verbal sympathy does seem to possess an incalculable charm; and although we may question the intensity of the grief that can be so easily medicined, it is equally certain that that *is* trouble which is felt as such, whether it be the loss of a kingdom or the loss of a pencil-case.

I once inquired of a friend who was habitually reserved what could have induced her to make a confidante of myself in a matter of some delicacy: she was silent for a moment, as though revolving the subject in her mind, and then replied that she thought it arose from the entire absence of curiosity on my own part—a sort of indifference, not to say repugnance, to the gossip of common life, which she found irresistibly attractive of confidence. How far this solution of the matter may be generally correct I know not, but with it I must be satisfied *faute d'une meilleure*. One consolation, however, I think I may now take to myself—that having by these revelations fairly forfeited all claim to be any longer regarded as a *safe person*, I may now hope to remain unburdened with more than my own proper share of disquietude for the rest of my life.

THE BATHURST DIGGINGS.

The discovery of gold in the Bathurst District in New South Wales has taken the world by surprise—a new California in one of our own colonies! The whole of Australia, however, has long been known to be particularly rich in metallic minerals. Copper is begun to be wrought in various places with a success that has already made several fortunes; lead has also been discovered; and an iron mine was recently opened in the neighbourhood of Berrima, where an abundant supply of ore is found almost on the surface, said to yield 65 to 70 per cent. of metal of the finest quality. Coal is found in abundance. In short, skill, capital, and hands are alone required to excavate immense mineral riches; and that these requisites will in due time be provided, nobody can entertain any doubt. In the language of the day, there is a 'great future' for Australia; and that not only on account of what is beneath, but what is on the surface of the ground. Its wool is destined to be the main resource of one of our most important manufactures, if it is not so already.

In certain papers relative to crown-lands, presented to parliament at the opening of the session of 1851, there is a dispatch from the governor of New South Wales to the secretary for the colonies, in which it is stated that gold had been found in various parts not only of this colony but in that of Port Philip. The

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following passages occur in this dispatch:—'In some parts of the colony I am informed that auriferous ores have been discovered. A specimen, weighing about three ounces and a half, was lately exhibited to me. I have not been able to learn the precise locality where it was found, except that it is on the western side of the great dividing-range in Sydney or Middle District. An extensive gold-field is also said to have been recently discovered at the Pyrenees, in the Port-Philip District; but I have been unable as yet to obtain any authentic information on the subject.' Here the statement is explicit. Gold had been found on the western side of the great range of mountains that separate the inner country from the extreme belt of land on which Sydney is situated. This exactly agrees with Bathurst, which is a high-lying district beyond the mountains, in a direction almost due west from Sydney. It is evident, therefore, that the lately-arrived account of gold-finding is no new thing to the home government. From the nature and extent of the investigations now going on in Australia, it is indeed pretty evident that we shall soon hear of other important discoveries which have assumed a practical shape. Although prepared by a previous knowledge of the fact, that gold existed in the Bathurst Plains, the governor of New South Wales appears to have been startled, as everybody else has been, with the intelligence that diggings had actually commenced, and were successfully carried on. It is somewhat remarkable, in this as in most other instances of the kind, that the full discovery was not made by pioneers of science, specially employed for the purpose, but by persons moving in the rank of shepherds or commercial adventurers. It is mentioned that an old Scotch shepherd had for some time known of the Bathurst gold, and secretly profited by it. Probably this very sly individual had not any adequate idea of the extent of the deposits, and merely pocketed some stray morsels of the precious metal. The discoverer, so far as general publicity was concerned, is a Mr Hargraves, who had been in California, and was led to conjecture the presence of gold from the similarity of the rocks. These rocks, we believe, are chiefly quartz—a hard, brittle material, of which the white candy-stone of Scotch rivers presents an example. It requires to be understood that gold is not found in the character of a sulphate—that is, mixed with a stony and gaseous substance, which must be expelled by smelting, as in the case of lead, copper, and most other metals. It may be said to come pure and ductile from the hand of nature. When found, therefore, it requires only to be mechanically separated from the rocks or rubbish in which it is embedded. Usually, it is in the form of grains and small lumps, varying from the size of a pea to that of a walnut, carried down by streams, and rolling amidst sand and gravel: these particles, large and small, are best secured by washing with water — the loose and lighter materials being floated off, and the gold afterwards picked out from the heavier substances that sink to the bottom of the vessel. Gold-finding is, in truth, fully as much a matter of jumbling and washing as it is of digging; and as these jumblings take place in the beds of rivers, it will easily be imagined how severe and hazardous is the labour.

The gold-diggings of Bathurst became generally known in the colony about the beginning of May; and no sooner did the news spread than a kind of madness seized on the community. In the town of Bathurst, as we learn from the following local account, the excitement was extreme:*—'People of all trades, callings, and pursuits were quickly transformed into miners; and many a hand which had been trained to kid-gloves, or accustomed to wield nothing heavier than the gray goose-quill, became nervous to clutch the pick and crowbar, or "rock the cradle" at our infant mines. The blacksmiths of the town could not turn off the picks fast enough, and the manufacture of cradles was the second-briskest business of the place. A few left town on Monday equipped for the diggings; but on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the roads to Summer Hill Creek became literally alive with new-made miners from every quarter; some armed with picks, others shouldering crowbars or shovels, and not a few strung round with wash-hand basins, tin-pots, and cullenders. Garden and agricultural implements of every variety either hung from the saddle-bow or dangled about the persons of the pilgrims to Ophir. Now and then a respectable tradesman, who had just left his bench or counter, would heave into sight with a huge something in front of his horse, which he called a cradle, and with which he was about to rock himself into fortune. Scores have rushed from their homes provided with a blanket, a "damper," and a pick or grubbing-hoe, full of hopes that one or two days' labour will fill their pockets with the precious metal; and we have heard of a great number who have started without any provision but a blanket and some rude implement to dig with. Such is the intensity of the excitement, that people appear almost regardless of their present comfort, and think of nothing but gold.'

This authority goes on to say, that 'what assisted very materially to fan the excitement into a flame was the arrival of a son of Mr Neal, the brewer, with a piece of pure metal weighing eleven ounces, which was purchased by Mr Austin for L.30, who started to Sydney by the following day's mail with the gold and the news. Since that an old man arrived in town with several pieces in mass, weighing in all from two to three pounds. He also started for Sydney with his prize. Mr Kennedy, the manager of the Bathurst branch of the Union Bank of Australia, visited the diggings on Saturday last in company with Messrs Hawkins and Green. Each of these gentlemen picked up a small piece of the pure metal; and a few handfuls of the loose earth from the bed of the creek, which were brought home by Mr Kennedy, and from motives of curiosity have since been assayed by Mr Corfe from Sydney, and a piece of gold extracted therefrom of the size of a small pea. On Wednesday morning last Mr Hargraves accompanied Mr Stutchbury, the government geologist, to the diggings, and with his own hands washed a pan of earth in his presence, from which twenty grains of fine gold were produced. He afterwards washed several buckets of earth and produced gold therefrom. Mr Stutchbury hereupon expressed his satisfaction, and immediately furnished him with credentials, which have since been forwarded to government. The fact of the existence of gold is therefore clearly established; and whatever credit or emolument may arise therefrom, Mr Hargraves is certainly the individual to whom it properly belongs. We have very much more to say, but we have not space to say it in. A Mr Rudder, an experienced California gold-digger, is now at work at the diggings. There are also several magistrates plying their picks and cradles most laboriously, but we have not heard with what success. In fact, there appears every probability of a complete social revolution in the course of time. Those who are not already departed are making preparations. Servants of every description are leaving their various employments, and the employers are, *per necessitatem*, preparing to follow. But notwithstanding all this, we feel confident that a reaction will speedily take place. The approach of winter and wet weather will do something towards cooling the ardour of the excited multitude.'

In other Australian papers we have similar accounts of the frenzy. In the new and unforeseen position in

* Bathurst Free Press, May 17, 1851.

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which it was placed, the colonial government seems to have acted with much prudence. A proclamation was issued to the effect that the gold found at the diggings was the property of the crown, and that it could be taken only by procuring a licence, and according to certain regulations. The licence, as is since made known, is for a month, and costs each individual 30s. All persons are licensed on these easy terms who can shew a discharge from former employers—an arrangement designed to check the sudden absconding of servants, but which, it is almost needless to say, will fail in that effect. To preserve order, a government-commissioner as head-magistrate was also despatched to the scene of operations; this onerous appointment being given to Mr J. R. Hardy. A police force under Captain Battye was at the same time sent off to preserve the peace on the road between Sydney and Bathurst. It may be hoped that by these means, as well as by the due admixture of a respectable class of persons at the diggings, something like order will be maintained, and society saved from the evils that have afflicted the Californian community.

The following letter in the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' purporting to be written by G. Lacy, and dated Bathurst, May 18, conveys an account of the diggings and their locality, which will be perused with interest by our readers:—

'Having made a hurried visit to the gold-fields of this district, for the purpose of satisfying myself as to the reality of the reports which were daily arriving in Bathurst during last week, causing the greatest excitement amongst all classes, I have forwarded a slight account of the diggings, thinking it would not be unacceptable to many of your readers. The locality is about thirty-five miles hence; eight miles from Cornish Town, and twelve from Orange. There is a tolerable bridle-road, and even loaded drays are brought down to the spot by taking the road through Blackman's Swamp. It is at the junction of Summer Hill and Lewis' Ponds Creeks, where the diggers are now at work. There is nothing peculiar in the appearance of the country, broken ridges and continuous hills of quartz being the principal features. On arriving at the diggings, which lie in the narrow bed of the creek, where there is not level standing-room for fifty people, a singular and exciting scene presented itself. About two hundred individuals were congregated (though large parties were hourly arriving), forming as motley a group as could possibly be brought together, and attired in every conceivable style of costume, the fierce and brigandish seeming to be the one most in vogue. From the magistrate down to the shirtless vagabond, the features of every one bore an expression of bewildered anxiety. It was evident that by far the greater portion of the people went there with the expectation of picking up lumps of gold among the rocks and stones of the creek, many arriving with nothing but a pick or a spade, and not provision even for a single meal, or a covering for night. The ridges all around were covered with hundreds of horses, though there is not sufficient grass to feed a dozen. I did not see more than three camps erected, the majority of the diggers seeming to imagine that a covering overhead is totally unnecessary in this auriferous region; and bitterly must they have repented for their want of forethought, as towards evening a pelting shower came down, continuing at intervals during the whole night and next day, no doubt considerably cooling the ardour of the gold-seekers. With respect to the quantity of gold to be found, no one with the slightest knowledge of geology can doubt that it exists in great abundance *somewhere* near the spot. A spadeful of earth taken from any part of the banks of the creek, and carefully washed, will produce gold more or less. But nothing can be done without proper machines for separating the gold from the earth, sand, and particles of iron which are found with it. I did not see more than three of these rockers or cradles at work, the greater part of the diggers contenting themselves with whirling the earth and water round in a tin basin, the lid of a saucepan, or even their hats, and letting it gradually wash over the sides, leaving the grains of gold at the bottom; and most amusing was it to observe their anxious features while peering most intensely into the dish for the coveted metal, the bystanders, who had perhaps only just arrived, appearing equally as anxious, doubtless judging what their own chance of success would be. I heard many say they had found considerable pieces that morning, but I did not see them. One gentleman, with a cradle, shewed me his produce of three or four hours' labour out of seven buckets of earth: as nearly as I could judge, I imagine it would fill a good-sized thimble, the largest piece being the size and shape of a flattened pea. The greatest good-humour, badinage, and a disposition to oblige, seemed to prevail; but whether this will last when the worthless characters arrive from all parts of the colony it is difficult to say. It is expected that thousands will soon be on the road from Sydney, many of whom will most certainly be egregiously disappointed, and rue the day they gave up their ordinary avocations for gold-hunting. Let no one come who cannot stand up to his knees in the cold water for hours; who cannot lie down in wet clothes, and sleep under the greenwood-tree; who does not know how to make a damper or a fire when every bit of timber round is soaking wet. The only possible chance of doing any good is for six or eight to form a company, provide themselves with a tent, plenty of provisions, necessary machines and tools; and by incessant labour and co-operation it is not improbable a profit may be realised. The good folks of Bathurst, however, seem to be determined to keep people from coming into the district, by raising their prices to a most unjust and extravagant pitch. Flour is L.40 per ton; 8s. are asked for shoeing a horse, 10s. for a small pick, &c. This absurd overreaching will compel many industrious men—determined to stick to their work notwithstanding the temptation to go gold-hunting—to find employment elsewhere. The flock-masters are in great consternation; already have flocks of sheep been deserted by their shepherds, and left in the bush. I was greatly amused on returning from the bustling scene, when meeting a magistrate, a sheep-owner, attired in his mining-frock, who, accompanied by his brothers and two heavily-laden carts for the diggings, deplored the consequences that would fall upon those who are seized with the gold mania.'

That the very success that attends these explorations affords matter for regret is a saddening consideration. By the universal flight of servants, more particularly shepherds and sheep-shearers, prodigious loss will be incurred, and the ordinary wool export-trade seriously damaged. All the Australian colonies will thus suffer more or less from the discovery; and even New Zealand will come in for a share of the disaster—though, it must be admitted, likewise for a share of the benefit, for a market will be opened for its grain which it never anticipated. To take the worst view of the affair: the evils can only be temporary, for a vast wave of emigration will speedily roll like a flood towards the antipodes, and fill up all the vacancies that can be made. And as each emigrant becomes a large consumer of British manufactures, it is evident that the home country, in parting with its redundant labour, will largely profit by these marvellous Australian diggings.

NOTE.—Since the above was in type, additional information has reached us from New South Wales, confirming all previous reports respecting the Bathurst Diggings, and an earnest appeal is made to this country for supplies of emigrants, able and willing to fill the

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places which have been vacated by shepherds, and almost all other classes of assistants. Never, as it appears to us, has there been such a favourable opening for persons intending to emigrate to Australia.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FROM THE LITERATURBLÄTTER OF A GERMAN PH. D.

PROUD I am to be the countryman of the many-sided Goethe, and the impassioned Schiller, and Jean Paul the Only One, and Kant and Fichte, Tieck and Fouqué, Klopstock and Herder, Wieland and Körner. And I contend that there *are* characteristics in which Germany towers pre-eminently above all other peoples and tongues—intellectual traits wherein no other nation under heaven approximates to her likeness. But, as a literature, the English, I confess, seems to me superior to ours—in effect at least, if not in essence. It is vastly our master in style; in the art of saying things to the purpose, and not going to sleep — to sleep? perchance to dream—by the way. If we have authors who stand all alone in their glory, so have they—and more of them. We have no current specimen of the man I am going to write about—we have no Christopher North.

When I visited in May the exhibition of the English Royal Academy,* much as I was interested in Landseer's 'Titania and Bottom,' and Maclise's homage to Caxton, and other kindred paintings, on no canvas did I gaze so long and so lovingly as on that whereon the art of a Watson Gordon had depicted the form and features of Professor Wilson. One thing saddened me — to see him an old man, and leaning on his staff. The ideal Christopher North of the 'Noctes,' and yet more of the 'Dies Boreales,' is indeed preternaturally aged—old as the hills, the gray hills he loves so well. But I was not prepared to find so many traces of eld on the face of one whom Scott, it seems but the other day, was chiding with merry enjoyment the while for his tricksy young-mannishness.

Would that my countrymen were better acquainted with this 'old man eloquent!' He deserves their pains. The Scotch assure me I cannot appreciate him, not being Scotch myself; and in principle they are right—doubtless I lose many a recondite beauty, many a racy allusion, many a *curiosa felicitas* in his fascinating pages, through my comparative ignorance of the niceties of a language, for the elucidation of which he himself employs a recurring series of the marginal note—'See Dr Jamieson.' But there is many a cognate idiom and phrase which the German recognises in the Doric, and appreciates better probably than does the denizen of Cockaigne. However this may be, I exult with all my heart and mind and soul and strength in the effusions of Christopher North. Sure I am that every German who at my instigation studies the writings of Wilson will feel grateful for the hint. One will admire him as the gentle and pathetic tale-teller, as in 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' 'The Foresters,' and 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.' Another, as the refined, reflective, tender, and true poet, who has sung in sweetest verse, 'The Isle of Palms,' 'Unimore,' and 'The City of the Plague.' A third, as the accomplished metaphysician and professor of moral philosophy, who can make his abstruse themes as rich with graceful drapery and jewelled front as with *our* ontologists they are withered and dry as dust. A fourth, as the imaginative commentator on the world's classics—Homer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth—around whose immortal lines he throws a new halo, so that their old glory seems as nothing by reason of the glory that excelleth. A fifth, as the ardent politician, dashing, like an eagle on a dovecot, among Whigs, Radicals—*et hoc genus omne*. A sixth, as the shrewd, satirical, caustic reviewer, dealing out retribution wholesale on a herd of poetasters. And as there are eclectics who will thus admire him in some one or other of his aspects; so there are syncretists (myself among the number) who admire him in all.

Six summers have now come and gone since I learned to know and love Christopher North. In 1845 I was lecturing to a drowsy class on certain obscure developments of transcendental philosophy, when I had to call to order a red-haired foreign student, who, in violation of lecture-room decorum, was intent on the perusal of some work of fiction, and whose eyes, as I saw when he raised them at my protest, were suffused with tears. After lecture I summoned him to my rooms. He was a Caledonian to the backbone—from the wilds of Ross-shire—as primitive a specimen in dialect, though not in intellect, as that memorable stripling who told Dr Chalmers* before his class at St Andrews that Julius Cæsar was the father of the correct theory of population. The book he had been crying over—and his eyes were still red—was Andersen's 'Dichters Bazaar;' and the passage that affected the poor fellow was that descriptive of Andersen's *rencontre* at Innsbruck with a young Scotchman, on a sentimental journey, who manifested so much emotion at the resemblance of the scenery to his own native hills, and broke into a torrent of tears when Andersen, to intensify the association, began to sing a well-known Scottish air. Sentimental myself, I could not for the life of me scold one so susceptible to *Heimweh*; so instead of abusing I began to pump him, catechising him about the literature and national characteristics of his 'land of the mountain and the flood.' Of all living authors he panegyrised chiefly Professor Wilson, whom hitherto I had known by repute only as the editor of *Blackwood*. He dwelt enthusiastically on the critic, the poet, the novelist, and last, not least, the man; telling me many a tradition, apocryphal or otherwise, of his blithe boyhood, his Oxford career, and his doings at Elleray; how he threw himself into the roistering companionship of gipsies and tinkers, potters and strolling-players; how he served as waiter, and won all hearts — Boniface's included — at a Welsh inn;† how at Oxford he repeatedly fought a pugnacious shoemaker; and how, in all such encounters, he magnanimously recorded himself beaten when beaten he was.‡ I returned to my rooms that day with a pile of Wilson's writings under my arm.

The critics *en masse* will support me, I apprehend, in preferring Wilson's prose to his poetry. The latter is apt to pall upon the taste; it is too dainty, too elevated, too ornamental a thing for the uses of this 'working-day world.' It is delicious when seen in an extract; but, read *in extenso*, it is almost suggestive of a yawn. Moods of mind there are when it pleases almost beyond compare; but they are exceptional, transient. If you exult in it at soft twilight, and find that it then laps your senses in elysium, the probability is that at mid-day you will wonder what has come to it or to yourself that the spell is broken, the rapture diluted into satiety, the surge and swell of inspiration smoothened to a dead calm. According to Dr Moir, its grand characteristics are delicacy of sentiment, and ethereal elegance of description—refining and elevating whatever it touches.§ It avoids the stern and the rugged

* The Herr Professor whose notes are here 'done into English,' spent the spring and early summer of the present year in England. To mention his name would, as he modestly says, interest a *very* few; and might, to the many, give occasion only to witticisms at the expense of Teutonic cacophony.—*Translator.*

* Life, by Hanna, vol. iii.

† Recorded also in Howitt's Homes and Haunts, vol. ii.

‡ This is mentioned, too, in De Quincey's Autobiography.

§ See 'Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century,' by D. M. Moir: Blackwood & Sons. 1851. These

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at the expense of the sublime; preferring whatever is gentle, placid, and tender. The result of this, however, is—as Lord Jeffrey pointed out—along with a tranquillising and most touching sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which ordinary readers of poetry will be apt to call dulness. As Wilson's friend, Macnish—the modern Pythagorean—characterises it:

'His strain like holy hymn upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim, in mountain vale remote.'

It is not of the earth, earthy. But so much the more it fails in human interest, and seems to soar above human sympathies — as though, like the Ettrick Shepherd's 'Kilmeny,' or our own Fouqué's 'Undine,' the link were broken which 'bound it in the bundle of life' with common clay. 'I should like,' said Allan Cunningham, 'to live in a world of John Wilson's making: how lovely would be the hills, how romantic the mountains; how clear the skies, how beauteous the light of the half-risen sun; how full of paradise the vales, and of music the streams! The song of the birds would be for ever heard, the bound of the deer for ever seen; thistles would refuse to grow, and hail-showers to descend; while amid the whole woman would walk a pure, unspotted creature, clothed with loveliness as with a garment, the flowers seeking the pressure of her white feet, the wind feeling enriched by her breath, while the eagle would hesitate to pounce upon the lambs, charmed into a dove by the presence of beauty and innocence.' This applies rather to the 'Isle of Palms' and to 'Unimore' than to the 'City of the Plague,' the very title of which is sufficiently discordant with the above description, and the subject of which was declared monstrous by Southey.* 'It is,' says he, 'out-Germanising the Germans; it is like bringing rack, wheels, and pincers upon the stage to excite pathos.' Perhaps the *tu quoque* might be here retorted upon the author of 'Thalaba' with considerable unction; and at anyrate he must include in his censure the genius of Dante, of Boccaccio, of Defoe, of Manzoni, of Shelley, of Brockden Brown, and many another greater or lesser star. One cannot help wondering, however, that even with this theme Wilson should write so little that is powerful amid so much that is pathetic; that he should raise so few spirits of terror from the vasty deep of his imagination; and that, at his warm touch, the freezing horrors of such a topic should melt, thaw, and dissolve themselves almost into a gentle dew. Descriptions 'beautiful exceedingly' abound in this work; and of his minor poems, 'gems of purest ray serene' are 'Edith and Nora,' the 'Address to a Wild Deer,' and the 'Lines Written in a Highland Glen.'

To his novels and tales, with all their peculiar charm, the same objection of 'languor and monotony' is also applicable. He is too apt to cancel from his pictures whatever would offend a too fastidious ideal; to eliminate every negative quantity; to give us the rose without the thorn, poetry without prose, man without original sin. His shepherds and shepherdesses, his swains and cottars, are nearly as unreal, though far more interesting, than the pastoral creatures dear to Shenstone and Dresden china. They flit before us like figures in bas-relief, which want more background and less statuesque uniformity. Jeffrey, in his review of 'Margaret Lyndsay,' 'Lights and Shadows,' &c. objected to them as lamentably deficient in that bold and free vein of invention, that thorough knowledge of the world, and rectifying spirit of good sense which redeem all Scott's flights from the imputation either of extravagance or affectation. But all must acknowledge the exquisite pathos and the generous enthusiasm consecrated everywhere by a pervading purity of sentiment, which make them justly dear to youth and innocence.

Come we now to his connection with periodical literature. Putting on the anonymous, he forthwith became broader in girth, higher in stature, greater in strength. Like the cap of Fortunatus, it seemed to endow him with new faculties. Addison says there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name; and adds: 'For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.' No sooner had Christopher North shouldered his crutch than he shewed how fields are won—handling it like a sceptre that made him monarch of all he surveyed. He did not indeed use his liberty as a cloak for licentiousness, but he was laughingly and laughably reckless in his doings and darings. Coleridge in one of his monologues, as De Staël called them, blamed his lawless expenditure of talent and genius in his protracted management of 'Blackwood,' but at the same time exclaimed:* 'How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries, and my mental conflicts!' How indeed? With such cordiality in his chuckle, such glee in his eccentricities, such genius in his vagaries, such method in his madness, who could frown on the extravaganzas of North any more than utter grave strictures on the 'All Fools' Day' of Charles Lamb? It was all so genial that you forgave everything and forgot nothing.† And then his eloquence was truly as 'the rush of mighty waters'—

'How the exulting thoughts,
Like children on a holiday, rush forth
And shout, and call to every humming bee,
And bless the birds for angels!' ‡

One of his 'Cockney' victims, upon whose shoulders he had laid the crutch with more bone-crushing (*bein-brechend*) emphasis than any other man's, eulogises his prose as a rich territory of exuberance congenial with Keats's poetry—a forest tempest-tossed indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted spirit of loving, impatient of want of sympathy.§ Well might poor Hartley Coleridge‖ call Christopher North the happiest speaking mask since Father Shandy and Uncle Toby were silent; 'for Elia,' he adds, 'is Charles himself.' The *unique* style of Wilson's criticisms is hardly conceivable by those amongst us who are ignorant of his mother-tongue: we have nothing I can point to by way of parallel, hardly even of resemblance. He has the wit and searching intellect of Lessing; the facile analysis of Brockhaus; the philosophic tendency of the

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sketches were lectures delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in the winter of 1850-1. The volume is a faithful and generous estimate of the great poets of the age just past or still current. We do not, indeed, know any book which may be more confidently recommended to the young of the present day who may be anxious to know what is best worth their attention in one important branch of recent literature. Most sad it is to reflect that the amiable and accomplished author—the DELTA of 'Blackwood's Magazine'—was suddenly cut off in the vigour of his days in July last.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

* In a letter to C. W. W. Wynn, 1816.

* Table-Talk, vol. ii.

† How characteristic these writings were of the *man* may be illustrated by a letter of Mrs Grant of Laggan, who, after calling Wilson 'the most provoking creature imaginable,' proceeds to say: 'He is young, handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he dotes on, and no vice that I know, but, on the contrary, virtuous principles and feelings. Yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the Czar Peter.'—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan.*

‡ Sydney Yendys: 'The Roman.' Scene vi.

§ Leigh Hunt: 'Seer.'

‖ In his introduction to Massinger. Elsewhere Hartley Coleridge writes:—'Wilson is the best critic that Scotland has produced; nay, that is saying too little. When at his best, he is almost the best that Britain has produced.'—*Essays*, ii.

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younger Schlegel; the discriminative faculty of the elder; Herder's catholic sympathies; Tieck's lively enthusiasm; much of Heine's withering sarcasm; and the dashing vigour of Menzel: together with a *nescio quid* which harmonises their discords; a something that separates him from their conventionalisms, and makes him like 'a star that dwells apart:' a comet if you will—but glorious in its vagrancy—brilliant with a light that never was on sea or shore of the *orbis veteribus notus*. Him nature endowed with what Tennyson ascribes to the dead friend he memorialises so fondly:

> 'Heart-affluence in discursive talk
> From household fountains never dry;
> The critic clearness of an eye
> That saw through all the Muses' walk.'*

With all his partisanship and consummate irony, he is justly praised for tolerance, and for the fine spirit of frankness and generous good-will which animates many of his reviews of political and literary foes; for, as Justice Talfourd observes,† notwithstanding his own decided opinions, he has a compass of mind large enough to embrace all others which have noble alliances within its range. Seldom, if ever in fact, was so sound and warm a heart allied to so clear a head. If our Gutzkow is not more trenchant in his satire and scorn, neither is our Jean Paul more gentle, more meltingly tender, more winning and womanly in his gushing pathos. 'The Recreations of Christopher North' collect some of his choicest miscellanea; but why does he not make a selection also from that glorious repository of eccentric, self-willed, ebullient genius, the 'Nights at Ambrose's?' Nowhere else does he appear to such advantage. He there riots in prodigality of intellectual and imaginative wealth. He deluges you with good things, and swells the flood with your own tears, now of sorrow and now of mirth. He hurries you from sublimity to burlesque; from homily to *jeu d'esprit*; from grave disquisition to obstreperous fun: feasting you alternately with the items in Polonius's bill of fare—tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. The 'Noctes' shew a dramatic power one could not have surmised from the conduct of his poetry. An intelligent English critic remarks, that, barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of comedy.‡ If any fellow-countryman among my readers (*ex hypothesi*) are strangers to the English language, let him for once believe the assurance of an Anglo-maniac, that the language is worth learning if only to read the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' Robert Hall, aged and agonised by disease, betook himself—prostrate on the sofa—to the study of Italian, that he might read Dante. Youthful Germans, hale, hearty, and aspiring, take example by the Baptist preacher. O the aurora borealis of those 'Noctes,' dark with excessive bright! May their shadow never be less!

NOTE.—Since this paper was written, the merits of Professor Wilson have been recognised by his country, in the form of a handsome pension conferred by the government; but we deeply lament to add that still more recently the 'old man eloquent' has been stricken by severe illness, and is for the present confined to his chamber, and the care of his attached family. In Scotland, as the one event was a matter of universal gratification—for Wilson has long been regarded with pride as the chief and representative of his country's literature—so will the other event be everywhere felt as a grievous, though we would hope temporary, misfortune.—ED.

* 'In Memoriam.'

† 'Life and Letters of Charles Lamb.' Lamb and Wilson met once only. Talfourd tells us they walked out from Enfield (Lamb's residence) together, and strolled happily a long summer day; not omitting, however, a call for a refreshing draught. Lamb called for a pot of ale or porter—*half* of which would have been his own usual allowance; and was delighted to hear the professor, on the appearance of the foaming tankard, say reproachfully to the waiter, 'And one for me!'

‡ Indeed, I know not any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever stiffening into *debate* or *amœbæan* oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

THE FOOL OF LABOUDIE.

Some people are all hand and some all heart. The first do and the others feel. The one is always at work—labouring, creating, producing; the other spends his life in deploring the miseries of humanity, its sufferings, its wrongs; but there he stops. The same in private life: A man of hand supports his family, gives them good beef and mutton, dresses them well, and proves that he loves them by making them happy; the man of heart feels intensely if they are sick, has tears for the slightest ill that happens, deplores their want of luxuries and necessaries, sits by his chimney-corner and talks, but does nothing; proving, after all, that he loves but himself. He is the most amiable man in the world, a general favourite in society, an outwardly affectionate father and husband; but his children are half-starved, and his wife goes about in an old gown, which the man of hand's wife would give away to some beggar to whom it would be useful and welcome. Not that we object to heart; far from it. A man cannot have too much feeling if he allies with it the head to conceive and the hand to execute. A man wholly without heart is a monster; and the great defect of Napoleon's character was, that with a mighty head and stupendous hand he had scarcely any heart. It is the union of hand and heart, with a head to guide both, which makes a man a useful member of society.

Ernest Delavigne was the only child of a widow. His father had been a superior farmer of considerable property, and had died leaving the land to his wife and son. But Ernest, though fond of the country, aspired to be something better than the peasantry around him. He lived in a part of France where ignorance prevailed over knowledge; where bad roads and impenetrable bogs retarded the progress of civilisation; and where the people were in that happy state of ignorance which prevailed over most parts of Europe some two hundred years ago: where agriculture caused twice the labour and gave half the returns which it afforded to the more enlightened; and where no one had ever yet attempted to penetrate the crust of barbarism which generally prevailed. Ernest had been educated at a town-school, and when a young man completed his education at a provincial college. Though acquiring all the general knowledge which was conveyed by the professors, he devoted himself particularly to chemistry as applied to agriculture, and to the formation of new aratorial instruments. He returned home at twenty-one full of magnificent projects. He would effect a revolution in the land; he would open a course of lectures; he would teach them the advantages of all the new instruments of draining, of manuring; and, above all, he would effect a complete alteration in the dwellings—close, dirty, unwholesome, and comfortless now. Admirable and praiseworthy notion was that of Ernest Delavigne. We shall see how he carried it out.

Ernest had, as he thought, a very plain way before him. He set up as a lecturer, with the honest design of instructing his less intelligent neighbours. Unfortunately, however, nobody went to his lectures; and all his solicitations met with a polite but peremptory rebuff. The people, in fact, liked their own way best, and would believe nothing to the contrary on mere hearsay. He was generally spoken of as a fool for his pretensions—the 'Fool of Laboudie.'

The manner in which Ernest was treated at length

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induced him to abandon all attempts at reformation, and he betook himself to Paris a somewhat wiser man. Experience had cooled his ardour for improving mankind. Arrived in Paris, he took up his lodging in the *quartier* Latin, and went to see M. Benoit, a notary in high repute with the old aristocracy, who confided to him the management of their pecuniary affairs with a confidence and security which spoke volumes for his honesty and honourable character. He received M. Ernest kindly, listened to what he had to say patiently, and then gave him advice. He approved of his selecting medicine as a profession, and promised, if it pleased him, to introduce him into good society, that the intervals of time between his studies might be well spent. Ernest accepted gladly, and at once began the study of his new profession. It suited his character, his feeling for suffering humanity, to be the healer of the sick; and the prospect of associating as a student with the upper classes of society was pleasant and agreeable. He went to public lectures; he read hard; and in the evenings he visited one or two *salons*, which were freely opened to him on the recommendation of M. Benoit.

He found this way of passing his time vastly agreeable. He liked the conversation of ladies; for they, as he abstained from politics, sympathised with his views, approved of his humanitarian principles, and proved always an attentive audience. One evening he was speaking of his old and favourite topic—the introduction of agricultural improvements into the country—when a young girl joined in the debate.

'Oh, monsieur,' she cried warmly, 'I am happy to meet with some one of my way of thinking. I lived in a country district which is very much behind the age, and having been some years in England, which enjoys such a vast superiority in this particular over any other part of the world, I am deeply anxious to see the example of our neighbours followed.'

Ernest was delighted, and after a few minutes he addressed his whole conversation to Mlle Louise de Redonté. He found her to his astonishment learned in all farming details, though a year younger than himself; aware of more improvements in machinery than he had ever known of; and deeply conversant with all that was necessary to the comfort and well-being of both men and animals employed in agriculture. Before the end of the evening Ernest was in love. A French novelist would tell us that he had met his destiny. At all events, he considered himself fortunate to have fallen in with so charming a person, who joined to great beauty and accomplishment a taste for his favourite subjects of thought and talk.

Ernest and Louise met continually, and each day they renewed their intimacy. They talked together, they danced together, and before the end of three months the young man scarcely missed an evening at the house of Mme de Lastange, where she resided when in town. People at last began to insinuate to the old lady, that the friendship of the young people was rather warmer than should properly exist between a student in medicine and a rich heiress. A few days after this Ernest missed Mlle Louise de Redonté from the evenings of Mme de Lastange, who, without the least change in her manner towards him, informed him that she was gone to the country to her uncle, where indeed she spent the greater part of the year. She was a kind-hearted woman, and by this separation simply wished to spare both the pain which she thought must ensue if their affections became engaged. Ernest felt very dull: the charm of the soirées was gone. He did not cease to go, however, because it was probable that he might again see her there, but his visits became less frequent, and thus the season ended.

During the long summer months that ensued Ernest continued the study of his profession. He wrote to his mother that he should not come that year to the country, because his disgust at his neighbours was so great he could not bear to meet with them. Besides, he wished to continue his studies, which would suffer by interruption. But he did not now devote himself to his books with half the same zest with which he had begun. His thoughts were far away in that country region, wherever it was, where Louise resided, and he thought the summer never would end. To distract his attention he varied his reading, added novels, poetry, and history to his scientific books; and thus with many a yawn, and many a longing, and many a weary hour, the time passed, and when the salon of Mme de Lastange again opened, Ernest presented himself the very first evening.

Louise de Redonté was there, more lovely than ever; and she welcomed the young man, as he eagerly advanced to greet her, with a smile which filled him with rapture. Mme de Lastange looked on in some alarm. Louise was in mourning: she had lost her uncle nearly six months, and she was rich in the extreme. She was surrounded at once by a perfect host of suitors, but she gave encouragement to none. Ernest still continued her favourite companion, to the great annoyance of the mass of young men about town, who would have been delighted to have given her their name, and to have spent her hundred thousand francs of annual income. Still no one looked upon the intimacy of Louise and Ernest as anything likely to end seriously. The crowds of suitors who filled the salons of Mme de Lastange supposed that the young lady was a clever person, and shewed a preference for the conversation of the medical student—an individual she could not marry—simply that she might look round unobserved and unsuspected, and choose for herself.

'My dear Louise,' said her friend one day to her, 'how much longer do you mean to keep the men in suspense? There are more than a dozen dying for love'——

'Of my château and cash,' replied Louise laughing; 'but I am quite sure I shall see them all as rosy as ever next season.'

'Do you not, then, mean to select your future husband before you again bury yourself in your gloomy castle?' said Mme de Lastange in an alarmed tone.

'My dear madame, I am rich, I am young, I have time and independence. I shall not choose a husband until I have found a lover whose affection is real, and whom I myself can like.'

Mme de Lastange mentioned several of her suitors with high praise, but Louise shook her head, and found fault with all.

'I have no patience with you,' cried the good lady. 'You encourage that young student so much, that you have no time to judge the merits of others. I have a great mind to close my door against him.'

'My dear De Lastange,' replied Louise gravely, 'if you cease to receive my *protégé*, you will make my evenings very dull. I shall run to the country a month sooner.'

Mme de Lastange sighed, and turned away, but she studiously avoided letting Ernest notice her annoyance; still, when the friends were together, she looked annoyed, and almost began to agree with those who supposed Louise to have some secret object in encouraging the medical student.

'Where do you intend settling on the completion of your studies?' said Louise one evening.

'In Paris, or some other large town,' replied Ernest.

'In town! I thought you preferred country life,' continued she, as if somewhat disappointed.

'I did once, but I have changed my mind. I originally intended devoting myself to agriculture; but now I have a profession, I prefer living in cities.'

'But why?'

'In the first place, to live in the country I should require a wife; but I despair of finding one suited to me,' replied Ernest unaffectedly.

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'But what kind of a wife would you like?' asked Louise, looking at him curiously.

'May I tell you?' said he timidly, looking up at her like a child looking at his mother when asking a favour. Of course he was allowed to speak his mind; and, need we add, there was in almost no time a thorough mutual understanding. Mademoiselle was a Frenchwoman, and, as such, was not burdened with diffidence.

Next evening it was generally known that Ernest Delavigne and Louise de Redonté were affianced, to the great consternation of all fortune-hunters, and the great joy of all those who sympathised with truthful, feeling, and sincere affection. But the salons of Mme de Lastange were no longer crowded: the host of interested suitors vanished.

'Do you know,' said Louise one evening as they were talking of the future, 'that I mean to make a regular patriarch of you? I have determined to introduce among all my farmers and their neighbours the latest improvements, and to give them the benefit of all the agricultural discoveries of England and France.'

'It is useless making such attempts,' replied Ernest gravely; 'you will but lose your temper and your time.'

'Monsieur! Why you are as bad as the fool of Laboudie.'

'Hah!' said Ernest, turning very pale.

'Why,' continued the merry girl, without noticing his uneasiness, 'you must know that my castle is close to Laboudie. My uncle was the Count de Plouvieres.'

'Oh!' replied Ernest.

'Well, there came from a neighbouring town, some two years back, a young man belonging to our place, who had studied agriculture, and who desired, it appears, to reform the neighbourhood. Instead of introducing the change himself, however, he tried to persuade others to do so; told the ignorant farmers of what they might do, but did not attempt to demonstrate his theories. People naturally enough laughed at his lectures—his disquisitions especially; as I am told he had land himself, and never thought of trying the sensible experiment of shewing his neighbours by practice the advantages he believed, but did not know to exist. Such well-meaning men are worse than useless: they stand more in the way of real progress than the most obstinate devotee of antiquity; they are mere sentimental, and not practical reformers. But why so gloomy, Ernest? Surely I have not offended you? I see you are a little unwell. Good-night. Go home to bed, and tell your old *concierge* to make you some *tisane*. It will soon be my office to take care of monsieur when he thinks proper to be ill.'

Ernest took her proffered hand, shook it even more heartily than usual, and went away. It was early; just before midnight, and as the other guests were about to depart, the *bonne* of Mme de Lastange gave a letter to Louise, who alone, in a little boudoir where she had retired, since none but card-players remained, at once opened and read it.

'I write not in anger but with deep sorrow. I love you too much to expose you to a life of misery. You have expressed too much contempt for persons of my character not to be very unhappy when you know me better. You will doubtless find, however, one worthy of you. I shall seek, after that severe but just lesson which I have now received, to win your esteem now that your love is impossible. Remember me kindly, if it be only because I have sufficient sense left to save you in time from everlasting unhappiness. This night, at eleven, I start for home.'

'What have I done?' cried Louise. 'Poor Ernest! how generous, how noble, how good! Poor fellow! how those thoughtless, bitter words must have gone to his heart. I must stop him. But no: he is gone. Well, I must wait until to-morrow. What a night he will pass travelling! How cruel he must think me!' And away she hurried to bed, as if by so doing the morrow would sooner come.

Meanwhile Ernest, whose mind had been enlarged and elevated by more extended studies, went away on his road home, subdued, dejected, and yet not wholly cast down. He saw distinctly the truth of all that Louise had said; he perceived where his own errors lay, and determined to profit by the lesson. He arrived at home after a long journey, calm, serious, and full of strong conviction of his own former pride, which made his present humility all the more pleasing. His mother was delighted to see him; and when he declared his intention of devoting himself in future to the farm, she was doubly pleased. He took up his former quarters, and then, after a day's rest, started for a long walk to recruit his body, somewhat enervated by study and town life. He followed the high road which led to the Château de Plouvieres, along which were several small farms, and one or two very extensive ones. He walked along, his eyes fixed on the ground, in deep meditation, until he was suddenly aroused by a loud voice.

'Hollo there! Monsieur Ernest, I want to speak with you,' said the very old farmer whom he had first made an attempt upon nearly two years before.

'What is it?' replied young Delavigne, raising his head a little haughtily; 'what can you have to say to the Fool of Laboudie?'

'Sir!' cried the other, as they approached each other; 'I beg your pardon, and we all beg your pardon. But do you not see we did not understand your fine talk? and we could not believe what we didn't see. But then Mlle Louise, our guardian angel, had just finished her model-farm, and there she had all the improvements of which you told us. Well, when we saw that really there were better ways than we knew of, you see we agreed to try, and I've bought a new plough—here it is—and it's a little out of order, and it's just to ask your advice about mending it that I called you.'

'With pleasure,' said Ernest, who had listened to the other's words with deep interest. 'Oh, it's nothing: a couple of nails and a screw is all that's wanted.'

Half an hour later the defect was remedied, and the two were at breakfast together. The old man said that if Ernest would now open his lectures they would be well attended of an evening; and if confined to descriptions referring to things the farmers began to understand, would continue so. The young man replied that he would make himself acquainted with what had been done, and would deliver his first lecture on the following Sunday—the only day when a rural population in France could be collected together for such a purpose. Next day Ernest visited the model-farm of the Château de Plouvieres. He found a considerable tract of land under cultivation. The head was an Englishman, who had resided some years in Normandy, and his assistants were French. He had, moreover, fourteen pupils, sons of neighbouring farmers. Mr Wilson informed Ernest that it was only the powerful influence of the Count de Plouvieres, and the affection of the people for Louise his niece, which had enabled him to obtain their youth to bring up in improved notions. But now, he said, all went along easily. The farmers and their families felt and saw the great benefits which lay within their grasp, and, as their patrons gave them facilities for paying for all new instruments by instalments, few refused to avail themselves of the opportunity. On fête days and holidays the whole neighbourhood come to the model-farm, to amuse themselves by looking around; and a change, he said, was already perceptible. One house which had been burnt down close by had been rebuilt upon new principles with regard to comfort and cleanliness, and all were anxious to follow the example.

Ernest was more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the practical course adopted by the Count de Plouvieres and Louise de Redonté. He saw clearly that if

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we would induce men to believe in our precepts, we must practise them ourselves; and that one example is worth a hundred expositions. He went away filled with admiration at the nobility of character, the sound sense and wisdom, of the young reformer, and with his heart doubly imbued with love for the beautiful girl. He prepared his lecture in his mind during the whole three days which intervened, and when the hour came, entered the barn amid loud applause. The place was full. The whole neighbourhood, male and female, was there, with Mr Wilson, his assistants, and pupils. Everybody understood now that the object of Ernest Delavigne had been good; and all blamed themselves for not comprehending him, though in reality the fault was with him, who had not understood the right way to proceed.

He began. In eloquent words, with deep and strong feeling, he drew a picture of Laboudie before and after the return of Louise from England: he compared in a humorous way the different line pursued by the young lady and the Fool of Laboudie (*great laughter and applause*): he acknowledged her means to be greater, but also allowed that he might have made his own land the model-farm by industriously devoting himself to the very course of improvement which he recommended: he called down the blessings of Heaven on the lovely patroness of the locality, hardly able to restrain tears as he spoke, and then opened with his subject. He used simple and plain language: he spoke of things which all began to understand, and was listened to with deep interest and respectful attention. When he sat down the barn almost seemed about to fall, so violently did they shake it with their bravos and clapping of hands. But it was late, and most had a long way to go; so the assemblage dispersed, after receiving gratefully the promise of a continuation that day-week.

But one person lingered behind, and stood within the barn when all had left it save Ernest and his mother. They had reached the door before they made the discovery.

'Mlle la Comtesse,' said Mme Delavigne respectfully.

'Ernest!' replied she, holding out her hand.

'Louise!' exclaimed he, for he saw in the smile which accompanied the offer of her hand that she was unchanged.

'And so monsieur runs away, and I must run after him!' said Louise, taking his arm. 'What think you, madame,' she continued: 'your son a month ago asked me to marry him; I consented, and a week ago he ran away, declaring he would not have me. Am I not very good to come and fetch him?'

'Louise! Louise!' replied Ernest passionately; 'I did not think you could marry the Fool of Laboudie.'

'My dear friend, my speech of the other evening only shews how wrong people are to judge from appearances. I had only heard a description of you under that name from an old servant, whose gossips I have been sufficiently punished for retailing.'

'But, my son,' cried the amazed mother, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

'My dear madame, that we are to be married, according to previous agreement, to-morrow three weeks,' said Louise, taking her hand; 'and that my husband is about to complete the work which I have so imperfectly begun.'

The whole affair was the most off-hand thing imaginable. The marriage of these two clever people—each clever in a particular way, the very difference of character being useful—created little surprise. Previous to the old revolution, M. de Lavigne—a name Ernest resumed, now he held a social position which ceased to make the aristocratic *de* assuming—had held nearly as high a position as the Count de Plouvieres. But he had not emigrated—preferring to fall into the position of a farmer to a wandering exile in a foreign land. At the restoration his property, sold during two years he passed in prison as a *suspect*, remained in the hands of the ward purchaser. But he had still a respectable estate, if he farmed it himself, and he continued to do so; and Monsieur Delavigne, despite its plebeian look, was quite as happy as he had been when M. de Lavigne. But his son, for the sake of his wife and her relatives, resumed the name of his right, to which he modestly avoided allusion until a few days before their marriage.

And now it was difficult to say which was the hand and which was the heart. Ernest had learned that mere personal sympathy with the ignorance or misery of our fellow-creatures is of little use, if we do not raise our hands and arms to do something; and that the true friends of humanity are those who do their utmost to diffuse knowledge, to widen the circle of man's utility, and who by example and practice lead the march of civilisation. Every man may thus do his part in the great work of human progress. All that is wanted is the will to be useful. Ernest and Louise de Lavigne were a blessing to the whole country round. Smiling meadows, neat houses, productive fields, healthy peasantry, the absence of any glaring cases of poverty, considerable elevation of mind, above that which is the ordinary lot of the agricultural labourers, are the practical results of this happy disposition of mind, which makes the richest propriétaire of Laboudie consider all around him as his children, to whom he owes a fair share of his time and thoughts. They are intensely beloved, and there are many yet unborn who will yet live to bless the pleasing union in Ernest and Louise of the hand and the heart.

MODERN ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

There is a little island called Taboga near the eastern shore of the Pacific which realises the poetical fable of the garden of the Hesperides. It is an earthly paradise; and its inhabitants are as happy, and almost as innocent—at least to external appearance—as the first pair. But the fruit of the tree of knowledge is now ripe for the gathering; the old Serpent already raises his crest; and in a year or two more this Eden of the modern world will be turned into a highway of trade, and its village capital metamorphosed into a dirty, drunken, dishonest, unsavoury sea-port town. This is its fate, brought on by no corruption among the people, and no thirst of gain; for, in fact, being happy as they are, they would not take the trouble to be rich if they could help it. But Taboga lies in the path of that inundation of commerce which is about to sweep from one ocean to the other; its geographical position has sealed its destiny; and as soon as the Panama railway is in operation the produce of the eastern and southern world will cross in its rising harbours the manufactures of the west. It is worth while, then, to describe Taboga and its denizens as they exist in the present remarkable year—to delineate the paradise just before it is lost; and we are fortunately favoured with sufficient materials for the purpose in a file of the 'Literary World,' an intelligent journal published in New York.

Let us say, however, at the outset, that the revolution is not to take place with the suddenness of a change in a pantomime, for already some note of preparation has been sounded; already some huge black vessels have floated, panting and snorting and smoking into the quiet harbour; and already some wild and greedy eyes have stared at the gentle people through their orange-groves. These are the pilgrims of California, going or returning; adventurers from the ends of the earth in search of gold, and with few more appliances at first than a pick-axe, a shovel, a sieve, a gin-bottle, and a bowie-knife. Only think of the prospect which meets these unquiet spirits as they sail into the bay, and glide into that enchanted lake which lies at the opening of a green valley between two lofty

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hills! There is no village in the ordinary sense of the word; but here and there, at the caprice of the owner, a little hut of cane, thatched with palm-leaves—in all perhaps amounting to a hundred. These, kept together, as it were, by a little white-walled church, peep through the cocoa-nut trees below, or perch upon the rocks that rise upon the beach, or overhang the bay, or cluster at the margin of the water, where the tide when at full murmurs at their door. This beach is the landing-place for the vessels in the harbour; and the heavy ship's boat, mounted on an advancing wave, plunges proudly, high and dry, upon the shore; while the native canoe, aided only by a careless turn of the paddle, leaps like a fish completely out of the water.

In the evening the natives are seen in the greatest numbers upon the beach, whither they come to lie in little groups, and breathe the cool breeze through their Tabogan cigars; while the women lounge around them, cooling their bare feet upon the moist sands; and the naked children amuse themselves with pursuing the receding wave into the sea, and flying with sportive shrieks before its return. These people are of various origin—some Spanish, some African, some Indian; but although the normal features remain, the character of all is alike—genuine Tabogan. The climate of the island subdues everything to itself. The warm, moist atmosphere rounds all corners of temper, and the repose of the still bay sinks into the most unquiet soul. All circumstances conduce to this dream-like quiet. No need of work, no competition, no strife, no anxiety for the future: not one of those causes which in other countries wrinkle the brow and imbitter the heart exists in this enchanted island. Exhaustless nature provides the daily meal: in a climate of perpetual summer, to build even a bamboo-hut seems a work of supererogation; and but for fashion's sake, where would be the need of clothing when there is no such thing as cold to counteract? Still, the men do build huts that look like toys, cultivate round them patches of maize and yams, and scooping out trunks of trees, glide into the sea to add fish to their banquet of fruit. Another dainty comes uncalled: not exactly like the fowls that in a paradise situated elsewhere run about ready roasted, and with a knife and fork commodiously stuck in them, crying 'Come, eat me!'—but the land-crabs of Taboga come down from the hills at a certain season of the year, and do all but walk into the *pot-au-feu*. The name of these creatures, which form a delicious and wholesome viand, is Legion. The whole island seems to stir with them. A sound, as if of the pattering of raindrops, fills the atmosphere; and on comes the living inundation to meet the tide of the Pacific on the sands, where myriads of eggs are deposited, and form collections for a new inundation next season. The iguana, an immense lizard, provides another treat, furnishing both sport and luxurious eating, for it is hunted in the woods with dogs.

And the people feast and fatten. They have nothing to do but to enjoy the pleasure of doing nothing.

> 'What a strange drowsiness possesses thee!
> It is the quality of the climate. . . . .
> This is a strange repose, to be asleep
> With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, running,
> And yet so fast asleep!'

They are indolent—not lazy; for when they choose they can work, and in working employ great strength. But why trouble themselves with labour? Their drowsiness is graceful and luxurious. They seem to be enjoying the soft perfumed atmosphere, and listening to

> 'Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.'

The forms of the women are beautifully developed, their movements unrestrained, their looks soft and tranquil, and their eyes large, full, and slumbering. They are gaily dressed—as gaily as the enamelled frogs and lizards of the island, whose colours of green, red, and yellow, glisten in the sun. They owe their finery to the gallantry of the men, who carry boat-loads of the fruit that rots around them to Panama, where they obtain in exchange the gaudiest produce of the looms of Manchester, and bright-coloured Chinese kerchiefs. But the women rarely flaunt their finery abroad. When they have nothing to do, which is almost all day, they swing in their hammocks, and at other times pound the maize for dinner, or plait palm-leaf baskets. The following is a portrait of one of them, to which it is impossible for the imagination to add another trait:—'The beauty of the village is Dolores, one of the full-formed beauties, ripened in the shade and repose of the island. Swinging all day in her hammock, and moving only in the early morning or cool evening, to take her bath in the Taboga stream, and living upon the nutritious maize and rice, and luscious fruit, she has become as white and smooth-skinned, and rounded and plump, as one of the Circassian women in the Turkish sultan's seraglio. Her features have a dreamy, listless expression, though the fulness of her Spanish and voluptuous mouth, and the bright sparkle of her black eyes, save them from dulness and want of interest. Her hair is a jet black, and flows in thick profusion over her rounded shoulders, which her low drapery exposes in all their glistening whiteness and full development. Her hands and feet are small and white, like those of most Spanish women, who take heed that no labour or exposure shall spoil their beauty, of which they are so proud. All fall in love with Dolores, but she is a sad coquette, and the world is warned accordingly.'

It is nonsense to warn the world. The world cannot help loving Dolores; and as for her coquetry, it is a necessary part of her charms. It is the excitement which keeps life alive at Taboga, which preserves the sweets of the island from palling on the taste, and gives its slumber the chastened energy of a dream. Here even the lower animals are sleek and slow. The pelicans standing upon the rocks, with full paunches, look tenderly down into the sea, like an alderman contemplating a tureen of turtle-soup, of which he cannot possibly eat another mouthful till by and by. The fish that furnish their meal are themselves as fat. There is not a venomous insect or reptile in the whole island; or if any of them have poison, they are too well-fed and lazily good-humoured to use it. The only noisy talkers within the enchanted precincts are the many-coloured macaw, which drowns the small still voice of the dove in the woods, and the cricket, whose shrill cry comes upon the ear like the distant whistle of a steam-engine. Among the flowers which perfume the whole atmosphere, the *santo espiritu* is distinguished for its beauty and for the religious sentiment which sanctifies it; its petals being in the form of a dove, and receiving homage almost amounting to worship from the simple inhabitants as a symbol of the Holy Ghost. It is necessary, likewise, to mention in a special manner the *juvencilla*, the soap of the island, which requires no process of manufacture beyond steeping the leaves of the plant in water, and so producing a sweet, soft, creamy lather. This is largely used by the women in their baths, and they ascribe to it their smooth skins and rich redundant hair. We have some hesitation in making this public; for the result of course will be that tons of juvencilla—a capital quack name—of English production will immediately make their appearance in the market. But no matter. The very notion of their possessing the Tabogan talisman of beauty will go far towards keeping our women in good-humour; and good-humour, as everybody knows, is the most magical of all cosmetics.

But the reader who has a feeling of art may tell us that our picture wants relief; that Dolores herself is but the highest beauty, the highest indolence, the highest coquetry of the island; and that the whole

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piece has the level of the undulating sea. The criticism is premature, for Taboga has one landmark, one unmistakable character rising jagged and abrupt amid its tranquil population. How this comes about in the case of the individual referred to, it would puzzle philosophy to tell. The other inhabitants, no matter whence their origin, whether coming from east, west, north, or south, could offer no resistance to the spirit of the place. Down they sank at once in that soft, moist, perfumed atmosphere which washed away for ever their identity. But Donna Juana, the doctress, was an exception from the first, and is an exception at this moment. How she came to the island even the oldest inhabitant cannot tell. She was there, she is there—that is all the people know. Tall, gaunt, lean, rawboned, wrinkled, terrible in eye, shrill in voice, wrathful in temper, and with a head of fiery hair, Donna Juana laughs to scorn the influences of the place. There is in the village a Moorish pirate of the Mediterranean, whose wild fancies have subsided into dreamy aspirations, vacillating between Dolores and an iguana steak; but Donna Juana sits upon her bull, the only steed in the place, as upright as a lance, and casts a half-angry, half-disdainful glance upon the world beneath her. The bull is led by her husband, one of the gentle natives, and both these animals are fat, both obedient, both scared in their looks. Donna Juana—the name means gracious, loving!—is a Scotchwoman, and was probably known in her own country by the more familiar name of Jean. She is both dreaded and admired by the bull, the husband, and the islanders in general, and her skill in physic is considered to be the next thing to supernatural. Not an angle of her figure has been rounded, not an accent of her speech softened. She loves dirt as enthusiastically as if she had never emerged from her native wynd; and crouching in her low hut, the dirtiest in the village, surrounded by dirty bottles and dirty papers, filled with dirty drugs, she looks like a sorceress. It will be seen that in point of art she is a necessity of this pleasant land of drowsyhead and dreams.

Taboga may be reckoned the port of Panama, which has no safe anchorage, and cannot be approached within three miles by large vessels. In the former place there is a large, deep, natural harbour, with excellent anchorage, an abundant supply of pure water, and a natural dry dock. This last is a cove between two banks of rock, into which the largest ship may be hauled at full tide till her bowsprit invades the orange-trees at the further end. Here she is left high and dry by the receding water on a smooth hard beach of sand, where repairs can be made as readily as if she lay in a ship-yard. With such advantages it is needless to say that the fate of Taboga will be settled as soon as the railway between the two oceans comes into play, and that the paradise we have felt so happy in describing will be a paradise lost.

A LITTLE TOO LATE.

THERE is a class of persons who appear to be born or brought up under the sad fatality of being always a little too late. This seems to be the rule of their life, for it takes place with surprising regularity. It would almost appear that the clock by which they regulated their actions could not be made to keep pace with the common time-piece, and they were fated to abide by its tardy movement. They are not found to be occasionally late, but are invariably so many minutes behind the proper hour. After careful examination, we have discovered that the space of ten minutes is the common degree of difference between this order of men and the rest of mankind. Among them are some of the most diligent, laborious, and calculating of our species, yet they are ten minutes too late for every occupation.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who is subject to this mental affection, if so it may be termed, is one of the most shrewd and active persons of the neighbourhood; but nobody who knows him expects him to be in time for any engagement at home or abroad. Ten minutes are always allowed for his appearance. His friends have often rallied him on the subject, and he takes their banters with the utmost good-humour, knowing himself to be in fault, although this consciousness does nothing towards curing him of the malady. He has sometimes suffered great inconvenience in his transactions with strangers, and even sustained pecuniary loss through his tardiness; but he seems to have no moral power to step over the little chasm by which he is separated from the marching-hour of the world. He was advised by an acquaintance to rise a little earlier than usual one fine summer morning, that he might overtake Father Time, and keep beside him all the day. With considerable effort he did rise at half-past seven instead of twenty minutes to eight, but he was not at his business till ten minutes past nine. His friend did not understand the nature of the disease, but thought it originated from sloth: no such thing—he is a most industrious man. We found, however, upon very careful investigation, that there is a tincture of carelessness about his habits; yet only a tincture. In all he does one small flaw may be detected by a minute observer. He forgets to say something, though it is a mere trifle; he omits one of his engagements, but one of no importance; he narrates an incident very nicely, but leaves out one of the circumstances. He dresses in a neat style, but probably goes out without a handkerchief (it is in the pocket of his other coat), or there is a hole in one of his gloves which he has neglected to have repaired; and he sometimes comes home having done *all* his business, but without his umbrella or walking-stick.

We hoped that the punctuality of railways might possibly cure our neighbour, as he frequently had occasion to travel on a particular road. He used seldom to take a place in the stage-coach lest he might be too late, but trusted to there being a vacant seat inside or outside, with which he was content. But when the business was important, and he had previously secured a place in the vehicle, the guard knew his habits, and for the expected douceur compromised the hour of starting by finding some cause for five minutes' delay; and if this did not suffice, the coachman drove warily through the streets till the passenger overtook them in a 'Hansom's patent' at full gallop. But the 'Fair-trader' was knocked up by the railway. Many were the warnings he now received that the steam-trains, like time and tide, wait for no man, and he buckled up his courage for the next occasion. Being advised that he should be at London Bridge ten minutes before the time of starting, he made a desperate effort to be punctual. He rose before half-past seven, but was not ready for breakfast till five minutes past eight. He lost the other five minutes in opening his portmanteau to put in a small article which he had forgotten. Still, he was ready to enter the cab at ten minutes to nine, and it was not a full mile to the station. He congratulated himself upon the ease with which the distance would be cleared, and already began to bless the railway for curing him of his inveterate lateness. Mr Cab drove lustily, and reached the north end of London Bridge at precisely five minutes to nine. Two or three minutes were amply sufficient to land him in the booking-office. He had never been so early in his life, for he would have two minutes to spare. But, alas! some coal-wagons blocked up the way, and caused a stoppage on the bridge; and when the cab-man had extricated his vehicle and dashed furiously into the station, our friend heard the guard's whistle while paying for his ticket. He was told to run; and as he gained the platform, he saw the train move off majestically before him, like a ship in full sail. 'Stop,

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stop!' The coach had often stopped for him; but steam-engines have no ears, and the engineer is deaf to every sound but that of the whistle. So he had to wait two hours for another train. When he reached his destination, his friends who were to wait at the station with a carriage had gone home, not expecting him to come that day; so he hired a coach and drove to their residence, entering the parlour just as the servant was clearing away the dinner things. Though much mortified, he laid the whole blame of his disaster upon the thoughtless wagoners who obstructed the bridge; and next time, instead of being ten minutes earlier in starting, he went round by a different way. We have consulted several physicians, physiologists, and natural philosophers on this subject, asking them to explain the phenomena of this habitual lateness; but we cannot learn the cause of the complaint, nor obtain a remedy for our very worthy friend; so that we fear he must continue to the end of his life 'a little too late.'

THREE TRIPS IN THE AIR.

In the month of June last, three gentlemen went up in a balloon from the Hippodrome at Paris, and having made a voyage of three stages in a north-easterly direction, one of the trio, M. Ivan Matzneff, published an account of their observations and adventures in the pages of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which possesses sufficient interest to entitle it to reappear in a brief summary. He tells us that he had long cherished a desire for a trip in the atmosphere, against which 'the importance and the charm of the ties that attached him to this lower world struggled in vain;' and at length an irresistible proposal having been made to him—to quote his own words—'on Tuesday, June 5, at seventeen minutes past five in the evening, having provided myself with all the instruments necessary to give some degree of scientific interest to my observations, I mounted the car of the *Eagle* balloon, about to ascend under the management of M. Godard. My companions were Mme the Countess de S——s, the Count Alexis de Pomereu, and one of his friends.'

The air was calm and the sky pure, the party in high spirits, and without the least thought of danger. 'Not one of us,' says M. Matzneff, 'felt any acceleration in the beating of his heart;' and for a long time they enjoyed the panoramic view of the great city beneath, which inspired the sentiment: 'Viewing human things from such a height, one feels that life is more insignificant and nature greater; the instinct of preservation recalling to the earth, but still more powerful the attraction towards the sky.' These contemplations were interrupted by the lady, who, in sportive humour, amused herself by causing the car to 'oscillate capriciously' with sudden shocks, and 'at times leaning over the edge, defying the abyss, and seriously compromising our equilibrium. At last, yielding to the respectful injunctions of the party, she consented to relinquish her experiments.' After this they dined 'as comfortably as in one of the saloons of the Frères-Provençaux,' and drank healths, and talked of the possibility of directing balloons until it was time to descend. As they approached the earth, the guide-rope, 150 metres long, was lowered, and 'seized by some labourers, who drew us without a shock to the middle of their field near the village of Bussy-le-Long,' distant about sixty-six miles from Paris—the voyage having occupied three hours and a half.

The peasants next towed the balloon to Soissons, a league from Bussy, where they arrived at half-past eleven. The soldiers on guard at the gate were not a little surprised by a request for accommodation for the balloon, which, however, was granted by the commandant. 'I ran back,' says M. Matzneff, 'to my companions, who had remained in the car. I seized the cord which hung in front of our machine, and the captive balloon entered triumphantly into Soissons over the fortifications. The population slept; but the noise we made in hooking some of the chimneys must have astonished the good Soissonnais, little accustomed to such visits. The balloon, once secured in the Place d'Armes, and placed in charge of M. Godard, junior, the damage to the chimneys paid for at small cost, we took up our quarters in a hotel, gladly enjoying the solidity of the earth and the liberty of our movements.'

M. Godard had determined on making another ascent, but with diminished numbers, so as to give full play to the elevating power of the balloon; and while one-half of the travellers were devising means to return to Paris, the others prepared for a night ascent, which, as M. Matzneff writes, 'was not devoid of a certain solemnity. We could not dissemble its danger. It will be understood, in fact, that in a long journey all the rigging of a frail machine, in which the weight and the substance have to be strictly economised, undergoes a notable deterioration, and requires to be carefully readjusted and strengthened before fresh service. At the same time the gas, having become rarer and diminished in volume, escapes insensibly by the distended seams and through the silk, on which the varnish is more or less damaged..... Nevertheless, seduced by the sole idea of accomplishing something yet unattempted, and reassured by the composure and good-humour of the two aëronauts, I shook hands with my companions, laid in some provisions, and gaily bestrode the clouds at seven minutes past three to go to meet the sun.

'The panorama was magnificent towards the south; the north, on the contrary, was covered with haze. At times there came an insupportable heat; at others a cold from which I could scarcely defend myself under my furs, while the sun scorched our faces. In the same way, when among the ice you approach a fire the cold and the heat make themselves felt simultaneously in all their intensity. The thermometer, which at our departure stood at ten degrees (centigrade) above zero, fell to one degree below, then went up again to six degrees above, although we were continually ascending. The aneroid ceased to operate at forty minutes past three. I then examined my compass, and found it completely motionless; believing it to be broken, I handed it to M. Godard, who, however, was surprised to find it uninjured. The cause of the inaction of this instrument will probably be explained by science. I offer no conjecture, and state only, that arrived at the apogee of our second ascent—namely, 3760 metres—our two compasses were insensible; and that, on our return to the earth, they had recovered their action, without its having occurred to us to determine at what height their movement ceased.'

Although at a hundred leagues' distance, the chain of the Alps was distinctly visible, their peaks gleaming in the sunlight. M. Matzneff says that the configuration of these mountains is familiar to him, and that he clearly recognised the form of Mont Blanc—a remarkable proof of the extraordinary remoteness at which objects can be seen from a great height.

Suddenly a number of rapid detonations were heard, followed by a copious discharge of gas in the form of gray vapour from the lower part of the balloon, threatening a double danger. 'Seated,' says the author, 'in a corner of the car, I watched all M. Godard's movements, and scrutinised in anxious silence his look fixed on the valve; and reading there nothing reassuring, I comprehended that we had to contend with an unknown enemy, revealed to us by the discharge of gas, which threatened to suffocate us. The aëronaut, notwithstanding his courage and experience, hesitated alike on the nature of the peril and on the means of combating it: I then considered myself as lost..... At length M. Godard, overcoming his hesi-

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tation, pulled the cord of the valve hastily: immediately the gas ceased to envelop us—we were saved. . . .

'The anxieties I had undergone were forgotten as soon as I saw the interior of the balloon again become transparent. The sun rose higher, the heat gradually increased, the gas dilated, and under this natural action the balloon ascended. The thermometer marked seven degrees above zero, and then fell to the same temperature as at our departure from Soissons two and a half hours before. At length, at thirty-seven minutes after five the balloon ceased to mount, remained stationary a few moments, and began to descend of itself. We traversed a cloud; it was an odd sensation, known by those who have climbed high mountains. We were wet to the skin, although there was no rain.'

The balloon descended in a wheat-field at a quarter past six, near to the village of Cliron, and about two leagues from Méziéres, and eighty-six miles from Soissons. M. Godard, desirous of gratifying the inhabitants of Méziéres with a sight of the balloon, engaged a party of labourers to tow it to the town—a task of much difficulty, as the road, bordered by trees, was scarcely wide enough to admit the passage of the huge machine. It had been determined to empty the balloon and return to Paris, but on inquiry it was found that the nearest railway station was at Epernay, thirty leagues off; and the prospect of so tedious a journey led M. Godard to propose continuing the balloon voyage into Belgium, where they might more readily find prompt means of return to Paris.

No sooner said than done. Here M. Matzneff continues: 'Although the weather was beautiful, the intensity of the wind would necessarily increase with the elevation of the sun above the horizon, and M. Godard apprehended that we should have considerable difficulty in effecting our third descent; but we were still under the empire of enthusiasm. We started, after receiving a memorandum from the mayor of Cliron, certifying our visit to his commune and the hour of our departure: it was then ten minutes past eight. We rose very rapidly; the thermometer shewed seventeen degrees above zero. We again saw the Alps, less brilliant than at the rising of the sun. All at once a curtain of clouds hid the earth, and we travelled at a venture, not knowing whither the wind was carrying us. In fact, in spite of the assurances we had received from M. le Maire, whose atmospheric appreciations were somewhat defective, we were sailing direct for Prussia. While we looked down from our winged observatory on the clouds moving with the same rapidity as ourselves, we had a very curious effect of mirage. Between the azure and the clouds we saw a balloon which followed us: it had the same form and proportions as our own, of which it was the vivid and airy reflection. A blast of wind, dispersing the clouds, made the vision disappear, and bore us across the Belgian frontier.

'Our charmed sight embraced at the same time the three adjoining countries—Prussia, France, and Belgium. We gazed with avidity on a panorama without a frame, and our looks lingered on the picturesque spots which presented themselves as we passed. Along the rivers, upon the heights we remarked numerous towns, varying with their gray tints the continuous green of the landscape. Long lines, straight or broken, represent the roads and rivers, so multiplied in this rich and cultivated country. We could follow distinctly the course of the Meuse, and distinguish the city and bridge of Namur, but soon the perspective grew confused, presenting only vague lines and forms without precision. The Alps with toothed summits reappeared at our right; and at the same moment we saw the Vosges, which seemed to continue the icy mountain-chain. Still we rose. The progressive expansion of the gas produced by the diminution of atmospheric pressure and by its dilatation under the intensity of the solar rays, impelled us upwards. Far from being disquieted at this vertical flight, we aided it as much as possible by throwing out ballast.'

Again the alarming detonations of the earlier morning were heard, causing the same painful anxiety; it was found, however, that they were produced by the sudden swelling outwards of the sides of the balloon against the net after having been pressed inwards by flaws of wind. At this time—forty minutes past nine — the greatest elevation was reached — 6840 metres (20·800) — and the thermometer stood at three degrees below zero.

'M. Godard told me,' resumes the narrator, 'that in none of his ascents had he ever experienced anything similar to that which we then felt: he and his brother were seized with a painful sickness. Under the weight of this oppression we became, as it were, deaf, and this condition was rendered more sensible by the absolute silence which surrounded us. I was aware of my own deafness, as I could no longer hear my voice or that of my companions, while a loud buzzing in the ears inconvenienced me greatly. We wished again to consult the compass; but, as on the former occasion, it was inactive. We saw the plains of Belgium traced with lines of railway and highway that seemed confusedly interlaced. Over this point we remained stationary for half an hour: my pulse beat ninety-eight to the minute; our throats were dry, breathing difficult, and an excessive drowsiness weighed us down, and we were obliged frequently to stand up to avoid giving way to it. M. Godard, junior, wrapped himself up, and lying down at the bottom of the car, slept as tranquilly as if he had been in his bed. The elder wished to do the same, and to leave me in charge of the balloon, with instructions to wake him only when it should begin to descend. I energetically opposed this proof of confidence, feeling myself incapable of undertaking such a responsibility, and replacing even for a moment two men, one of whom was then performing his thirty-fourth, the other his eighty-fifth aërial voyage. We therefore mutually resolved to keep each other awake.

'Towards ten o'clock the balloon began to descend rapidly, and then stopped at a height of 1000 metres—about the level of the clouds.' By an escape of gas a farther descent was effected, and preparations were made for the final stage. 'For the first time we lost our presence of mind; we forgot the benches fitted to our car: relieved of their weight the balloon would have carried us farther, and to a favourable ground. We were forced, in spite of ourselves, to yield to the falling movement, which we checked as much as possible. M. Godard the younger began to slack away the grappling-iron; but instead of uncoiling gradually, it escaped, and fell suddenly to the extent of forty metres, giving us a terrible shock. The other cord of 150 metres, which suffices generally, by its friction against the asperities of the soil, to diminish the horizontal motion and neutralise the effect of the wind, was almost useless, for the peasants who came running after us, understanding neither French nor German, were afraid to seize the cord and drag us downwards. Sometimes we neared the earth, at others we rose again, the danger augmenting at each shock, which became more and more violent. My instruments fell out one after another: we approached a narrow gorge, and I foresaw the tearing of the balloon, and its downfall with ourselves on the points of the rocks beneath us.

"M. de Matzneff, descend if you will," said M. Godard with a troubled voice—we were at a height of about thirty metres—"make yourself fast in the same way as I, and let us slide down the cord, if you can count upon your strength."

'The labourers at last had laid hold of the rope, comprehending that we wished to stop the balloon. I executed step by step the instructions of my guide, and calling to mind all my notions of gymnastics, suc-

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ceeded in reaching the earth without accident. The rustics questioned us all at once in their Flemish idiom, and we tried to make them aware of the urgency of the service we required of them. The car in which M. Godard, junior, still remained was to be brought down: relieved of our weight, it was again ready for a spring; and the ascensional power of the *Eagle* was such that it lifted us from the earth. The burgomaster of the commune of Fosse and his deputy, who arrived at this moment, seized the cords of which the peasants had let go; but all our united efforts were insufficient to retain the balloon, which plunged onwards continually, dragging us after it, notwithstanding that the valve was open. To complete our misfortune, the bottom of the car partly gave way; the position of the young man became terrible; we saw him clinging to the cords, rudely tossed about, and with scarcely any support for his feet. A violent blast tore the balloon suddenly from our grasp, it followed the curve of the narrow pass in which we were entangled, and disappeared. M. Godard uttered a cry of despair: "My brother is lost!" he exclaimed, and ran blindly in pursuit. I endeavoured to follow, but lost his track in the middle of the ravine. Not knowing what direction to take, I stopped breathless at the door of a cabin, waiting with painful anxiety the result of this catastrophe. Fragments of our broken apparatus were brought to me every minute, but no news of my unlucky companions. At length, after an hour's delay, I learned from a pedler passing by that the aëronauts had gained possession of the balloon at about two miles' distance, and were engaged in emptying it. I ran in the direction indicated, and coming up soon with my friends, we exchanged congratulations on the termination of the adventure.'

The total distance travelled in six hours and a half of aërostation was 130 leagues, or 340 miles. From Basse Bodeux, where the balloon descended, the party made their way to Spa, whence they found means to return to Paris. M. Matzneff adds to his narrative a table of his observations on the temperature of the different strata of the atmosphere through which he passed in his several ascents. These were previously submitted to the scrutiny of M. Babinet, an eminent member of the Academy of Sciences, and compared with the readings of the instruments taken at the same time in the observatory at Paris. 'I advise you,' writes M. Babinet to the author, 'to publish all your observations, regardless of their concordance with received ideas. The circumstance of a voyage of repeated ascents with the same balloon, and without renewal of the gas, gives them a practical interest hitherto wanting.'

A SCOTTISH SHIELING.

A shieling, or shiel, is a small rude hut or cottage, constructed for the accommodation of shepherds during the summer months they reside among the mountains. It is built of turf or rough stones, and generally thatched with broom or straw. It has a door, and a small square opening closed by a board in place of a window. The interior displays the most brilliant ebony hue, and is painted by the hand of no common artist. A chimney and fireplace are luxuries unthought of; the fire is lighted on the floor, and an opening in the roof, at one end of the dwelling, is deemed quite sufficient for the egress of the smoke. If all is quiet without, it generally finds its way; but otherwise, it would be perhaps better to submit to the consequences of a heavy shower outside, than run the risk of having the eyes irritated, and the breathing embarrassed, by the smoke within. In such a place luxury in furniture is not to be looked for, the principal items usually being a heather-bed, a small wooden form, a turf-built sofa by the fire, termed a *sunk*, a little meal-girnel, an iron pot, a tin flagon, one or more wooden dishes called *caps*, and several horn-spoons. The food generally used by the shepherds is what in Scotland is known by the name of *brose*, which is made by pouring boiling water upon oatmeal, with a little salt, then gently stirring with a spoon, and qualifying with butter or milk, as either may be obtained. The fuel used for boiling the water is either peats or *birns*—the withered stems of heath—and the pot is suspended over the fire by a chain from an iron spike fixed in the wall. Cheese and bread are also partaken of, but chiefly during their long and fatiguing rambles round the mountain-*riggins*.—*Gardiner's Flora of Forfarshire.*

TO MY CANARY IN HIS CAGE.

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Bonnie little bird!
Sing, with patient soul and gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You have never heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.

Near the window wild birds fly,
Trees and flowers are round:
Fair things everywhere you spy
Through the glass-pane's mystery—
Your horizon's bound:
Nothing hinders your desire
But a little gilded wire.

Like a human soul you seem,
Shut in golden bars;
Placed amid earth's sunshine-stream,
Singing to the morning-beam,
Dreaming 'neath the stars:
Seeing all life's pleasures clear—
But they never can come near!

Never!—Sing, bird-poet mine,
As most poets do—
Guessing with an instinct fine
Of some happiness divine
Which they never knew:
Lonely in a prison bright,
Hymning for the world's delight.

Yet, my birdie, you're content
In your tiny cage;
Not a carol thence is sent
But for happiness is meant—
Wisdom sweet and sage!
Teaching, the true poet's part
Is to sing with merry heart.

So, lie down thou peevish pen!
Eyes, smile off all tears;
And, my wee bird, sing again;
I'll translate your song to men
In these coming years:
'Howsoe'er thy lot's assigned,
Bear it with a cheerful mind.'

HINT ABOUT INKSTANDS.

A safe inkstand, and convenient establishment for writing in each room, in which it is constantly or frequently required, will be more effectual for preventing ink-stains than any receipt will be for getting them out. It is not the *natural*, quiet use of ink, but its *unnatural* locomotion which is generally fatal to floors, dresses, furniture, and carpets. Writing belongs to the stationary department, and no one can run about with its appurtenances without constant risk and occasional damage. These appurtenances are likewise so cheap and commodious now-a-days, and their use so frequent, since the penny-postage, that persons who profit by this great convenience should not begrudge some attention to its requisitions.—*Home Truths.*

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SHOW-PLACES.

In our 'working-day world' an important discovery has been made of late years—forced on perhaps by the very severity of our industrial application: it is, that the occasional holiday, spent in a rational manner, is an indispensable requisite for the preservation of a healthy tone of both body and mind. We have accordingly seen the increased facilities for locomotion for which our age is remarkable, taken advantage of to a great extent, for the means of making little day-excursions to such places as may be within reach, attractive from their natural beauty or any other cause. The show-place has thus risen greatly in importance in these times.

Now, show-places are of various kinds. Sometimes they are merely fine houses with pretty parks—sometimes a beautiful piece of lake-scenery—sometimes a quiet old hall or castle, of historic notability, but still occupied by a gentleman's family. In these cases, the liberty to wander about and see what is to be seen is all that can be desired; and where this has to be sought from a proprietor, and is readily granted, the public has only to conduct itself inoffensively and express its gratitude, and it leaves us no more to say. There are, however, some show-places of a more important character, as a royal palace like Windsor or Hampton Court, full of beautiful works of art, that are worthy of careful study, or of portraits that illustrate the pages of history—or a middle-age baronial castle, like Warwick or Raby, which in an hour will give us a far more vivid idea of how the men of those days lived, than we can get from any books whatever—or a museum full of objects of natural history, or of the implements, arms, and *bijouterie* of ancient times. In such cases the public requires to be guided from object to object, and instructed in the character and history of each, and in the bearing of the whole, in order that it may have any true enjoyment of what it sees, or come away benefited by the sight. It may be in many instances sadly ill-prepared for the information it receives; but this is nothing to the purpose. We are bound to presume that a vast proportion of our holiday excursionists are reading and reflecting people, who can appreciate the objects which they see, and understand what they hear related. It will at the very least be admitted that any exposition which is afforded to the public respecting the places in question ought to be correct so far as it goes, and not calculated to confuse or mislead.

But what is the fact? We fear it stands simply thus: that the show-places of the very highest interest, and even those which may be described as of national importance, are, with scarcely an exception, under the care of mere domestics. If we go to Windsor, we are received by some of the Queen's servants—very civil persons, it must be admitted, but yet not at all the guides we would desire through the ancient halls of the Edwards, the Henries, and the Charleses. There is enough *upon* the walls to excite a deep interest in any man even acquainted to the most moderate extent with the history of England. How disappointing to have it expounded by one who, although certainly a servant of a high class, and perhaps well selected for the purpose, considering the class to which she belongs, still is by education a servant, and nothing more! If we go to see the apartments of Queen Mary at Holyrood—a curiosity quite unique, and invested with historic associations of the deepest interest—we are taken in charge by a lady-like person of the character of a housekeeper, who, having received no right instruction as to the facts connected with the place, tells us a number of tales which are only fit for the nursery, and a mockery of the intelligence of the age. So far from being a guidance or a help, this old lady only mars our enjoyment of those mouldering halls. With such knowledge as we may have got from Robertson or Tytler, we could easily make out the whole story for ourselves, even to the bloody spot where Riccio lay pierced with his fifty-six wounds for the whole of a March night—it would be a high treat merely to walk quietly through the rooms, and think over the sad history which they saw enacted. But no; we have to see a set of fictitious portraits, and examine the first fire-grate ever used in Scotland, and hear a Cromwellian trooper's breast-plate and jack-boots described as accoutrements of King Henry Darnley, to the complete discomfiture of all our meditations. A person of superior education would know that all these things were only grandam's tales, and spare us. Visitors are afterwards taken to other parts of the palace by females far less endurable than our good old friend above described. In short, the exhibition of this curious place, so full of romantic associations, is on a footing which we cannot help thinking discreditable to the conductors of public affairs. Shewn by a really intelligent person, the thousands of persons who see it every week in summer would go away not merely gratified, but instructed; whereas, under present arrangements, they must all of them retire dissatisfied, if not disgusted, and with their ideas of history, such as they are, perverted. It is, unfortunately, but a specimen of the show-places of the country generally.

While performing their function so unsatisfactorily, these exhibiters and exhibitresses often derive from the bounty of strangers a ridiculously large income.

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A few years ago the housekeeper at a certain nobleman's seat in the west of England, remarkable for the numberless articles of *virtù* contained in it, was understood to receive as much as would amply remunerate a couple of dignified clergymen and three or four curates. The gatherings at Abbotsford were believed about the same time to equal the average income of a professor in the Edinburgh university, or of the editor of a first-class provincial newspaper. Such facts need no comment.

The largeness of these incomes, however, proves that there is no want of a disposition on the part of the public to remunerate the attendants at show-places liberally. This is a fact worth keeping in view.

On the continent there is a very different class of *ciceroni* established in the principal places resorted to by strangers. One often finds there a well-educated and gentleman-like man, fully competent to describe in a clear and intelligent manner everything he has to shew. Such is the *custode* of the Château Rosenberg at Copenhagen, where the antiquities of the royal family are kept; such is he of the historical museum of Dresden; such he of the celebrated Green Vaults of the same city. What these gentlemen tell is exactly what would be found in a respectable historical catalogue. You feel from the precision as to persons and dates that it may be depended upon every word of it. It is also told in a well-bred manner, and with the unction of an amateur, so as greatly to enhance your interest in the objects. The great museums of Germany and Italy are all under the care of such enlightened persons; and these men perform their duties in person as far as possible. At a second-rate town in Northern Italy—that of Brescia—the stranger going to see the museum established there amidst the ruins of a fine Roman temple, which was discovered a few years since, experiences a most delightful surprise when he finds that the venerable but unpretending old man who conducts him through the curiosities is actually the respected antiquarian scholar who was the means of discovering and disinterring the temple. It is quite a novelty to an Englishman to find so much intelligence both in these stationary *ciceroni*, as they may be called, and in many of those who undertake to conduct him from place to place in the large cities. Though it is almost invidious to indicate particular persons where so many are meritorious, we cannot help stating that Mr Schmidt, who lately conducted us through Berlin and Potsdam, and a certain youth named Alessandro, who acted as our *valet-de-place* in Venice, displayed a higher and more accurate intelligence than is found even amongst literary men conversant with such subjects in this country. We mention these things as shewing that there is a high standard amongst men of this class on the continent.

It occurs to us, as a thing desirable in our day, when resorting to show-places has become a luxury, nay a necessary to so many, that we should endeavour to put them upon a footing somewhat on a par with that which they present on the continent. Considering the liberality of the public at show-places, we do not see that there can be any obstacle of the kind which hinders so many good works—namely, in respect of funds. Why should not a place of the consequence of Holyrood Palace be put under the custodiership of an intelligent person, who would describe its various storied galleries and bloodstained chambers with a correct reference to facts, and with the feeling of a gentleman? Such a function might be not unworthy of even literary men of some degree of repute. Were the usual continental plan followed, of a certain respectable fee for each group of persons not exceeding a certain moderate number (it is 6s. 9d. at the Château Rosenberg for twelve or any smaller number of persons), the delicacy of the gentleman exhibiter would be sufficiently preserved. To many men of letters who have failed by their pens to work out an independence for their old age such an office might be a succour much to be rejoiced in. We can imagine it a capital resource, in particular, for the whole of that large and respectable class of literary men who devote themselves to the investigation of local antiquities. Give one of this class a respectable subsistence from the performance of a public duty occupying him for three or four hours each forenoon, and he may be enabled to use the rest of his working-day in antiquarian investigation or in the treatment of historical subjects with his pen. Relieved from the primary cares of life, he would pursue his proper tasks with a spirit and freedom unknown to him who has to study how in the first place to make his pen profitable for the obtaining of bread. For show-places containing works of art, it might be most suitable to employ artists; and for many artists it would be equally suitable to have such situations. As to the dignity of the office, we would say, shew us respectable men filling it, and it can no longer be held as mean. Our ideas of ciceroneship can no longer be what they have been. It is a duty of more consequence than it used to be to the public. There is a need and a craving for its being performed in a superior manner. Let it be thus performed, and the public will respect those who so much gratify it, whether they have any farther claims to respect or not.

We would press these remarks on the attention of the authorities who rule such matters. Our suggestion will not, we hope, be the less acceptable that it involves a possible benefit to the literary class. It is part of the plan of the Literary Guild that the veterans receiving its patronage should do something in the way of lecturing in requital. Might they not be adapted to a more useful purpose if employed as a Band of Gentlemen Ciceroni in the places rendered attractive by historical and poetical association and by objects of taste? In the one case, we should have them interfering with the labours of the existing class of lecturers, and perhaps thrusting these persons out of a means of subsistence. In the other, we should have them displacing a set of domestics from situations for which they are obviously unfit, and who have more suitable functions to fall back upon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

FLINT JACKSON.

FARNHAM hops are world-famous, or at least famous in that huge portion of the world where English ale is drunk, and whereon, I have a thousand times heard and read, the sun never sets. The name, therefore, of the pleasant Surrey village, in and about which the events I am about to relate occurred, is, I may fairly presume, known to many of my readers. I was ordered to Farnham, to investigate a case of burglary, committed in the house of a gentleman of the name of Hursley, during the temporary absence of the family, which had completely nonplussed the unpractised Dogberrys of the place, albeit it was not a riddle at all difficult to read. The premises, it was quickly plain to me, had been broken, not into, but out of; and a watch being set upon the motions of the very specious and clever person left in charge of the house and property, it was speedily discovered that the robbery had been effected by herself and a confederate of the name of Dawkins her brother-in-law. Some of the stolen goods were found secreted at his lodgings; but the most valuable portion consisting of plate, and a small quantity of jewellery, had disappeared: it had questionless been converted into money, as considerable sums, in sovereigns, were found upon both Dawkins and the woman, Sarah Purday. Now, as it had been clearly ascertained that neither of the prisoners had left Farnham since the burglary, it was manifest there was a receiver near at hand who

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had purchased the missing articles. Dawkins and Purday were, however, dumb as stones upon the subject; and nothing occurred to point suspicion till early in the evening previous to the second examination of the prisoners before the magistrates, when Sarah Purday asked for pen, ink, and paper for the purpose of writing to one Mr Jackson, in whose service she had formerly lived. I happened to be at the prison, and of course took the liberty of carefully unsealing her note and reading it. It revealed nothing; and save by its extremely cautious wording, and abrupt peremptory tone, coming from a servant to her former master, suggested nothing. I had carefully reckoned the number of sheets of paper sent into the cell, and now on recounting them found that three were missing. The turnkey returned immediately, and asked for the two other letters she had written. The woman denied having written any other, and for proof pointed to the torn fragments of the missing sheets lying on the floor. These were gathered up and brought to me, but I could make nothing out of them, every word having been carefully run through with the pen, and converted into an unintelligible blot. The request contained in the actually-written letter was one simple enough in itself, merely, 'that Mr Jackson would not on any account fail to provide her, in consideration of past services, with legal assistance on the morrow.' The first nine words were strongly underlined; and I made out after a good deal of trouble that the word 'pretence' had been partially effaced, and 'account' substituted for it.

'She need not have wasted three sheets of paper upon such a nonsensical request as that,' observed the turnkey. 'Old Jackson wouldn't shell out sixpence to save her or anybody else from the gallows.'

'I am of a different opinion; but tell me, what sort of a person is this former master of hers?'

'All I know about him is that he's a cross-grained, old curmudgeon, living about a mile out of Farnham, who scrapes money together by lending small sums upon notes-of-hand at short dates, and at a thundering interest. Flint Jackson folk about here call him.'

'At all events, forward the letter at once, and to-morrow we shall see—what we shall see. Good-evening.'

It turned out as I anticipated. A few minutes after the prisoners were brought into the justice-room, a Guilford solicitor of much local celebrity arrived, and announced that he appeared for both the inculpated parties. He was allowed a private conference with them, at the close of which he stated that his clients would reserve their defence. They were at once committed for trial, and I overheard the solicitor assure the woman that the ablest counsel on the circuit would be retained in their behalf.

I had no longer a doubt that it was my duty to know something further of this suddenly-generous Flint Jackson, though how to set about it was a matter of considerable difficulty. There was no legal pretence for a search-warrant, and I doubted the prudence of proceeding upon my own responsibility with so astute an old fox as Jackson was represented to be; for, supposing him to be a confederate with the burglars, he had by this time in all probability sent the stolen property away — to London in all likelihood; and should I find nothing, the consequences of ransacking his house merely because he had provided a former servant with legal assistance would be serious. Under these circumstances I wrote to headquarters for instructions, and by return of post received orders to prosecute the inquiry thoroughly, but cautiously, and to consider time as nothing so long as there appeared a chance of fixing Jackson with the guilt of receiving the plunder. Another suspicious circumstance that I have omitted to notice in its place was that the Guilford solicitor tendered bail for the prisoners to any reasonable amount, and named Enoch Jackson as one of the securities. Bail was, however, refused.

There was no need for over-hurrying the business, as the prisoners were committed to the Surrey Spring Assizes, and it was now the season of the hop-harvest —a delightful and hilarious period about Farnham when the weather is fine and the yield abundant. I, however, lost no time in making diligent and minute inquiry as to the character and habits of Jackson, and the result was a full conviction that nothing but the fear of being denounced as an accomplice could have induced such a miserly, iron-hearted rogue to put himself to charges in defence of the imprisoned burglars.

One afternoon, whilst pondering the matter, and at the same time enjoying the prettiest and cheerfulest of rural sights, that of hop-picking, the apothecary at whose house I was lodging — we will call him Mr Morgan; he *was* a Welshman—tapped me suddenly on the shoulder, and looking sharply round, I perceived he had something he deemed of importance to communicate.

'What is it?' I said quickly.

'The oddest thing in the world. There's Flint Jackson, his deaf old woman, and the young people lodging with him, all drinking and boozing away at yon alehouse.'

'Shew them to me, if you please.'

A few minutes brought us to the place of boisterous entertainment, the lower room of which was suffocatingly full of tipplers and tobacco-smoke. We nevertheless contrived to edge ourselves in; and my companion stealthily pointed out the group, who were seated together near the farther window, and then left me to myself.

The appearance of Jackson entirely answered to the popular prefix of Flint attached to his name. He was a wiry, gnarled, heavy-browed, iron-jawed fellow of about sixty, with deep-set eyes aglow with sinister and greedy instincts. His wife, older than he, and so deaf apparently as the door of a dungeon, wore a simpering, imbecile look of wonderment, it seemed to me, at the presence of such unusual and abundant cheer. The young people, who lodged with Jackson, were really a very frank, honest, good-looking couple, though not then appearing to advantage—the countenance of Henry Rogers being flushed and inflamed with drink, and that of his wife's clouded with frowns, at the situation in which she found herself, and the riotous conduct of her husband. Their brief history was this:—They had both been servants in a family living not far distant from Farnham—Sir Thomas Lethbridge's, I understood—when about three or four months previous to the present time Flint Jackson, who had once been in an attorney's office, discovered that Henry Rogers, in consequence of the death of a distant relative in London, was entitled to property worth something like L.1500. There were, however, some law-difficulties in the way, which Jackson offered, if the business was placed in his hands, to overcome for a consideration, and in the meantime to supply board and lodging and such necessary sums of money as Henry Rogers might require. With this brilliant prospect in view service became at once utterly distasteful. The fortunate legatee had for some time courted Mary Elkins, one of the ladies' maids, a pretty, bright-eyed brunette; and they were both united in the bonds of holy matrimony on the very day the 'warnings' they had given expired. Since then they had lived at Jackson's house in daily expectation of their 'fortune,' with which they proposed to start in the public line.

Finding myself unrecognised, I called boldly for a pot and a pipe, and after some manœuvring contrived to seat myself within ear-shot of Jackson and his party. They presented a strange study. Henry Rogers was boisterously excited, and not only drinking freely himself, but treating a dozen fellows round him, the cost of which he from time to time called upon 'Old Flint,' as he courteously styled his ancient friend, to discharge.

'Come, fork out, Old Flint!' he cried again and

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again. 'It'll be all right, you know, in a day or two, and a few halfpence over. Shell out, old fellow! What signifies, so you're happy?'

Jackson complied with an affectation of acquiescent gaiety ludicrous to behold. It was evident that each successive pull at his purse was like wrenching a tooth out of his head, and yet while the dismalest of smiles wrinkled his wolfish mouth, he kept exclaiming: 'A fine lad—a fine lad! generous as a prince—generous as a prince! Good Lord, another round! He minds money no more than as if gold was as plentiful as gravel! But a fine generous lad for all that!'

Jackson, I perceived, drank considerably, as if incited thereto by compressed savageness. The pretty young wife would not taste a drop, but tears frequently filled her eyes, and bitterness pointed her words as she vainly implored her husband to leave the place and go home with her. To all her remonstrances the maudlin drunkard replied only by foolery, varied occasionally by an attempt at a line or two of the song of 'The Thorn.'

'But you *will* plant thorns, Henry,' rejoined the provoked wife in a louder and angrier tone than she ought perhaps to have used—'not only in my bosom, but your own, if you go on in this sottish, disgraceful way.'

'Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!' remarked Jackson, pointedly, towards the bystanders—'*always* quarrelling!'

'Who is always quarrelling?' demanded the young wife sharply. 'Do you mean me and Henry?'

'I was only saying, my dear, that you don't like your husband to be so generous and free-hearted—that's all,' replied Jackson, with a confidential wink at the persons near him.

'Free-hearted and generous! Fool-hearted and crazy, you mean!' rejoined the wife, who was much excited. 'And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to give him money for such brutish purposes.'

'Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!' iterated Jackson, but this time unheard by Mrs Rogers—'*always*, perpetually quarrelling!'

I could not quite comprehend all this. If so large a sum as L.1500 was really coming to the young man, why should Jackson wince as he did at disbursing small amounts which he could repay himself with abundant interest? If otherwise—and it was probable he should not be repaid—what meant his eternal, 'fine generous lad!' 'spirited young man!' and so on? What, above all, meant that look of diabolical hate which shot out from his cavernous eyes towards Henry Rogers when he thought himself unobserved, just after satisfying a fresh claim on his purse? Much practice in reading the faces and deportment of such men made it pretty clear to me that Jackson's course of action respecting the young man and his money was not yet decided upon in his own mind; that he was still perplexed and irresolute; and hence the apparent contradiction in his words and acts.

Henry Rogers at length dropped asleep with his head upon one of the settle-tables; Jackson sank into sullen silence; the noisy room grew quiet; and I came away.

I was impressed with a belief that Jackson entertained some sinister design against his youthful and inexperienced lodgers, and I determined to acquaint them with my suspicions. For this purpose Mr Morgan, who had a patient living near Jackson's house, undertook to invite them to tea on some early evening, on the pretence that he had heard of a tavern that might suit them when they should receive their fortune. Let me confess, too, that I had another design besides putting the young people on their guard against Jackson. I thought it very probable that it would not be difficult to glean from them some interesting and suggestive particulars concerning the ways, means, practices, outgoings and incomings, of their worthy landlord's household.

Four more days passed unprofitably away, and I was becoming weary of the business, when about five o'clock in the afternoon the apothecary galloped up to his door on a borrowed horse, jumped off with surprising celerity, and with a face as white as his own magnesia, burst out as he hurried into the room where I was sitting: 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Henry Rogers has been poisoned, and by his wife!'

'Poisoned!'

'Yes, poisoned; although, thanks to my being on the spot, I think he will recover. But I must instantly to Dr Edwards: I will tell you all when I return.'

The promised 'all' was this: Morgan was passing slowly by Jackson's house, in the hope of seeing either Mr or Mrs Rogers, when the servant-woman, Jane Riddet, ran out and begged him to come in, as their lodger had been taken suddenly ill. Ill indeed! The surface of his body was cold as death, and the apothecary quickly discovered that he had been poisoned with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a quantity of which he, Morgan, had sold a few days previously to Mrs Rogers, who, when purchasing it, said Mr Jackson wanted it to apply to some warts that annoyed him. Morgan fortunately knew the proper remedy, and desired Jackson, who was in the room, and seemingly very anxious and flurried, to bring some soap instantly, a solution of which he proposed to give immediately to the seemingly dying man. The woman-servant was gone to find Mrs Rogers, who had left about ten minutes before, having first made the tea in which the poison had been taken. Jackson hurried out of the apartment, but was gone so long that Morgan, becoming impatient, scraped a quantity of plaster off the wall, and administered it with the best effect. At last Jackson came back, and said there was unfortunately not a particle of soap in the house. A few minutes afterwards the young wife, alarmed at the woman-servant's tidings, flew into the room in an agony of alarm and grief. Simulated alarm, crocodile grief, Mr Morgan said; for there could, in his opinion, be no doubt that she had attempted to destroy her husband. Mr Jackson, on being questioned, peremptorily denied that he had ever desired Mrs Rogers to procure sulphuric acid for him, or had received any from her—a statement which so confounded the young woman that she instantly fainted. The upshot was that Mrs Rogers was taken into custody and lodged in prison.

This terrible news flew through Farnham like wildfire. In a few minutes it was upon everybody's tongue: the hints of the quarrelsome life the young couple led, artfully spread by Jackson, were recalled, and no doubt appeared to be entertained of the truth of the dreadful charge. I had no doubt either, but my conviction was not that of the Farnham folk. This, then, was the solution of the struggle I had seen going on in Jackson's mind; this the realisation of the dark thought which I had imperfectly read in the sinister glances of his restless eyes. He had intended to destroy both the husband and wife—the one by poison, and the other by the law! Doubtless, then, the L.1500 had been obtained, and this was the wretched man's infernal device for retaining it! I went over with Morgan early the next morning to see the patient, and found that, thanks to the prompt antidote administered, and Dr Edwards's subsequent active treatment, he was rapidly recovering. The still-suffering young man, I was glad to find, would not believe for a moment in his wife's guilt. I watched the looks and movements of Jackson attentively—a scrutiny which he, now aware of my vocation, by no means appeared to relish.

'Pray,' said I, suddenly addressing Riddet, the woman-servant—'pray, how did it happen that you had no soap in such a house as this yesterday evening?'

'No soap!' echoed the woman with a stare of surprise. 'Why'——

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'No—no soap,' hastily broke in her master with loud and menacing emphasis. 'There was not a morsel in the house. I bought some afterwards in Farnham.'

The cowed and bewildered woman slunk away. I was more than satisfied; and judging by Jackson's countenance, which changed beneath my look to the colour of the lime-washed wall against which he stood, he surmised that I was.

My conviction, however, was not evidence, and I felt that I should need even more than my wonted good-fortune to bring the black crime home to the real perpetrator. For the present, at all events, I must keep silence—a resolve I found hard to persist in at the examination of the accused wife, an hour or two afterwards, before the county magistrates. Jackson had hardened himself to iron, and gave his lying evidence with ruthless self-possession. He had *not* desired Mrs Rogers to purchase sulphuric acid; had *not* received any from her. In addition also to his testimony that she and her husband were always quarrelling, it was proved by a respectable person that high words had passed between them on the evening previous to the day the criminal offence was committed, and that foolish, passionate expressions had escaped her about wishing to be rid of such a drunken wretch. This evidence, combined with the medical testimony, appeared so conclusive to the magistrates, that spite of the unfortunate woman's wild protestations of innocence, and the rending agony which convulsed her frame, and almost choked her utterance, she was remanded to prison till that day-week, when, the magistrates informed her, she would be again brought up for the merely formal completion of the depositions, and be then fully committed on the capital charge.

I was greatly disturbed, and walked for two or three hours about the quiet neighbourhood of Farnham, revolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion. One only mode of procedure seemed to offer, and that but dimly, a hope of success. It was, however, the best I could hit upon, and I directed my steps towards the Farnham prison. Sarah Purday had not yet, I remembered, been removed to the county jail at Guilford.

'Is Sarah Purday,' I asked the turnkey, 'more reconciled to her position than she was?'

'She's just the same—bitter as gall, and venomous as a viper.'

This woman, I should state, was a person of fierce will and strong passions, and in early life had been respectably situated.

'Just step into her cell,' I continued, 'upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by *habeas* before a judge in London, there could be no doubt of her being bailed.'

The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as I requested. He was not long gone. 'She's all in a twitteration at the thoughts of it,' he said; 'and must have pen, ink, and paper without a moment's delay, bless her consequence!'

These were supplied; and I was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously, but more peremptorily than the former one. I need hardly say it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in a state of feverish impatience; and no answer returning, wrote again, her words this time conveying an evident though indistinct threat. I refrained from visiting her till two days had thus passed, and found her, as I expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at me as I entered the cell like a chained tigress.

'You appear vexed,' I said, 'no doubt because Jackson declines to get you bailed. He ought not to refuse you such a trifling service, considering all things.'

'All what things?' replied the woman, eyeing me fiercely.

'That you know best, though I have a shrewd guess.'

'What do you guess? and what are you driving at?'

'I will deal frankly with you, Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly perceive that your *friend* Jackson has cast you off—abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will, there can be no doubt, be transportation.'

'Well,' she impatiently snarled, 'suppose so; what then?'

'This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me.'

'As how?'

'In the first place, give me the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property.'

'Ha! How do you know that?'

'Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another, far more important one,' and I ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. 'Now,' I resumed, 'tell me, if you will, your opinion on this matter.'

'That it was Jackson administered the poison, and certainly not the young woman,' she replied with vengeful promptness.

'My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are sharp-witted, and know this fellow's ways, habits, and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them—and it strikes me that you could suggest some plan, some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light.'

The woman looked fixedly at me for some time without speaking. As I meant fairly and honestly by her I could bear her gaze without shrinking.

'Supposing I could assist you,' she at last said, 'how would that help me?'

'It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be still convicted of the burglary, for the evidence is irresistible; but if in the meantime you should have been instrumental in saving the life of an innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, there cannot be a question that the Queen's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely a nominal one.'

'If I were sure of that!' she murmured with a burning scrutiny in her eyes, which were still fixed upon my countenance—'if I were sure of that! But you are misleading me.'

'Believe me, I am not. I speak in perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter. I will look in again in about an hour; and pray, do not forget that it is your sole and last chance.'

I left her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy of inquietude.

'I thought you had forgotten me. Now,' she continued with rapid vehemence, 'tell me, on your word and honour as a man, do you truly believe that if I can effectually assist you it will avail me with Her Majesty?'

'I am as positive it will as I am of my own life.'

'Well, then, I *will* assist you. First, then, Jackson was a confederate with Dawkins and myself, and received the plate and jewellery, for which he paid us less than one-third of the value.'

'Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?'

'Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman-servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind,' she continued, speaking with increasing emotion and rapidity; 'and oh, believe me, Mr Waters, if you can, that it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself—— Ah God!'

Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat

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more calmly: 'You have heard, I daresay, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?'

'I have, and that he once consulted Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested'——

'It is, I believe, a mere fancy of his,' she interrupted; 'or at anyrate the habit is not so frequent, nor what he says so intelligible, as he thoroughly believes and fears it, from some former circumstance, to be. His deaf wife cannot undeceive him, and he takes care never even to doze except in her presence only.'

'This is not, then, so promising as I hoped.'

'Have patience. It is full of promise, as we will manage. Every evening Jackson frequents a low gambling-house, where he almost invariably wins small sums at cards—by craft, no doubt, as he never drinks there. When he returns home at about ten o'clock, his constant habit is to go into the front-parlour, where his wife is sure to be sitting at that hour. He carefully locks the door, helps himself to brandy and water—plentifully of late—and falls asleep in his arm-chair; and there they both doze away, sometimes till one o'clock—always till past twelve.'

'Well; but I do not see how'——

'Hear me out, if you please. Jackson never wastes a candle to drink or sleep by, and at this time of the year there will be no fire. If he speaks to his wife he does not expect her, from her wooden deafness, to answer him. Do you begin to perceive my drift?'

'Upon my word, I do not.'

'What; if upon awaking, Jackson finds that his wife is Mr Waters, and that Mr Waters relates to him all that he has disclosed in his sleep: that Mr Hursley's plate is buried in the garden near the lilac-tree; that he, Jackson, received a thousand pounds six weeks ago of Henry Rogers's fortune, and that the money is now in the recess on the top-landing, the key of which is in his breast-pocket; that he was the receiver of the plate stolen from a house in the close at Salisbury a twelvemonth ago, and sold in London for four hundred and fifty pounds. All this hurled at him,' continued the woman with wild energy and flashing eyes, 'what else might not a bold, quick-witted man make him believe he had confessed, revealed in his brief sleep?'

I had been sitting on a bench; but as these rapid disclosures burst from her lips, and I saw the use to which they might be turned, I rose slowly and in some sort involuntarily to my feet, lifted up, as it were, by the energy of her fiery words.

'God reward you!' I exclaimed, shaking both her hands in mine. 'You have, unless I blunder, rescued an innocent woman from the scaffold. I see it all. Farewell!'

'Mr Waters,' she exclaimed, in a changed, palpitating voice, as I was passing forth; 'when all is done, you will not forget me?'

'That I will not, by my own hopes of mercy in the hereafter. Adieu!'

At a quarter past nine that evening I, accompanied by two Farnham constables, knocked at the door of Jackson's house. Henry Rogers, I should state, had been removed to the village. The door was opened by the woman-servant, and we went in. 'I have a warrant for your arrest, Jane Riddet,' I said, 'as an accomplice in the plate-stealing the other day. There, don't scream, but listen to me.' I then intimated the terms upon which alone she could expect favour. She tremblingly promised compliance; and after placing the constables outside, in concealment, but within hearing, I proceeded to the parlour, secured the terrified old woman, and confined her safely in a distant out-house.

'Now, Riddet,' I said, 'quick with one of the old lady's gowns, a shawl, cap, *etcetera*.' These were brought, and I returned to the parlour. It was a roomy apartment, with small, diamond-paned windows, and just then but very faintly illumined by the star-light. There were two large high-backed easy-chairs, and I prepared to take possession of the one recently vacated by Jackson's wife. 'You must perfectly understand,' were my parting words to the trembling servant, 'that we intend standing no nonsense with either you or your master. You cannot escape; but if you let Mr Jackson in as usual, and he enters this room as usual, no harm will befall you: if otherwise, you will be unquestionably transported. Now, go.'

My toilet was not so easily accomplished as I thought it would be. The gown did not meet at the back by about a foot; that, however, was of little consequence, as the high chair concealed the deficiency; neither did the shortness of the sleeves matter much, as the ample shawl could be made to hide my too great length of arm; but the skirt was scarcely lower than a Highlander's, and how the deuce I was to crook my booted legs up out of view, even in that gloomy starlight, I could hardly imagine. The cap also was far too small; still, with an ample kerchief in my hand, my whiskers might, I thought, be concealed. I was still fidgeting with these arrangements when Jackson knocked at his door. The servant admitted him without remark, and he presently entered the room, carefully locked the door, and jolted down, so to speak, in the fellow easy-chair to mine.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he bawled out: 'She'll swing for it, they say—swing for it, d'ye hear, dame? But no, of course she don't—deafer and deafer, deafer and deafer every day. It'll be a precious good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

He then got up, and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look up—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous sleeping-draughts. He reseated himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping brain laboured with affrighting and oppressive images; but the mutterings, as before he slept, were confused and indistinct. At length—half an hour had perhaps thus passed—the troubled moanings became for a few moments clearly audible. 'Ha—ha—ha!' he burst out, 'how are you off for soap? Ho—ho! done there, my boy; ha—ha! But no—no. Wall-plaster! Who could have thought it? But for that I—I—— What do you stare at me so for, you infernal blue-bottle? You—you'—— Again the dream-utterance sank into indistinctness, and I comprehended nothing more.

About half-past twelve o'clock he awoke, rose, stretched himself, and said: 'Come, dame, let's to bed; it's getting chilly here.'

'Dame' did not answer, and he again went towards the cupboard. 'Here's a candle-end will do for us,' he muttered. A lucifer-match was drawn across the wall, he lit the candle, and stumbled towards me, for he was scarcely yet awake. 'Come, dame, come! Why, thee beest sleeping like a dead un! Wake up, will thee—— Ah! murder! thieves! mur'——

My grasp was on the wretch's throat; but there was no occasion to use force: he recognised me, and nerveless, paralysed, sank on the floor incapable of motion much less of resistance, and could only gaze in my face in dumb affright and horror.

'Give me the key of the recess up stairs, which you carry in your breast-pocket. In your sleep, unhappy man, you have revealed everything.'

An inarticulate shriek of terror replied to me. I was silent; and presently he gasped: 'Wha—at, what have I said?'

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'That Mr Hursley's plate is buried in the garden by the lilac-tree; that you have received a thousand pounds belonging to the man you tried to poison; that you netted four hundred and fifty pounds by the plate stolen at Salisbury; that you dexterously contrived to slip the sulphuric acid into the tea unseen by Henry Rogers's wife.'

The shriek or scream was repeated, and he was for several moments speechless with consternation. A ray of hope gleamed suddenly in his flaming eyes. 'It is true—it is true!' he hurriedly ejaculated; 'useless—useless—useless to deny it. But you are alone, and poor, poor, no doubt. A thousand pounds!—more, more than that: *two* thousand pounds in gold—gold, all in gold—I will give you to spare me, to let me escape!'

'Where did you hide the soap on the day when you confess you tried to poison Henry Rogers?'

'In the recess you spoke of. But think! Two thousand pounds in gold—all in gold'——

As he spoke, I suddenly grasped the villain's hands, pressed them together, and in another instant the snapping of a handcuff pronounced my answer. A yell of anguish burst from the miserable man, so loud and piercing, that the constables outside hurried to the outer-door, and knocked hastily for admittance. They were let in by the servant-woman; and in half an hour afterwards the three prisoners—Jackson, his wife, and Jane Riddet—were safe in Farnham prison.

A few sentences will conclude this narrative. Mary Rogers was brought up on the following day, and, on my evidence, discharged. Her husband, I have heard, has since proved a better and a wiser man. Jackson was convicted at the Guilford assize of guiltily receiving the Hursley plate, and sentenced to transportation for life. This being so, the graver charge of attempting to poison was not pressed. There was no moral doubt of his guilt; but the legal proof of it rested solely on his own hurried confession, which counsel would no doubt have contended ought not to be received. His wife and the servant were leniently dealt with.

Sarah Purday was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. I did not forget my promise; and a statement of the previously-narrated circumstances having been drawn up and forwarded to the Queen and the Home Secretary, a pardon, after some delay, was issued. There were painful circumstances in her history which, after strict inquiry, told favourably for her. Several benevolent persons interested themselves in her behalf, and she was sent out to Canada, where she had some relatives, and has, I believe, prospered there.

This affair caused considerable hubbub at the time, and much admiration was expressed by the country people at the boldness and dexterity of the London 'runner;' whereas, in fact, the successful result was entirely attributable to the opportune revelations of Sarah Purday.

THE DROLLERIES OF FALSE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

One of the last things which a people learn is to allow matters of trade and commerce to take their natural course. Imagining that prosperity may be insured by certain regulations as to buying and selling, importing and exporting, manufacturing this and preventing the manufacture of that—rearing up, as it were, a wholly factitious system of affairs—they make laws accordingly, and only find out, after doing a world of mischief, that they had much better have let things alone. Not, indeed, till the more thoughtful part of the community has arrived at this conviction, is the fair current of demand and supply permitted to take its course; and even at the very last there are individuals who prophesy all sorts of disasters by withdrawing restrictions. Books could be filled with tales of impoverishment and ruin, of contests and jealousies, all caused by meddling with the ordinary desires of mankind to buy and sell, to eat and drink, or to dress as they liked. Now that this species of folly is pretty well understood and laughed at, we propose, for general amusement, to run over a few of the more remarkable instances of erroneous political economy, in other countries as well as our own. They form a strange chapter in the history of social blunders.

We may begin by mentioning that ancient Rome, amidst all her glories, had taken care, through sheer ignorance of right principle, to insure her national ruin. The plan of prosperity ingeniously contrived by the Romans consisted in making the colonies they conquered find them in food; in which respect they may be said to have acted the part of a band of robbers, who lived on the plunder of industrious neighbours. Common-sense tells us that practices of this kind cannot last for ever. Dishonesty, in its very acts, undermines what it rests on. Thinking, however, that they had laid hold of a capital plan for living in comfort without labour, they compelled the unfortunate colonists to supply Rome with a certain tribute in grain. The state, as well as the great men, thus acquired vast stores of food, which was distributed gratuitously to the people. Becoming accustomed to these doles, the humbler classes did not think of working for a subsistence, and gradually the native soil went out of cultivation. In a word, agriculture was ruined, independence of spirit was gone, and abject, corrupt, and impoverished, the empire at length sunk under the attacks of energetic invaders. Such was the political economy of the ancient Romans, a wonderfully great people in some things, but utterly ignorant of the mighty truth—that without well-directed industry the most potent system must decay and perish.

The sad history of Spain supplies us with perhaps a still more palpable instance of a great empire being ruined by unsound political economy. On the accession of Philip II. in the middle of the sixteenth century, and during most of his reign, Spain was a great nation. Her navies swept the seas till their pride was tamed in the British Channel by the rising energy of the nation which was to snatch from her the sceptre of the seas. She had vast possessions stretching over Europe; and the Indies, as North and South America were called, were treated as the property of the Spanish crown—a sort of domain full of incalculable riches to be poured into the lap of the parent state. It may be said, however, that it was particularly the possession of the gold mines of South America that dazzled the eyes of the government, and made it frantic and foolish with pride. Political economy teaches us that bullion is but a commodity like others, which may be a means of trading and creating riches, but is not in itself riches, save in so far as it may command other commodities. A Californian digger, with a lump of gold in his possession, seated on the top of a mountain, and unable to find his way to a store or any place where he can exchange it for other objects, is a very poor man in comparison with the blacksmith at his forge making a good living with his stock of iron. But the Spanish government fell into the mistake that bullion was in itself riches. They deemed it the end for which all mankind toiled and speculated, bought and sold; and

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this being within the boundaries of their own territories, they deemed that there was now no need for them to toil and speculate, and buy and sell. A decree was issued prohibiting the exportation of the precious metals: they were to be kept at home for the enrichment of the country. It had just such an effect as if an act of parliament were to be passed prohibiting the exportation of cotton-manufactures and cutlery from this country. The bullion extracted from the American mines was just a commodity suitable for trade—not so profitable a commodity as cotton-manufactures and cutlery, but still it was the commodity which Spain especially possessed, and she ought to have sought and cultivated the means of following out a good trade in connection with it. Instead of encouraging, her government hampered and intercepted her legitimate trade, and the natural consequences followed. The people became idle, and, being idle, they became poor, notwithstanding the gold mines. These, it is true, sent over their tribute. Despite of the utmost vigilance of the government, a considerable portion of it found its way abroad, much to the relief of the country, which was subject to a topical plethora of gold. Portions of this wealth were seized by Drake and the English cruisers, whose half-piratical captures did little harm to the people of Spain beyond the humiliation they inflicted. In fact, the bullion indicated the national degradation most effectually when it found its way, as the greater part of it did, to the palaces of the nobility. Such a contrast of wealth and poverty let us hope the world may never shew again. A Spanish noble would possess a sideboard with forty silver ladders, by which his slaves mounted to carry down dishes of gold and silver, which would be valued in the present day at L.40,000 or L.50,000. Yet in the midst of this grandeur there prevailed squalid misery, rags, and starvation. On golden dishes there was not a morsel to eat; the owner was without the means of buying a dinner; he was as poor in the possession of bullion which he could not dispose of as an Irish or Highland landlord with a large estate for which he receives no rent. It was noted by travellers in Spain in the seventeenth century that some of these magnificent grandees could not obtain so humble a product of foreign industry as a glass-window.

The public treasury of Spain was like the grandees' houses. Abundance of bullion was there about the court, but no money in the royal coffers to keep up the army and navy, and pay the debts of the state. It was not difficult to compel the mines to yield gold enough to make the palace glitter, but it was impossible to draw wealth from an idle people. The shifts of the kings of Spain to avoid paying their debts are almost as ludicrous as those of Beau Brummell. The electors of Brandenburg, the ancestors of the kings of Prussia, were always somewhat renowned for the keenness with which they looked after their pecuniary interests. Among a crowd of creditors who from morning to night beset the court of Charles II., the elector's representative was the most importunate, and it was desirable to get rid of him. He was told that a cargo of bullion was to arrive from America at Seville, and received an order for payment of his claim on the municipality of that city. Away went the ambassador, but in the meantime a counter-order was sent to the municipality not to give up the money, and he found himself duped. But his master was not a man to be trifled with; so, using the order in an extended sense, he hired a parcel of privateers or pirate vessels, and seizing on the next cargo of bullion proceeding from America to Spain, paid himself. Selden mentions as a curious illustration of English law, how a London merchant got payment of a debt from the king of Spain. The merchant proceeded against him in the English courts in the ordinary form, and as the debtor did not choose to make appearance or plead, the conclusive ceremony of outlawry was performed. It appears that the preliminary step to this denunciation was an inquiry after the debtor in all neighbouring alehouses, these being presumed to be the places where those who owe money do most resort. Selden gives a ludicrous account of the inquiry at each alehouse if the king of Spain were there, and the formal return of a universal negative by the officer; whereupon, in usual form, outlawry was pronounced against him. In the end this was found to be no joke. While the sentence of outlawry stood against him, none of his subjects could recover debts in the English courts, which were closed to the whole Spanish nation, and in the end the London merchant was paid his debt. Mr Dunlop, in his 'Memoirs of Spain,' when describing the state of the national treasury in the reign of Charles II., says: 'Such was the inconceivable penury to which it was reduced, that it was found as difficult to procure fifty ducats as 50,000. Money could thus be no longer raised for the most pressing occasions, however trifling might be the cost. Couriers charged with urgent and important dispatches on affairs of state, were often unable to quit Madrid for want of the funds necessary to defray the immediate expenses of their journeys. Some officers of the royal household having waited for payment of what was due to them as long as they could without absolutely reducing themselves to beggary, peremptorily demanded their dismission, and were only retained by force and menaces. All the grooms, however, belonging to the royal stables who had not received their rations or wages for two years, contrived to escape from their service, and the horses remained for some time uncurried and unfed. A table which had been kept up at the king's cost for the gentlemen of the bedchamber was now totally unsupplied, and money was even frequently wanting to defray the daily expenses of the board of a monarch who was master of Mexico and Peru! The household of the queen-mother, which had hitherto been kept at its full establishment, now began to feel the effects of the general destitution. The rations provided for her domestics were withheld; and on lodging their complaints at court, they were told, with a sort of Cervantic humour, that the royal coffers were now all standing open, and they might come to supply themselves.'

The sources of all wealth are industry and unrestricted commercial enterprise. Could there be better evidence of this than the beggarly poverty of a state which possessed the richest gold-mines in the world?—a poverty produced by tamperings and restrictions which paralysed trade. Of course many inquiries were made as to the reason why the realm of gold and silver was thus destitute, while a small republic like Holland, seated in the mire, was growing rich. Some foreign engineers proposed to make a great navigable canal to promote internal trade, but they were answered that Providence had already provided rivers for that purpose, and they were doubtless sufficient. This view was a curious contrast to the notion of the enterprising, restless engineer Brindley, who would not admit that rivers were of any value except as feeders to navigable canals. Philip IV.'s government made inquiries into the causes of the misery and poverty of the nation, and desired counsel from the governors of provinces and others as to a suitable remedy. One man named Leruela suggested a plan founded on the view that, notwithstanding the riches of the American mines, the people were still in some degree doomed to labour, especially in the production of food. To relieve them as much as possible from the exhaustion of labour, it was proposed that

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the government should pass a law to discourage agriculture and promote pasture, which provided food and clothing for the people without exhausting them by labour.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

NOVEMBER.

I CAN fancy some of my readers saying: 'What can there be to say about wild-flowers in November?—the blossoms are getting nipped in the hedgerows and meadows, and few if any new ones rise up to take their places; the trees begin to drop their leaves, and the copses are becoming touched with the tints of autumn: all vegetation seems to be decaying, and winter will soon be here.' This is all very true; yet autumn is a lovely season, and to a thinking mind one full of fruitful thoughts and poetical associations and fancies. They are not necessarily sad thoughts which attend on the decaying season, although they would be so if there were no spring-tide to which we could look forward with hope; neither are those necessarily sad thoughts which attend on the decay of life, though they would be so had we not that joyful resurrection, of which the spring is ever a type, whereon to rest our hopes.

It is a lovely season; and though we find few flowers, there are, nevertheless, other things which make our country-walks delightful, and give us ample scope for research into subjects which will well repay us for our trouble. The many-tinted leaves of the bramble, and the glowing, clustering berries of the rose, hawthorn, honeysuckle, and that most exquisitely brilliant kind, the fruit of the wild guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*), tempt you to overload your hands with their heavy bunches, which, mixed with wreaths of ivy and other evergreens, make bouquets for your side-tables which might vie with the gems of summer in brightness and beauty—'and scent?' some will say. No, not in scent; you must do without perfume in your autumn and winter nosegays, and be thankful that you have bright things to look at, and, not expecting every pleasure at once, wait patiently and hopefully

> 'Till the spring's first gale
> Comes forth to tell us where the violets lie.'

But now let me invite you to walk with me to Otterton Park; and do not be alarmed by the name, and fancy that I am going to lead you to some stately mansion-house, rising in dignity amidst lofty trees, with a fine ancient park, and herds of dappled deer congregating beneath oaks of the growth of centuries: it is no such place; for though there are indeed fine old oaks, and abundant magnificent groups of forest-trees, which may once have decked the precincts of a gentleman's grounds, Otterton Park is now only the name bestowed on a beautiful tract of hill, copse, and upland pasture, which rises above the pretty river Otter near the village of Otterton, and is as lovely a wild spot as you would wish to see. I set out early in the day, because at so late a season of the year it is always wise to secure your exercise, and follow your out-door pursuit while the sun is at the highest: it was a lovely morning, the sea sparkling in the sunbeams; and as I pursued my former course down the beach-walk, and over by the limekiln-cliff and the granary, I was amused by watching the immense flocks of larks which frequent these parts throughout the year, but especially in the winter months; and by gathering a few of the late blossoms of the pretty little bugloss (*Lycópsis arvensis*)—a rough, bristly plant about a foot high, with a funnel-shaped corolla of the brightest sky-blue, with white valves; and here and there a sea-pink, which still lingered on its turfy bed. Everything glitters with dew, and the gossamer spider has not been idle, for on every hedge and field lie its wonderfully beautiful webs, which have ensnared myriads of little spheres of dew, into which the sun freely pours those beams which will in time dissipate their structure and dissolve them into thin air. And now, only marking these bright objects as I pass quickly on, I wend my way along by the embankment without much lingering, for my business lies farther on beyond the river, and no new flowers tempt me to turn from my course; so on I go, and cross the now brimming river (for the water, usually so low, is now raised by the tide to a level with its grassy banks) by a broken wooden bridge, and pursue the path to the left up a rough stony bit, somewhat intersected by mud-pools, and through some pleasant sloping fields to the Park; the hedges and fields being still adorned with varieties of ragworts (*senécio*), exhibiting their star-shaped yellow flowers, of the natural order *Compositæ;* and the pretty eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), its gaping white corolla, streaked with purple and yellow on the palate; and here and there bright patches of the lovely pink centaury (*Erythræa centaurium*), which is never seen in beauty except when the brightest beams of the sun are full on it, and which, lovely as it is, you may try in vain to make useful in forming an ornament to your nosegay of wild-flowers, as a few minutes after you gather it you find its bright-yellow anthers covered in by its pretty pink petals, which close tightly over them, reminding one of wayward, shy children, who refuse to shew off any of those pretty ways which have delighted their admiring parents when most wished to do so, and shut themselves up in baby reserve, speechlessly hanging down their heads the moment a stranger appears. The rise had been gradual, though constant, from the edge of the river to the point I had now attained, so that when I approached a belt of underwood overhung by fine trees, which skirted the field in which I was on the left hand, I was surprised to find myself standing on the edge of a rather abrupt cliff of red sandstone, of very considerable height and great beauty. These lofty and rocky banks are characteristic of the Otter, and mark several parts of its course, especially near Ottery St Mary, where the scenery is very beautiful.

The colouring spread over this cliff in the autumnal season is such as baffles description; the rich green of the ivy being contrasted with the red sandstone, and intermixed with every varied hue, from the tinted leaves, purple, scarlet, yellow, and every shade of green, splendid trees of holly (*Ilex aquifólium*) and butcher's broom (*Rúscus aculeátus*), with shining leaves and brilliant scarlet berries, besides numerous other berries and fruits, and high tufts of ferns, presenting a wonderful variety of tints. Far below are the calm waters of the river reflecting all this woodland scenery, and gliding on as gently between their flowery banks as if they had miles of their course to run, instead of being, as they are in fact, within a few minutes of reaching that 'last bourne,' the sea, in whose great deep they would speedily be lost, not to emerge from it save in vapours—which, ascending to the clouds, would be again scattered over the face of the land in rain-drops, possibly some of them to refresh those very herbs and trees below which it is now pursuing its murmuring course.

There are fishermen below, and young children sporting in the green meadow, and enjoying the half-wintry air, which, though it is November, is bright and warm with sunshine; and watching all this as the openings here and there between the trees reveal it to me, I pursue my path, occasionally diving down a little way among the thickets to secure some treasure, and then wandering over the fields to see what I can find there. But now, before I enter on the details of what I did

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find, I must say a few words about a class of plants which, though little known or noticed, is of immense extent and considerable interest, including under its different families literally innumerable species, occupying every imaginable habitat, and presenting wonderful varieties in its structure. The individuals of this class of plants vary in size from objects barely distinguishable by the aid of powerful lenses, to huge masses as large as a man's head—nay, much larger. They are of every form and every hue, from sooty black to the most delicate white, ranging through ruby, orange, lilac, green, pink, yellow, and a thousand modifications of these and other colours. In some instances they are important edibles; in others, they fix themselves on the staple articles of food, and eat out their life and substance. Some of them are highly medicinal, and others deadly poison; and yet these wonderful samples of the great Creator's handiwork are, with few exceptions, passed by unknown and unnoticed by man! In England so great is this neglect, that I question whether one out of ten who may read this paper will know that I allude to the fungus tribe.

Hooker thus describes this order: 'The lowest in the scale of vegetables, yet very variable in appearance, growing on the ground, or parasitic on other vegetable substances—rarely if ever aquatic, and scarcely ever green. . . . . In the larger sense of the word the whole plant may be considered fructification, since distinct from it there is no true stem. There are no branches, no leaves.' Among other habitats in which we find fungi are earth, moss, trunks of trees either dead or living, fir-cones, cow-dung, dead and living leaves, fruit, stems of mosses, and other fungi. They are also to be found on cheese, bread, and other articles of prepared food, as well as on wheat—the rust in wheat and many other blights being congregated plants of this order, so minute, indeed, as to be invisible separately, yet so numerous as to destroy the crops. All mildew is formed of fungi, from the pretty feathery tufts of snow-white fur which we see on casks and in damp cellars, to the pale-gray or brown marks which deface the paper-hangings in a room where damp prevails. In fact, this tribe of plants appears in so many places and in so many forms, that it would be impossible for me to notice a tenth part of them. Loudon tells us that in Sweden, in the small space of a square furlong, where the plants of all other kinds, including mosses and lichens, did not exceed 850 species, Fries discovered more than 2000 species of fungi. In Russia, and other northern countries, some of the different varieties of fungus form important articles of diet, and many kinds which are with us considered poisonous are there freely eaten; but in England, with the exception of mushrooms, truffles, morels, and a few others, the whole tribe is voted useless as an article of food, though a few kinds are used medicinally, and for other purposes. Galen's opinion of fungi is thus quaintly given by Gerarde:—'Galen affirms that they are all very cold and moist, and therefore do approach unto a cold and murthering facultie, and ingender a clammy, pituitous, and cold nutriment if they be eaten. To conclude, few of them be good to be eaten, and most of them do suffocate and strangle the eater; therefore I give my advice to those that love such strange, newe-fangled meates, to beware of licking honey among thornes, least the sweetness of the one do not countervaile the sharpness and pricking of the other.'

> 'The meadowe mushrooms are in kinde the best;
> It is ill trusting any of the rest;'

so adds old Gerarde, with more sense than harmony of metre. But now let us look about us, and see whether we cannot collect a few of the more beautiful species of a size that may be seen and handled.

A few days before the time of my walk to Otterton I had rambled in another direction, intruding into a plantation in which, strictly speaking, I had no right; and suddenly, while looking about for flowers, *happened* on a most splendid sight: under the shade of some pines, and elevated on a grassy bank which overhung a gravel-pit, I discovered a group of the most magnificent fungi I had ever seen. Some of the younger and smaller ones were about the size of an orange, and others extended to a much larger size. They were of a rich carmine hue, and shining, spotted over with large snow-white *warts*, and raised on a snowy stem of about two inches in height. The elder specimens varied in colour from carmine to deep orange red, these being also warted on the surface of the cap, or *pileus*, as it is called. In the young ones, the delicate fringe which connects the stem of plants of this form with the cap was unbroken, and of snowy whiteness; but in the elder and more matured ones it was broken, and become yellowish and scaly. In some of these the cap was six or seven inches across, and the stem three or four inches in height; the veil being broken, the gills, of a pale-yellowish hue, and some of them not reaching nearly from the stem to the edge of the cap, were discovered. It was altogether quite a gorgeous display—for the ground was thickly studded with them—and one so new to me as to inflame me with a fungus mania. I collected several of the most beautiful, and on my return home covered a large china plate with some of the white Lapland moss, mixed with the pale-green bog-moss; and selecting one of my most magnificent specimens, placed it in the centre, with a few other kinds which I had discovered in the same plantation round it: my main object in going to Otterton was to endeavour to find more varieties with which to complete my singular but exquisitely lovely table-ornament. My much-prized discovery I found to be the fly-blown mushroom (*Agáricus muscárius*), a highly-poisonous species, used in northern countries to destroy flies and bugs; it is the *mocho-more* of the Russians, &c. who use it for intoxication. Loudon tells us that when they drink a liquor made with this and the epilobium, they are 'seized with convulsions in all their limbs, followed with that kind of raving which attends a burning fever. They personify this mushroom; and if they are urged by its effects to suicide or any dreadful crime, they pretend to obey its commands. To fit themselves for premeditated assassination they recur to the use of the mocho-more.'

The first fungi I discovered at Otterton I did not at once perceive to be such. They were globular, of a pure ruby hue, and as I saw them lying in clusters on the grassy bank I took them to be some fallen berries: it was by mere chance that, taking one up to see of what kind it was, I discovered that it was of the very kind of which I was in pursuit—a beautiful fungus, about the size of a cherry, named the crimson mushroom (*Agáricus puníceus.*) Taking all I could find, I proceeded triumphantly on my way, and soon found several other varieties; among which were the pretty 'parrot-coloured mushroom' (*A. psittácius*), a brilliant mixture of green and yellow, and also a lovely kind whose name I did not make out, with the centre of the cap pale-brown, shading through white into a delicate rose-tint at the edge, and about an inch and a half across the cap: only two specimens of this were to be found; but there were several varieties of the purest white, some like little cones of drifted snow; others much flatter; and some cup-like, and so delicate and fragile in texture that their snow-white caps were crushed into their black linings with a touch, leaving the fingers that had meddled with them deeply tinged with a soot-like stain. Then there were others of clear bright-yellow, and some of the tenderest lemon-tint, all elegantly formed; and most beautiful they looked—for I took home every one that was not too frail to be secured—when ranged around the central

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mound of carmine and snow, and closely grouped on the pretty mossy carpet which I had provided for them.

From day to day I added to my collection. On one occasion I found on a fallen branch a cluster of a singular and beautiful kind, folded and lobed into convolutions something like the human brain, and of a rich orange colour: this I made out to be *Tremella mesenterica*. At another time I found a bunch of yellow things sticking up in the grass, and looking like short blades of grass painted a bright clear yellow: indeed it was long before I could satisfy myself that this colouring was not some insect or other deposit; nor was I quite clear on the point until I found some of the same substance only a little differently cleft, and white, and on referring to authorities found that such were described under the name of the brittle mushroom (*Clavaria fragilis*.) About this same time I perceived some brilliant orange balls—some larger and others smaller than a good-sized pea—floating on dead leaves in the dikes which intersected the marshy ground near the osmunda enclosure; and on fishing some out I saw that they were parasitic on the leaves that bore them, and of the fungus tribe. They were very pretty, and lasted a long time when floated in a glass of water; but I could not make sure of what kind they were. My plate of treasures was, when complete, very beautiful, and attracted much wonder and admiration. One lady to whom I shewed them conceived them to be artificial, and said: 'Yes, they are pretty. I know how you made *that*'—pointing to one of shining yellow—'it is lemon-peel cut and varnished; but I do not know how you made the others.'

The kind of fungus most usually known and valued in England is the common field-mushroom (*Agáricus campestris*), which is also cultivated in gardens; the gills of this species are loose, pinky-red, changing to liver colour, and are in contact with the stem, but not united to it. The old writer whom I have before quoted, Gerarde, says of this mushroom: 'the lower side is somewhat hollow set, or decked with fine gutters drawne along from the middle centre to the circumference.' He also speaks of some sorts which 'growe upon the trunkes or bodies of old trees, very much resembling *Auricule Iudæ;* that is the Jewes-eare, doe in continuance of time grow unto the substance of wood which the Fowlers doe call touchwood.' There is another kind of fungus called puffe-fists, fusse-balls, bunt, puck-fist, frog-cheese, and other odd names, which is used for making a stupifying potion for bees. These grow to more than the size of a man's head; indeed it is said that they have been found measuring as much as nearly nine feet in circumference: this is, I believe, the *Bovista nigrescens*. They are white and heavy when unripe; but when ripe, very light, of a brown colour, and turning to powder. Cotton, in his Bee-book, tells us the mode of using this when it is desired to stupify bees for the purpose of removing them from one hive to another. 'When you have procured one of those pucks, put it into a large paper, pressing it down therein to two-thirds, or near half the bulk, tying it up very close. Put it in an oven some time after the household bread is drawn, letting it continue all night. When it will hold fire it is fit for your use. With a pair of scissors cut a piece off the puck as large as a hen's egg (better at first to have too much than too little), and fix it to the end of a small stick, slit for that purpose, and sharpened at the other end; which place so that it may hang near the middle of an empty hive. This hive you must set with the mouth upward near the stock you intend to take, in a pail or bucket. This done set fire to the puck with a candle, and immediately place the stock of bees over it, tying a cloth round the hives, which you must have in readiness, that no smoke may come forth. In a minute's time or little more you will with delight hear them drop like hail into the empty hive: when the major part of them are down, and you hear very few fall, you may beat the top of the hive gently with your hand, to get as many out as you can; then loosing the cloth, lift it off to a table or broad board prepared on purpose; and knocking the hive against it several times, many more will tumble out, perhaps the queen among them, as I have often found her lodging near the crown.'

In former days, when lucifer-matches were unknown, the country-people in divers parts of England who lived far from any neighbours used to carry these puffe-fists kindled with fire, which lasts long in them. I have named the truffle and morel as edible species—the former is the *Tuber cibárium;* they are found underground in dry and light soil, both in Europe and in Japan and India. Dogs are taught to find this fungus by smell, and to dig it out of the earth; and it is on record that a man was once known to possess this power. They are much famed in cookery, and are either boiled simply or stewed in different modes before being brought to table. The *Morel* (*morchel'la esculen'ta*) grows on the earth, and has a round or oval cap: the German name is *Morchel*. It is large and whitish, and appears in the spring, when it is much valued, being very delicious for sauce. It is chiefly found in places where trees have been burned; 'which led,' says Loudon, 'in Germany to a practice of cutting down masses of forests for the sake of the future morels. This practice became so injurious that it was necessary to suppress it by law.' One of the prettiest and at the same time best known of the fungus tribe is that exquisite little red-cup which adorns our hedge-banks in the early spring-time—this is the *Hymenomycetes coccínea*, called by children fairy-cup, or sometimes fairies' bath. It appears at first as if growing on the earth, but on closer inspection you find it to be produced by some little dead stick which has lain mouldering in, or half below the surface of the earth all the winter, on which are clustered probably two or three little cups, from three-quarters of an inch to a barleycorn in diameter, of velvet softness, and the richest hue of scarlet in the inside, while the outside is of pinkish-white. With what delight have I seen these pretty things beaming out on me from some mossy bank in the month of March, and laid them in my little basket by the side of the first violets of the season, and perhaps two or three pale primroses—the result of patient searching among the leaves—and a few of the long tassels of the hazel—all tokens of the sweet spring, and all therefore precious jewels to one who loves the country, with its sweet sights and sounds. I do not know whether Queen Mab and her suite ever really use these pretty red things as baths; but that mushrooms were an important article in their domestic economy cannot be doubted if we accept the testimony furnished us by poets of all ages and of all countries: we may cite as an instance the fairy queen's song—'Come, follow, follow me,' &c. two of the stanzas of which are as follow:—

'Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
The manchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

On tops of dewy grasse
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalke
Ne'er bends where we do walke;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.'

It is a pity that the lovers of romance and fairy lore can no longer wonder over those deep-green rings which mark the grass in the autumn, and amuse themselves

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by fancying the elves and fairies dancing around hand in hand beneath the moonbeams: these rings, to which no doubt allusion is made in the last couplet of the song, as well as in Prospero's address—

'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sand with printless feet
Do chase the flying Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms'—

are by late discoveries ascertained to be the result of the growth of some particular kinds of fungus, one of which is very broad and white, and called the gigantic mushroom (*Agáricus giganticus.*) But I must now close these remarks, although my subject is not half exhausted; urging my readers to examine for themselves, and assuring them that even a slight degree of study of fungi, will reveal to them wonders and beauties of which they may have been hitherto quite unconscious.

THE STRANGE BOAT.

Last year, when engaged in an exploration of the Nile, it was my fortune to encounter a somewhat queer character. We had arrived at El-Kab, the site of the ancient Eilithyas, some short time after noon. The heat was intense; and though all of us were pretty well inured to the temperature of Upper Egypt, it was judged both prudent and agreeable to defer our exploration until the evening drew nigh. We lay moored under a thick grove of palms alongside a tangled field of lupines, and could distinguish no sign of antiquities but portions of a huge wall of unburnt brick between the columnar stems of the trees. The silence peculiar to the summer-time of the day brooded over the scene; for when the sun has retreated beyond the equator all the seasons are represented within the twenty-four hours in Egypt. The northern breeze had long since flagged, and now breathed in scarcely perceptible sighs along the eddying stream; the leaves overhead occasionally trembled, but were voiceless; the crew went out upon the bank, and were soon sleeping here and there among the lupines.

About an hour had passed since our arrival when we heard in the distance, borne towards us through the glowing air, the merry voices of a boat's crew evidently pulling down the stream; and vigorously too, for in a minute or so after we first heard the indistinct and interrupted hum we could distinguish the air, and then even some of the words. Presently a small boat shot round a point into the centre of the reach, and the fast-dipping oars plied so bravely, that before we could make out the flag—no easy matter, for she came end on—there was a momentary lull in the singing; after which we heard a rasping sound, that invariable sign of an in-shore movement—and the felucca, as our reis called the fairy-like craft, came shooting to its mooring-ground.

It belonged to an English traveller, who did not at first shew himself, probably from fear of exposing himself to our greetings. Vain fear, for though not unsocial ourselves, we respected the unsociability of others. Besides, we thought we recognised the boat; and indeed there was no longer any possibility of doubt when we saw a tall, grim-looking dragoman make his appearance, and begin to operate upon some shirts. We had passed that boat fifty times on our way up, and on each occasion had beheld that identical dragoman engaged in that identical operation. It was indeed 'the enemy.' Not the evil one; but a boat which, by its odd appearance, strange manœuvres, and queer behaviour, had from the beginning puzzled, interested, and almost exasperated us. We had met it at first at Beni-Souef, where it had just arrived, seemingly with the intention of stopping. No sooner, however, did we run up alongside, than the dragoman threw away his hot iron and began to give vociferous instructions to the captain to prepare for departure; and off they went before we had driven in our pegs. We strolled about the town for an hour or so, and set sail. Our spread of canvas was immense, and our huge boat one of the finest models on the Nile. No wonder, then, that some time before sunset we overtook the stranger, which was better calculated for rowing than for sailing. The dragoman was still erect with his iron in his hand, and glanced at us moodily as we shot by; but no sign of any travellers appeared. All the cabin-windows were jealously closed, and a curtain was drawn over the door. We began to speculate on what now seemed to be a little mysterious; but could arrive at no definite result, except that the boat contained most probably a he-body and a she-body who chose to travel *incog.* The fag-end of the breeze took us about a mile ahead; but after dark, when we had moored, we saw the mysterious stranger creep by, and rounding a point a little ahead, disappear.

Next morning, as soon as the wind served, we of course again gained on 'the enemy;' and this time, by the aid of our telescopes, managed to make out a European figure slowly pacing the roof of the cabin. But as we drew nigh it made itself scarce, and only the crew remained visible, with the exception of that abominable dragoman with his hot iron. Thus day after day passed; we lying along-shore regularly at sunset, 'the enemy' working a couple of hours more, and crawling a mile or so ahead, to be repassed next morning under nearly the same circumstances. The only addition to our information was, that there was really a lady on board dressed in the Oriental style. This fact we first learned from our servants, but afterwards from our own observation; and instead of appeasing, it only served to stimulate our curiosity. However, we forbore to make inquiries, and endeavoured to escape from 'the enemy;' but whatever distance we gained in the day was sure to be compensated by his industry at night.

On one occasion we had a slight communication with the mysterious boat. Somebody on board fell ill; and a letter in a lady's hand, but with a male signature—a foreign name very like Alphonse de Penthiévre—was sent to us, half in French half in English, requesting some medicine. We supplied what we could, and recommended the unknown patient to push on to Minich, where there was a Frank doctor. Our advice was taken, and 'the enemy' set sail at night; but a stiff breeze carried us ahead next day, and we had already visited the town when the little craft that had caused so much speculation came up with popping sail, and trembling under a heavy gale that began to blow as the sun went down.

This kind of work continued until we reached Thebes, where we stayed some time; whilst the stranger, after a cursory glance that lasted three-quarters of an hour, went on. We never saw any more of it during our upward journey, nor indeed at Spouan—probably it went on to Abu Sumbal—and had quite forgotten its existence when it thus fell upon us at El-Kab. As may be supposed, our curiosity—which was by no means impertinent, for we declined allowing the servants to pump the ironing dragoman—now revived; and when at length M. Alphonse de Penthiévre made his appearance, evidently bent on antiquarian research, I resolved to start with the most enterprising of my companions, in the vague hope of seeing something that would interest or amuse me.

He was a strange-looking being, strangely accoutred, this M. Alphonse. Tall and thin, he appeared like a mummy just escaped from a pit; and his tight-fitting leathern breeches, long sporting-boots that reached half-way up his lank thighs, small braided jacket, and long-

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peaked jockey-cap, converted into a turban by what might have been a lady's petticoat—all this, I say, gave him an original appearance quite irresistible to behold. We preferred walking, but M. Alphonse insisted on a donkey, and was presently ahead of us on the queerest little animal it is possible to conceive.

Our legs would have taken us much faster, but we paused to examine the ruins which the stranger passed by without so much as turning his head. These were an artificial lake, the infirm fragments of a temple, and two square enclosures, surrounded by walls some thirty feet thick. In the one nearest the river the peasants of the neighbourhood were hard at work removing the bricks to spread as manure over their fields. We could not but regret this destruction of antique remains; but our regrets were unavailing, and we felt confident then, as now, that no vigorous steps towards preserving the monuments of Egypt will be taken until they are scarcely worth preserving. Every year the mischief done is enormous, and seems to cause very little annoyance even to professed antiquaries. These gentlemen are generally so special in their studies, and so confined in their sympathies, that unless some particular tablet or some particular chamber in a temple that interests them be interfered with, they are perfectly content to allow hammer and pickaxe, spade and gunpowder, to work their will on the rest. Very little exertion would suffice to rescue what already remains from destruction; but, as we have said, this exertion will not be made until it is too late, and until there be nothing left in Egypt but chips and heaps of rubbish.

After strolling through these enormous enclosures we issued into the desert behind, and proceeded northward towards the solitary hill which formed the necropolis of ancient Eilithyas. Our friend 'the enemy' had not yet reached it, and we saw him at some distance from the base gesticulating most violently, and kicking his beast in the vain hope of accelerating its speed; whilst the Arab who had engaged himself as donkey-boy—he was an aged youth of some seventy-five years—was hobbling a hundred yards behind. We walked leisurely on, and arrived in time to witness M. Alphonse actually forcing his little donkey up the steep slope, and occasionally helping it by putting foot to ground on either side. Politeness induced us to resolve to wait until the operation was terminated; but when the animal came to a dead stop, in spite of the contortions of its rider, we began the ascent, and reached the entrance of the tombs, after having been favoured with a grave salute in passing from 'the enemy,' who did not appear to be aware that there was anything ludicrous in his appearance or situation.

We soon ran over the principal tombs which guide-books authorise us to pronounce interesting. They are small in themselves, but are connected by pits and rugged passages with very large unsculptured caves, which probably occupy the greater part of the space that was formerly one solid rock. The sculptures themselves are very curious and of high antiquity, but the state of their preservation is not at all satisfactory. They represent scenes of domestic and agricultural life in a very quaint and amusing manner, and throw great light on Egyptian customs. It is from them that a great portion of those valuable materials which have fed the imaginations of fervid archæologists has been derived. We, who looked calmly on, and had no theories to support, did not see so much as our predecessors; but we had a double source of interest—the first, in the contemplation of the sculptures themselves; the second, in that of the ingenuity which has interpreted them.

M. Alphonse stalked solemnly past us several times during our examination, gazing with lack-lustre eye at the painted walls, and evidently going through his work as a mere matter of duty. We, not being in a hurry, after we had visited the numbered tombs, began exploring the rest, and finally clambered up to the very summit of the hill, which is of an oval shape, and entirely honeycombed on all sides and to the very centre with excavations of all sizes. On the top we found the traces of various tombs, and towards the western extremity a neatly-cut staircase leading down to a platform upon which several chambers opened. Here we found M. Alphonse, with his legs hanging over a precipice, engaged in lighting a cigar, and thought it our duty to address a polite observation to him. He seemed rather shy at first, but answered in very vernacular English to the effect that Egypt was a 'wery hinteresting country.'

There was now no mistaking the origin of 'the enemy.' Bow Bells had evidently filled his infant ears with their melody. But whence his uncouth appearance, his strange dress, and his outlandish name? Whence, above all, the Oriental lady who travelled in habara and veil, 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in a kanjia, under the protection of this unmistakable Cockney? Our curiosity became keener than ever. We remembered having caught a partial glimpse of the countenance of the imprisoned lady as she returned with her lord from a sporting excursion, and that we thought it 'beautiful exceedingly'—full of poetical melancholy suggestive of a romantic story. It was impossible to resist the temptation to be a little inquisitive; so we began in a round-about manner, taking care to repeat the high-sounding name of our mysterious friend as often as possible, and observing that whenever it was pronounced he winced in a most remarkable manner. However, there was no extracting anything from him; and when, with a 'Good-morning, gents,' he leaped down the precipice and scrambled towards his little donkey, he left us as much in the dark as ever about his real condition and history.

We endeavoured philosophically to dismiss the subject from our minds, and pursued our investigations. We found, however, nothing but an interminable succession of cells, chambers, tombs, caves of various forms, but all evidently destined for sepulchral objects except one—a kind of underground chapel with round pillars. The place reminded me much of that Gebel el Monta, or Mountain of the Dead, which overhangs the city of Siwah in the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon; the plans even of many of the tombs seemed precisely similar.

In the valley below the hill was an isolated rock, with two or three excavated caves of very great antiquity. The lintels and jambs of the doorways were dimly ornamented with hieroglyphics; but very little could be made out. We returned by a path leading north of the great brick-enclosures, and noticed a curious kind of thorn, with contorted branches covered with prickles, said never to bear leaves, but producing a kind of red berry, some of which still remained, and were of an agreeable taste. On reaching the boat we found that 'the enemy' had already started, and heard the chanting of his crew in the distance. We also pushed off about dark; but although the men worked gallantly, it was impossible for our immense galley, so swift under sail, to keep up with the light boat of 'the enemy' when oars were brought into play. We never saw anything more of it.

Some months passed before we ascertained the real state of the case; and it was rather with a feeling of disappointment that we learned that M. Alphonse de Penthiévre was no other than Mr Jones, ironmonger of —— Street, London; and that the Oriental lady, so jealously concealed from view, and whom we took to be some very immoral heroine, was actually Mrs Jones herself, lately extracted from a boarding-school at Clapham. It appears that this young lady, as soon as the honeymoon was over, felt disgusted both with the humdrum life of the capital and the very unpoetical

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name for which she had exchanged her own musical family appellation of Higgins. So, her lord's means permitting, she resolved to travel under a title taken out of some one of her favourite novels; and the idea was carried out to the letter. She herself had a mania for 'adopting the customs of the countries through which she passed:' went out in a grisette's cap with flying ribbons at Paris; put a tower on her head in Normandy; donned the mantilla in Spain; and, finally, hid her delightful little face under a veil in Egypt and Syria. It is true that in this latter case she missed seeing a great deal of what was curious; but her object was not to see, but to satisfy her mania. A very harmless one it was, certainly, resulting in no other inconvenience than that of awaking the intense derision of all the people amongst whom she sojourned, and of giving rise to speculations of a nature not very flattering. It were to be desired that all travellers, in the indulgence of their eccentricities, should be satisfied with making themselves ridiculous.

THE POTTER OF TOURS.

Among the choicest works of art contributed to the Great Industrial Exhibition by our French neighbours, were some enamelled earthenware vases of remarkably fine workmanship, and particularly worthy of attention for their grotesque yet graceful decorations. These vases had, however, a still higher claim to distinction than that arising from their own intrinsic value, for they were the workmanship of one who may truly be ranked among 'nature's nobles,' although by birth and station owning no greater title than that of 'Charles Avisseau, the potter of Tours.'

A worthy successor of Bernard Palissy,* he has, like him, achieved the highest success in his art, in spite of difficulties which would have caused most other men to yield despairingly before what they would have deemed their untoward fate. Charles Avisseau was born at Tours on Christmas-day, in the year 1796. His father was a stone-cutter, but whenever labour was slack in that department, he sought additional occupation in a neighbouring pottery. While still a child, he used frequently to accompany his father to the factory. His eager attention was quickly attracted by the delicate workmanship of the painters in enamel, and before long he attempted to imitate their designs. The master of the factory observed some flowers and butterflies which he had sketched on a coarse earthenware vase, and at once perceiving that he gave promise of being a good workman, he engaged him in the service of the factory.

The boy now began to feel himself a man, and entered with his whole soul into his work. By the dim and uncertain light of the one lamp around which the Avisseau family gathered in the long winter evenings, Charles would spend hour after hour in tracing out new designs for the earthenware he was to paint on the morrow. He was at first too poor to purchase either pencil or paper, and used to manufacture from clay the best substitute he could for the former, while he generally employed the walls of the apartment as a substitute for the latter. He applied himself indefatigably to the study of every branch of his art—the different varieties of earths, the methods of baking them, the mode of producing various enamels, &c.—until, after some years of patient labour in the humble situation he had first occupied, he was offered the post of superintendent of the manufactory of fine porcelain at Beaumont-les-Hôtels. He was still, however, but a poor man; and, having married very young, was struggling with family cares and the trials of penury, when one day there fell into his hands an old enamelled earthenware vase, which filled him with a transport of astonishment and delight. This was the *chef-d'œuvre* he had so often dreamed of, and longed to accomplish; the colours were fired on the ware without the aid of the white glaze, and the effect was exquisite.

'Whose work is this masterpiece?' inquired the young man.

'That of Bernard Palissy,' was the reply; 'a humble potter by birth. He lived at Saintes three centuries ago, and carried with him to the grave the secret of the means by which his beautiful enamels were produced.'

'Well, then,' thought Avisseau, 'I will rediscover this great secret. If he was a potter like me, why should not I become an artist like him?'

From that hour forward he devoted himself with the most unwearying perseverance to his great pursuit. He passed whole nights over the furnace; and although ignorant of chemistry, and destitute of resources, instruments, or books, he tried one experiment after another, in hopes of at length attaining the much-desired object. His neighbours called him a madman and a fool; his wife, too gentle to complain, often looked on with sad and anxious eye as she saw their scanty resources diminishing day by day—wasted, as she conceived, in vain and fruitless experiments. All his hopes seemed doomed to disappointment, and destitution stared him in the face; yet one more trial he determined to make, although that one he promised should be the last. With the utmost care he blended the materials of his recomposed enamel, and applied them to the ware, previous to placing it in the oven. But who can describe the deep anxiety of the ensuing hour, the hour on which the fondly-cherished hopes of a lifetime seemed to hang? At length with beating heart and trembling hand he opened the furnace: his ware was duly baked, and the colours of his enamel had undergone no change! This was a sufficient reward for all his labours; and even to this day Avisseau can never speak of that moment without the deepest emotion.

But his was not a mind to rest contented with what he had already achieved: he longed still further to perfect his art. He accordingly gave up his situation in the factory, and opened a shop in Tours, where he earned his livelihood by selling little earthenware figures, ornaments for churches, &c., whilst he passed his nights in study and in making renewed experiments. He borrowed treatises on chemistry, botany, and mineralogy; studied plants, insects, and reptiles; and succeeded at last in composing a series of colours which were all fusible at the same temperature. One more step remained to be achieved: he wished to introduce gold among his enamel; but, alas! he was a poor man, too poor to buy even the smallest piece of that precious metal. For many a weary day and night this thought troubled him. Let us transport ourselves for a few moments to the interior of his lowly dwelling, and see how this difficulty too was overcome. It is a winter's evening; two men—Charles Avisseau and his son—are seated at a table in the centre of the room; they have worked hard all day, but are not the less intent upon their present occupation—that of moulding a vase of graceful and classic form. Under their direction, two young sisters are engaged in tracing the veins upon some vine-leaves which had recently been modelled by the artists; while the mother of the family, seated by the chimney-corner, is employed in grinding the colours for her husband's enamels. Her countenance expresses a peaceful gravity, although every now and then she might be perceived to direct an anxious and inquiring glance towards her goodman, who seemed to be this evening even more than usually pensive. At last he exclaimed, more as if speaking to himself than addressing his observation to others:

'Oh, what would I not give to be able to procure the smallest piece of gold!'

* For a sketch of the history of this remarkable man, see No. 255 of this Journal.

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'You want gold!' quietly inquired his wife: 'here is my wedding-ring: if it can help to make you happy, what better use can I put it to? Take it, my husband! God's blessing rests upon it.' So saying, she placed the long-treasured pledge in Avisseau's hand. He gazed upon it with deep emotion: how many were the associations connected with that little circlet of gold—the pledge of his union with one who had cheered him in his sorrows, assisted him in his labours, and aided him in his struggles! And, besides, would it not be cruel to accept from her so great a sacrifice? On the other hand, however, the temptation was strong; he had so longed to perform this experiment! If it succeeded, it would add so much to the beauty of his enamel: he knew not what to do. At length, hastily rising from his seat, he left the house. He still retained the ring in his hand: a great struggle was going on in his mind; but each moment the temptation to make the long-desired experiment gained strength in his mind, until at last the desire proved irresistible. He hurried to the furnace, dropped the precious metal into the crucible, applied it to the ware, which he then placed in the oven, and, after a night of anxious watching, held in his hand a cup, such as he had so long desired to see, ornamented with gilt enamel! His wife smiled as she gazed upon it, although at the same time a tear glistened in her eye; and looking proudly upon her husband, she exclaimed: 'My wedding-ring has not been thrown away!'

Still, Avisseau, notwithstanding his genius, was destined to lead for many years a life of poverty and obscurity. It was not until the year 1845 that M. Charles Sciller, a barrister at Tours, first drew attention to the great merit of some of the pieces he had executed, and persuaded him to exhibit them at Angers, Poitiers, and Paris. The attention of the public once directed towards his works, orders began to flow in upon him apace. The President of the Republic and the Princess Matilda Bonaparte are among his patrons, and the most distinguished artists and public men of the day are frequently to be met with in his *atélier*. In the midst of all this unlooked-for success, Avisseau has ever maintained the modest dignity of his character.

M. Brongniart, the influential director of the great porcelain manufactory at Sévres, begged of him to remove thither, promising him a liberal salary if he would work for the Sévres Company, and impart to them his secrets. 'I thank you for your kindness, sir,' replied the potter of Tours, 'and I feel you are doing me a great honour; but I would rather eat my dry crust here as an artisan than live as an artist on the fat of the land at Sévres. *Here* I am free, and my own master: *there* I should be the property of another, and that would never suit me.'

When he was preparing his magnificent vase for the Exhibition, he was advised to emboss it with the royal arms of England. 'No,' he replied, 'I will not do that. If Her Majesty were then to purchase my work, people might imagine I had ornamented it with these insignia in order to obtain her favour, and I have never yet solicited the favour of any human being!' Avisseau has no ambition to become a rich man. He shrinks from the busy turmoil of life—loving his art for its own sake, and delighting in a life of meditative retirement, which enables him to mature his ideas, and to execute them with due deliberation.

In the swamps and in the meadows he studies the varied forms and habits of reptiles, insects, and fish, until he succeeds in reproducing them so truly to the life that one can almost fancy he sees them winding themselves around the rushes, or gliding beneath the shelter of the spreading water-leaves. His humble dwelling, situated in one of the faubourgs of Tours, is well worthy of a visit. Here he and his son—now twenty years of age, who promises to prove in every respect a worthy successor to his father—may be found at all hours of the day labouring with unremitting diligence. A room on the ground-floor forms the artist's studio and museum: its walls are hung with cages, in which are contained a numerous family of frogs, snakes, lizards, caterpillars, &c., which are intended to serve as models; rough sketches, broken busts, half-finished vases, lie scattered around. The furnaces are constructed in a little shed in the garden, and one of them has been half-demolished, in order to render it capable of admitting the gigantic vase which Avisseau has sent to the Great Exhibition. There we trust the successor of Bernard Palissy will meet with the success so justly due to his unassuming merit, and to the persevering genius which carried him onwards to his goal in the midst of so much to discourage, and with so little help to speed him on his way.

'A LOST ART.'

In No. 407 of this Journal there is an article entitled 'A Lost Art,' in which is mentioned the juggling trick of swallowing water, and then vomiting it again under the semblance of wine, &c. On reading it I remembered having read an explanation of this feat somewhere, and on examination found an account of it in an intelligent little book for its time, 'Experimental Philosophy, by Henry Power, Doctor of Physick. London, 1664.' His account, after describing the changes produced in vegetable infusions by acids, &c. is as follows:—'By which ingenious commixtion of spirits and liquors did Floram Marchand, that famous water-drinker, exhibit those rare tricks and curiositys at London of vomiting all kind of liquors at his mouth. For, first, before he mounts the stage, he always drinks in his private chamber, fasting, a gill of the decoction of Brasil; then, making his appearance, he presents you with a pailful of lukewarm water, and twelve or thirteen glasses, some washed in vinegar, others with oyl of tartar and oyl of vitriol; then he drinks four-and-twenty glasses of the water, and carefully taking up the glasse which was washed with oyl of tartar, he vomits a reddish liquor into it, which presently is brightned up and tinged into perfect and lovely claret. After this first assay, he drinks six or seven glasses more (the better to provoke his vomiting), as also the more to dilute and empale the Brasil decoction within him; and then he takes a glass rinsed in vinegar, and vomits it full, which instantly, by its acidity, is transcoloured into English beer, and vomiting also at the same time into another glass—which he washes in fair water—he presents the spectators with a glass of paler claret or Burgundian wine; then drinking again as before, he picks out the glass washed with oyl of vitriol, and, vomiting a faint Brasil-water into it, it presently appears to be sack—and perchance if he washed the one half of the glass with spirit of sack, it would have a faint odour and flavour of that wine also. He then begins his carouse again, and drinking fifteen or sixteen glasses, till he has almost extinguished the strength and tincture of his Brasil-water; he then vomits into a vinegar-glass again, and that presents white wine. At the next disgorgement—when his stomach is full of nothing but clear water, indeed, which he has filled so by the exceeding quantity of water which at every interval he drinks—he then deludes the spectators by vomiting rose-water, angelica-water, and cinnamon-water, into those glasses which have been formerly washed with those spirits. And thus was that famous cheat performed, and indeed acted with such a port and flowing grace by that Italian bravado, that he did not onely strike an admiration into vulgar heads and common spectators, but even into the judicious and more knowing part of men, who could not readily find out the ingenuity of his knavery.' From this it would appear that the method used was the same with that of the Wizards of the present day; with this difference—that, in accordance with the tastes of a ruder age, they formerly used their stomachs as receptacles for the liquor, whereas in the present more fastidious age

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they are contented with a bottle. The art of vomiting and spouting the water would of course require considerable practice, and I should think would not be very conducive to the health of the operators.—*From a Correspondent.*

EPITHALAMIA.

FOR A SISTER'S WEDDING. BY W. E. L.

I.

O DAY half happiness, half mystery!
O hour of gladness, long'd and waited for,
When hope and love-born fancy are no more,
But dreamland changes to reality!

How shall I welcome thee!—the silent hours
Are rolling upward on the orb of Time
Into the daylight, and the morning rime
Rises already on the orange-flowers.

Sweet sister bride! from true affection sprung,
My thoughts this day to thee I dedicate;
Would that, so large a theme to celebrate,
Some voice, melodious more than mine, had sung!

Yet take the rhymes, of imperfections full:
Like the lone blossoms of the Alpine snow,
They speak of summer warmth hid deep below,
And, to a cold world, preach the Beautiful.

II.

There is no thought can sweep across the mind
With more of melting tenderness and grace,
Than old remembrances of some lov'd place
With memories of lov'd persons intertwined.

Thus, sister mine, how many a summer hence
The vision of that shelter'd southern vale
(Let but the hint suffice to tell the tale),
Shall beam on thee with bright pre-eminence!

Through the dim lapse of years, as through a dream,
Shall bloom far off a lowly garden-home,
And fancy paint a happy pair that clomb
Up the hillside, or wander'd by the stream;

Or, 'mid deep copses hidden, watched afar
The fading landscape till the shadows fell,
And down the steep, and through the quiet dell,
Homeward they went, beneath the evening-star.

III.

'O coming Time! O messenger of light
Sent from God's fathomless futurity
To gleam upon the infinite To Be,
And clear the tangl'd mesh of wrong and right,

Tarry not longer! from thy hiding-place
Let the fresh Present and its pure day-spring,
Lure the clogg'd pinion of thy sluggish wing;
O let us see and know thee face to face!'

Frail thought of vanity! to weakly Sense
How should eternal wisdom deign reply!
Only the echo of my spirit's sigh
Mocks at me with my own mad eloquence.

And it is well: we know not what we pray.
Nathless how trancing were the golden light
Of coming action to this panting sight,
Dimm'd in this dusky prison-house of clay!

For thee, O sister lov'd and cherish'd well!
Would I might trace for thee the unknown tale
Whose end is hidden 'neath Time's solemn veil,
Whose prelude is the chiming marriage-bell.

Ah, that I cannot! ah, that I am dust!
But He who lives while ages roll away,
Perfect and Present, the I AM for aye—
He never fails to love. In Him I trust.

So may the incense of a brother's heart
That rises to the ear which heareth prayer,
Not pass unfruitful into careless air,
Fragrant and precious only to depart;

Rather, returning from the throne above
Fraught with choice blessing, let each prayer be given,
And faith be born, and trustfulness in Heaven,
Strong as man's friendship, warm as woman's love.

IV.

Yet do I err, denying that we know
What shall befall us: darkness is no more
Beyond the threshold of this mortal shore,
And doubt but shadows things that are below.

Night is around us; and we cannot see
Things that are earthly for the earthly night,
But clear the vision of the worlds of light
Shining far off from earth's obscurity.

Yea, though to-morrow's fleeting joy or pain
Be shrouded from us in a rayless gloom,
Bright gleams, ayont the portals of the tomb,
The chart of that fair land we seek to gain.

If all unwittingly I do thee wrong—
If, rhyming freely, I have thrill'd some chords
Of too deep feeling with my careless words,
Pardon the folly of a true-meant song.

Think that all error springs from warm good-will;
Treasure the good, despite its harsh, quaint dress;
Steep all the ill in deep forgetfulness;
Forgive the song, and love the singer still.

GOLD DISCOVERIES.

As indicative of the change caused by the gold discoveries on the aspect of affairs in the colony, we may only present the following passages from the 'Sydney Herald' of May 28:—'Compared with 1843, when the colony was at the lowest depth of its prostration, the early months of 1851 were as the light of noon compared with the blackness of midnight, or as the serenity of an Australian spring with the horrors of an arctic winter. But if we attempt to compare the first four months of the present year, when Australian gold was a thing unthought of, with the last two weeks of the current month of May, when Australian gold is the *only* thing thought of, we shall be at a loss for any metaphor that can adequately illustrate the stupendous change. If we were to say that the colony has been panic-stricken—that the whole population has gone mad, we should use a bold figure of speech, but not much too bold to indicate the fact. It is as if the Genius of Australia had suddenly rushed from the skies, and proclaimed through a trumpet, whose strains reverberate from mountain to mountain—from valley to valley—from town to town—from house to house—piercing every ear and thrilling every breast: "The destinies of the land are changed!"'

THE BROOM.

There are many pleasing associations that the 'lang yellow broom' awaken in the mind; but to the lover of Flora, perhaps one of the dearest is the remembrance that the gorgeous luxuriance of its golden blossoms so enraptured the illustrious Linnæus, when he first beheld it *in profusion*, on his visit to England, that he fell down upon his knees in an ecstasy of pleasure, to enjoy such a glorious sight. And as the mind of that eminent naturalist was endued with a deep sense of the goodness of his Creator, we cannot doubt but that he then breathed a prayer of gratitude to the benevolent Being who had furnished him with the gratifying spectacle.—*Gardiner's Flora of Forfarshire.*

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THE MEDIOCRACY.

A man of genius was once sitting in a theatre looking with wonder at the happy faces around him, and listening in perplexity to the shouts of laughter that echoed on all sides. The piece was a poor mediocrity, the language tame, the epigram pointless; and at length his surprise merging in disgust, and that in testiness and ill-humour, with a sweeping glance of angry superiority he left the house. Our man of genius was not sorry for himself: he did not regret that he could not be diverted like other people, but was indignant with them for finding amusement in what was weariness to him.

He would now pass the evening with a book. It should be a book of recreation, for his mind wanted unbending: a clever novel would be better than a dull play. But how to choose? He was but little acquainted with that department of literature, and he determined to take extensive popularity as the test of merit. Casting his eye, therefore, along the shelves of the circulating library, he fixed upon a spot where the volumes were frailer and dingier in appearance than elsewhere, and selected the frailest and dingiest of them all. At home with his prize, he sat down to be happy. But he was not happy. The book was commonplace. It had no interest, no story, no fancy, no character. He confounded the *personæ* one with another. They seemed to be always drinking tea, and arguing about something or other—he did not know what. They soon began to mingle and flit before his heavy eyes; their voices sank into a drowsy monotone; his head drooped lower and lower; and at length as his brow rapped the table, he started up in renewed indignation. But this time his anger was 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' He looked curiously at the torn and stained leaves, the folded corners—tokens of the patient interest which would take next opportunity of returning to a labour of love—the half-obliterated traces of some critical pencil, expressive of dissent or admiration. He calculated in imagination the number of perusals it had taken to change permanently the very colour of the paper. Then a vision rose before him of the theatre he had left, with its merry faces and applauding voices; and his disdain began to give way before an oppressive sense of magnitude and multitude.

But he must spend his evening somehow, for he had resolved against work; and taking his crush-hat out of its box, and elongating it to the orthodox figure, he set forth for one of the drawing-rooms to which he had the *entrée*. Here the lights, the colours, the motion, the fair faces, the graceful forms, reassured him; and he drew near to group after group, that the buzz of voices might resolve for his gratification into articulate dialogue. But what dialogue! Without thought, without spirit, without substance—more pointless than the play, tamer than the novel, and minus the grace of manner which pleaded for the one, and the elegance of language which concealed the poverty of the other, it seemed the very quintessence of commonplace. In one or two corners a question of literary or social interest was discussed; but these corners were avoided by the throng, who listened with the most animated attention to platitudes which, if turned into print, could hardly have amused even the most devoted novel-reader. The philosophical observer, however, was no longer indignant; his disdain was lost in a kind of awe, as the audience at the play, the countless readers of the book, and the brilliant assembly before him, all met and mingled in a single body, which seemed to overwhelm and crush him with its vastness. 'I was wrong,' said he, communing with himself, as he elongated his hat again to go out into the street: 'my contempt arose from ignorance—my indignation from weakness; the Mediocracy is a great power, which can neither be wounded by the one nor intimidated by the other.'

He was right. 'Mediocre' and 'commonplace,' used as terms of contempt, are meaningless when applied to the great body of the age. Beneath this body the lower intelligences indicate imperfect beings approaching gradually the standard: above it, the higher intelligences are merely a few offshoots thrown out into the future—the pioneers and forlorn-hopes of the present. It is on the main body genius depends for nourishment and reward. When genius says it speaks to the future, it means the future of the present commonplace generation; for this generation is the parent of everything that will be excellent and glorious in the coming time. Let not genius suppose itself to ...ything independent or self-existing; for it derives ... origin, force, and authority from the commonplace mass it affects to despise. Napoleon was literally, what he has been called in another sense, 'the man of the age;' for if the thought which governed his career had not existed, though without form and void, in the French mind, he would have been but a stunted corporal after all. Scott could not of himself have brought about a revolution in romance; for unless the public taste had been in a state of preparation, he would have written in vain. Genius, in short, must be *en rapport* with the time it addresses, or its electric force will have no effect.

This explains the reason why commonplace literature pleases commonplace readers, and why commonplace people are in their element in commonplace

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company. If you desire an ignorant man to choose between a book of science and a novel, his choice will fall upon the novel, because that belongs to a species of literature he comprehends. He can feel an interest in persons and personal adventures, which does not seem to him to attach to reasonings and experiments; and, in like manner, if the novel develops some high principle, or is enriched with profound thought, he will willingly exchange it for another better adapted to the calibre of a commonplace mind. So, in company, like affects like. A commonplace man will always have the majority in his favour. We do not listen to a celebrity because we are interested in what he says. If that were written in a book, we of the mediocracy would not cut the leaves; but hearing it from the man himself *vivâ voce*, we take it as a part of the show. When the star of the evening has disappeared, then our true pleasure begins, and that consists in exchanging commonplace sentiments with our commonplace friends on what we have seen and heard. The universal buzz that runs through the room is not the buzz of applause, but of busy self-satisfaction. We are exercising an instinct of our commonplace being, and deriving from the exercise the enjoyment which beneficent nature annexes to the fulfilment of her commands.

The mediocracy do not belong to any particular class, but they include the great body of the respectability of the people. They have little active power, but their passive force is immense. They seldom trouble themselves to attack, but they are great in resistance; and for this reason few persons dare openly to oppose them, although many open a safety-valve for their indignation in contempt and abuse. What is Bloomerism but a public acknowledgment of the might of the mediocracy—an agitation for carrying a change of measures through a committee of the whole house? The ladies of this faction are not satisfied with changing their own measures: they must have the sanction, the homologation, of the mediocracy. Without this they would consider their proceedings illegal, and enjoy no rest of conscience. It is even so in the matter of hats. Many persons are dissatisfied with the custom we have of carrying an empty oblong bandbox on our heads, and go about agitating for a change of fashion. Why so?—why not please yourselves, gentlemen?—Ah! that is all very well; but what would the mediocracy say? Some time ago we received a communication from several persons, proposing an association of strong-minded brethren who were to combine for the purpose of letting the beard grow. It was supposed that the extraordinary countenance these hirsute conspirators would show to one another might make a favourable impression upon the public; but there appeared to be a timidity in their initiatory proceedings which was not encouraging: the missive came in the form of a Round Robin.

In some nations mediocrity, as a power, is stronger than in others; but China may be pointed to as its grand stronghold. This flowery land is the centre of the world of commonplace. It has no ignorant classes in one sense of the word: all are educated up to a certain point of mediocrity, and genius is kept down by main force. To surpass the standard works of the language—standard two or three thousand years ago—is an offence at law; and even if it were not so, the Celestial mediocracy would turn away with contempt from anything that appeared to be different in thought or manner from their 'classics.' An emperor desired to read a Chinese version of the New Testament; and having gratified his curiosity, he returned it with the simple remark: 'It is not classical.' This was enough. The judgment ran like wildfire through the country, and a third part of mankind wagged their tails in triumph. The poor outside barbarians! Their great book resembled neither the She-king, nor the He-king, nor the Shoe-king! A great part of the literature of China consists of novels and poetry. In the one, they represent their own manners to the life, and are never weary of contemplating the commonplace image; in the other, they illustrate their own mind in all its happy destitution of thoughts and ideas. The schoolmaster publishes his verses by pasting them on the door-post; the cook glorifies his kitchen-walls in the same manner; all China writes verses; and a conventional edict constitutes all verses poetry.

Among the western nations, the mediocracy of England may be reckoned the strongest. Genius is more afraid of it than elsewhere; and eccentricity does not shew itself in public lest it should be mobbed. It was not her middle-classes, but her mediocracy, that saved England in the late revolutionary year. The mediocracy could not make out the genius of Red Republicanism; and it is to the present moment a standing puzzle with this commonplace body, how ignorance and crime are to be enlightened and reformed by having the government of the country and the fortunes of the age intrusted to their discretion. Loyalty, liberty, religion—these are the three great thoughts of the English mediocracy, who are as abundantly satisfied as the Chinese can be with their own *She-king*.

It is a pity that there should exist any misconception as to the power and vastness of the mediocracy. The struggles of genius are vain, its anger unphilosophical, its scorn ridiculous; and the fact is now so well known, that in good society a man of genius is rarely recognisable. Why should it be otherwise? Would a visitor rush with an Indian warwhoop into a roomful of Quakers, or get upon the table and stand on his head to amuse the company? But the presence of genius, though not recognised, is felt; enlivening commonplace and elevating mediocrity, unconsciously alike to itself and its neighbours. It is just so as regards literature. A book to be prosperous must be *en rapport* with the circle it addresses; and it needs not be the less really talented for assuming such a garb as will let it pass freely in the crowd. Tranquillity and modesty are not inconsistent with dignity, and they are essential to permanent success. Extravagance and pretension may make people stare for a time; but not having the sympathy of the mediocracy, they pass quickly into oblivion. This is the end of many works that to the few appear to deserve a better fate; and, on the other hand, it points to the reason why numerous productions, of no value whatever in critical eyes, maintain a popular place for a whole generation. Such is the power of the Mediocracy; and we humbly trust that in these few remarks there will be found satisfactory evidence of the homage we render it ourselves.

THE BOURGEOIS WEDDING.

A TALE.

A WEDDING in the middle and humbler classes of society in France is a very different thing from a wedding in England. The double ceremony before the *maire* and in church takes place early in the morning or in the afternoon. This over, in most cases the whole wedding-party adjourn to some celebrated house outside the barrier, where they sit down to dinner about six, to rise about eleven. Then dancing begins, continuing in most cases until six o'clock in the morning. The visitors then go away to take a little rest, meeting again at dinner-time, and dancing once more all night. Sometimes there is a third night; but in general reasonable people are contented with two; while those who aim at something a little above the ordinary run of middle-class society, actually stop at one.

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Hector Rubinet was an ironmonger in a large way of business in the Rue St Denis, an elector, and, he was proud to say, very nearly eligible to the deputation. Young, rich, and tolerably good-looking, he was the admiration of all the papas and mammas, with marriageable daughters, in the quarter. But, like most of his class, Hector was for some time not at all inclined to yield up his liberty too readily. Not that a French husband enjoys much less liberty when married than before; but the class which has grown rich and powerful since 1789—the citizen or *bourgeois* class—appears far more under the influence of their wives than the humbler or more elevated classes. I think this may be easily explained. The middle-classes are in general, though great grumblers, rich, contented, and happy. They naturally, then, like ease and tranquillity, and married men in general seem to agree that submission to the gentle influence of the female head of the family is the surest mode of obtaining this desirable state of affairs. I have often remarked myself, in this great city, called in France the capital of Europe, that if you want a specimen of the genus familiarly known as 'a brute of a husband,' you must look for him among the speculative, reckless traders, who, with little credit and less capital, try to fight the battle of life. He it is that rules his home with an iron rod, and has a meek, trembling, submissive wife, who never differs from him in opinion until the day when a reasonable chance of separation offers. To my ideas, this speaks volumes in favour of that phase of matrimony where at all events the wife enters heartily into the counsels of the family, and has at least her proportionate share of influence in its government.

Hector Rubinet was, however, of a different opinion. His idea of matrimony was severe. He wanted a wife who would yield to him in all things, have no will of her own, and never even venture to differ from him in opinion. From twenty to thirty he vainly sought the object of his wishes. He found plenty of young ladies who were as gentle as lambs—who looked models of excellence—whose very tone seemed to promise all he could desire; but Hector was a physiognomist, and ever found some alarming symptoms in the fair and youthful aspirants to matrimonial honours around him. One had an eye which spoke volumes of energy; another had a mouth with an authoritative curl; another had a determined chin; while a fourth had an independent wave about her hair which looked serious. In their way of sitting, walking, dancing, Hector could find some sign of incipient rebellion against the sovereignty of man; and at last it was agreed in the neighbourhood that he would settle down into an old bachelor, and leave all his disposable cash in some eccentric English way.

One day, however, at a small party given by a sedate married couple of the Rue Rambuteau, the eye of Hector fell upon a damsel, quite a stranger to him, who drew his attention at once. She was about five-and-twenty, fair, with a white, clear complexion, and a tendency to *embonpoint*, which of itself was promising. Athalie Poussinque had, moreover, a soft, sleepy eye, a full mouth, a slow, methodical step, a plain way of wearing her hair. He made inquiries. She had no fortune; she was a poor relation, placed under the protection of Mme Dubois, at whose house he met her, and appeared, in fact, the most likely person in the world to be a submissive and obedient wife.

The wedding was fixed the very next day. Dire was the consternation in several families, who had made up their minds to Hector not marrying, and looked upon him as a future generous old bachelor, who would make presents to the children, be useful and liberal at weddings, be constant in his distribution of gifts on New Year's Day—in fact, who would spend his money in a way satisfactory to the feelings of his friends in general. But now this hope was gone. Hector was going to marry, would have children of his own, a wife to dress, &c.; and their visions vanished. Still all who were invited went to the wedding. It was a splendid affair. Hector had spared no expense with the *trousseau* of his future wife: he had been liberal, even generous; and she looked so quietly beautiful and happy in her white satin dress, wreath of roses, and rich blonde veil, that all gave an involuntary meed of praise to his good taste. She had near her a beauty of another kind. This one was about seventeen—a very child in form and expression, and yet exquisitely lovely. Her hair waved, however, in alarming ringlets over her shoulders; her eye, though mild, was full of latent fire; and her beautiful mouth laughingly exposed white and pearly teeth, which made Hector shudder with terror at the bare idea of his having selected such a wife. She came with Hector's cousin, Mme St Clair, a schoolmistress, who had brought her up from childhood, and who treated her as a visitor rather than a boarder, the young lady being an orphan under the guardianship of an only brother.

The marriage took place at the parish church, and then the whole party adjourned to a celebrated restaurant outside the Barrière de l'Etoile, in the Avenue de Neuilly. Dinner had been ordered for six o'clock, and in the meantime the party wandered in the fields behind the house, each lady taking the arm of a gentleman. Hector proposed a walk as far as the Bois de Boulogne.

'No,' said his wife very quietly; 'it is too far, and will fatigue us before we begin to dance. I am going to sit down upon the grass.'

Hector gave a look of wild astonishment at his meek and submissive partner, but she appeared not to notice it, sitting down on the grass amid a regular titter from the whole company. Hector Rubinet said nothing: he recollected that it was his wedding-day, and that at all events he could not venture upon shewing authority on such an occasion. Nothing further occurred to mar the happiness of the hour, and six o'clock soon came round, with its splendid dinner, its abundant wine, its laughter and merriment. As usual, the banquet was kept up until a late hour, and it was eleven o'clock when the tables were cleared away for the first quadrille.

About an hour later, while the music was sounding merrily, and Hector Rubinet was resting after a polka, breathing the fresh air with his wife at the open window, an elegant cab drew up at the door. It contained a young man, and a little groom stood behind. The young man did not get out: he appeared simply listening to the music. Hector Rubinet at once recognised him, as one of the habitual visitors at Neuilly Palace—Charles de Monsigny—a favourite companion of the Duke of Orleans. He was a dissipated young man, who had already almost grown weary of life, or rather who had ceased to find the least zest or excitement in a continual round of pleasures. He had that evening played whist with the royal circle, and was returning to Paris to sup at the Café de Paris with some of his own set.

Hector Rubinet darted across the room, down the stairs, and into the street. Charles de Monsigny was the son of the landlord on whose estate Hector had been born; they had been playmates together, and Charles had never forgotten their early friendship.

'M. le Count,' he said, almost out of breath, 'I

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had the honour to recognise you. I did not venture to send you a formal invitation; but as you are here, I hope you will favour' ——

'And so, my poor Hector,' replied the young man, leaping out of his cabriolet, 'we are getting married! What can have driven us to so desperate a resolve?'

'Ah, monsieur, you are always satirical! But I have found a model of a wife. I shall have the honour to introduce you to her. She is,' added he in a whisper, 'everything I could wish—knows no will but mine, and will scarcely speak unless I give her tacit leave.'

'You are very happy, my dear Hector,' continued Charles in a tone of half-affection, half-sarcasm; 'that is to say, if one can ever call a married man happy.'

'Ah, M. le Count, your turn will come!'

'Mine? Never! I could not take the trouble. I congratulate you on your courage, but must beg to decline following in your footsteps.'

At this moment they entered the ball-room, and Hector, in a loud voice, introduced Count Charles de Monsigny to his wife, who received him most graciously.

'I am very proud of the honour you do us,' she said bowing, 'and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at our country-house.'

'Our country-house!' stammered Hector, avoiding the eyes of his aristocratic friend.

'My dear,' replied Athalie in a firm and resolute tone, 'I assure you we must have a country-house. I have been brought up in the country, and could not habitually sleep in the dense air of the Rue St Denis.'

'I highly approve madame's taste,' said Charles gravely, 'and shall be most happy to visit you in your rural retreat. I like to see conjugal happiness, though not a marrying-man myself.'

Hector made no reply; he was completely overcome. He secretly yielded to despair. There was in his heart no power of resisting the quiet, positive way of his young wife. The dancing at this moment ceased, and Athalie, taking the count's arm, moved to walk round the room. As she did so she caught a meaning look exchanged between the friends.

'M. Hector is a happy man,' said the count politely, as they advanced round the *salon*.

'Do you think so?' replied Athalie slily.

'Certainly. He evidently thought he had married a fool, and he finds that he has married his master,' said Charles, who had all the cool impudence of his class—that of Frenchmen of the world.

Athalie made no reply, quite convinced that it was lucky for her she had not taken the count for her husband: he would not have been so easily deceived in her character; or, if he had, would not have yielded. The music again struck up, and Mme Rubinet being engaged, introduced her young friend to De Monsigny as a partner. The count readily acquiesced, determined to join in the spirit of the affair. He was certainly a little amused at the coolness with which Athalie gave him a mere child to dance with; but he accepted her with a good grace. He was puzzled, however, what to say to so young a girl of the bourgeois class. It was his first attempt, and it made him feel far more hesitation than he would at meeting with one of his own rank under similar circumstances.

'Are you fond of dancing?' said the count in a patronising tone.

'Yes, monsieur, very fond: all girls at my age are; but I never dance with pleasure at a wedding. I know not why—it seems too serious an affair to be treated so lightly.'

'I admire your taste,' replied the count; who was, however, absolutely petrified at such an observation from a young girl.

'You seem surprised, however,' she continued. 'But I am not in the habit of consulting my own wishes. Mme St Clair wished me to come, and I came.'

Charles now unhesitatingly opened a serious conversation with his young companion. He spoke of music, the fine arts, poetry, even of politics, and found that on all these topics he had met his master. The young girl had evidently been wholly devoted to study from her infancy, and had profited largely by her reading and thinking. The young man was equally surprised and pleased; so much so, that for the rest of the evening he devoted himself exclusively to her, and towards morning became so fascinated that in low, whispered tones he made a solemn declaration of love, and said, that could he be found worthy of such a wife, he would be happy to set aside all his prejudices, and marry. The young girl made him some jocular reply, and then rose, just as the party broke up, to join Mme St Clair.

Next day Charles had not forgotten the passion of the previous evening; but he no longer felt under the influence of the feelings which had made him speak so plainly. He certainly recollected all her many perfections of person and character, and thought that had she been one of his own class he would certainly have been tempted to follow up the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced. But she was a little *bourgeoise*, and he did not even know her name. He therefore resolved to think no more of her, but to make up his mind to the fact, that he had spent a very pleasant evening, quite sure that he would be as easily forgotten as he himself would forget. He pursued his usual pleasures—went to the Opera, played billiards, lounged away his existence, and tried to persuade himself that he was far happier than if he had created a happy home, and sought a good and affectionate wife.

About a month later he was driving up the Champs Elysées with a pair of horses and a phæton, when his eye caught sight of the young girl walking amid the fashionable crowd on the boulevard arm-in-arm with Mme St Clair. She was very pale and thoughtful, he perceived, and his heart smote him. It might be through his inconsiderate conduct the other evening. He pulled in his horses, threw the reins to a servant, and hurried towards them. His quick glance caught that of the young girl, who coloured violently, and seemed about to pass.

'Ah, mademoiselle!' he cried, in a tone of genuine delight, 'I am so happy to have had this chance of meeting with you. I did not catch your name the other evening, or I should have called and thanked you for the pleasure I enjoyed in your society.'

The young girl smiled, and looked at Mme St Clair.

'We shall be happy to see you,' said she, handing her card to the count, 'any Thursday evening when you are disengaged.'

'I shall avail myself with delight of your kind offer,' replied the count. 'And now, will you allow me to offer you both a seat in my carriage? I was about to drive to St Cloud before dinner.'

Mme St Clair bowed acquiescence, and next minute Charles de Monsigny had the young girl by his side, her eyes sparkling—her whole face beaming with satisfaction. Away they drove, hundreds of fair ladies and numerous horsemen bowing to the count as he went, and casting curious eyes on his companions, especially on Mme St Clair, who, unfortunately, was a little over-dressed—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of French refinement. Once or twice he coloured violently as impertinent eye-glasses from well-known fashionables were levelled at her; but the fascinating conversation, sensible remarks, and singular power of observation manifested by his younger companion, soon made him forget everything else but the pleasure of being in her society.

About six o'clock he left them at their door—they lived in the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré—with a promise to visit them on the following Thursday. But next Thursday came, and he went not, though his heart told him

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that he was eagerly expected; that the young girl would be arrayed in her best to greet him, and would suffer disappointment at his failure. But some of his friends had satirised the appearance of his new acquaintance, and he was not proof against the power of sarcasm. He indeed felt that on the occasion of his second interview he had been far more seriously influenced by her charms than before, but still he could not reconcile his mind to the fact of marrying into a class which was not his own. Yet he both felt that his affections were engaged, and that he had behaved badly to the poor girl. His attention had been so marked, and had been received with such evident pleasure, that this was quite plain. He plunged once more into the turmoil of the world—played, danced, joined champagne suppers, and did everything which could banish thought and deaden feeling. All was in vain; but though he could not resist, he had no intention of surrendering. He thought of travel, and one morning rose early with a view to making the necessary preparations. He sat at breakfast in deep thought: at length he took up his pen, and hastily dashed off a letter, which he sent to be put in the post by one of his servants.

This done, he seemed easier in his mind. But still there was an air of restless impatience about him, as if he expected some one or something. At last he took a book, called for a Turkish hookah, and sat down to try and calm himself with reading and smoking. Again it proved a vain attempt; when, just as his patience was at an end, a servant entered and announced a visitor—Captain Edgar Senincourt-Warville, a young noble who had sought distinction in Africa in the service of the new dynasty.

'Ah, Edgar, my good friend,' said he rising; 'you come in the very nick of time. I was as dull as a mummy. But what is the matter? You look more like an angry lion than a good-natured friend who has called in to pass a friendly hour.'

'Monsieur, I come here on grave and solemn business. I come to ask an account of the life and honour of my only sister Adela de Senincourt-Warville.'

'My dear fellow, what mean you? Your sister!—I never saw her.'

'When you met my sister at the wedding of M. Hector Rubinet, where she had very improperly been taken by Mme St Clair, you amused yourself all the evening by paying attention to her, and before morning you made a declaration which the poor child took in earnest.'

'Ha! and she was your sister?' cried Charles, looking the picture of blank surprise.

'She was; but had she been the veriest *petite bourgeoise* of the Rue Froidmanteau, she merited more honourable treatment at your hands. Quite inexperienced in the world's ways, she went home to think over your words, and to repeat them to Mme St Clair, who, supposing you knew her rank, encouraged her to think of you as one who might become her suitor in earnest. But you came not'——

'I knew neither her name nor address'——

'You could have obtained both from M. Rubinet,' continued the captain severely; 'but I pass that. You met them: you ran to meet them; made excuses for your apparent neglect; took them a drive; talked for three hours to my sister, and at parting said: "I shall ask you next Thursday to decide the happiness of my life."'

'She told you that?' said Charles musing.

'She told me nothing. When the evening passed without your coming, the poor child, overcome by disappointment, wounded pride, and grief, told it in a passionate burst of tears to Mme St Clair, who repeated it all to me, when I asked for an explanation of her pallor and lowness of spirits. And now, monsieur, that I have told you of my sister's weakness, there remains but for me to put it out of your power for ever to boast of your facile conquest.'

'I boast!' cried Charles indignantly.

'You allowed others to talk to you in a way to justify the supposition.'

'I will allow, Edgar, that I have been very wrong,' began the count calmly; 'but if you will listen to me'——

'No, I will not listen! I might be influenced by your forked tongue. I daresay, now you find that she is Adela de Senincourt-Warville, you are quite willing to apologise and offer your hand'——

'Nay, listen to me I beg,' cried Charles, whose anger was rising. 'You are mistaken—grossly mistaken.'

'Must I call you coward?' said Edgar, stamping his feet on the floor of the room.

'This passes the bounds,' exclaimed the count in reply. 'To-morrow morning at break of day: our seconds will arrange the details. Good-afternoon.'

'Good-afternoon until we say good-morning,' replied the angry captain, and he left the room.

Charles de Monsigny was now in a violent passion. The word coward had roused him to madness, and he thought only of avenging the insult by committing one of the greatest crimes of which a reasoning being can be guilty. He, however, soon grew calm, went out to dinner, looked in at the Opera, and then, requesting his second to be with him at dawn of day, returned home, and retired to bed.

It was a bright, clear morning, the sun had just risen, the birds sang amid the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, as Charles and his second drove up to the rendezvous. A few minutes elapsed, and their adversaries appeared in sight. A few minutes more, and four men were concealed in an open glade in the wood, where they had met for the express purpose of committing one or more murders, as the case might be. Edgar and Charles spoke not a word: their brows were knit angrily, and while their seconds measured the ground and loaded the pistols, they stood apart. Presently all was ready, and they were about to advance to their places, when, by a great effort, Charles forced himself to speak. 'Gentlemen,' said he gravely, 'I beg you to bear witness to the fact, that I fight this duel with M. Warville entirely against my own feelings and wishes. He is acting under a wrong impression, relative to which I can now offer no explanation.'

'Sir, to your place!' replied Edgar furiously; 'your life or mine!'

'And mine!' cried Adela, advancing from the cover of the wood, and laying her hand upon her brother's arm, 'if I have not come in time to prevent an assassination.'

'Leave us, I command you!' said Edgar.

'No, I will not, until you have pledged yourself not to take the life of my future husband.'

'Your future husband!' said Edgar wildly.

'Yes, monsieur, you force me, by your fierce and savage humour, to accept him thus hurriedly,' replied Adela blushing, but still looking him calmly in the face; 'that is to say, if you, my natural guardian, approve of this request made for the hand of the *petite bourgeoise*.'

'O Adela, how generous, how kind!' cried Charles, advancing and casting his pistol to the ground.

'Will you read this letter,' continued Adela, handing him a paper, 'which we received about ten minutes after you left us yesterday in a towering passion?'

The captain took the letter. It was as follows:—

'Madame—I have to apologise very humbly for my unpolite behaviour towards yourself and your charming ward. On two occasions, when I had the honour of seeing you, I expressed a wish that we should meet again, and, after receiving permission, did not avail myself of it. It is not possible now for me to seek to renew the acquaintance without some explanation. I

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frankly own, that having been very much struck on the first occasion by your ward, and on the second having conceived for her a warm and sincere affection, I have from mere pride contended against the feeling as long as I could. To marry into the *bourgeoisie* is in my family considered an unpardonable crime, and it is on account of this prejudice that I have acted with such want of delicacy. But I am sure your young ward is as good and generous as she is beautiful, and I rely fully on her forgiving one who seeks his pardon in a penitent spirit, and who frankly owns his folly. I daresay the young lady has scarcely noticed my conduct, it being naturally enough matter of little importance to her. But her forgiveness is necessary to the relief of my mind. I pray you, therefore, both to excuse my brutality and to allow me to visit your house as the suitor of your ward. I beg to address to you at once a formal suit for her hand, hoping you will do your utmost to induce her to receive my advances favourably. I have the honour to be, with the most distinguished consideration, your very devoted CHARLES DE MONSIGNY.'

'But the duel?' asked Edgar.

'That project I betrayed,' said Mme St Clair, who had reached the side of Adela while Edgar was reading the letter. 'When this letter came, I at once owned that you were gone to challenge him: but we feared to fail in our attempt if we came not hither. We did not go to bed, but watched all night near the count's house in a carriage—you had not given your address—and we drove here after you all.'

'Charles, my friend,' said Edgar offering his hand, 'will you forgive my hastiness? I now understand the explanations you had to give.'

'If you had not roused my anger I should have told you of the letter'——

'And so, because your temper was roused, you were going to kill my brother, were you, monsieur?'

'My dear Adela,' said the count, taking both her hand and that of her brother, 'we have been very wrong, but you must forgive us. Gentlemen, I am of opinion that we should all adjourn without farther delay to the best restaurant at hand, and sign the treaty of peace over a solemn breakfast—one of our old ones, Edgar, of the Rue Lafitte.'

'With pleasure,' replied Edgar laughing; 'and the sooner I see the wedding-breakfast the better. I find taking care of young ladies troublesome work, and shall be very willing to transfer the responsibility to other hands.'

'My dear brother-in-law,' cried Charles in the same tone, though with a look of deep feeling, 'I accept the responsibility with delight, and only wish it could be assumed to-morrow.'

'M. le Count is in as great a hurry as he was to come to our Thursdays,' said the little Adela maliciously.

The count defended himself as best he could, and thus the conversation continued during the whole morning.

The marriage took place within a day of the delay required by the legal formalities. M. and Mme Hector Rubinet were among the guests invited to the wedding-breakfast. Both then and ever after the contrast between the couples was marked. Hector sank from the day of his marriage into a complete nonentity. His wife ruled him without his ever venturing a murmur, and he found his advantage in it. Having everything in her hands, she took care of his fortune, and spent money freely, but wasted nothing. Hector tried once or twice to launch into speculations, but his wife stopped him, and his children reaped the benefit. With all his assumed knowledge of mankind, Hector was the most easily gulled man in the world. Before his marriage he had lost several large sums by putting faith in plausible knaves. Charles, on the other hand, always enjoyed the proud satisfaction of being looked up to by his young wife with love and respect; but then he deserved to be so, and every day of his life he blesses the night when he dropped in to see THE BOURGEOIS WEDDING.

WHY THE WINDS BLOW.

THE ancient Greeks, in their endeavours to account for the winds, fancied them to be the breath of invisible deities, who, living in different parts of the atmosphere, blew gentle airs or furious blasts according to their temper and disposition. There is something so pleasing and poetical in this fancy that we cannot wonder at finding it more or less prevalent among other nations besides the Greeks; and to some minds the substitution of reason for imagination in the study of the winds is as unwelcome as the awakening from a rapturous dream. In later times we find Charlemagne giving names to the winds, and a host of natural philosophers following, with their peculiar speculations, involving extraordinary mechanical and chemical causes, down to our own day, in which we see 'wind reports' every morning in the newspapers, and have meteorological societies established, to investigate all aërial mysteries. Readers in the present day need scarcely be told that the generally-received theory regarding the causes of winds is differences of temperature. Faraday's discovery of the magnetic condition of oxygen has, however, opened a new view of the interesting subject, which promises important results, and has already enlisted numerous explorers. Among the latter, Lieutenant Maury, of the observatory at Washington, whose discussions of the phenomena of the winds have attracted much attention, has arrived at certain conclusions, worthy of a little wider notice than they are likely to meet with in the pages of the scientific journals in which they are published. By means of wind-charts, projected by himself, he has been enabled, to quote his own words, 'to trace from the belt of calms, which extends entirely across the seas, near the tropic of Cancer, an efflux of air, both to the north and to the south. From the south side of this belt the air flows in a never-ceasing breeze, called the north-east trade-winds, towards the equator. On the north side of it, the prevailing winds come from it also, but they go towards the north-east. They are the well-known south-west winds, which prevail along the route from this country to England in the ratio of two to one.' The question then arises, seeing that these winds, passing from a warm to a cold climate, produce more precipitation than evaporation—'Where does the vapour which these winds carry along come from?' To estimate the answer rightly, there must be borne in mind the existence of a zone of calms, known as the *Horse latitudes*, where the aërial currents descend and become surface-winds, and the difficulty of explaining in what way the vapours borne by the winds traverse this zone, since, if there were a mingling of currents, the effect would be to superinduce alternate seasons of drought and calm, extending over many years, instead of the present ceaseless fluctuations. On this point Lieutenant Maury observes: 'Seeing reasons why the two currents should cross each other in the calms of Cancer, and seeing no reasons why they should not, I was led to the inference that here probably is a node in the circulation of the atmosphere, where the wind from the north meets the wind from the south, and that each, after a pause, continues on in its course, and returns again to complete the circuit,' pursuing its way towards the pole as though it had not been interrupted. It appears, moreover, that 'at the seasons of the year when the sun is evaporating most rapidly in the southern hemisphere, the most rain is falling in the northern;' whence the further inference, 'that the extra-tropical regions of the northern hemisphere stand in the relation of a condenser to a grand steam-machine,

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the boiler of which is in the region of the south-east trade-winds, and that the trade-winds of this hemisphere perform the like office for the regions beyond Capricorn.'

Proceeding on these conclusions, Lieutenant Maury finds, in the trade-wind region of the northern hemisphere, the source of the rain-fall in Patagonia, which has been known to exceed 150 inches in forty-one days; and in that of the southern he finds the supply for the Valley of the Mississippi. These facts serve to explain the transport of volatile matters to great distances in the atmosphere. Ehrenberg has reported 'that he found South American infusoria in the blood-rains and sea-dust of the Cape Verde Islands, and at Lyons, Geneva, and other places;' thereby shewing 'that the trade-winds of the southern hemisphere, after arriving at the belt of equatorial calms, ascend and continue in their course towards the calms of Cancer; after passing which they proceed 'towards the north pole from the south-west, and enter the arctic regions in a spiral curve, continually lessening the gyrations, until, whirling about in a *direction contrary to the hands of a watch*, this air ascends and commences its return as an upper current towards the calms of Cancer.' In the other hemisphere the current 'approaches the antarctic regions in a *spiral, gyrating with* the hands of a watch, and contracting its convolutions as it draws nearer and nearer the pole.'

At this point Lieutenant Maury, arguing from Faraday's discovery referred to above, concludes that the magnetism of the atmosphere is the cause of the passage of these currents. It has been already explained in the Journal, that the magnetic condition of oxygen differs in proportion to its temperature, and in the general effect resulting therefrom is shewn 'why the air which has completed its circuit to the whirl about the antarctic regions should then, according to the laws of magnetism, be repelled from the south, and attracted by the opposite pole towards the north.'

If we bring forward the phenomena of experimental magnetism in illustration, it will be seen that their evidence is most important. 'Taking up, for instance, the theory of Ampère with regard to the magnetic polarity induced by an electrical current according as it passes through wire coiled *with* or coiled *against* the sun, and expanding it in conformity with the discoveries of Faraday, we perceive a series of facts and principles which, being applied to the circulation of the atmosphere, make very significant the conclusions to which the charts have led touching the continual whirl of the wind in the arctic regions *against*, and in the antarctic *with, the hands of a watch.*'

The view here thrown out has been further strengthened by the magnetic experiments of Professor von Feilitzsch, who had been struck by the different quality of the 'disengaged magnetism' of a bar placed in a certain position. To exemplify it he constructed spirals with the wire peculiarly arranged, in which, 'if the windings of the spiral took place in the direction of the hand of a watch, then the end of it where the current enters will become a south pole. If the current is more feeble in every winding the nearer it is to the centre of the spiral, then that half in which the current enters, except the first winding, is attracted by a south pole; but if the current is stronger in every winding the nearer it is to the centre of the spiral, then that half is repulsed by a south pole.'

Lieutenant Maury considers that an analogy may be traced 'between these spirals and the spirals which the currents of the wind in "his circuits" describe about the earth. At the south polar calms, the atmospherical spiral is with the hand of the watch, and, as in the case of a spiral so wound about its helix, the magnetism is south polar; and so *mutatis mutandis* for the regions of north polar calms.

'May we not look, therefore, to find about the north and south magnetic poles the atmospherical nodes or calm regions? In other words, are not the magnetic poles of the earth in those atmospherical nodes, the two standing to each other in the relation of cause and effect?

'And have we not a clue already placed in our hands by which the motion of the circular storms of the northern hemisphere which travel *against*, and those of the southern which travel *with*, the hands of a watch, seems to be connected with the like motion of the wind of each hemisphere in its circuit about its pole? And will not this clue, when followed up, lead us into the labyrinths of atmospherical magnetism for the solution of the mystery?

'Indeed, so wide for speculation is the field presented by these discoveries, that we may in some respects regard this great globe itself, with its "cups" and spiral wires of air, earth, and water, as an immense "pile" and helix, which, being excited by the natural batteries in the sea and atmosphere of the tropics, excites in turn its oxygen, and imparts to atmospherical matter the properties of magnetism.

'Thus, though it be not proved as a mathematical truth that magnetism is the power which guides the storm from right to left, and from left to right—which conducts the moist and the dry air each in its appointed paths, and which regulates the "wind in his circuits," yet that it is such a power is rendered so very probable, that the *onus* is now shifted, and it remains not to prove but to disprove that such is its agency.'

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

It is presumed that the name of Hartley Coleridge is sufficiently well known to render some account of his personal life and writings acceptable to the readers of this Journal. There is, besides, an important lesson to be derived from the contemplation of such a history—a lesson of melancholy interest and of warning; for here was a man endowed with noble gifts, and favoured with many opportunities, but who has nevertheless left in a great measure unfulfilled the brilliant promises of his genius. What he might have been had he duly disciplined his faculties, and been possessed of strength enough to overcome the infirmities which he appears to have inherited, it would now be futile to attempt to ascertain; but that he was really capable of far higher things than any which he accomplished is, we believe, the testimony of all who knew him, and is even evident from what he actually performed. The literary productions which he has left have, notwithstanding, high claims to consideration, and are likely to survive and be admired when many a noisier reputation is forgotten.

Hartley, the son of the celebrated S. T. Coleridge, was born at Clevedon, a Severnside village in Somersetshire, a few miles from Bristol, on the 19th of September 1796. His childhood, like the rest of his life, was distinguished by many singularities. His mother used to relate that 'when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed: "O now I know what the stars are: they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up to heaven!"' His father designed, as he said, 'to make him nature's playmate.' In one of his most beautiful poems he says—

——'I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars;
But thou, my babe, shall wander like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

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Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain-crags.'

A prophecy at least partially fulfilled, as Hartley himself acknowledged afterwards in a fine sonnet prefixed to his first volume of poetry—

'Thy prayer was heard: I "wander'd like a breeze."'

No fitter simile could be employed by way of describing his entire outgoings and existence. From early infancy he is described as one 'whose fancies from afar were brought;' and there seems to have been a general impression in his family and among his friends that he would grow up into a poet.

'The child,' as anybody can tell you out of Wordsworth, 'is father to the man.' The dreamy, wayward, and unsettled character by which Hartley was all his life distinguished was no doubt in a large degree determined by his early imaginative roamings; or perhaps, more properly, it was determined by a too predominant development of the mental qualities which predisposed him to such vagaries. A judicious education—that is to say, a course of discipline and culture calculated to preserve a proper balance of the faculties—and which in his case would have developed the understanding more, and kept the fancy under reasonable restraint, was evidently a needful thing for him. But Hartley does not appear to have received anything like a judicious education. His father, though a man of the finest intellect, and of an affectionate and loving nature, seems to have troubled himself very little about the actual training of his children. He was always more or less occupied with some colossal undertaking, which he rarely had the steadiness to complete; or he was roaming from place to place in an unsettled state of health and prospects; and thus the little visionary, of whom Wordsworth said—

'I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years'—

was left to 'wander like a breeze' whithersoever his humour listed, gathering 'shapes and fantasies which, mixed with passions of his sadder years,' made up the substance of his life.

From about seven years of age, and during a large portion of his boyhood, Hartley resided with his uncle Southey at Keswick. In 1808 he and his brother were sent together to school at Ambleside, where, however, it does not appear that Hartley distinguished himself greatly by his scholarship. One of the chief advantages which he seems to have derived from his school life was the opportunity it afforded him of being a good deal in the society of Wordsworth. Professor Wilson, then residing at Elleray, also took notice of him; as did Sir George Beaumont and Mr Basil Montague. His biographer remarks: 'It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and De Quincey; and again by homely familiarity with townfolk and country-folk of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude—by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear.'* He was under little restraint at school, and spent much time in loitering in the woods. His bodily feebleness hindered him from joining in the active sports and pastimes of his school-fellows; but he was a general favourite on account of the interminable stories with which he amused them on rainy days and winter nights. In the meantime, as his brother observes, 'a certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shewn itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain: he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection.' A certain awkwardness of manner and behaviour likewise distinguished him. His uncle Southey used to tell him he had two left hands, and he ironically named him *Job* on account of his *im*patience.

In some way, however, he grew up to the age of nineteen, and was then sent to Oxford, in evident consciousness of extraordinary abilities. In due time we find him engaged upon a poem, by which he intends to gain the prize for English verse. He, a poet's son, and, according to all prophecy, called himself to be a poet, it never occurs to him that he can fail in his laudable and exciting object. But lo! now, on the day appointed, those uncritical college-dons award the prize to another candidate! Whereupon Hartley is confounded—intensely, immeasurably disappointed and astonished: where shall he hide his diminished head? To this disappointment his brother traces all the misfortunes of his afterlife; and there is no doubt that it was the occasion and beginning of much that afterwards went wrong with him. But nothing, surely, had happened which any one could be justified in regarding as an eternal humiliation; there was nothing to found a 'great sorrow' upon: nothing, in short, which might not have been practically and even cheerfully forgotten. It was simply his first failure; and being only a failure, why might he not have left it quietly behind him, regarding it as an admonition to a higher stroke of effort?

But this, it seems, was precisely what Hartley Coleridge could not do. And here we detect the fatal weakness which was probably the cause of all his troubles: he has not the hardihood which can front and overcome a disappointment. Unhappily he must cast about for something to console his wounded self-esteem; and so he goes to get shriven of his vexations in a baptism of 'old port.' The enchanted cup once tasted, its delights grow daily more enticing, and at length the indulgence becomes a rooted and unconquerable habit. Then it was his misfortune to be a 'brilliant talker;' and thus he became a sort of notability among the Oxford students, who, knowing his relish for good liquor, were constantly inviting him to wine-parties, for the sake of enjoying his conversation. In this way much of his time at the university was wasted. Still, it would appear, he must have had fits of studious diligence, for he finally obtained what is called a 'second class;' and some year or two later was elected to a fellowship at Oriel, having passed the examination with considerable distinction. The fellowship, however, was made conditional on good-behaviour, a year being fixed as the period of probation. One would have supposed that Hartley, if not strictly abstinent, might at least have managed to 'carry his drink discreetly' for one brief twelvemonth; but no: the habit is so confirmed in him that even the strong inducement of a life-competency before him is not enough to keep him temperate. At the end of the year the fellowship was accordingly pronounced forfeited; and poor Hartley, with his life-anchor thus rudely torn away, sailed forth rudderless upon that wide uncertain sea which is called the world.

The dignitaries of Oriel, to their great honour, conducted their painful business with much delicacy and kindness, generously making the interesting scapegrace a present of L.300, by way of equipment for his voyage. For two years after leaving Oxford he lived

* Memoir by his brother prefixed to his poems.

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in London, passing his time in writing for various magazines, projecting graver works, cultivating friendly relations, and occasionally embodying in verse the incidents and impulses of the hour. The three sonnets 'To a Friend' with which his first volume opens are the record of the delight which he experienced on meeting with one who had sometime been the companion of his mountain wanderings. We will quote the first by way of giving a sample of his early poetry:—

'When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted;
Our love was nature; and the peace which floated
On the white mist, and dwelt among the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills;
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted;
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.'

On quitting London he returned to Ambleside, and undertook the management of the school in which he had been formerly instructed. After four unpleasant years, this mode of life was given up. He had not expected much success in such a work, and writes to his mother: 'I had a presentiment that it would never do, and therefore your commendations seemed like reproaches put out to interest..... How could I endure to be among unruly boys from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, and to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid?' From Ambleside he removed to Grasmere, where he mused, and wrote, and rambled according to inclination until 1832. In that year he removed to Leeds, having made an engagement with a publisher of that town to furnish materials for a volume of poetry and another of prose. Out of this arrangement sprung the publication of the first series of his poems, and also his work called 'Biographia Borealis,' a collection of thirteen lives of renowned northern countrymen. The latter originally came out in numbers, and extended to upwards of 600 large octavo pages. It has been described as being 'written with much vigour and eloquence, abounding in picturesque descriptions of events, as well as a dramatic delineation of character, and enriched with many acute remarks and original trains of thought.' Being completed in about a year, the work indicates on the part of its author a power of continuous application under favourable circumstances which the rest of his career does not exhibit. Unhappily for Hartley, his publisher became a bankrupt, and thus the engagement was abruptly terminated.

Returning once more to Westmoreland, he took up his abode in 'Nab Cottage,' on the banks of Rydal Water, with some worthy people of the peasant class, who, as the phrase is, 'took care of him.' Here he mused, meditated, studied, and recorded his impressions in prose and verse as his humour prompted, his days gliding away almost without incident.

Mrs Wordsworth meanwhile kept a kindly eye upon his movements, and often ministered unobtrusively to his comfort. Without some such generous guardianship there is no knowing into what straits poor Hartley would have been precipitated. He was a perfect child in regard to all matters of domestic or pecuniary economy; and it seems doubtful whether he ever really knew where the money came from which was paid for his board and lodging. Being asked on one occasion what he paid in rent, he was quite puzzled to find an answer. 'Rent?' said he—'rent? I never thought of that!' The little income provided by some of his friends for his support was disbursed for him by M Wordsworth, who also appears to have doled out to hi his pocket-money, shilling by shilling, as he require it. When his coat was getting threadbare or out elbows, a new one was ordered for him, and substitute for the old one while he was in bed, and Hartley wou put it on the next day without remark, or inde without noticing the change. Almost the only part his expenditure which he seems to have managed f himself were his disbursements made in the matter strong liquor. Often enough, after the manner of th old lady who burnt her bed for the sake of a jolly fir he would exhaust his capital in some liberal libatio and then find himself suddenly destitute of cash. T procure a little loan on a thirsty morning he wou employ the most innocent and simple artifices, impo ing of course upon no one but himself. A writer 'Fraser's Magazine' relates an amusing anecdote point: — 'A friend of ours spending a summer Ambleside became very intimate with him. One da Hartley ventured to borrow a shilling, volunteering repay it next day. Accordingly he came, made a lor call, talking, as his wont was, of dead and gone Engli poems, steering clear of "The Splendid Shilling." last he rose to go, had got his hand upon the door: "I the way," he said, "I have brought you your shilling —ransacking his pockets. Then with an air of surpris "No; I've forgotten it." Then, hesitating and blus ing: "And—and—and would you lend me another Having got the shilling, off he went at full spee Every successive call the scene was repeated in th self-same words.' One feels a little curious to kno whether Hartley ever repaid that shilling, or ar of the successive ones so borrowed. However, as th same writer observes, one would have been glad have bought an hour's talk with him at the same pric According to all testimony, his conversation w exceedingly rich and genial. Like his father's, it w generally a sort of monologue. Few people cared talk themselves when they had an opportunity listening to him. He had an extensive knowledge a keen appreciation of our literature, especially of th dramatic and poetical departments; and it was excee ingly pleasant to hear him descant upon the characte istics and excellences of this and the other writ whom he admired, or to follow him through the maz of a discursive dissertation on things in general. H tastes were very catholic and cordial, and he had th heartiest relish for all possible degrees of excellen When he was satisfied with his company he wou discourse away for hours in a strain of originalit humour, and paradoxical remark, which fully justifi the Westmoreland peasant's homely saying: 'Eh, b Maister Coleridge do talk fine!'

In the spring of 1837 Hartley went for a few mont to supply the place of second-master in the gramma school at Sedbergh—a small market-town situated one of the valleys of the wild moorlands of nort western Yorkshire. The duties of this post he is sa to have discharged with becoming diligence, and have conducted himself in other respects with gre discretion. When his services were no longer neede he went back to his old residence, and thencefor never left it. For many years he was one of the pri cipal notabilities of the Lake-country; and many we the summer visitors who invited him to dinner, on t understanding that he was to 'talk' for the pleasure his entertainers. 'His especial allies,' says the writ in 'Fraser,' before quoted, 'were the Oxonians or Canta who came to Ambleside by way of reading—you fellows flush of money, light of heart, and entertaini no very rooted antipathy to beer and cigars.' He w however, nowise exclusive in his choice of frien He mixed freely with 'statesmen,' farmers, peasantr and stood exceedingly high in their estimation. Whe soever he turned himself he met with a cordial welcon

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Many are the stories told of his singular freaks and misadventures. One relates how, on a certain night, when he was rather more than commonly confused in the faculty of eyesight, and extremely unsteady in the legs, he had the perversion to fancy a ditch by a cloth-dyer's mill to be his own feather-bed, and that, reposing himself on that conviction, he arose the next morning with 'the underside of his face dyed a rich Kendal green!' At times he would strike off somewhere, and remain away for days and even weeks, baffling all search, and then suddenly return to his old neighbourhood haggard, torn, and penniless. Then, smitten with remorse and shame, he would impose upon himself the penalty of severest abstinence; though an infliction of this sort was not uncommonly succeeded by a fit of more reckless dissipation. Yet with all his irresolution and instability of purpose, he never wholly ceased to struggle against his perilous temptation. He would enter in his diary the most touching and pathetic self-accusings. From the depths of his degradation he would arise in his right mind, but unhappily he never acquired strength to withstand the renewed solicitations of his besetment.

All this is extremely lamentable; nevertheless, far be it from us to judge poor Hartley harshly. Sympathy and compassion are ever due to human frailty. Much, too, may be said for him in the way of extenuation. We must remember his disappointments, the exceeding sensitiveness of his temperament, his acute susceptibility to excitement, and the consequent liability to its reaction — the 'congenital imperfection' which so strongly predisposed him to go astray. After all, the error to which he was prone left but little abiding stain upon his spirit. In spite of his besetting weakness, he was a truth-loving, genial, affectionate, hopeful, and cordial-hearted man. With the light of genius in his eyes, he had in his soul an authentic discernment of the true, the just, the beautiful — a conscious and inextinguishable love for whatsoever is good, and great, and worthy. If for the truth's sake we have been compelled to bring forth his errors and shortcomings somewhat nakedly into light, we will not forget the manifold seductions that fostered his infirmity, nor the frequent, if unsuccessful, contests which he inwardly waged against it. Let us tenderly regard the weakness that could not successfully resist. Has not Hartley paid the penalty?—paid it by a marred and troubled life; by energies and hopes cast down and broken; by the qualified commiseration and regret that now hangs upon his memory. Looking at the treacherous slough into which, through unguardedness and imperfection, he fell, let it be remembered in our goings as a warning to our own footsteps. For though we may be nowise subjected to his particular temptation, there is yet a lurking element of evil in our nature, the knowledge of which should ever keep us humble, and mindful of the sacred admonition — 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Hartley's collected writings, though excellent in their kind, must be regarded as being only fragments of his genius. His poetry is of a fine order, though not of the highest — partaking of the qualities which we find in Wordsworth, and also of some of those which distinguish the early verses of his father. It had different characteristics at different periods of his life. The poems of his youth display a rich though at times a somewhat vague imagination, analogous to the visionary sphere of feeling and existence in which so large a portion of his early life was passed. Thoughts of brilliancy and of beauty, yet often shadowy and fantastic, like coloured clouds and vapours in a summer sky, are to be found subtly and beautifully embodied in free and graceful compositions. The faculty of wonder was large within him; and, as an illustration of the touching and original forms it took, the following sonnet may be not unfitly quoted:—

'What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams that flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?'

A rich and cultivated fancy, which in Hartley Coleridge was more substantially developed than the broader faculty of imagination, will not fail to be noted and admired in the following:—

'Is love a fancy or a feeling? No:
It is immortal as immaculate truth.
'Tis not a blossom, shed as soon as youth
Drops from the stem of life—for it will grow
In barren regions, where no waters flow,
Nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom.
A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er a tomb,
That but itself and darkness nought doth shew,
Is my love's being—yet it cannot die,
Nor will it change, though all be changed beside;
Though fairest beauty be no longer fair,
Though vows be false, and faith itself deny,
Though sharp enjoyment be a suicide,
And hope a spectre in a ruin bare.'

A pleasing yet pensive personal interest is attached to many of these poems. Hartley writes out of the fulness of his heart. Though much straitened in point of space, we shall venture to quote the following on 'Music:'—

'Sweet music steals along the yielding soul
Like the brisk wind that sows autumnal seeds;
And it hath tones like vernal rain that feeds
The light green vale, ordained erelong to roll
In golden waves o'er many a wealthy rood;
And tones it hath that make a lonely hour
The silent dwelling of some lovely flower,
Sweet hermitess of forest solitude.
I loved sweet music when I was a child,
For then my mother used to sing to me:
I loved it better when a youth so wild,
With thoughts of love it did so well agree;
Fain would I love it to my latest day,
If it would teach me to believe and pray.'

These quotations are confined to the sonnets, because they appear to us to be the most complete and finished portion of his works; but the rest of Hartley's poetry is all similarly genial and beautiful. A certain fulness of thought, a bright fancy, and a kindly and hearty feeling for whatever is pure, just, and gentle, is more or less manifest in everything he has written. A wise sympathy, an appreciating recognition of all that ennobles and adorns humanity, and a pervading and beneficent moral influence which flows from him in almost all his moods, render his poems not only charming but even edifying reading. We have no room to dwell critically upon his many merits; but we are altogether of opinion that his is poetry which the world will 'not willingly let die.'

In his prose-writings Hartley Coleridge is generally an intense but playful egotist. He acquaints his reader with his most intimate caprices, and invites him to the wildest and most surprising confidences. His choice of subjects is extremely whimsical: now he will discourse on the 'Character of Hamlet' or the 'Poetry of Love,' and anon descend to a disquisition on 'black cats' or 'pins,' and give you 'Thoughts on Horsemanship by a Pedestrian.' At times he writes with the

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gravity and wisdom of a sage, and at others does not scruple to disport himself with the broadest buffoonery and fun. Whoever delights in smart wit, in quaint and racy humour, originality of thought and observation, sense, shrewdness, and whimsicality, will assuredly find in Hartley's two volumes of 'Essays and Marginalia' abundant matter to instruct and fascinate and amuse him.

It only remains for us to close this sketch by a brief allusion to Hartley's rather untimely death. He was living his old life at Grasmere, when a fit of bronchitis brought it suddenly to an end. 'In his last hours,' says his brother, 'he took a clear review of his past life; his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession I can only repeat that it justified the most favourable construction that can be put upon the past, and the most consolatory hope that could be formed for the future.' He died on the 6th of January 1849. His death was lamented by the whole country-side; for his removal was felt to be a deprivation not easily to be compensated by those many 'friends to whom his visits, his conversations, his playful wit, his simple and affectionate confidingness—nay, his very foibles and eccentricities, his need of guidance and protection—had become a refreshment and a stimulus,' and among whom, 'not merely the kindly affections were drawn out in a peculiar manner, but a love of goodness, purity, and truth was fostered by his society.' His venerable friend Wordsworth was much affected, and directed that he should be buried in the grave marked out for himself at Grasmere. 'Let him lie by us,' said he: 'he would have wished it.' In little more than a twelvemonth the great poet was carried to his place beside him. 'They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, the little beck that feeds the lake with its clear waters murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.' It is a fitting resting-place for Hartley Coleridge: may the peacefulness of the spot be the symbol of the kindliness which is to rest henceforth on his memory!

RIDES ON RAILWAYS.

A SMART little book, profusely illustrated with engravings, has lately appeared with this title,* and will prove a useful, or at all events entertaining companion to railway travellers. The work is well done, which is almost a singularity; for no department of literature is so badly executed as the ordinary run of guide-books. To present anything like an account of the contents of so varied a production is of course out of the question. We can only point to a few specimens of the author's descriptions, which we infer to be chiefly the result of personal observation.

At the outset the writer recalls the remembrance of the first proposal of railways, and the wise prophesies, even among 'practical men,' that they could never succeed. No train would be able to go quicker than fifteen miles an hour—only three miles more than the best stage-coaches; the railway would in most places have to compete with canals for goods-traffic; few people would like to risk their lives behind fiery engines; no commercial travellers would go by railways, because they would be away from towns on the journey; not one of the nobility, the gentry, or those who travel in their own carriages, would like to be drawn at the tail of a train of wagons in which some hundreds of bars of iron were jingling; the noise and dirt would be intolerable; cattle in fields would be frightened out of their senses by the passing trains—and so on, with a hundred other prognostications, coolly stated by opponents before parliament. Not one of these precautionary terrors has proved well-founded — all the fears on the subject have been a delusion. In what a mean light does this result place the prophesiers of evil! 'In 1850 upwards of 70,000,000 of souls were carried by railway, when only eleven passengers were killed and fifty-four injured, or less than one to each million of passengers conveyed.'

Looking back to old times, what a change in point of cost and comfort! 'The earl or duke, whose dignity compelled him to post in a chaise-and-four, at a cost of some five or six shillings a mile, and an immense consumption of horse-flesh, wax-lights, and landladies' courtesies on the road, now takes his place unnoticed in a first-class carriage next to a gentleman who travels for a great claret and champagne house, and opposite another going down express to report a railway meeting at Birmingham for a morning paper. If you see a lady carefully and courteously escorted to a carriage marked "engaged" on a black board, it is probably not a countess, but the wife of one of the principal officers of the company. A bishop in a greatcoat creates no sensation; but a tremendous rush of porters and superintendents towards one carriage, announces that a director or well-known engineer is about to take his seat. In fact, civility to all, gentle and simple, is the rule introduced by the English railway-system; every porter with a number on his coat is, for the time, the passenger's servant. Special attention is bestowed on those who are personally known, and no one can grumble at that. Some people who have never visited the continent, or visited it only for pleasure, travelling at their leisure, make comparisons with the railways of France and Germany unfavourable to the English system. Our railways are dearer than the foreign, so is our government — we make both ourselves; but compare the military-system of the continental railways; the quarter of an hour for admission before the starting of the train, during which, if too early or too late, you are locked out; the weighing of every piece of baggage; the lordly, commanding airs of all the officials if any relaxation of rules be required; the *insouciance* with which the few porters move about, leaving ladies and gentlemen to drag their own luggage: compare all this with the rapid manner in which the loads of half-a-dozen cabs, driving up from some other railway at the last moment, are transferred to the departing Express; compare the speed, the universal civility, attention, *and honesty*, that distinguish our railway travelling, and you cannot fail to come to the conclusion, that for a commercial people to whom time is of value, ours is the best article; and if we had not been a lawyer-ridden people, we might also have had the cheapest article.'

A curious fact has been elicited in connection with the cost of railways. It is the prodigious error committed by most companies as to furnishing accommodation for goods-traffic. The space required by the principal lines has been so great that for this item alone 'full 25 per cent. has been added to the original estimates. George Stephenson calculated the cost of getting over Chat Moss at L.40,000; his opponent proved that it would cost L.400,000: but it was executed at exactly the sum Stephenson set down, while the capital involved in providing station-room for merchandise at Liverpool and at Manchester has probably exceeded the original estimate for the whole line.' Much of the unforeseen increase in the goods-department is due to the development of traffic in

* Rides on Railways leading to the Lake and Mountain Districts of Cumberland, North Wales, and the Dales of Derbyshire; with a Glance at Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other Manufacturing Towns. By Samuel Sidney, Author of 'Railways and Agriculture,' 'Australian Handbook,' &c. &c. Illustrated by Twenty-four Engravings on Steel, with a Correct Map of the North Western Railway and its Branches. London: W. S. Orr & Co. Amen Corner. 1851.

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rural produce—corn, cattle, sheep, milk, &c.—vastly to the benefit of the agricultural interests. 'A regular trade is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent-Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow: every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are despatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlocked tins from and beyond Harrow at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into Liverpool and London there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market; thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of congou up, or send as many of hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of 500 to 2000, and the sheep from 2000 to 6000; and these animals can be brought from the farthest grazing-grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury or the Valley of the Thames.' The time has absolutely come when it may be said that a farmer is to be pitied who is out of reach of a railway. He is left, as it were, out of the world.

The rides commence of course at Euston Square, the metropolis of railways, and down goes the traveller by the train to Birmingham. A few words are spared for the principal places on the route and its adjuncts. Thus of Bedford, of which something is said worth noticing. Drolly enough, this is an example of a town killed with kindness. 'Bedford has been pauperised by the number and wealth of its charities. A mechanic or small tradesman can send his child if it be sick to a free hospital; when older, to a free school, where even books are provided; when the boy is apprenticed, a fee may be obtained from a charity; at half the time of apprenticeship, a second fee; on the expiration of the term, a third; on going to service, a fourth; if he marries, he expects to obtain from a charity-fund "a portion" with his wife, also educated at a charity; and if he has not sufficient industry or prudence to lay by for old age—and those are virtues which he is not likely to practise—he looks forward with confidence to being boarded and lodged at one of Bedford's fifty-nine alms-houses.' The chief source of the charities of Bedford is a large endowment by a wealthy alderman of London, who would have done much better to have spent his money upon himself than to leave it to demoralise succeeding generations.

Speaking of Banbury: 'the Buckinghamshire Railway has reduced the price of coal to the inhabitants from 22s. to 15s. per ton on 150,000 tons per annum'—a saving of upwards of L.50,000 a year to a single town on one article! Opponents of railways, if there be any left, can ponder this fact.

Next, as to Oxford, after some amusing matter comes an observation on New College—new once, but old now, for it was built by William of Wykeham in 1380—a very respectable antiquity. Winchester School, founded by the same worthy, is a sort of step preliminary to the New College. Here is the way things are managed:—'Winchester School still retains its ancient character for scholarship. (It is said to be almost impossible to "pluck" a Wykehamist); but the foundation has been grossly abused, the elected being not poor boys, but the sons of wealthy clergymen and gentlemen, as indeed they had need be, for, by another abuse, the parents of boys on the foundation have to pay about L.40 a year for their board. But when a boy, distinguished for diligence and ability among his fellows, has been, at eighteen or nineteen years, elected to a fellowship of New College, his work for life is done—no more need for exertion—every incentive to Epicurean rest. Fine rooms; a fine garden; a dinner daily the best in Oxford, served in a style of profusion and elegance that leaves nothing to be desired; wine the choicest; New College ale most famous; a retiring-room where, in obsequious dignity, a butler waits on his commands, with fresh bottles of the strong New College port, or ready to compound a variety of delicious drinks, amid which the New College cider-cup and mint-julep can be specially recommended. Newspapers, magazines, and novels on the tables of both the junior and senior common rooms; a stable for his horse and a kennel for his dog, form part of this grand club of learned ignorance. And so, in idle uselessness, he spends life, unless by good fortune he falls in love and marries: even then, we pity his wife and his cook for the first twelve months—or, by reaction, flies into asceticism and becomes a father of St Philip Neri or a follower of Saint Pusseycat. But, after all this virtuous remonstrance on the misdirection of William of Wykeham's noble endowment, we must own that, of our Oxford acquaintance, none are more agreeable than those New College fellows of the old school, "who wore shocking bad hats and asked you to dinner." Much better than the cold-blooded "monks without mass" who are fast superseding them, just as idle and more ill-natured.'

As to the productions of Oxford: 'the only local manufactures of Oxford, except gentlemen, are boots, leather-breeches, and boats; these last in great perfection. The regatas and rowing-matches on the Isis are very exciting affairs. From the narrowness of the stream, they are rather chases than races; the winners cannot pass, but must pursue and *bump* their competitors. The many silent, solitary wherries, urged by vigorous, skilful arms, give, on a summer evening, a pleasing life to river-side walks, although that graceful flower, the pretty pink bonnet and parasol, peculiar to the waters of Richmond and Hampton, is not often found growing in the Oxford wherry. Comedies, in the shape of slanging matches with the barges, are less frequent than formerly, and melodramatic fistic-combats still less frequent. But old boatmen still love to relate to their peaceable and admiring pupils how that pocket Hercules, the Honourable S—— C——, now a pious clergyman, had a single combat with a saucy six-foot bargee, "all alone by they two selves," bunged up both his eyes, and left him all but dead to time, ignorant then, and for months after, of the name of his victor.'

Returning to the main line, the traveller reaches Wolverton, a great eating-station, associated in our minds with bad attendance, worse tea, worst barley-broth, and an immense struggle to get at any. Wolverton is exclusively a railway town, for manufacturing railway articles, and is under railway government. It is inhabited by a respectable and intelligent body of mechanics. 'And what are the results of this colony, in which there are none idle, none poor, and few uneducated? Why, in many respects gratifying, in some respects disappointing. The practical reformer will learn more than one useful lesson from a patient investigation of the social state of this great village. Those who have not been in the habit of mixing with the superior class of English skilled mechanics will be agreeably surprised by the intelligence, information, and educational acquirements of a great number of the workmen here. They will find men labouring for daily wages capable of taking a creditable part in political, literary, and scientific discussion; but at the same time the followers of George Sand and the French preachers of proletarian perfection will not find their notions of the ennobling effects of manual labour realised. There are exceptions, but as a general rule, after a hard day's work, a man is not inclined for study of any kind, least

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of all for the investigation of abstract science; and thus it is that at Wolverton library novels are much more in demand than scientific treatises. In summer, when walks in the fields are pleasant, and men can work in their gardens, the demand for books of any kind falls off. Turning from the library to the mechanics' institution, pure science is not found to have many charms for the mechanics of Wolverton. Geological and astronomical lectures are ill attended, while musical entertainments, dissolving views, and dramatic recitations are popular. It must be confessed that dulness and monotony exercise a very unfavourable influence on this comfortable colony. The people, not being Quakers, are not content without amusement. They receive their appointed wages regularly, so that they have not even the amusement of making and losing money. It would be an excellent thing for the world if the kind, charitable, cold-blooded people of middle age, or with middle-aged heads and hearts, who think that a population may be ruled into an everyday life of alternate work, study, and constitutional walks, without anything warmer than a weak simper from year's end to year's end, would consult the residents of Wolverton and Crewe before planning their next parallelogram.'

Old-fashioned people will be glad to know that railways have not quite knocked up all the snug roadside inns. One of these, at a place called Wansford in England, is thus noticed:—'If about to investigate the antiquities of Stamford or Peterborough, the traveller will do well to stop at Wansford for the sake of one of the best inns in Europe, well-known under the sign of "The Haycock at Wansford in England." This sign represents a man stretched on a floating haycock, and apparently in conversation with parties on a bridge. It is intended to illustrate the legend of Drunken Barnaby, who, travelling during the time of the plague from London northward, tasting and criticising the ale on the road, drank so much of the Northamptonshire brewst that he fell asleep on a haycock, in one of the flat meadows. In the night-time a sudden flood arose, as is often the case in this part of the country, and our toper awoke to find himself floating on a great tide of water, which at length brought him to a bridge, upon which, hailing the passers-by, he asked, "Where am I?" in full expectation of having floated to France or Spain; whereupon they answered: "At Wansford." "What!" he exclaimed in ecstasy, "Wansford in England!" and landing, drank the ale, and gave a new name to the inn of this village between three counties. The inn—which belongs to the Duke of Bedford—affords a sort of accommodation which the rapid travelling and short halts of railways have almost abolished. But an easy rent, a large farm, and a trade in selling and hiring hunters, enables the landlord to provide as comfortably for his guests as when, in old posting-days, five dukes made the Haycock their night-halt at one time. On entering the well-carpeted coffee-room, with its ample screen, blazing fire, and plentiful allowance of easy-chairs, while a well-appointed tempting dinner is rapidly and silently laid on the spotless table-cloth—the tired sportsman or traveller will be inclined to fancy that he is visitor to some wealthy squire rather than the guest of an innkeeper. When we add that the bedrooms match the sitting-rooms; that the charges are moderate; that the Pytchley, Earl Fitzwilliam's, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds (the Beevor), meet within an easy distance; that the county abounds in antiquities, show-houses like Burleigh; that pleasant woodland rides are within a circle of ten miles; that good pike-fishing is to be had nearly all the year round; while in retirement Wansford is complete; we have said enough to shew that it is well worth the notice of a large class of travellers—from young couples on their first day's journey, to old gentlemen travelling north and needing quiet and a bottle of old port.'

Here we would stop, but are tempted to give one more extract. The passage refers to Dr Arnold and the celebrated school at Rugby, to which he was appointed head-master. 'Dr Arnold, from the day on which he first took charge of the school, adopted the course which he ever after adhered to, of treating the boys like gentlemen and reasonable beings. Thus on receiving from an offender an answer to any question, he would say: "If you say so, of course I believe you;" and on this he would act. The effect of this was immediate and remarkable; the better feeling of the school was at once touched; boys declared: "It is a shame to tell Arnold a lie, because he always believes you;" and thus at one bold step the axe was put to the root of the inveterate practice of lying to the master, one of the curses of schools. In pursuance of the same views, when reprimanding a boy, he generally took him apart, and spoke to him in such a manner as to make him feel that his master was grieved and troubled at his wrong-doing; a Quaker-like simplicity of mien and language, a sternness of manner not unmixed with tenderness, and a total absence of all "donish" airs, combined to produce this effect. Nor were his personal habits without their effect. The boys saw in him no outward appearance of a solemn pedagogue or dignified ecclesiastic whom it was a temptation to dupe, or into whose ample wig javelins of paper might with impunity be darted; but a spare, active, determined man, six feet high, in duck trousers, a narrow-brimmed hat, a sailor's black handkerchief knotted round his neck, a heavy walking-stick in his hand; a strong swimmer, a noted runner; the first of all the masters in the schoolroom on the winter mornings, teaching the lowest class when it was his turn with the same energy which he would have thrown into a lecture to a critical audience, listening with interest to an intelligent answer from the smallest boy, and speaking to them more like an elder brother than the head-master. They soon perceived that they had to deal with a man thoroughly in earnest, acute, active, and not easily deceived; that he was not only a scholar but a gentleman, who expected them to behave as the sons of gentlemen themselves.' By these and other available means the 'standard of intelligence and information was incalculably raised, and the school, as a place of education in its wider sense, became infinitely more efficient.'

SAVAGE NOTIONS OF PHILANTHROPY.

There are few more precarious investments than spending money, time, or labour on other people's affairs, with an eye to a speculative return in gratitude. Those who have done so once will seldom knowingly venture on a second experiment. If a man from the feeling of simple benevolence feel inclined to bestow benefits on his friends or neighbours, let him do so; but if he is rash enough to imagine that his generosity is likely to yield him large returns in gratitude and good offices hereafter, he will find it a very poor speculation indeed. When I hear a man complaining of the ingratitude of some friend or relative to whose interest he had sacrificed his own, I look upon him as a disappointed speculator, not a disinterested philanthropist.

Having from the period of my earliest recollections been afflicted with an impulsive tendency to give away and to thrust kindnesses upon other people, I used to feel very much puzzled to account for the fact, that when I ventured to solicit a favour from those to whom I had in my own way been most lavish, I was much less likely to receive it than some one else who had given them nothing. My eyes were for the first time opened to the true state of the case by some incidents which occurred to me while living among the half-savage tribes who inhabit the jungly districts bordering Nepaul.

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There being no civil or military station within several days' journey of where I was stationed, I had, in the event of sickness or accident befalling my servants, to prescribe for them what are usually included under the name of domestic medicines. This was quite a new field to me, and I went into it *con amore;* administering pills, making poultices, and applying bandages, with a zeal and energy very edifying to myself, and, as I imagined, highly beneficial to my patients. This last impression, however, was a gross delusion, as I subsequently discovered.

One of my first patients was a tall, unwholesome-looking youth named Bheem, who had charge of the goats I kept for supplying my table with milk. Bheem in his personal appearance and predacious instincts made the nearest approach to what might be termed a human weasel I ever saw. He had the sharp nose and concave belly, and the same irrepressible tendency to hunt up and devour small vermin which characterise the weasel tribe all over the world. When Bheem departed to the Moidhau with his goats at daybreak, he was furnished, besides his *gulell* or pellat-bow, with a number of odd-looking skewers and hooks, for trapping and disinterring rats, hedgehogs, and porcupines. The pellat-bow was used for shooting parrots and squirrels; and it was seldom that Bheem returned without some half-dozen rats or squirrels strung by their tails to his girdle.

On one occasion, when in pursuit of a porcupine which had taken shelter among the tangled roots of a banian-tree, Bheem, having made up his mind that the porcupine was to be cooked with chillies, garlic, and *rol meritch*, became somewhat forgetful of his personal safety, and having the animal at bay in a blind hole, he was digging away with all his might to get at it, when the porcupine rushed between his legs, tearing them with his quills as he passed, and escaped.

Bheem came limping home at eventide in a very sad plight, with his legs swathed with bandages of jungle-grass over a plaster of chewed *neem* leaves. As a matter of course, I took the legs under my care; and had the satisfaction, after washing them every morning with lukewarm water and applying poultices, to see them gradually getting well again. But the distinction of having his master to 'cook' his shins every morning was too much for Bheem's head, and he began to exhibit symptoms of self-conceit and arrogance among his fellow-servants, as if his getting his shins scraped by a porcupine had been something highly meritorious! After all pretence for looking at his shins was over, he discovered a multitude of petty ailments in his back, his sides, and his belly, for which I gave him pills and powders without number. But although he always professed to derive great benefit from my *dhoowys* (medicines), he never got well; and in all likelihood never would, if he had not picked a quarrel with the cook, when it came out that Bheem was in the habit of milking the goats on his own account every evening before bringing them home. This was the more provoking that, under the pretence of feeding the young kids, I had frequently been obliged to put up with short allowance of milk to my coffee. On my taxing Bheem with his dishonesty, he got on his knees, and in such terms of abject supplication as no language but Hindostanee can express, besought me to forgive him; calling me 'gureeb-purwär' ('provider for the poor'), 'mai-bab' ('father and mother'), 'malekgullam kei' ('owner of the slave'), &c. All this I was prepared for and listened to as a matter of course. But when the wretch proceeded to urge as a farther reason for forgiveness, that he had brought his legs to me to dress every day for a fortnight, that he had taken all the medicines I gave him, and would continue to take them as long as I liked, I was completely taken aback. As to being angry, that was out of the question—indeed I felt quite as much ashamed as angry. Under the pretence of acting the 'good Samaritan,' I had been simply gratifying my therapeutical tendencies at Bheem's expense. That this was the true philosophy of the matter was proved by the fact, that in spite of the lesson which Bheem had given me, I was led into taking as much interest in the next case which occurred as if no such personage had ever existed.

A little Hindoo boy of about ten years of age, who had been assisting his father in mending the roof of a brick-kiln, was, by the accidental giving way of the side-walls, thrown among the hot bricks. His father brought him to me literally half-roasted: his fingers and toes, from his attempts to clamber out of the kiln, had been burnt to cinders. His father cried, prayed, howled, and wailed until he was hoarse. The poor sufferer himself was only able to utter a low moaning cry, which, although drowned for the instant in the frantic vehemence of the father's grief, yet came out with terrible distinctness whenever the old man ceased, as he was sometimes obliged to do, from sheer exhaustion. The remembrance of it makes me shudder even now, although it is many years since.

As my slight knowledge of surgery had never before been put to so severe a test, I felt correspondingly embarrassed. Without pausing to consider the responsibility I was incurring, I had the boy laid upon a bed in the veranda and proceeded to apply such palliatives as I could think of. Linseed-oil and lime-water were procured and applied as fast as they could be mixed. The poor little fellow seemed much relieved by the cooling effect of this unguent, and sometimes intermitted his sad cry to gasp 'Utcha! utcha!' ('Good! good!') I had been occupied, I imagine, about two hours with my patient, dressing his wounds and padding him all round with loose cotton, to keep the air from irritating the raw skin; having done this and got him to swallow an anodyne, I looked about for his father, intending to give him some directions concerning the medicines I wished him to give his son. He, however, was nowhere to be found! After sending people in all directions in search of him, he was at last discovered in his own house tranquilly kneading some flour and water to make *chepaties* for his dinner, and presented himself to me with his hands and arms still covered with the flour he had been using. I gave him a small punkah, and told him to sit down and drive away the flies from his son's face; and in order that he might not have occasion to leave the house again, I paid another man to cook his chepaties for him and bring them to him when ready. On going out to the veranda half an hour after, I found the old man was again absent. I began to feel rather angry; and when he made his appearance some time afterwards, I began to scold him for his carelessness, when he held up the cocoa-nut shell and appendages which formed his pipe, to intimate that he had been taking a smoke. I told him he was at liberty to smoke as much as he pleased in the veranda, but threatened, if I found him absent again, to give him a sound thrashing. He promised not to stir from his son's bedside, but on one pretext or another he was constantly absenting himself. Sometimes he had been to the bazaar to buy *booja* (parched rice); sometimes he had gone to take a bath; sometimes he had gone to consult a neighbouring Brahmin. In short, there was no end to his excuses. What made this conduct appear more hideous was, that the flies came in clouds about the bed; and unless driven away, covered the poor boy's face and every other part of his body exposed to them.

Now it was that the imprudence of my conduct began to make itself felt. Here was my patient fast sinking, while his father, whose natural duty it was to attend to him, seemed to think that he had thrown the whole responsibility on my shoulders; and in the event of his son dying, he would certainly blame me for

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having occasioned it. As neither threats, bribes, nor entreaties could induce the old man to remain beside his son, I had the poor boy placed in a palanquin and carried to his own house, in the hope that when his father had him under his own roof he would perhaps be more disposed to attend to him. I went two or three times daily to see him and dress his wounds. If the old man was inattentive before, he was certainly no better now, for whenever I called, I either found him asleep or smoking at the door of his hut.

In all cases of severe injury from burning, after the first excitement is over, there ensues an utter prostration of the whole system, and unless active measures are taken to support the strength of the patient, he ultimately sinks from exhaustion. After the second day the poor boy ceased to complain, and lay apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him. During the few days he lived I was in a constant fever; wherever I went I was haunted with the appearance of the dying boy, and wondering whether the father was keeping the flies away. I was positively relieved when a servant one morning informed me that the brickmaker's boy was dead. I found the old man seated by the embers of a fire at the foot of the bed, his two hands grasping the cocoa-nut shell of his hookah, from a hole in the side of which he was sucking the smoke with a slow, solemn *glug-glugger*, in which it would have been very difficult to detect the accents of either grief or despair. Grief, however, there was, deep and sincere of its kind; for although the ear could not detect the slightest halt or wavering in the steady march of the hookah's music, the tears were raining from the old man's eyes and falling in big drops at his feet. The indifference and carelessness he had exhibited while his son was alive had not prepared me for this; so feeling that I had done him an injustice, I gave a few rupees to assist him in fulfilling the funeral-rites.

In the next case which occurred I took care to avoid the responsibility I had incurred in my last experiment; and as I imagined successfully.

A poor woman, while employed with some others in weeding a rice-field, left her child—an infant about twelve months old—in a clump of long grass near the skirt of the jungle. After she had been some time at work her attention was directed to the spot where she had left her child by hearing its screams. On running towards it, she observed a large wolf dragging the child in his teeth towards the jungle. The whole band of weeders instantly started in pursuit, shouting and screaming as they went. The wolf, finding he was pursued, dropped the child, and made off. When brought to me, beyond a few flesh-wounds from the animal's teeth, the child was not so much injured as might have been expected from the treatment it had received.

The mother, in a frantic state of excitement, threw herself at my feet, and promised to be my slave for life if I would make her child well. This she seemed to think I could do off-hand and by a single operation. The natives, in common with the inhabitants of more enlightened countries than Hindostan, have a notion that unless *something* is applied to a wound or bruise it will never heal. Accordingly pounded charcoal, lime, cow-dung, tumeric, garlic, &c. are applied in all cases of wounds and bruises. Although but a short time had elapsed since the accident had taken place, it was sufficient to allow a liberal supply of these materials to have been applied. My first care as a matter of course was to wash them all off; and after drawing the edges of the wounds together, to apply a few strips of adhesive plaster. From what I had before seen of flesh-wounds among the natives, I felt convinced that if I could only prevail upon the mother to keep the child clean, it would get well in a few days. To get her to do this I promised her three pice every morning that she brought the child to me clean washed. For ten days she came very willingly, when I renewed the dressings, and gave her the three pice agreed on. At the end of that time, finding the wounds were almost all healed, I told her that she would not require to bring the child to me any more. She looked rather blank at this announcement, salaamed, and thanked me in a very ceremonious manner. She was going on with a long panegyric on my wisdom and generosity when I interrupted her with: 'Well, well, that will do now—go away, and mind to keep the child clean.' Still she lingered, and kept swaying herself half round with the child riding on her left hip. She had evidently something more to say, which she was mustering courage to express. She commenced drawing circles among the gravel with the toes of her left foot, and began with: 'Khoodawund' ('Master.')

'Well,' I answered, 'what have you to say?'

'Ap hakeem hy ('You are a wise man.') I am a poor woman: I have come to your honour every morning as you desired me. I brought you my child, and gave it to you to put your medicines on it. I washed it as often as you desired me: surely you will not send me away?'

'Why,' I exclaimed, 'what could I do with you?'

But without heeding my interruption she went on: 'Surely you would not send me away—without some *buksheesh!*'

I thought Bheem had been very ungrateful, but surely this woman was something more.

A PRACTICAL COMMISSIONER OF SEWERS.

Of all places in the world, the London police-courts afford the most curious revelations of civilised ethnology. Hardly a week passes but some extraordinary stratum of crime or misfortune, wherein human creatures are found imbedded, and human nature petrified or transformed, is brought to light.

The London newspapers lately chronicled the manner of life of a man who, while we cannot call him criminal, and have no right to deem him unfortunate, since he appears to enjoy his own mode of existence as much as anybody else—would seem to have chosen a career embracing a quintessence of vileness, misery, and wretchedness. In a recent assault-case heard before the magistrates at the Clerkenwell Court, this individual appeared as a witness. His real name is said to be Smith, but he has gained notoriety in the purlieus of Field Lane, Saffron Hill, and other kindred localities, under the *sobriquet* of 'The Jumper.' He is a rat-catcher by profession, but follows his calling in a style which places him apart from all his *confrères* in that elegant avocation, and induces us to believe that, his manner of carrying on business considered, there can hardly be 'two of a trade.' The man catches rats for those who keep sporting-dogs, and the field of his labours embraces all subterranean London. One-half of Jumper's life is spent in quest of prey from the metropolitan sewerage. Furnished with a bull's-eye lantern, a capacious and strongly-made folding-trap, and a short rake, he enters the main sewers at the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, and tracing his dark and labyrinthine way beneath the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis, waist-deep in mud and filth of every description, he pursues his dangerous and revolting occupation. The sewers literally swarm with rats. Holding lantern and trap in his left hand, he thrusts his rake hither and thither. The disturbed vermin rush from their hiding-places, and, dazzled by the light, fall an easy prey to Jumper, who, gifted with a peculiar knack, catches them by hand, and places them in his cage as easily and indifferently as if they were

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young kittens. His under-ground journeys extend for miles. He has been under Newgate and along Cheapside to the Mansion-House, the roaring traffic above him sounding like the dull rumbling of distant thunder. He has traversed from Holborn to Islington, closely inspecting all the divergent passages and odoriferous tributaries which fall into the *cloaca maxima* of the mighty metropolis. It is declared, indeed, that he knows more about the sewerage of London and its condition than any other living man, and that upon the strength of such qualification he would make an excellent chairman to the Board of Commissioners sitting in Greek Street, under whose premises he has so often rambled in pursuit of game.

It is recorded that on one occasion an obstruction occurred to a drain at the foot of Holborn Hill, and Jumper being known in the neighbourhood, was applied to. Terms were speedily agreed upon. Jumper started off to the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, and in half an hour his voice was heard down the gully-hole. He quickly cleared away the obstruction, and received his reward, which was well deserved, as he had saved the public the expense and inconvenience of breaking up the thoroughfare.

It is not, however, to the rats alone that Jumper devotes his attention and industry. He frequently falls in with rich windfalls—or, to improve the metaphor, waterfalls—especially in the City. On one occasion he found a silk purse containing gold and silver; on another a gold watch and seals; and he is constantly rooting up silver spoons, rings, and other articles of value.

Some time ago Jumper took on an apprentice, or rather a pupil, for the profession—a man named Harris—one bred to the horse-slaughtering business, and who, after such a course of preparation, might be supposed to have lost the sensitiveness of olfactory and stomachic nerves to a sufficient degree to enable him to enter on the new occupation. After a month's trial, however, he gave it up as a bad job. 'I can stand a tidy lot,' said he, somewhat crestfallen; 'but I can't stand that 'ere!' So Jumper remains alone in his glory, 'monarch of all he surveys.' There is no man, however, who has not his trials: envy, jealousy, contempt, interference, are the common lot. Jumper's right has been disputed by a lord mayor, who threatened him with imprisonment on the ground of trespass; Jumper, however, still pursues his delectable calling. He has been three times attacked with typhus fever, but rapidly recovered on each occasion, apparently too tough, tried, and tanned for the grim assailant.

Jumper may be seen on Sundays well dressed, and generally with a watch in his pocket—presenting, indeed, a comfortable and well-to-do appearance. It may be added, that the rats bring him in from one shilling to eightcenpence a dozen; and so conversant is he with their haunts or burrows, that he requires but a couple of hours' notice to produce any given quantity, from a dozen to a hundred. This most extraordinary character is, we believe, at present in good health, and follows his calling with the greatest assiduity among the foundations of the London streets.

DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

A most interesting discovery has been made in Egypt. It is known that there exists in Mount Zabarah, situated on an island in the Red Sea, a mine of emeralds, which was formerly worked by the pachas of Egypt, but abandoned in the last years of the reign of Mehemet Ali. An English company have solicited and recently obtained authority to resume the working of this mine, which is believed to be still rich in precious stones. Mr Allan, the engineer of the company, while directing some important excavations in this place, has discovered at a great depth traces of an ancient gallery, which must evidently be referred to the most remote antiquity. Upon removing the rubbish, he found tools and ancient utensils, and a stone upon which is engraved a hieroglyphic inscription, now partially defaced. This circumstance proves the truth of the opinion expressed by Belzoni, on the strength of other indications, that this mine was worked in ancient times. The nature and form of the implements discovered, and the configuration of the gallery, the plan of which has been readily traced, prove most conclusively that the ancient Egyptians were skilful engineers. It seems, from examination of the stone which has been discovered, that the first labours in the mine of Zabarah were commenced in the reign of Sesostris the Great, or Rameses Sesostris, who, according to the most generally-received opinion, lived about the year 1650 before Christ, and who is celebrated by his immense conquests, as well as for the innumerable monuments with which he covered Egypt.—*American Literary Journal.*

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

A YOUTHFUL stranger walk'd alone
In a great city's busiest place;
He heard not one familiar tone,
He saw not one familiar face:
He trod that long and weary street
Till day's last beam wax'd faint and dim,
But none were nigh to cheer or greet—
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press
The rude, the beautiful, the proud,
And felt that strange deep loneliness
Which chills us in the selfish crowd:
Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,
And scorn'd each soft and wailing mood,
He felt a sore and saddening throng
Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

While yet he mused in bitter thought,
A messenger appear'd at hand,
Who to that mourning pilgrim brought
A letter from his own fair land:
Eager as if it search'd a mine,
His eye the welcome page explor'd,
And, as he read each glowing line,
Hope, gladness, life, were all restor'd.

Yet mightier than the voice from home,
Which nerv'd that drooping exile's breast,
Those words of Thine, Redeemer! come
To calm our fears and give us rest.
When, in some sad and sunless hour,
We pine for smiles and tones of love,
They bid us look, through storm and shower,
To Thee our Light and Life above.

GRAND ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

Before quitting the subject of manuscripts, let me earnestly recommend to all who handle the pen—whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions and memorials to the powers that be—to study caligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles have been returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate and a good temper, a good hand-writing will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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VISIT TO AN ENGLISH MONASTERY.

I have always felt a deep interest in monks and monkery, and an interest that did not commence with my historical period, but may be traced far back in the fabulous Radcliffian era. I knew of course that there were monks in England, but could never believe them to be anything more than imitation monks. An Italian or a Spanish monk I could understand, and, spite of the chronic revolution now going on, I had not altogether withdrawn my faith from a French monk. But an English monk seemed highly improbable. I was once invited to visit the Benedictine convent at Hammersmith; but that was quite too much. *Hammersmith!* As if a name like that was compatible with a genuine convent! Besides, I myself knew the sister of the abbess; and a nice, kind, frank little lady she was, who drank tea and spoke prose as like other people as possible. Such considerations set the Benedictines completely out of the question; but my curiosity, after a hard struggle with my unbelief, was at length aroused by the reports that reached me from time to time concerning another religious establishment. This was the monastery of Mount St Bernard in Leicestershire —a sufficiently probable name, it must be confessed, notwithstanding its associations with fat cattle and improved breeds. Perhaps the considerable distance of the county from my usual place of abode formed an element in the feasibility of the thing; but at anyrate I did send a missive to the Fathers, to acquaint them, in what I was told was the prescribed form, with my intention to pay them a visit; and half-interested, half-pooh-poohish, I actually set out for an English monastery. My letter was forwarded through the penny-post; I travelled myself by rail.

On arriving at the nearest station, which is six miles from the abbey, I found that the good Fathers had provided a conveyance for me, drawn by a pony, and driven by an Irishman. The pony was sedate and slow, as became a conventual horse; and the Irishman was in a hurry neither with his words nor actions, but sat quietly on his box like a monumental figure of Resignation. The consequence was that the shades of evening fell thickly around us before our arrival, and that seen through them the adventure began to look respectable. I was on my way to a monastery—to the monastery of St Bernard. I was to eat in its refectory, to pray at its vespers, to sleep in its dormitory. In England, it is true, where the people would mob a Capuchin as they would a Bloomerite; and in a county where short horns are the chief local celebrities: but no matter. The evening was dark and preternaturally silent; and when at length we stopped at a large, gloomy, unfinished portal, dimly lighted by a lantern suspended from the roof, and containing a single candle, it was with something very like a thrill I descended from the conveyance, and prepared to allow myself to be swallowed up by these deep black gates.

I was received by a venerable-looking monk, in a light drab habit reaching to his ankles, who with much kindness of manner bade me welcome. He conducted me to an inner room of the Gate-house, where I wrote my name in the visitors' book; and we then crossed a quadrangular court to the Guest-Hall, where tea and other refreshments had been prepared. While gazing round me like a man in a strange country, a swell of music rose suddenly upon my ear.

'It is the brethren in the choir,' said the guest-master, observing me start, 'who are finishing their evening devotions. That is the "Salve Regina," or hymn to the Virgin; and when I hear its last cadence, my day is at an end, and my lips must no more open except in prayer.' When the solemn chant died away, a bell rang, called the angelus, and the guest-master and his assistant, a lay-brother, immediately facing about, sank on their knees before a fine picture of the Crucifixion. Here they said their angelus; and the guest-master, who had missed the service in the choir in consequence of his attendance upon me, went through his 'office'—apparently a long ritual — before rising from his knees. During this interval—though hardly feeling that it was germane to the place and time — I was busily engaged, at the pressing instance of the lay-brother, in discussing a very interesting tea and delicious omelet.

When the monk had finished his devotions and I my refreshment, he laid a book before me, and pointing to a section, seemed to desire that I should read it. It proved to be a short lesson on monastic obedience; and when I had finished, he conducted me to the cloisters, and through them to the church, a large and gloomy edifice, lighted only by the dim but ever-burning lamp of the sanctuary. It was from this building I had heard the solemn swell of the 'Salve Regina,' given forth by the united voices of forty monks; but now our own footsteps were the only sounds that broke the awful stillness of the place. The monk, with his muffled figure, and slow, calm pace, went on before me into the choir, and knelt before the altar. This appeared to be the sole purpose for which he had entered the church, since he could hold no communication with me; and as I stood behind his motionless figure, and watched the faint play of the solitary lamp, lost in the profound darkness beyond, a feeling akin to superstitious terror took possession of me. I do not know how long the silent monk remained on his knees, but it must have

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been a considerable time; and when at length he rose and glided away as before, I followed him with a sensation of relief. I followed him out of the church, across the quadrangle, and into the bedroom where I was to pass the night; when my conductor, waving his hand in adieu, left the room, and I found myself alone.

Alone, in a real monastery, inhabited by real monks —and all this in England! The idea was not easily grappled with. At first view the thing was improbable: but there I was. There was nothing unreal in the fire that blazed before me, and threw a flickering light into the room; nor in the roof, with its black rafters; nor in the small tent-bedstead, with its drab moreen curtains—the livery of the monks themselves; nor in the *prie-dieu*, with the prayer-desk by its side, standing on the uncarpeted floor; nor in the dressing-table, looking-glass, and stone fender; nor in the pictures of the saints, that moved and nodded in the fitful light upon the walls: but somehow the real was mingled with the unreal; and as I sat staring into the fire, I saw distinctly the shadows of the Confessional of the Black Penitents; and once I turned fairly round to look for that mysterious monk who had appointed to meet with the young Montorio in a similar place. Perhaps the reader remembers that as the hour of tryst approached, Montorio became impatient, and looked eagerly round the empty room for his expected visitor; till, on raising his eyes again as the clock struck, he beheld the monk calmly seated at the table, with his eyes fixed on the dial.

I sat thus for a considerable time, immersed in wild but pleasing imaginations, and at length went to bed and fell asleep. Then my waking thoughts were repeated in my dreams, and I was following through some dark corridor a tall, dim, gliding figure, when suddenly my steps were arrested, and my sleep broken by the deep tones of a bell. I found it was one o'clock; and this doubtless was the sound that summoned the monks to matins. I thought drowsily for a time of the heroism of their devotion; but sleep was once more descending on my eyes, when a slow and dolorous chant stole across the courtyard and through my little pointed window, and I could distinctly hear the voices of the monks sending on high their morning-hymn. The cadence had scarcely died away, when I was again in the land of dreams; but after a time—it might have been two or three hours—the deep solemn bell awoke me anew, sounding, as I was afterwards told, for *prime;* and as it continued at intervals I slept no more. At half-past six I heard a knock at my door; and on answering 'Come in,' a strange figure entered, enveloped in a dark habit, and looking not unlike one of the witches in 'Macbeth.' He carried a light, a long brush, and a coal-box; and after having kindled the fire and swept the hearth, was about to retire, when I asked him a question concerning the weather. His reply was merely to put his finger on his lips, and with an unintelligible growl he left the apartment. I may mention here, what I learned afterwards, that there were eight bedchambers, all uniform with the one I occupied.

Shortly after, the guest-master appeared with a jug of hot water, and cheerfully wished me good-morning, hoping I had slept comfortably. He informed me that breakfast would be ready at half-past eight, but that high-mass was performed in the church every morning at half-past seven, at which all the guests were expected to be present. After breakfast the abbot himself would come and bid me welcome, and he requested me to be in my room to receive him. After the guest-master had taken his departure, I got up and made my toilet, during which process the bell struck thrice—the premonitory signal, as the guest-master had told me, for mass, and intended to give the priests time to put on their vestments. After this the bells rang at two intervals, as they did for all the other services, and I proceeded to the church. I was shewn into the rood-loft, the place appropriated for the guests, and found two or three before me. The monks were all in their stalls reciting a short preliminary office, and the priests were at the altar, which was prepared with six large lighted candles and other paraphernalia, for the performance of high-mass. This, it seems, was a festival-day, and the abbot was to sing high-mass himself. The office being over, the priests went into the sacristy, from which they soon returned in procession, accompanied by the abbot in his pontificals, including the mitre and crosier, and preceded by his cross-bearer and acolytes, or boys bearing lights and incense. Shortly before the conclusion of mass a monk brought us books interlined with music, which I perceived were the *Processionals* or ritual of processions. Accordingly, at the conclusion of mass, a procession moved round the church and cloisters, which the guests, wound up to a pitch of sentimental excitement — at least I can answer for myself—did not dare to refuse joining. The chanting continued during the procession until we regained the church, when a short service was performed at the altar; and so far as *we* were concerned the religious service of the morning was at an end, when we hastened, cold and hungry, into the guest-hall, where a plain breakfast awaited us. The only thing worth notice in the meal was, that it included no meat, that being an article which is strictly prohibited from entering the monastery.

After breakfast, mindful of the injunctions of the guest-master, I retired to my room, to be ready to receive the visit of the abbot; and it was not without some feeling of excitement I awaited the approach of the reverend head of this singular establishment. I am happy to say he looked the conventual dignitary to the life; being a venerable old man of at least eighty years, much attenuated, as if worn away with watching and fasting, and rather decrepit. Having been informed that the ceremony was customary, I knelt before him with unfeigned respect and humility; and when he had pronounced his benediction, I rose from my knees, thinking that I should derive good and no evil from an old man's blessing. In conversation, however, I must say I found him not only simple but ignorant. He had been a member of the Church of England; but entering the service of a Roman Catholic family in early life, he had become a convert to the religion he now professed, and afterwards taking the vows, had lived to find himself the head of his order in England.

When the abbot left me, the guest-master came by appointment to take me through the establishment. First, there is the gate-house already mentioned, containing a great hall, an almonry, kitchen, porter's lodge, and two or three small rooms, besides four sleeping-apartments. From this the first quadrangle is entered, one side of which is formed by the gate-house, one by the infirmary and apartments for the infirmarian, another by the great church, and the fourth by the guest-hall, the apartments of the abbot and prior, and several guest-rooms. A passage leads from the guests' apartments to the cloisters, which form another quadrangle, whence branch the library, chapter-house, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and sacristy. From the cloisters there are two entrances into the church; and in the centre of this quadrangle is the burial-ground, where a grave is always kept open to remind the brethren of their latter end. A passage leads from the cloister to a third quadrangle, containing the workshops, bakehouse, brewhouse, dairy, and other domestic offices.

The principal officers of the monastery are the abbot, prior, subprior, housekeeper, two masters of novices, and two guest-masters. All these, with the exception of the masters of novices, have the liberty of speech before the angelus in the evening; but the other monks,

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numbering forty, and chiefly from Ireland, are condemned to a much more stringent silence. They are not permitted to speak even to each other without special leave from the superior; and they can only make known their wants by prescribed signs. Their food consists of only one meal in the day, and that is restricted to vegetables; while they are not allowed a fire even in winter. Seven services, all in Latin, are performed in the church during the day and night, and on Sunday there is a sermon delivered. All these may be attended by any one who chooses, the great west gates being always open; but the secular part of the church is divided from the regular by the rood-screen. When finished, this part of the building will consist of nave, aisles, transept, and choir; although at present only the nave is completed, with its six altars. Nine of the monks are priests.

The dress of the choir-brothers consists of a light drab habit reaching to the feet, with a black scapulary, and a cowl or hood. The scapulary consists of two bands of woollen stuff, the one crossing the shoulder, and the other the stomach. It is supposed to have been originally a heavy covering worn by the early hard-working monks for carrying loads on their shoulders, although afterwards it was considered as a sign of peculiar devotion to the Virgin Mary. The dress of the lay-brothers is brown, and they do not wear the cowl. Both classes have leathern belts round the waist. They wear no linen, and they wash and shave only once a week. Every Friday morning they perform what is called 'discipline,' which consists in lashing their backs with a whip of many thongs, while one of the brothers recites the fifty-first psalm, *Miserere mei*. During my visit one of them wore an iron chain with sharp spikes round his waist and next his skin; but this individual, I hear, has since then deserted the monastery, and taken refuge in Protestantism. Every night before *complin* or the last office, a chapter is held, at which the brethren have to confess to their superior *what they have thought of* during the day; and if their thoughts do not meet his approval, or if they inform him of any breach of rule committed either by themselves or another—such as genuflecting with the right knee instead of the left—certain penances are awarded, one of which is for the transgressor to lie down at the church-door and permit his brethren to walk over him. If a brother comes late into the refectory, he has to proceed to the head of the room and stand with his back bent until the hammer of the superior calls him to his place; or if any mistake is made in the choir by sounding a wrong note, or singing a wrong antiphon, the erring brother, as soon as he finds he has done amiss, proceeds at once to the front of the altar, where he prostrates himself till the superior's hammer recalls him to his stall. The monks are not permitted to have any will of their own; what they are required by their superior to do *must* be done. They are frequently required to pray for what the superior desires in his own mind, without being at all acquainted with what that desire is. I heard one of the brethren who was permitted to speak declare, that if he was ordered by the superior to go out to sea in an open boat without oars or sails, he should feel it his bounden duty to do so. During their novitiate they are put to the most revolting proofs of their humility. A clergyman of the Church of England visited this monastery, and became so enamoured of its holy life, that he gave up his curacy and joined the order. The first thing the abbot set him to do was to assist in removing the night-soil; and he afterwards went on his knees before the father to thank him for putting his humility to such a test. In fine, the monks wash their own clothes and do every domestic duty for themselves, besides attending to a large farm connected with the monastery, on which there are many sheep and oxen, a mill, and blacksmiths and carpenters' shops, all conducted by the industrious brethren.

One more trait of monastic life and I have done. During my visit, the whole community came pouring one day in solemn procession upon my quarters. The visit was somewhat alarming; for, immured as I had been in that strange, unworldly existence, I was by no means sure at the moment that I was not a monk myself, and in sudden terror I began to rummage my conscience for what I had done. But the procession stopped at the next room to mine, which had been tenanted by a guest like myself, an Irish priest, who had no sooner taken his leave and got out into the world, than he rushed straight into the bosom of the Protestant Church. The business of the procession was to sprinkle the desecrated room with holy-water; and I heard from those of the brethren who had the use of their tongues many expressions of mingled pity and horror at the fall of 'the unfortunate man.'

My unbelief was now removed, my curiosity satisfied, my longings at rest. I had seen the triumph of the mediæval tendency of the time, and the cravings of Young England satisfied. I had seen an English monastery; and mingling with some natural pride at the idea that we were not outdone in religious austerity by other nations, or even by the personages of the Radcliffian period, there came a secret feeling of satisfaction that I was one of those who were permitted to live, move, and have their being outside.

DROLLERIES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FORESTALLING AND REGRATING.

If there were anything new under the sun, it might be supposed that Socialism is new; but it is not so, and we are about to shew that our ancestors were arrant Socialists — at least, that they adopted the essential principles of Socialism. These consist in an artificial interference with commerce and employment, and a minute regulation of all the transactions of the citizen, arising from the belief that people cannot take charge of their own affairs, and that the state, or the wise men who 'shape the whisper of the throne,' must do it for them. The same thing, it may be said, was exemplified on a later occasion during the first French Revolution, when a baker or a grocer was occasionally hanged from the lantern-rope in front of his door for selling his goods at a price higher than that fixed by the Committee of Public Safety, or for giving up business when he found that he could not continue it without ruin. But it is generally admitted that the acts of the Reign of Terror were done in spite and hatred towards the owners of property or the inheritors of respectability, rather than with a view to justice and the benefit of the public. Socialists and Communists do profess to seek the public benefit, and many of them are zealous and honest in their profession. In like manner, those who legislated for our ancestors sought the public benefit with pains and care—with deep pondering—with earnest efforts to overcome difficulties, and heavy mortification when each attempt only plunged them and the people they tried to serve into difficulties more and more inextricable. We believe that a slight sketch of the tender mercies which the people of England received at the hands of these zealous friends, a sketch derived from the most authentic sources — acts of parliament and other legal documents — will make the general reader rise somewhat astonished from the perusal.

The crimes of forestalling, regrating, and engrossing occupy a very large space in the English Statute-book and in the old treatises on criminal law. A foreigner, studying our jurisprudence, might wonder where these dreadful crimes have gone to, since of late they have disappeared from the legal nomenclature. Forestalling, in its very earliest use, had a formidable meaning. We turn to 'Chambers's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' the earliest English encyclopædia, and there we find—'Forestal, in Domesday wrote *forestel*, is an intercepting

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in the highway, or stopping or even insulting a passenger therein.' It came afterwards, however, to have no stronger meaning than the word 'anticipate,' unless, as some maintain, its Saxon origin would always give it greater strength than a word of classical derivation; and in this sense Milton and Shakspeare often use it, as where the former says:

'Why need a man forestall his day of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?'

In trade, it meant stopping a man on his way to market, and buying his goods for the purpose of trading in them. Regrating meant the purchasing of the commodities with the same object after they had reached the market. Blackstone describes it as 'the buying of corn or other dead victual in any market, and selling it again in the same market, or within four miles of the place; for this,' says the great law-authority, 'enhances the price of provisions, as every successive seller must have a successive profit.' Engrossing included both these offences, and referred to all instances in which goods were bought on a large scale to be resold by retail. An engrosser was not always a criminal; it was lawful to engross foreign merchandise when it was not paid for in gold, and to retail it in England. The word has had a rather curious history. The term grocer, now applied to a retailer of tea and sugar, was of old used solely to designate these great foreign merchants. They were men of mark, and some of them were ennobled—such as Lionel Cranfield, who became Earl of Middlesex. Thus many scions of noble houses, when looking into their genealogies, are not a little startled, if not scandalised, to see the most distinguished of their ancestors set forth as So-and-so, 'of the city of London—grocer.'

Our readers may have occasionally seen ordinances of the Chinese authorities, especially since the commencement of our closer intercourse with the Celestial Empire. They are usually of a vague character, denouncing all aggrandising, oppressive, or selfish actions, but not specifying, as all sound laws ought to do, the exact crime that is to be punished. The following statute of the year 1306 (34 Edward I.) strikes us as being very much in the Chinese style:—

'No forestaller shall be suffered to dwell in any town who manifestly is an oppressor of the poor and a public enemy of the country—who, meeting grain, fish, herring, or other things, coming by land or by water to be sold, doth hasten to buy them before another, thirsting after wicked gain, oppressing the poor, and deceiving the rich; and by that means goeth about to sell the said things much dearer than he that brought them: who cometh about merchant-strangers that bring merchandise, offering them help in the sale of their wares, and informing them that they may sell their wares dearer than they meant to have done, and by such craft and subtlety deceiveth a whole town and a country. He that is convicted thereof the first time shall be amerced, and lose the things so bought, according to the custom of the town; he that is convicted the second time shall have judgment of the pillory; the third time, he shall be imprisoned and ransomed; the fourth time, he shall abjure the town; and this judgment shall be given upon all manner of forestallers, and likewise upon them that have given them counsel, help, or favour.' Thus we see that the seller of commodities was deemed a public enemy, whom it was every one's duty to relieve of his property at the smallest possible price. To hint to him that the market was rising, and advise him to 'hold on,' as it is termed, for a better price, rendered one liable to imprisonment and the pillory.

But such gentle punishments had not been effectual; and forty-five years afterwards, in the 27th of Edward III., a whole string of sanguinary statutes was passed to make goods cheap. By one of these it is graciously permitted to those who import wines, wares, or merchandises in vessels, to 'sell them in gross or by retail, or by parcels at their will, to all manner of people who will buy the same.' But then follows the prohibition, 'that no merchant, privy [native] nor stranger, nor other, of what condition that he be, go by land or by water towards such wines, wares, or merchandises coming into our said realm and lands, in the sea nor elsewhere, to forestall or buy them, or in other manner to give earnest upon them before that they come to the staple, or to the port where they shall be discharged, nor enter into the ships for such cause, till the merchandises be set to land to be sold.' Against transgressors of this and other similar restrictions the punishment denounced is—demembration or death.

Notwithstanding this and other penal acts, commodities *would* be dearer than statesmen thought they ought to be. There seemed, then, to be no remedy but the actual fixing of prices. This was attempted in 1533 by a statute of 25th Henry VIII. The preamble, which we give in the precise words in which it is to be found in the Statute-book, if it appear to be disconnected in composition, is rational enough in principle. 'Forasmuch as dearth, scarcity, good, cheap, and plenty of cheese, butter, capons, hens, chickens, and other victuals necessary for man's sustenance, happeneth, riseth, and chanceth of so many and divers occasions, that it is very hard and difficult to put any certain prices to any such things.' One would think this a very excellent reason for not attempting to put prices on them, yet it is precisely what the statute does attempt. Before doing so, however, the preamble leaves this reasonable tone, and waxes wroth thus:—'Yet, nevertheless, the prices of such victuals be many times enhanced and raised by the greedy covetousness and appetites of the owners of such victuals, by occasion of engrossing and regrating the same, more than upon any reasonable or just ground or cause, to the great damage and impoverishing of the king's subjects.' To remedy this, certain high officers of state—consisting of the lord-chancellor, the president of the council, the lord privy-seal, &c.—are to 'have power and authority from time to time, as the case shall require, to set and tax reasonable prices of all such kinds of victuals above specified, how they shall be sold, by gross or by retail, for the relief of the king's subjects; and after such prices set and taxed in form aforesaid, proclamation shall be made in the king's name, under the great seal, of the said prices.' And then follows a command, 'that all farmers, owners, broggers, and all other victuallers whatsoever, having or keeping any of the said victuals, to the intent to sell the same to such of the king's subjects as will buy them, at such prices as shall be set and taxed by the said proclamation, upon the pains to be expressed and limited in the said proclamation.'

We have historical evidence that such proclamations were actually made. Strype, in his 'Memorials of the Reformation,' under the year 1549, states that 'all provisions this year grew very dear, and the prices of victuals so enhanced above the accustomed value, and this without ground or reasonable cause.' The high officers of state above referred to then set about making a list of prices to be proclaimed. Strype mentions the scale fixed for cattle and sheep, of which the following is a specimen:—Steers or runts, being primed or well stricken, and large bone, 20s.; of a meaner sort, 16s.; being fat, of the largest bone, 25s.; being fat, of a meaner sort, 21s.; heifers and kine, being primed and well stricken, and large of bone, 16s.

In mentioning a subsequent proclamation, the historian of the Reformation enlarges his list to the prices of butter and cheese. The pound of sweet-butter was to be three-halfpence, and barreled butter was not to be sold to any of the king's subjects under three farthings. Yet all this statesmanship did not put matters right. As Strype continues to say: 'But this

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dearness still continuing in the realm, notwithstanding all former endeavours (partly by reason of conveyance of commodities beyond sea, and partly by men's buying up of corn in the market to be sold again, and also by not bringing any quantities to the market), the king issued out yet another proclamation, dated September 24th, signifying in the preface how the insatiable greediness of divers ill-natured people, neither minding the due obedience of good laws nor any preservation of natural societies within their own country, and contrary to the provision of divers good laws and statutes, by frequent unlawful exportation of victuals, and by many detestable frauds and covins, had occasioned great scarcity and unreasonable prices of victuals.'

The next remedy was of the most stringent and inquisitorial character; and it would be curious to witness how the free agriculturist of the present age would feel on finding himself no longer neglected by the legislature, but subject to such intervention as the following:—Committees of justices were to be appointed who were to 'repair to all farms, barns, stacks, and garners; and there to view and try out, as well by the verdict of honest men as by good and lawful means, what kind and quantity of grain every person had within their respective divisions; and after the certainty thereof known, or as near as could be, they were to allot and appoint to the owners of the corn and grain sufficient and competent for the finding and maintenance of their houses and payment of their rent-corns, and performance of any bargains for supply of the king's majesty's house, or to any nobleman, gentleman, or others, for the only maintenance of his or their household, until the 20th September then next coming, and also for necessary seed-corn. And the overplus of such grain the justices shall have authority to charge and command them, in the king's name, to bring to the markets next adjoining, and that in such portions as the justices shall think fit. And then the justices were to signify unto the chief officer or officers of the respective markets what quantity of grain is appointed to every man within their limits to bring to market. And if the owner of such corn should refuse to bring to market his corn, he should forfeit for every such default L.10, and suffer imprisonment for three months.'

Strype's commentary on this proclamation is in the following few but emphatic words: 'But notwithstanding there came but little corn to markets.' It was to remedy this that the statutes against intercepting goods in the way to market, or purchasing growing corn 'or other dead victual' with the intention of selling it again, were passed. The penalties were, for the first offence, two months' imprisonment and forfeiture, and obstinate offenders were pilloried.

Let us now give a casual glance at the way in which these laws were put in force. The national misgiving against bad laws is often curiously shewn in a sort of general conspiracy by judges, jurors, and witnesses, to give them as little force as possible. The people who make it their business to help in the execution of the laws, the common informers, are received with contempt and contumely; and not only to baffle them in their attempts to support the law, but to inflict on them heavy costs, appears to give infinite satisfaction to the sworn guardians of the law. Even parliament itself, in passing its stringent statutes, sometimes gave a snarl at those who made it a business to see that they were no dead letter; and an act of the 5th and 6th of Edward VI. proceeds on the preamble, that 'traders for butter and cheese for the city of London are continually vexed and molested by common informers, sometimes upon the one statute and sometimes upon the other.'

The old books of reports are full of actions on the statutes, generally decided on quibbles. In many of them there are long arguments on such questions as whether apples, nuts, or plums, come under the term 'dead victuals.' The decisions were generally against the informers. But the great metaphysical difficulties arose when the forestaller changed the nature of the goods. If one bought so many quarters of barley from a farmer and sold them again, he was liable to be punished; but what if he had before the sale converted the barley into malt? or what if he had still further altered its nature by grinding it? The climax of the difficulty, however, arose where one had bought grain and converted it into starch. This great question came before the Court of Exchequer in 1611, in the case of 'Bridgman *qui tam v.* Collins.' The proceedings were at the instance of a common informer, and the pleading of 'Hitchcock of Lincoln's Inn' for the defendant is curious enough, as the following specimen will shew:—'He contended that the starch is not the same in number nor quality; but he agreed that if wheat be only ground, that this notwithstanding is within the statute; but if it be made into bread and then sold, it is not within the statute, for then it is another body, and other things added to it; and the form is also altered, and the form gives the being and the name: and if water be turned into wine, it is no water though it be by miracle. So if a person be made a bishop, he is not the same person, for honours change manners.' *

Few things escaped the legislative determination to put down trading profits. Thus in 1552 an angry statute denounces and punishes 'the covetousness of divers greedy persons regrating and engrossing all kinds of tanned leather into their hands, and selling the same again at excessive prices to saddlers, girdlers, cordwainers, and such other artificers and handicrafts.' But it would be only tedious to enumerate any more of these pertinacious and vexatious statutes. It was not until the year 1772, four years before the publication of the 'Wealth of Nations,' that reason appeared to dawn upon the legislature. In that year many of the penalties against forestalling were repealed, under the preamble: 'Whereas it hath been found by experience, that the restraints laid by several statutes upon the dealing in corn, meal, flour, cattle, and sundry other sort of victuals, by preventing a free trade in the said commodities, have a tendency to discourage the growth and to enhance the price of the same, which statutes, if put in execution, would bring great distress upon the inhabitants of many parts of this kingdom.' It was not, however, until the year 1844 that the last lingering vestiges of the statutes against forestallers and regraters were swept from the Statute-book.

THORVALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

Some fifty-five years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back-room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over and over; but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in agony.

'Oh!' moaned she, 'and is it come to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, *Himlen!* that I have lived to see this bitter day! *Lovet være Gud!*'

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly-built, his features massive,

* Illingworth on Forestalling, p. 160.

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regular, and attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eyes bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured: 'Amalie!'

'Bertel!' answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. 'Amalie,' said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, 'I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning.'

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and releasing her hands, pushed back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. 'Bertel,' said she in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach—'Bertel, why did you win my young heart?—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?'

'I—I always meant it: I mean it now.'

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued: 'Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?'

'What would you have, Amalie? I said I loved you: I love you still—but'——

'But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!' added she bitterly.

Thorvaldsen started, and his features flushed; for he felt acutely the truth of her words.

'Yes, you will leave *gamle Danmark*—you will leave your poor, fond, old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footstep, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!'

'*Min Pige!* you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again.'

'Never, Bertel!—never! When once you have gone there is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth, never! O no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken-hearted Amalie!'—and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared scenes and friends of his childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also, and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and earthly immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast for ever.

He rescated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. 'Go,' said she, 'go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will be the companion of princes and of kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this: when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the high-born, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, *farvel!*'

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realised his own wildest aspirations of fame. But the prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her, his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly-expectant faces. At length the cry, 'They come!' was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of one common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as though to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military-music preceded a corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding-place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

'Ah, *Himlen!*' murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, 'how marvellous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me. Ah, *Himlen*, there's only One can tell! Poor Bertel!'

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded lower rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept onward until she reached an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble encloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow. '*Ja, ja!*' murmured she; 'they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, *Himlen*, I can die happy now!'

She withdrew her hands, and peered at the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of 'BERTEL THORVALDSEN,' deeply cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently sighed, while an evanescent gleam of subtile emotion lighted up her lineaments. 'Tis true: he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!'

Her eyes closed and her head slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behaviour, came up. 'Gammel kone' (old wife), said he, 'what are you doing?'

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She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death!

THE SNAKE-PLANT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Venomous serpents abound in all the *tierras calientes* (hot lands) of America. The frequent fatality following their bite—particularly among the Indians, who roam barefoot through the tangled woods — renders the knowledge of any counteracting remedy a matter of great importance to these people. In consequence, much diligence has at all times been used in seeking for such remedies; and many, more or less efficacious, have from time to time been discovered.

That of surest virtues yet known is a plant called the *guaco* — the sap of whose leaves is a complete antidote against the bite of the most poisonous reptiles. The guaco is a species of willow. Its root is fibrous, the stem straight and cylindrical when young; but as it approaches maturity, it assumes a pentagonal form, having five salient angles. The leaves grow lengthwise from the stem, opposite, and cordate. They are of a dark-green colour mixed with violet, smooth on the under surface, but on the upper rough with a slight down. The flowers are of a yellow colour, and grow in clusters — each calyx holding four. The corolla is monopetalous infundibuliform, and contains five stamens uniting at their anthers into a cylinder which embraces the style with its stigma much broken.

The guaco is a strong healthy plant, but grows only in the hot regions, and flourishes best in the shade of other trees, along the banks of the streams. It is not found in the colder uplands (*tierras frias*); and in this disposal nature again beautifully exhibits her design, as here exist not the venomous creatures against whose poisons the guaco seems intended as an antidote.

That part of the plant which is used for the snake-bite is a sap or tea distilled from its leaves. It may be taken either as a preventive or cure: in the former case, enabling him who has drunk of it to handle the most dangerous serpents with impunity. For a long time the knowledge of the antidotal qualities of the guaco remained a great mystery, and was confined to a few among the native inhabitants of South America. Those of them who possessed the secret were interested in preserving it, as through it they obtained considerable recompenses, not only from those who had been bitten by venomous snakes, but also from many who were curious to witness the feats of these snake-tamers themselves. However, the medicinal virtues of the guaco are now generally known in all countries where it is found; and its effects only cause astonishment to the stranger or traveller.

Being at Margarita some time ago, I heard of this singular plant, and was desirous of witnessing the test of its virtues. Among the slaves of the place there was one noted as a skilful snake-doctor; and as I enjoyed the acquaintance of his master, I was not long in obtaining a promise that my curiosity should be gratified. A few days after the negro entered my room, carrying in his hands a pair of coral-snakes, of that species known as the most beautiful and venomous. The negro's hands and arms were completely naked; and he manipulated the reptiles, turning them about, and twisting them over his wrists with the greatest apparent confidence. I was for awhile under the suspicion that their fangs had been previously drawn; but I soon found that I had been mistaken. The man convinced me of this by opening the mouths of both, and shewing me the interior. There, sure enough, were both teeth and fangs in their perfect state; and yet the animals did not make the least attempt to use them. On the contrary, they seemed to exhibit no anger, although the negro handled them roughly. They appeared perfectly innocuous, and rather afraid of him I thought.

Determined to assure myself beyond the shadow of a doubt, I ordered a large mastiff to be brought into the room and placed so that the snakes could reach him. The dog was sufficiently frightened, but being tied he could not retreat; and after a short while one of the serpents 'struck,' and bit him on the back of the neck. The dog was now set loose, but did not at first appear to notice the wound he had received. In two or three minutes, however, he began to limp and howl most fearfully. In five minutes more he fell, and struggled over the ground in violent convulsions, similar to those occasioned by hydrophobia. Blood and viscous matter gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and at the end of a quarter of an hour by the watch he was dead.

Witnessing all this, I became extremely desirous of possessing the important secret—which, by the way, was not then so generally known. I offered a good round sum; and the negro, promising to meet my wishes, took his departure.

On the following day he returned, bringing with him a handful of heart-shaped leaves, which I recognised as those of the *bejuco de guaco* or snake-plant. These he placed in a bowl, having first crushed them between two stones. He next poured a little water into the vessel. In a few minutes maceration took place, and the 'tea' was ready. I was instructed to swallow two small spoonfuls of it, which I did. The negro then made three incisions in each of my hands at the forking of my fingers, and three similar ones on each foot between the toes. Through these he inoculated me with the extract of the guaco. He next punctured my breast, both on the right and left side, and performed a similar inoculation. I was now ready for the snakes, several of which, both of the coral and cascabel species, the negro had brought along with him.

With all my wish to become a snake-charmer, I must confess that at sight of the hideous reptiles I felt my courage oozing through my nails. The negro, however, continued to assure me; and as I took great pains to convince him that my death would cost him his life, and I saw that he still entreated me to go ahead, I came at length to the determination to run the risk. With a somewhat shaky hand I took up one of the corals, and passed it delicately through my fingers. All right. The animal shewed no disposition to bite, but twisted itself through my hands, apparently cowering and frightened. I soon grew bolder, and took up another and another, until I had three of the reptiles in my grasp at one time. I then put them down and caught a snake of the cascabel species—the rattlesnake of the north. This fellow behaved in a more lively manner, but did not shew any symptoms of irritation. After I had handled the reptile for some minutes, I was holding it near the middle, when, to my horror, I saw it suddenly elevate its head, and strike at my left arm! I felt that I was bitten, and, flinging the snake from me, I turned to my companion with a shudder of despair. The negro, who with his arms folded had stood all the while calmly looking on, now answered my quick and terrified inquiries with repeated assurances that there was no danger whatever, and that nothing serious would result from the bite. This he did with as much coolness and composure as if it had been only the sting of a mosquito. I was more comforted by the manner of my companion than by his words; but to make assurance doubly sure, I took a fresh sup of the guaco tea, and waited tremblingly the result. A slight inflammatory swelling soon appeared about the orifice of the wound, but at the

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expiration of a few hours it had completely subsided, and I felt that I was all right again.

On many occasions afterwards I repeated the experiment of handling serpents I had myself taken in the woods, and some of them of the most poisonous species. On these occasions I adopted no further precaution than to swallow a dose of the guaco sap, and even chewing the leaves of the plant itself was sufficient. This precaution is also taken by those — such as hunters and wood-choppers — whose calling carries them into the thick jungles of the southern forest, where dangerous reptiles abound.

The guaco has no doubt saved many a life. The tradition which the Indians relate of the discovery of its virtues is interesting. It is as follows:—In the tierras calientes there is a bird of the kite species—a *gavilan*, whose food consists principally of serpents. When in search of its victims, this bird utters a loud but monotonous note, which sounds like the word *gua-co* slowly pronounced. The Indians allege that this note is for the purpose of calling to it the snakes, over whom it possesses a mysterious power, that summons them forth from their hiding-places. This of course is pure superstition, but what follows may nevertheless be true. They relate that before making its attack upon the serpent, the bird always eats the leaves of the bejuco de guaco. This having been observed, it was inferred that the plant possessed antidotal powers, which led to the trial and consequent discovery of its virtues.

MRS GRIMSHAWE'S GARDEN.

THERE stood a few years since on a certain road leading from the village of Morton a cottage, or, more properly speaking, a small house of a most lugubrious appearance. There was nothing promising about it, at least not in my eyes; for it was a straight, narrow house, with a slated roof, common chimneys, and windows of every variety of size and shape, and no two alike. There were no climbing-plants nor bright flowers about it; and the piece of ground in front, though of tolerable size—being about sixty feet by forty-four—was surrounded on two sides by lofty walls, on the third by the dull cottage, and on the fourth by the turnpike-road, separated from it by a low wall with a crazy gate. Right in front of one end of the house stood an old stone barn, occupying a considerable part of this piece of ground, and obscuring some of its windows, as it reared itself at not more than six feet from them; and when I add that the aspect was north-east, I think it will be apparent that there was but little of an attractive character about the place. It was therefore with no small surprise that I heard of an invalid lady having fallen in love with this 'Castle Dolorous,' and purchased it after one hasty inspection; and it will be credited that the curiosity of our little country neighbourhood was soon at high tide to make out what she was going to do with it. It was understood that the interior state of the house was neither brighter nor better than its exterior; and it was soon decided on all hands that whatever else the poor invalid might do, she would soon repent of her bargain. But Mrs Grimshawe, it seems, thought otherwise: she shewed no symptoms either of repentance or disgust; on the contrary, she appeared to exult in the idea of her future home, and might be seen daily, even before she could obtain possession, standing in pleased contemplation of her new domain. The very day she received the key of her door she set to work. The barn had been already removed, for it seems she had made that a stipulation in her contract; and now masons and carpenters, painters and paperers, were speedily sent in; and as soon as a sitting and bed room for the lady, and a bedroom and kitchen for her maid could be arranged, Mrs Grimshawe made her entry, utterly regardless of the state of everything around her. The garden was now one pool of mud, diversified by a few wells of mortar, heaps of stone, and other building-materials, and the house-door could only be reached by stepping from plank to plank and from stone to stone. Over these mud-heaps, however, the invalid lady contrived to climb, and ensconced herself among her works; and soon the wonderfully-changed appearance of those rooms which had undergone renewal gave token of the improvements which might be expected in the course of time without; and though all was done in a simple and very inexpensive style, and the furnishing and fitting-up were somewhat old-fashioned, there was an air of comfort and of home diffused through the whole which led to the idea that Mrs Grimshawe had an eye for detecting capabilities, and a mind which would not be daunted by petty difficulties.

But Mrs Grimshawe's garden is the subject we have to discuss, and not her house. Of the future state of this she seemed to have some very pleasing previsions. She appeared to have it all before her mind's eye, redolent of perfumes, glowing with flowers, a place where she might walk, and sit, and meditate, and from which the greatest enjoyment and credit would accrue to her. But when I left Morton in November, such as I have described was the dismal state of this rather swamp than garden; and I confess I somewhat pitied the poor visionary, and doubted how far her hobby would carry her before it left her floundering in the mire amid which her imagination was at work. I was several months from home, and some weeks elapsed after my return before my steps were turned in the direction of Mrs Grimshawe's garden; but at last I bethought me of the shabby cottage and its adventurous tenant, and one evening in July I set out—resolved to have a peep at what was going on. It was, however, some little time before I could fairly discover what I was in search of: not because the cottage did not stand where it stood when I last saw it, but because all about and around was so changed in aspect that when I stood in front of it I really could scarcely persuade myself that it was the same spot. Never was there such an alteration. A light iron railing, raised on a wall about three feet in height, from which sloped inwards a bank of emerald turf, separated the road on which I stood from a perfect mass of verdure and brilliancy. In one part, and placed so as to shroud the entrance-gate, was a mound of rockwork crowned with flowering shrubs, and enamelled with low-growing ferns, stonecrops, hypericum, and other plants of bright hues; whilst a single small tree of elegant growth rose from the side of the gravel-walk which passed down one side of the little domain, just so as to break the line of the house, and cast a light shadow on some of the exquisitely-tinted flowers, that, shimmering in the evening sunlight, filled the nicely-cut flower-beds intersecting the smooth green turf. A light tracery of brilliant-coloured climbing-plants clothed the lower part of the house, and a pretty porch had been added; the walls were partially clothed with similar bright raiment; and, to crown all, there stood the same form which I had so often beheld contemplating the mud-pools, now apparently wrapped in admiration of the results of her labours.

And here was another wonder: Mrs Grimshawe was as much altered as her garden! Instead of the pale, broken-down invalid, who I used to fear would never live to see the fulfilment of any of her plans, I beheld a bright, comparatively healthy-looking dame, who,

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for every rose she had planted in her garden, seemed to have planted two in her cheeks. I really was so struck with admiration and astonishment that I quite forgot myself, and stood gazing until, rather to my shame, I met the eyes of the owner fully turned upon me, and as it was evident that she had not forgotten me, I found myself obliged to speak and apologise for my rudeness. A cordial invitation to come within the works was speedily given and accepted.

'But how, my dear madam, did all this change take place?' said I. 'You must have surely purloined Aladin's lamp, for nothing less wonderful is this than was his magic palace.'

'Well, my dear,' replied Mrs Grimshawe laughing, 'my cot is certainly improved; and I think I have succeeded pretty well in convincing the croakers who so much lamented over me and my prospects, and who thought I shewed more conceit than wisdom when I predicted that my house would be habitable and my garden pretty. But, O dear! it is nothing to what I mean it shall be in a year or two, if it please God I live, and go on with my plans!'

And here the good lady began to call my notice to this shrub and that creeper, which was hereafter to make such and such shoots, and fill such and such spaces; but as it was with the past my mind was busy, and I really wished to know how my friend had set to work, and what means she had used to effect the change so rapidly, I begged her to enlighten me on these points, telling her that '*I* also had a dismal cottage, and should like to transform it into a paradise, if she would tell me the way:' and as there may be others who would like at the same time to better their property and their health, to plant roses round their habitation and in their cheeks, I cannot do better than give good Mrs Grimshawe's account of matters as she gave them to me:—

'A very little building and mason-work done under my own eyes—for I overlooked everything myself—a diligent use of the needle, in which both I and my maid were indefatigable, together with regular ready-money payments, were the only "slaves of the lamp" which were needed to transform the dirty, dingy little house you remember into what you now see it; unless, indeed, I add a foreseeing mind, which planned and calculated beforehand both as to fitness and cost, so as to leave no deliberative measures to be entered on when workmen were waiting for directions, and activity ought to be the order of the day. But as it is my garden which forms the subject of your inquiry, I will say nothing about the house, though I could tell you wonders about that too.

'You must know then that, like Abraham Cowley, "I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have always had—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and then dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature." I must modify the expression a little, and say, instead of "a large garden," "a small garden;" and add, "and of the God of nature," and then you have the amount of my aspirations. I was put aside from attaining any part of this for many years; but as I had often boasted how pretty my garden should be when I had one, I could not be content to fall short of my boasting; and when it pleased God to put opportunity in my way, I felt myself stirred up, as much perhaps by the desire to be as good as my word, as by that of having a really enjoyable garden. I have also a sort of natural love of overcoming difficulties, so that those which now stood in my way rather stimulated than discouraged me. But how to set to work. I had never yet made a garden, and knew little about it: the situation, so near the road and so much in the shade, was not quite what I could have wished. There was neither grass nor flowers, neither gravel-walk nor parterre, neither mould nor manure. I had no servant but one maid and a little girl, very little strength, and but L.5 to lay out; for on summing up my finances and my responsibilities, I found that this sum was the utmost I could with propriety bestow on a mere luxury. However, "Faint heart never won fair lady." I must have my garden—I must make good my boast; and so I set about it with a good heart. You know our friend Cowper says:

'"He, therefore, who would see his flowers dispos'd
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring may attest his bright design."

'Hours after hours, therefore, with this design in view, I stood at my windows planning: the naked walls eight feet high became, as I gazed, clothed with draperies of climbing-plants of every hue; the mud-heaps turned into prettily-shaped flower-beds, and the waste of liquid mud which surrounded them into verdant turf; a fine, firm gravel-walk rose into existence, and a visionary tree, just of sufficient size to allow of my sitting under its shadow, loomed into sight; whilst here and there little hillocks of turf, crowned with flowering shrubs, broke the monotony of the flat: in fact, I saw things more as they are now than as they really were at that time; and after sundry musings, I took pen and ink and marked out a sort of ground-plan of my future garden, from which I have scarcely deviated. I then set warily to work. My first step was to get my walk made, not gravelled—that I left for a finishing stroke; but a path to my house must be secured at once. This, then, was marked out. One labourer—for I could not afford gardeners—was set to break up the ground, whilst another levelled the space designed for the turf and flower beds; a child being employed to clear away the stones and sticks which were turned up by the diggers; and here came in a stroke of good-luck. On picking up the ground the men came on a layer of a sort of marl, which was pronounced to be the very thing for walk-making: this, therefore, was collected and laid on the substratum of fagot-wood which had been placed; and in a day or two I saw a good, firm, five-foot wide path, well rounded off at the sides, so as that no water should be allowed to settle on it, connecting both the doors of my house with the outer world. This being done, and the ground being levelled, my maid and I pegged out the flower-beds; and the *deads*, as they call the hard waste earth which was dug out from them, and from the foundations of my bit of building, were thrown up in certain places where I had an eye to a bank or mound, and this at the same time saved me the expense of carting away the rubbish, and secured to me the little undulations I had planned.

This done, and the stones being gathered to one place for other purposes, I set about the most expensive part of my operation—namely, turfing. I had to get turf for this from the hillside, and to pay so much a load for it, besides the expense of cutting and carrying, and I really began to fear that my L.5 would never hold out; however, by sparing both men to cut and prepare the turf, and at the same time to select a few rough stones for my bit of rock-work on which I had set my mind, and then, when all was ready, hiring a cart and horse for the day, I contrived to get the matter accomplished. I could of course have sown grass-seed, and this would have been less expense at first; but by the time I had had it properly weeded and rolled, and cut sufficiently often to make it fine, it would have cost but little less than bringing the turf from the hill, and not have been in order nearly so soon; therefore, as the turf was

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to be had not very far off, I indulged myself in this one matter in taking the more expensive course, and I have not regretted it. I believe I saved a great deal both of time and money by knowing my own mind, and having all my plans cut and dried, and ready for use before I set to work. You should have seen how the men stared at the decision and rapidity with which all went on! There was no shilly-shallying; but one thing succeeded another with such promptness and regularity as could not have been but for my long window-gazings and my many calculations. I daresay I made a dozen mistakes, but there was no one to find them out, and I succeeded finely on the whole, and my L.5 paid for all, and left me a few shillings to buy plants for my new garden.

Then there were some evergreens which were in the ground when I bought it—more than I needed; so I got the nurseryman to change them for about fifteen shillings' worth of shrubs and climbers for my walls; and by the middle of November my mounds, flower-beds, and rockery were all complete, and the turf and gravel laid. It all looked rather trampled and muddy, and the flower-beds bare enough, notwithstanding several baskets of plants sent me by old friends at my former home; but it was all in order to grow, and I rested from my labours with pleased anticipations of the beauty that was to follow. I put some ranunculus roots in one bed, and some nemophila in another (that, you know, if sown late in the year blows early in the spring), and I thought my work was done, but, alas! I had not been quite so clever as I had supposed. I had forgotten that when rain came it must necessarily *pond* in the lowest part of my ground, and I had not provided any means to prevent this; so to my dismay I saw, when I rose one morning, that a regular flood had taken up its quarters in my garden, and there were only the highest parts of the flower-beds in sight, looking like little boats floating about in the turbid waters. Now came in my heap of stones. I was obliged to have the turf carefully raised, and to intersect my ground with a series of ditches about two and a half feet deep. These were half-filled with stones loosely put in, so as to leave passage for the water between, and then filled up with earth, and the turf laid over all: these acted as land-drains; and proud I was to see that at last my turf was visible even in a stormy day.'

'But, my dear madam,' said I, 'I cannot even now make out how you have contrived that your parterres should look so gay, and those acres of wall be so speedily concealed.'

'Annuals, my dear—mere annuals,' replied my friend: 'by winter they will be as bare as ever. I put in stores of canariensis, sweet peas, nasturtiums, major convolvuluses, &c. and very pretty they look just as a temporary covering; but I am not trusting wholly to them: there are other creepers of a more permanent character planted between—such as varieties of roses and clematis, a westaria, and a passion-flower, and these will next year begin to make some appearance; but it will be three or four years before I shall be able to make any show without my annuals. Of course the same management is in a degree necessary in my flower-beds, as whilst my roses, fuchsias, and carnations are maturing, mignonette, convolvulus, and other bright annuals, fill up nicely. The great difficulty is to provide that your garden shall not be brilliant in one month, and dull all the rest of the year. This must be managed by a wise admixture of those plants which bloom at different seasons, so that when one goes off another near it shall be just beginning its blossoms, and also by having some odd corner where you can store away a few plants which will bear removing so as to fill up the vacant spaces left by decayed annuals, &c. Now all this is easy enough where you have a regular gardener and a greenhouse, or where you can afford to go to a salesman and purchase plants in blossom suited to the season as it comes; but for those who have neither of these helps I can only recommend the plans I have suggested, and also to stick into the earth every bit they are obliged to cut off from such plants as will grow by cuttings, or that they break off by accident. It is quite a mistake to fancy that all cuttings require warmth and shelter. It is not so; for most kinds of fuchsias, carnations, salvias, and even geraniums, will grow in the open ground, if put in early in the year; and as to pentstemons, you may get a dozen plants to grow where one will fail.'

'You have succeeded most wonderfully, dear madam,' said I; 'but there is one point on which you have not touched, which moves my astonishment more than any others, and that is the extraordinary improvement in your own appearance.'

'All traceable to the garden, my dear Miss Oliphant,' was the reply. 'First in superintending the making of my garden, and then in watching over my plants, I have been of necessity continually out of doors; and I believe nothing is more beneficial to health than a pleasant out-of-door employment, which interests the mind without overstretching it. You know I cannot bear much walking or standing, so I generally have a chair at hand, and sit whilst I direct my subordinates; and not unfrequently I sit on a low camp-stool whilst I trim a rose-bush or pink-root, or even sow a patch of seeds or pull up some weeds. I and my maid—for I have indoctrinated her deeply in the art of gardening—are always at it, and are busy together every evening training and trimming, and certainly the benefit to the health of both has been great. I am glad to hear that you too have a garden to make, for you look but a poor delicate creature. Ah, my dear, take my word for it,' continued the good lady, 'neither the gay balls and opera, nor the intellectual conversazioni and soirées, in which you have been so much of late during your travels, are half so good for body or mind as the more simple pursuits of gardening and other such country pleasures. I am satisfied that when you have once set well to work in making your garden, we shall soon see the carnation-hue on your cheek once more.'

And so we parted, for my visit had been overlong. It is now, I think, the fourth year of good Mrs Grimshawe's occupancy of the once dreary cottage, and a few days ago I spent an hour or two in the pretty garden which it has become one of my pleasures to watch. No material alterations have been made since its first formation, only some of the flower-beds enlarged or altered a little in form, and one or two new ones cut; but the growth of the shrubs and creepers has greatly altered its appearance, and the elegant neatness of all about it combines with the exquisite brilliancy of colouring, and the rich odours arising from sweetbrier, clematis, heliotrope, carnations, and a thousand other fragrant blossoms, to render Mrs Grimshawe's garden a perfect 'paradise of dainty devices.' I inquired how she managed to have her walls so closely and neatly covered, for I could perceive none of those ugly nails and pieces of list and cloth which deface so much the beauty of such arrangements in general.

'See here, my good friend,' said she, putting aside some of the leaves which concealed it, and shewing me a wire round which the stems and tendrils of several plants were intertwined: 'look at this phalanx of wire. One of the first things I did was to provide means for my creepers to ascend without my having the endless expense and trouble of getting them nailed. I procured a quantity of large nails and some common iron wire, and set one of my handy labouring friends to work. I made him drive one row of nails at the top at about twelve inches apart, and another to correspond at the bottom of each wall, and then strain a wire from each of those above to each of those below, which wire he afterwards painted dark-green, to preserve it from

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rusting, as well as for neatness of appearance: this I had done on all the walls; and at a cost of less than 10s., including nails, wire, labour, and paint, I got what, had I gone to the ironmonger and had the usual rods and wire, would have cost me about as many pounds; and as not one has as yet failed, I conclude the one plan is as good as the other. Now you see I have only to catch the end of any shoot which is getting wild, and tuck it behind the wire, and it soon takes hold, and fixes itself by means of some one or other of those wonderful provisions which God has made for the purpose of enabling plants that run high to support themselves. Now do, my dear, just look at the beautiful holdfast provided for this Virginian creeper! You see it needs no wire, but by means of this sort of claw it fixes itself to the bare wall, and draws itself up to any height. Ah, you may pull, but you will not loosen it,' added she, seeing me trying to get one of the articles under discussion to examine: 'the little red stem will break, but no force will loosen the beautiful sucker-like points from their hold. But there,' continued my friend, 'I must not begin on my favourite subject. If I ever do write anything for the public, I really think it must be a treatise on *holdfasts*—I mean the tendrils and twisting stems, and other such provisions for climbing-plants.'

'I am sure I for one shall feel great interest in reading it, dear madam,' said I; 'but it grows late, and I must go.' And so, leaving the good lady absorbed so completely in contemplating her 'claw' that she could scarcely say farewell, I departed, laden, however, with such a gorgeous bunch of flowers as few other little gardens could have furnished without being divested of half their sweets.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

November 1851.

Since my last there has been no lack of something to talk about, so various were and still are the current topics. For one—the closing of the Exhibition, which, following hard upon the excitement of a week that brought visitors in hundreds of thousands daily, greater numbers than ever before—left a keener sense of regret on the minds of those who heard the Hallelujah Chorus sound the grand *finale*, and who witnessed the concluding act. Simultaneously with the clearing out of the vast collection has come the conferring of decorations and titles on some of the more active members of the executive, made more acceptable in some instances by the substantial 'fee' which accompanies the unsubstantial distinction—rewards which few will care to quarrel with. What shall be done with the surplus? and what with the building? still remain questions for grave consideration and satisfactory conclusion. Some of the statistics—now become historical—connected with the extraordinary undertaking make their appearance from time to time: among others it appears, with regard to the refreshments supplied, the quantity of meat consumed, including hams, tongues, German sausages, &c., and in savoury pies, was more than 140,000 lbs.; of mustard, 1120 lbs.; of sponge-cakes, 73,280; Bath-buns, 622,960; plain buns, 409,360; milk and cream, nearly 35,000 quarts, of which the greater portion was cream; coffee, 5118 lbs.; tea, 1015 lbs.; of lemonade, soda-water, and ginger-beer, 555,720 bottles; of ice, 409,920 lbs.; and of salt, 47,040 lbs. What a marvellous list! and this is but a part of it. Take down Napoleon's campaign in Russia from your shelf, and contrast it with the catalogue of his preparations.

Foremost among the results predicated of the Exhibition is a Museum of Economic Botany, to be established in the gardens at Kew, which we may hope will become no unworthy pendant to the Museum of Economic Geology in Jermyn Street. And farther, the Americans talk of getting up an Exhibition on their own account at New York, to be opened in April next; and as an inducement to those who may have anything to exhibit, they advertise themselves as willing to convey the goods free of all charges to the other side of the Atlantic in first-class vessels. If Brother Jonathan be really in earnest in this matter, I for one wish him full success.

Another result of the closing is, that our vehicular providers, not finding passengers so plentiful as during the time that the great spectacle was open, have resolved on a reduction of fares, so as, if possible, to keep their whole number of omnibuses in work, rather than to lay them up in ordinary. Already several routes are served at the diminished charge, and the cry of 'penny 'bus' may be heard where competition is active. You can now ride from one end of Oxford Street to the other for a penny, and at low charges from one railway-station to another: and if enterprise be energetic, we shall perhaps at last get to a properly-priced and convenient system of locomotion. London is too often apt to imagine that it has nothing to learn, yet it might pick up a useful hint now and then from other quarters—if it would. Liverpool, for instance, could have told some time ago a secret worth knowing about penny 'buses; and Paris has long shewn that it is possible to have a uniform threepenny fare for the longest distances, even if it involved a change of vehicle. The French omnibuses, too, are larger than ours; you are not required to stoop so low on entering; while a brass-rod fixed beneath the centre of the roof affords a hold, and enables you to make your way along the vehicle without falling over the knees of the other passengers. However, 'the capital of the civilised world,' as it fondly calls itself, is feeling its way towards a better state of things—the New Cab Company, namely, which proposes to run cabs in all parts of London at fourpence a mile, and, what is more, with drivers who are to wear a uniform, and be uniformly civil and honest. When this reform takes place, it will be almost worth your while to come to town and make trial of its benefits.

The arrival of Kossuth, too, is talked of everywhere: he has already made one public visit to the City, and is soon to repeat it. Had you been in the Strand a few days since, you would have seen the Hungarian tricolor—green, red, and white—displayed at several windows, and the whole length of the streets lined with people anxious to get a sight of the famous Magyar. Not least remarkable on such an occasion are the effects produced on the usual street-traffic by such an occurrence: certain phenomena are then created not to be seen at other times. Talking of visits to the City reminds me that an attempt is to be made to relieve our circumambient atmosphere of the soot which now darkens it, to the annoyance of natives and horror of foreigners; for the Commissioners of Sewers of the City (mark, the *City* only!) of London, making use of their powers, have ordered that from and after the 1st day of January next, all the chimneys of any furnace in any building 'used for the purposes of trade or manufacture within the City, shall in all cases be constructed or altered so as to consume the smoke arising from such furnace.' At the same time they declare that any person using a furnace after the day specified, so 'that the smoke arising therefrom shall not be effectually consumed or burnt, or shall carry on any trade or business which shall occasion any noxious or offensive effluvia, or otherwise annoy the neighbourhood or inhabitants, without using, to the satisfaction of the commissioners, the best practicable means for preventing or counteracting such annoyance, every person so

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offending shall forfeit and pay a sum of not more than *five pounds* nor less than *forty shillings* for and in respect of every day during which, or any part of which, such furnace or annoyance shall be so used or continued.' At the risk of being tedious, I have preferred to give you the very words of the document, which has been extensively circulated, as the subject is one of great importance, not only to Londoners but to the inhabitants of every large town in the kingdom. We have been so many years in achieving this measure towards smoke-suppression, that we must now hope there will be no lack of vigour in enforcing its provisions.

You must now give me leave to add a few words to the account of the arctic expeditions in my last. I there told you that Captain Penny and Sir John Ross had come home; but, to the surprise of every one, and to the vexation of the Admiralty functionaries, they were followed a few days later by Captain Austin, with the four vessels under his command. It appears that, in pursuance of his intention, he went to Jones's Sound—sailed up it some forty-five miles, and not finding what he was in search of, tacked about, and returned to England. We shall shortly hear what has been resolved on by the several 'arctic councils' that have sat at the Admiralty: one fact, however, is already public—namely, that another expedition will be sent out next spring to complete the work which Austin left unfinished. Meantime, Lady Franklin's little vessel, the *Prince Albert*, is doubtless frozen up in winter-quarters, and news have been received by way of the United States, that the ice having been found impassable, Captain Collinson's ships are on their way back to England. Let me add also, that Cape Riley forms one extremity of a cove, of which Beechey Island forms the other: it was between the two, but nearest to the latter, that Franklin wintered. They lie just at the mouth of Wellington Channel, up which the American ships were drifted as far as 76 degrees north, before they were caught in the resistless drift which carried them down again, and away to Baffin's Bay. These vessels have returned to New York, and thus we are as far as ever from knowing what has become of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

Literature—that is, publishing—has not been very active of late; the most notable book that has made its appearance being Carlyle's 'Life of John Sterling.' Signs of coming activity are, however, apparent, as is usual when November's turn comes upon the calendar: Mr Grote is shortly to give us two more volumes of his 'Greece;' Dickens announces another of his stories, in twenty numbers; Sir Francis Head promises something entitled 'All my Eye;' Worsaae, the celebrated Danish antiquary, is to inform us concerning our Saxon and Scandinavian ancestors in a book soon to make its appearance. It would be easy to lengthen the list; but not having space, I may tell you that Macaulay has not forgotten that his 'History of England' is not finished; that Mrs Browning is sojourning with her poet-husband for a brief season at Paris; and that the laureate, instead of passing the winter in Italy, has come home—to work.

The Report just published by the Registrar-General excites a good deal of attention: it shews that in the quarter ending September 30, there were 88,498 marriages, 91,600 deaths, and 150,584 births—the latter being the largest number ever registered in the corresponding three months of previous years. It may be thought that we need multiplied births if our population is to be kept up; for, in addition to the decrease by the deaths above mentioned, 85,603 emigrants left the kingdom. To an observant mind there is something eminently suggestive in the social movements now taking place; there is a meaning in them only to be discovered by thoughtful observation, but which a few years will render apparent; and then we shall become aware of great phenomena having passed before our eyes almost unnoticed, and as matters of course.

It is a sudden jump to talk about Trinity-House matters, but you must bear with it, as this is the last of my 'home-items.' It seems that notwithstanding the improvements made in lighthouses of late years, they are still defective in many essential particulars, which are, according to Mr Wells of the Admiralty—their being too high, and consequently appearing more distant than they really are; and the too great resemblance among the various lights, the deceptive optical effects produced by coloured glasses, and the general want of intensity in the light commonly exhibited. He proposes a remedy which, besides setting naval men a-talking as to its merits, combines, it is said, security with economy—namely, 'the cutting of four or more circular apertures in all the present structures, just below the lantern, and fitting the openings with glazed sashes of ground plate-glass, painted so as to leave the initial of the particular lighthouse bold and distinct.

'The length of the letter being three times the size of the light of the lantern, would be more clearly visible, and leave no doubt as to what the lighthouse is, and where situate.

'This alteration is suggested for the existing lighthouses; but where it might be necessary to construct new ones, it would be better they should not be carried to the present altitude, as the nearer the light is to the level of the eye, the less probability would exist as to any mistake in the distance of it.'

In these days of education and scientific research, it is surprising to hear that the members of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands at Amsterdam have begged the government to disincorporate them, on the ground that the sum annually voted for them is insufficient to enable them to carry out their own statutes, and to flourish as an institute ought. It would be unfortunate were this body to be broken up, as it is one that has done good work in the cause of science and philosophy, and borne many eminent names on its roll. In a country so wealthy as Holland, it is remarkable to find a scientific institution unable to exist without assistance from the public funds: is it that the spirit of trade is too omnipotent? Our Royal Society has long prospered, and still prospers without government aid. Therein perhaps consists its vitality.

You would hardly expect to find academical life more vigorous in Turkey than in the Netherlands, yet such is the fact. The mother of the present sultan has caused an 'Academy of Sciences' to be built not far from the mausoleum which contains the body of her late husband; and at its opening a short time since, in presence of nearly the whole of the court, the grand vizier made a speech appropriate to the occasion. With recollections of the 'Arabian Nights' in one's mind, it is with mingled surprise and incredulity that one hears of a vizier doing anything of the sort. Here, however, is a report of the speech which, under the circumstances, is perhaps worth preserving:—'His Highness the Sultan, our august sovereign and benefactor, on the day of his accession to the throne of his ancestors, commenced a new era of justice and equity. That day will ever be deemed glorious in the history of the civilisation of the empire, and of the sovereign power which is exerted for its prosperity and wellbeing. The virtues which have distinguished his character have been fully developed by his noble and generous acts; and he has been desirous of opening to his subjects an easy means of acquiring that knowledge of the arts and sciences which is needed for the purpose of knowing those higher duties which lead to happiness in this life, and in that which is to come hereafter.

'To advance the cause of education, His Highness has ordered the erection of a university; and he has deigned to be present to-day at the opening of the

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Academy of Sciences, erected under the patronage of his illustrious mother. We are happy, indeed, to live in so prosperous a century, and to be able thus to enjoy so many advantages of education not known to our forefathers. Our children also will be even greater participators than ourselves in the bounteous patronage of our common benefactor and sovereign. May the days of His Highness long be spared to his country!' Who can tell?—perhaps by a diligent following of this new track the Turks may falsify their foreboding of being some day expelled from Europe.

Certain matters which have transpired beyond the Atlantic have added somewhat to our talk. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, which met at Albany last August, have just published a summary of their proceedings. Agassiz was president, and more than 120 papers on different subjects were presented to the meeting. Among them was one of importance to astronomers—'A new lunar formula, by Mr Longstreth, containing a correction, according to which an error hitherto disregarded is eliminated, and a perfect coincidence with observation is obtained.' Another was 'On the clouds and equatorial cloud-rings of the earth;' and another, 'On the influence of terrestrial electricity on climates.' There was a large sprinkling of physiological, ethnological, geological, and chemical subjects: one by Agassiz on 'alternate generation' among the medusæ; 'Additional facts respecting the experiments by which a person can see the arteries of his own eyes;' 'On the separation of butter from cream by catalysis.' Professor Peirce is to be president for next year, and the meeting will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, in August 1852. It appears to be the custom for the city that invites the Association to meet within its walls, to entertain the members, and also to pay for the publication of their proceedings. This is playing the host handsomely.

Dr Kirtland of Cleveland states that last winter, as the frost set in, a number of eels in a mill-pool, incommoded by the subsidence of the ice, effected their escape into some adjoining ponds, from which, by breaking through the ice, he obtained about eight or ten bushels in a half-frozen state. 'During the night they were placed in a cold and exposed room, and were literally as stiff, and almost as brittle as icicles. The next morning a tub was filled with them, into which was poured a quantity of water drawn from the well, and they were then placed in a warm stove-room for the purpose of thawing. In the course of an hour or two the family were astonished to find them resuscitated, and as active as if just taken during the summer. The experiment was repeated with a number of tubfuls during the day, and with similar results.' The effects of frost on animal life is a subject to which at the present time naturalists at home and abroad are paying much attention; and they may add this to their store of facts and data.

The Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, are about to extend and continue the valuable series of researches begun by Quetelet in Belgium, by collecting 'information with regard to the periodical phenomena of animal and vegetable life in North America.' Parties willing to co-operate are given to understand that the subjects most to be noticed 'are the first appearance of leaves and of flowers in plants; the dates of appearance and disappearance of migratory or hybernating animals — as mammalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, &c.; the times of nesting of birds, of moulting, and littering of mammalia, of utterance of characteristic cries among reptiles and insects.' They ask also for lists of the animals and plants from all parts of the North-American continent, with a view to construct 'a series of tables shewing the geographical distribution of the animal and vegetable kingdom in North America;' and they publish a list of plants, many of which are natives of Europe or grow there: we shall thus obtain valuable means for comparison. The Smithsonian Institution are wisely and worthily employing the noble bequest of their founder.

BLIND WALTER.

A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

You are all doubtless aware that Greenwich may be reached both by railway and steamer; and if you were there a few years ago you might have remarked, near the steamboat pier, the hero of this narrative. He was then a pale, slight youth of sixteen, good-looking, but with that peculiar expression of countenance—half-resignation, half-anxiety—which belongs to the blind. He was quite blind—stone-blind, and had been so from his birth. He had for about two years played the fiddle daily at the corner of a certain street. Every morning he was brought to his post by an old woman with whom he lodged, or sometimes by a little girl, her grandchild, who also brought his dinner at one o'clock, and fetched him home to tea at six. He never asked for money; but at his feet lay a small basket, into which halfpence poured pretty freely. There was a quiet, uncomplaining manner about him; he was so neat and clean, that in the neighbourhood he was a favourite, and all strangers admired him. But what was curious and pleasant to see was the respect shewn him by all sailors, watermen, and old college-men. Though he could not see, they always touched their hats to him, and said 'Sir' when they wished him good-morning or good-evening. But then Blind Walter was the son of a captain in the royal navy, who had left him without a father at six years old. He had had a mother, but she was what is rarely found in this world, as I daresay you all know—a bad mother; and that is the worst thing that can fall to the lot of a child. She was not what the world calls wicked, but she was so really. She neglected her blind boy; she let him pick up his education how he could; and but for the kindness of an old musician, who took a fancy to him, and when his mother was out fetched him to his house, he would have known nothing.

The musician was a poor old Italian, a gentleman in habits and feelings; and he taught the boy to speak Italian, to be tidy and clean, and to play the violin. Walter became passionately fond of music, which, when his mother made the discovery, rather warmed her feelings towards her child. She had him more neatly dressed than before, and took him wherever she went as a prodigy. Walter, who was an intelligent and pleasing lad, was universally liked. He was petted and taken notice of, and soon acquired the manners of the society to which he was now introduced. The importance of early training and education, which perhaps just now may not be exactly pleasing to some of you, was demonstrated in the case of Blind Walter. When he fell into other circumstances he never lost his graceful manners, his soft tone of voice—the surest marks of good-breeding and good company; and he gained largely by it. But his fall was sudden and unexpected. His mother, the portionless daughter of poor, proud people of good family, whom Walter's father had married for her beauty, died deeply in debt; and the poor boy found himself alone in the world with nothing but his violin, saved from the creditors with much difficulty. They had been two years in Greenwich when this happened; and the father having been much liked by his crew—some of whom were now in Greenwich Hospital—these old pensioners held council. They would have liked to send the boy, now their child, to sea, but his blindness was a serious drawback: they then

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advised him to try his fortune with the violin, and Walter, who had no other friends—his father having been an orphan, protected by one now dead—followed their kind advice. His first day's trial was wondrous in its result: all the college-men came by quietly without saying a word, and threw in their halfpence; and Walter Arnott thanked God in his heart, while he thought gratefully of the poor Italian musician, some time dead, who had been the instrument of Providence in giving him the means of earning his livelihood. He took a neat, clean, but cheap room in the house of an aged widow, with an orphan grandchild, a girl of thirteen years old; and after paying his way, giving little presents to Alice, and keeping himself in decent clothes and clean linen, put the rest by in the Savings' Bank in the name of a clerk in the Hospital, who regularly gave him twopence every week out of affection to the memory of his father. Scarcely any of those who had been friends of Mrs Arnott's ever noticed Walter, except to give him a sixpence, in a patronising way; but Walter wanted not their aid. He was independent—he was happy.

He seldom went out in the evening. He would get Alice to read to him books which a friend purchased for him—chiefly naval histories and tales, and lives of celebrated musicians and emperors. He did not, however, forget what was useful to her, and their education went on together with wonderful success. Alice was soon passionately fond of reading; and as no occupation is at the same time so pleasing and useful, if you avoid bad books—the worst poison on earth—their evenings were delightful. Neither did Walter neglect his Italian; he pronounced and spoke it well. He bought a grammar, dictionary, and some Italian books, and by dint of perseverance soon trained Alice to study with him. The old grandmother left them to their own course: she already looked on Walter as the future husband of her child, though he solemnly and firmly declared that he would never be a burden to any woman, if one could be found generous enough to marry the blind fiddler.

About two years had passed, and Walter was between eighteen and nineteen, while Alice was a pretty girl of fifteen. The blind youth had learned to read and to write. He had made remarkable progress too in music, and began to be asked to go to balls, and even concerts. He had a beautiful collection of violins, once the idols of the poor Italian, and this was greatly in his favour. One afternoon he was playing some exquisite piece of Italian music to a silent crowd, when a youth about his own age, in the dress of a midshipman, pushed forward, and stood with a blank and astonished air gazing at him. Presently Walter finished; and the crowd, after showering halfpence upon him, moved away. But the midshipman remained.

'Walter Arnott!' exclaimed he in tones of deep astonishment.

'Ah, Frank Prescott,' cried the blind youth with genuine satisfaction. 'Is that you? How kind to notice me now!'

'Notice you now! What! the son of the former captain of our ship! Good Heaven, this is shameful—this is dreadful!'

'Not at all: I am very happy—I could not be more so,' replied Walter gently.

'Nonsense; you could and shall. Just put your fiddle under your arm, and come and dine with me at the "Greyhound." No denial. I must tell you my story, and you must tell me yours. I wanted a friend in Greenwich: I've found one.'

Walter could not resist such hearty kindness; and after bargaining that they should call at his home, that he might leave his fiddle, and have thus an excuse for explaining his departure from his post, they walked arm-in-arm up the town. A hearty greeting did the middy get from every sailor and invalid he met. Every one was pleased to see the blind fiddler taken notice of, and Alice was quite proud when, handing her his violin, Walter told where he was going. The middy ordered a very good dinner, after which he informed the young musician that he had an uncle in Greenwich whose daughter he was very much in love with; that being poor, with very small prospects, he concealed his affection from his uncle, who wished his cousin Gertrude to marry some one her equal in point of fortune. To Gertrude he had not spoken distinctly—he was too young for that; but he was sure she responded to his affection. He was now, however, about to leave England on a three years' cruise, and he was in a state of great uneasiness of mind. He knew not what might happen in the interval. He could not write to the young lady, as he knew she would decline carrying on a clandestine correspondence—and he loved her the more for her delicacy. But still he wanted some friend to give him news of her, and her news of him. Blind Walter readily volunteered to do this by the hand of Alice, if he could at any time pick up intelligence of interest. But Frank Prescott had a better plan than that—he would get his uncle and cousin to patronise him: next evening there was to be a quiet dance, and he must come and play. And Walter did so, and the evening was twice as pleasant as it otherwise would have been. The blind musician entered into the spirit of the affair; played as long and as often as they liked; was a general favourite with the ladies, especially with Gertrude Prescott; and pleased everybody so much with his playing, that he henceforth found his engagements multiply.

From that day he abandoned his station in the street: he played at evening-parties, he gave lessons, and all without neglecting his education or that of Alice. During the stay of Frank Prescott the young people were inseparable; the midshipman was delighted with his old acquaintance, and they parted attached friends.

Blind Walter actually loved Frank, for with him kindness was irresistible. There are natures which cannot resist the influence of affection, who will love a person who gives them a flower, a word, a look; and Walter was one of those. When Frank was gone, he transferred his affection to Frank's future wife, without forgetting his dear Alice. Miss Prescott came often to see them; and when she found that the young girl was a good Italian scholar, asked her home, and took lessons of her. Proud indeed now was Alice of her having studied and read, for Walter was pleased, and she found a sincere friend in Gertrude.

Things went on in this way for nearly two years, when Gertrude reached the age of twenty. Suitors now came round in earnest, and Mr Prescott desired Gertrude to choose among the several competitors. But she could not make up her mind, she said—not daring to avow her affection for Frank. But her father insisted, and himself selected a Mr Charles Williams, a rising young barrister with brilliant prospects. One evening Gertrude was very unhappy: Alice was by her side, and Blind Walter was hourly expected. Miss Prescott was very dull and low-spirited, and nothing her humble friend could do could rouse her.

'What is the matter?' asked Alice earnestly, after vainly endeavouring to get on with her Italian lesson.

'Papa insists upon my receiving the addresses of Mr Charles Williams. He is going to ask him to dinner on Monday next. What am I to do?'

'But, my dear Miss Prescott,' said Alice earnestly, 'why not avow your affection for your cousin Frank?'

'Because my father long ago forbade me to think of him. Frank has nothing but his profession, which is not lucrative enough to please my dear papa.'

'I don't know what to advise. I wish Walter were here; he would tell us.'

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At this very instant the door opened, and the servant announced in a loud voice: 'Sir Walter Arnott!'

They rose astounded, and in walked Blind Walter, leaving at the door a servant in rich livery, who had led him up. He was fashionably dressed, but his smile was as gentle and sweet as ever. He advanced to a sofa, took the hands of his two friends, and sat down between them. His story was very brief. Seven lives which had stood between his father and a baronetcy of L.25,000 a year had all lapsed, save one, long ago; and about six months previously the last survivor, a descendant of his grandfather's eldest brother, had died without issue and intestate. A week before that evening the solicitor traced Blind Walter as the next of kin. He had kept his secret until all was settled, passing off the solicitor as a pupil; and this day he had been put in possession of his property, the lord-chancellor having appointed trustees for the three months he wanted of being of age.

'But you seem in trouble,' said Sir Walter when he had told his story—for he always observed the slightest difference in the intonation of voice.

Alice, who was overwhelmed at what she had heard, timidly explained.

'I see only one remedy,' observed the blind young baronet after some reflection.

'And what is that?' asked Gertrude anxiously.

'You must let me court you for the next four months. I have this day—for I am influential now—sent Frank his leave of absence for twelve months, begging him to come home. It seems I am indispensable in a certain county where ministers want to keep their supporters in, and so they can refuse me nothing.'

'Good Sir Walter!' exclaimed Gertrude and Alice.

'Blind Walter still with you! But listen: until Frank returns, I will keep off all suitors. Say nothing, only let us always be together—us three, I mean,' said the quick-eared young man as he caught the sound of a little sigh from Alice; 'and your father will give me six months at least to think of it. But, my dear friends, listen to me. I must marry now. In whom else, now that I have such heavy trusts and duties, can I confide than a wife? Twenty-five thousand a year wants somebody who can see to attend to it. Had I remained poor, no woman should ever have had such a burden imposed on her. There is but one girl in the world who ever can be my wife. While I was poor, I studiously concealed my feelings; but now, dear Alice, my riches, my rank, are vain indeed if you refuse to be mine when Frank returns.'

'I, Sir Walter!' cried the amazed girl, pale with a feeling more like alarm than anything else—'a poor girl like me! What will your rich friends say?'

'Alice, you have for five years been my devoted sister; we have studied together, thought together, learned together: let us now, if your heart can reconcile itself to a blind husband, love one another. I am not fit to be alone; but if you will not be the poor blind boy's guardian angel, I must trust myself to some hired servant.'

'Walter! Walter!' cried Alice, sobbing aloud, 'I have always loved you dearly, and, had you remained poor, had always meant to beg you to take me for your wife—your guide; and you would; for when mother dies I shall be alone: but now I dare not accept'——

'You have accepted!' exclaimed Gertrude, placing their hands one in another; and as Alice could not speak, the betrothal was over. After a few minutes' silence they discussed their plans, and were in the midst of them when Mr Prescott entered hurriedly.

'Sir Walter, I am proud to congratulate you. I am highly honoured by your making your first call here.'

'I have to apologise for taking the liberty of coming so unceremoniously. Hours suited to the musician become perhaps unsuitable now.'

'Sir Walter, pray consider my house your own,' said Mr Prescott warmly, half from genuine pleasure at the good-luck of one he liked, as all did, and half from the reflection that L.25,000 a year, even with a blind baronet, was perhaps a very splendid prospect for his daughter.

From that day all suitors withdrew before the young baronet. Everybody looked upon the affair as settled. Miss Gertrude and he, with Alice for a companion, drove out together, went to parties together; and what other result could be expected? But not one word did any of the two say which could be construed into deceit. Mr Prescott allowed matters to take their course, not even sounding Gertrude on the point he had at heart.

One morning Sir Walter called formally upon Mr Prescott, and demanded the honour of an interview. That gentleman bowed his young friend into the drawing-room, and his heart beating rather more quickly than usual, he sat down after handing Walter to a chair.

'What, my dear Sir Walter,' said Mr Prescott blandly, 'can I do for you?'

'I come,' said Walter, with almost the only trace of sarcasm on his face which ever appeared there—'I come to speak to you of your daughter, Miss Gertrude.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Mr Prescott, with a very harmless attempt at playing astonishment in his tone.

'You will be very much surprised, my dear sir,' said blind Walter a little timidly, 'at what I am going to say.'

'Perhaps not,' said papa knowingly; 'I fancy'——

'You have fancied wrong, Mr Prescott,' said Walter firmly, 'if you have supposed that I have courted your daughter on her own account. Listen to me first, and be angry if you will afterwards. I have courted for another—for a young man who loves her, and whom she loves—a lieutenant in the navy, on whom I settle, the day he marries, the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which I have raised by felling timber, which was far too luxuriant on my estates.'

'But!' exclaimed Mr Prescott, quite mollified at the words 'twenty thousand pounds,' and who was, besides, a very good-hearted man at bottom—'but who is the gentleman?'

'Your nephew Frank,' said Walter, moving to the door as readily as if he could see.

Mr Prescott burst into a laugh: he saw at once the whole conspiracy; and when the next minute Frank and Gertrude entered, and he tried to scold, it was of no avail: he was obliged to laugh anew, and when Frank went over every detail of the plot from beginning to end, he laughed still more. A happy dinner-party was there that day at Mr Prescott's table. There were Frank and Sir Walter, and Gertrude and Alice. Frank demurred a little at the generosity of his friend, but Walter asked what his riches came for but to make his friends happy; and the sailor was obliged to yield, as Mr Prescott declared that his consent was given only conditionally.

And they were all four married a month later. Frank retired from the service at the request of Gertrude, and accompanied Sir Walter and Lady Arnott on a tour into Italy, where the latter wished to improve their knowledge of the language, while Sir Walter felt genuine joy on visiting the land of the poor musician, to whom he owed everything. Frank, on their return, settled near the baronet's estates, and is still as devoted a friend as man can wish for; and Alice, whose grandmother still lives in a beautiful cottage built for her in the Park, is an ornament to the class to which she has risen. Her mind, refined by education, study, and thought, she is quite equal to her station; and oh! what joy is hers now, when the oculists have declared that in time Sir Walter may be brought to see. She

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has children; but her blind husband is her first child. She is ever by his side; she watches his footsteps, his very glance; and no steward ever was so careful of his master's wealth as Alice is of her husband.

AN UNFORTUNATE PIG.

In an amusing book lately translated and published, concerning the wild-sports of a certain district in France, called 'Le Morvan,' the following account of the life of an unfortunate pig is given by the author:—'A curé, exiled to a deserted part of our forests—and who, the whole year, except on a few rare occasions, lived only on fruit and vegetables—hit upon a most admirable expedient for providing an animal repast to set before the curés of the neighbourhood, when one or the other, two or three times during the year, ventured into these dreadful solitudes, with a view of assuring himself with his own eyes that his unfortunate colleague had not yet died of hunger. The curé in question possessed a pig, his whole fortune: and you will see, gentle reader, the manner in which he used it. Immediately the bell announced a visitor, and that his cook had shewn his clerical friend into the parlour, the master of the house, drawing himself up majestically, said to his housekeeper: "Brigitte, let there be a good dinner for myself and my friend." Brigitte, although she knew there were only stale crusts and dried peas in her larder, seemed in no degree embarrassed by this order; she summoned to her assistance "Toby, the Carrot," so called because his hair was as red as that of a native of West Galloway, and leaving the house together, they both went in search of the pig. This, after a short skirmish, was caught by Brigitte and her carroty assistant; and, notwithstanding his cries, his grunts, his gestures of despair, and supplication, the inhuman cook, seizing his head, opened a large vein in his throat, and relieved him of two pounds of blood; this, with the addition of garlic, shallots, mint, wild thyme and parsley, was converted into a most savoury and delicious black-pudding for the curé and his friend, and being served to their reverences smoking hot on the summit of a pyramid of yellow cabbage, figured admirably as a small Vesuvius and a centre dish. The surgical operation over, Brigitte, whose qualifications as a sempstress were superior, darned up the hole in the neck of the unfortunate animal, and he was then turned loose until a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required for a similar occasion. This wretched pig was never happy: how could he be so? Like Damocles of Syracuse, he lived in a state of perpetual fever; terror seized him directly he heard the curé's bell, and seeing in imagination the uplifted knife already about to glide into his bosom, he invariably took to his heels before Brigitte was half-way to the door to answer it. If, as usual, the peal announced a diner-out, Brigitte and Gold-button were soon on his track, calling him by the most tender epithets, and promising that he should have something nice for his supper—skim-milk, &c.—but the pig with his painful experience was not such a fool as to believe them: hidden behind an old cask, some fagots, or lying in a deep ditch, he remained silent as the grave, and kept himself close as long as possible. Discovered, however, he was sure to be at last, when he would rush into the garden, and, running up and down it like a mad creature, upset everything in his way; for several minutes it was a regular steeple-chase—across the beds, now over the turnips, then through the gooseberry-bushes—in short, he was here, there, and everywhere; but in spite of all his various stratagems to escape the fatal incision, the poor pig always finished by being seized, tied, thrown on the ground, and bled: the vein was then once more cleverly sewn up, and the inhuman operators quietly retired from the scene to make the curé's far-famed black-pudding. Half-dead upon the spot where he was phlebotomised, the wretched animal was left to reflect under the shade of a tulip-tree on the cruelty of man, on their barbarous appetites; cursing with all his heart the poverty of Morvinian curates, their conceited hospitality, of which he was the victim, and their brutal affection for pig's blood.'

THE CHILD'S TREASURE.

Around a throne of cloud and storm
A summer rainbow came;
No shadow veiled its perfect form,
Nor dimmed its arch of flame;
In glowing colours, rich and warm,
Shone out that brilliant frame.

Its shape reflected on the cloud
In double arch was seen;
And where each line of radiance bowed
Appeared the tints between;
While rays of light a spectre-road
Formed on the meadow's green.

In all the glee of childhood's days
An infant watched the bow;
For he had heard, in fairy lays,
That who was first to go
Might find a treasure, where the rays
Fell on the earth below.

On such a quest, with eager haste,
The youthful pilgrim strayed;
Across the forest, wild and waste,
He urged his steps—nor stayed,
But every danger boldly faced—
To where the bright beams played.

With trembling limbs he journeyed on,
To reach the horizon's bound;
And little felt the wearied one,
So might his hopes be crowned:
But yet the shining bow had gone
Long ere the place he found.

The spot was gained where lingered last
The rays before they fled;
With weariness his heart beat fast;
He sought the grassy bed—
And found the treasure—for he passed
In sleep among the dead!

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WHAT TO DO IN THE MEANTIME?

IT has been frequently remarked by a philosopher of our acquaintance, whose only fault is impracticability, that in life there is but one real difficulty: this is simply—what to do in the meantime? The thesis requires no demonstration. It comes home to the experience of every man who hears it uttered. From the chimney-pots to the cellars of society, great and small, scholars and clowns, all classes of struggling humanity are painfully alive to its truth.

The men to whom the question is pre-eminently embarrassing are those who have either pecuniary expectancies or possess talents of some particular kind, on whose recognition by others their material prosperity depends. It may be laid down as a general axiom in such cases, that the worst thing a man can do is to *wait*, and the best thing he can do is to *work*; that is to say, that in nine cases out of ten, doing something has a great advantage over doing nothing. Such an assertion would appear a mere obvious truism, and one requiring neither proof nor illustration, were it not grievously palpable to the student of the great book of life—the unwritten biographical dictionary of the world—that an opposite system is too often preferred and adopted by the unfortunate victims of this 'condition-of-everybody question,' so clearly proposed, and in countless instances so inefficiently and indefinitely answered.

To multiply dismal examples of such sad cases of people ruined, starved, and in a variety of ways fearfully embarrassed and tormented during the process of expectation, by the policy of cowardly sloth or feeble hesitation, might indeed 'point a moral,' but would scarcely 'adorn a tale.' It is doubtless an advantage to know how to avoid errors, but it is decidedly a much greater advantage to learn practical truth. We shall therefore leave the dark side of the argument with full confidence to the memories, experience, and imaginations of our readers, and dwell rather—as both a more salutary and interesting consideration—on the brighter side, in cases of successful repartee to the grand query, which our limited personal observation has enabled us to collect. Besides, there is nothing attractive or exciting about intellectual inertia. The contrast between active resistance and passive endurance is that between a machine at rest and a machine in motion. Who that has visited the Great Exhibition can have failed to remark the difference of interest aroused in the two cases? What else causes the perambulating dealers in artificial spiders suspended from threads to command so great a patronage from the juvenile population of Paris and London? What else constitutes the superiority of an advertising van over a stationary poster? What sells Alexandre Dumas's novels, and makes a balloon ascent such a favourite spectacle? 'Work, man!' said the philosopher: 'hast thou not all eternity to rest in?' And to *work*, according to Mill's 'Political Economy,' is to *move*; therefore perpetual motion is the great ideal problem of mechanicians.

The first case in our museum is that of a German officer. He was sent to the coast of Africa on an exploring expedition, through the agency of the *parti prêtre*, or Jesuit party in France, with whose machinations against Louis-Philippe's government he had become accidentally acquainted. The Jesuits, finding him opposed to their plans, determined to remove him from the scene of action. In consequence of this determination, it so happened that the captain of the vessel in which he went out set sail one fine morning, leaving our friend on shore to the society and care of the native negro population. His black acquaintances for some time treated him with marked civility; but as the return of the ship became more and more problematical, familiarity began to breed its usual progeny, and the unhappy German found himself in a most painful position. Hitherto he had not been treated with actual disrespect; but when King Bocca-Bocca one day cut him in the most unequivocal manner, he found himself so utterly neglected, that the sensation of being a nobody—a nobody too amongst niggers!—for the moment completely overcame him. A feeble ray of hope was excited shortly afterwards in his despondent heart by a hint gathered from the signs made by the negro in whose hut he lived, that a project was entertained in high quarters of giving him a coat of lampblack, and selling him as a slave; but this idea was abandoned by its originators, possibly for want of opportunity to carry it out. Now our adventurer had observed that so long as he had a charge of gunpowder left to give away, the black men had almost worshipped him as an incarnation of the Mumbo-Jumbo adored by their fathers. Reflecting on this, it occurred to him that if, by any possibility, he could contrive to manufacture a fresh supply of the valued commodity, his fortunes would be comparatively secure.

No sooner had this idea arisen in his brain, than, with prodigious perseverance, he proceeded to work towards its realisation. The worst of it was, that he knew the native names neither of charcoal, sulphur, nor nitre. No matter; his stern volition was proof against all difficulties. Having once conveyed his design to the negroes, he found them eager to assist him, though as difficulty after difficulty arose, it required all the confidence of courage and hopeful energy to control their

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savage impatience. The first batch was a failure, and it was only by pretending that it was yet unfinished he was enabled to try a second, in which he triumphed over all obstacles. When the negroes had really loaded their muskets with his powder, and fired them off in celebration of the event, they indeed revered the stranger as a superior and marvellous being. For nearly eighteen months the German remained on the coast. It was a port rarely visited, and the negroes would not allow him to make any attempt to travel to a more frequented place. Thus he continued to make gunpowder for his barbarous friends, and to live, according to their notions, 'like a prince;' for to do King Bocca-Bocca justice, when he learned our friend's value, he treated him like a man and a brother. What might have been his fate had he awaited in idle despondency the arrival of a vessel? As it was, the negroes crowded the beach, and fired off repeated salvos at his departure. Doubtless his name will descend through many a dusky generation as the teacher of that art which they still practise, carrying on a lucrative commerce in gunpowder with the neighbouring tribes. A small square chest of gold-dust, which the escaped victim of Jesuit fraud brought back to Europe, was no inappropriate proof of the policy of doing something 'in the meantime,' while waiting, however anxiously, to do something else.

We knew another case in point, also connected with the late king of the French. M. de G—— was, on the downfall of that monarch, in possession of a very handsome pension for past services. The revolution came, and his pension was suspended. His wife was a woman of energy: she saw that the pension might be recovered by making proper representations in the right quarters; but she also saw that ruinous embarrassment and debt might accrue in the interim. Her house was handsomely furnished—she had been brought up in the lap of wealth and luxury. She did not hesitate; she turned her house into a lodging-house, sank the pride of rank, attended to all the duties of such a station, and—what was the result? When, at the end of three years, M. de G—— recovered his pension, he owed nobody a farthing, and the arrears sufficed to dower one of his daughters about to marry a gentleman of large fortune, who had become acquainted with her by lodging in their house. Mme de G——'s fashionable friends thought her conduct very shocking. But what might have become of the family in three years of petitioning?

Again: one of our most intimate acquaintance was an English gentleman, who, having left the army at the instance of a rich father-in-law, had the misfortune subsequently to offend the irascible old gentleman so utterly, that the latter suddenly withdrew his allowance of L.1000 per annum, and left our friend to shift for himself. His own means, never very great, were entirely exhausted. He knew too well the impracticable temper of his father-in-law to waste time in attempting to soften him. He also knew that by his wife's settlement he should be rich at the death of the old man, who had already passed his seventieth year. He could not borrow money, for he had been severely wounded in Syria, and the insurance-offices refused him: but he felt a spring of life and youth within him that mocked their calculations. He took things cheerfully, and resolved to work for his living. He answered unnumbered advertisements, and made incessant applications for all sorts of situations. At length matters came to a crisis: his money was nearly gone: time pressed: his wife and child must be supported. A seat—not in parliament, but on the box of an omnibus was offered him. He accepted it. The pay was equivalent to three guineas a week. It was hard work, but he stuck to it manfully. Not unfrequently it was his lot to drive gentlemen who had dined at his table and drunk his wine in former days. He never blushed at their recognition: he thought working easier than begging. For nearly ten years he endured all the ups and downs of omnibus life. At last the tough old father-in-law, who during the whole interval had never relented, died; and our hero came into the possession of some L.1500 a year, which he enjoys at this present moment. Suppose he had borrowed and drawn bills instead of working during those ten years, as many have done who had expectancies before them, where would he have been on his exit from the Queen's Bench at the expiration of the period? In the hands of the Philistines, or of the Jews?

Our next specimen is that of a now successful author, who, owing to the peculiarity of his style, fell, notwithstanding a rather dashing *début*, into great difficulty and distress. His family withdrew all support, because he abandoned the more regular prospects of the legal profession for the more ambitious but less certain career of literature. He felt that he had the stuff in him to make a popular writer; but he was also compelled to admit that popularity was not in his case to be the work of a day. The *res angustæ domi* grew closer and closer; and though not objecting to dispense with the supposed necessity of dining, he felt that bread and cheese, in the literal acceptation of the term, were really indispensable to existence. Hence, one day, he invested his solitary half-crown in the printing of a hundred cards, announcing that at the 'Classical and Commercial Day-school of Mr ——, &c., Young Gentlemen were instructed in all the Branches, &c., for the moderate sum of Two Shillings weekly.' These cards he distributed by the agency of the milkman in the suburban and somewhat poor neighbourhood, in which he occupied a couple of rooms at the moderate rent of 7s. weekly. It was not long before a few pupils made, one by one, their appearance at the would-be pedagogue's. As they were mostly the sons of petty tradesmen round about, he raised no objection to taking out their schooling in kind, and by this means earned at least a subsistence till more prosperous times arrived, and publishers discovered his latent merits. But for this device, he might not improbably have shared the fate of Chatterton and others, less unscrupulous as to a resource for the 'meantime'—that rock on which so many an embryo genius founders.

The misfortune of our next case was, not that *he* abandoned the law, but that the law abandoned *him*. He was a solicitor in a country town, where the people were either so little inclined to litigation, or so happy in not finding cause for it, that he failed from sheer want of clients, and, as a natural consequence, betook himself to the metropolis—that Mecca *cum* Medina of all desperate pilgrims in search of fickle Fortune. There his only available friend was a pastrycook in a large way of business. It so happened that the man of tarts and jellies was precisely at that epoch in want of a foreman and book-keeper, his last prime-minister having emigrated to America with a view to a more independent career. Our ex-lawyer, feeling the consumption of tarts to be more immediately certain than the demand for writs, proposed, to his friend's amazement, for the vacant post; and so well did he fill it, that in a few years he had saved enough of money to start again in his old profession. The pastrycook and his friends became clients, and he is at present a thriving attorney in Lincoln's Inn, none the worse a lawyer for a practical knowledge of the *pâtés* filled by those oysters whose shells are the proverbial heritage of his patrons.

A still more singular resource was that of a young gentleman, of no particular profession, who having disposed somehow or other in unprofitable speculations of a very moderate inheritance, found himself what is technically termed 'on his beam-ends;' so much so, indeed, that his condition gradually came to verge on positive destitution; and he sat disconsolately in a

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little garret one morning, quite at his wits' end for the means of contriving what Goethe facetiously called 'the delightful habit of existing.' Turning over his scanty remains of clothes and other possessions, in the vain hope of lighting upon something of a marketable character, he suddenly took up a sheet of card-board which in happier days he had destined for the sketches at which he was an indifferent adept. He had evidently formed a plan, however absurd: that was plain from the odd smile which irradiated his features. He descended the stairs to borrow of his landlady—what? A shilling?—By no means. A needle and thread, and a pair of scissors. Then he took out his box of water-colours and set to work. To design a picture?—Not a bit of it: to make dancing-dolls!—Yes, the man without a profession had found a trade. By the time it was dusk he had made several figures with movable legs and arms: one bore a rude resemblance to Napoleon; another, with scarcely excusable licence, represented the Pope; a third held the very devil up to ridicule; and a fourth bore a hideous resemblance to the grim King of Terrors himself! They were but rude productions as works of art; but there was a spirit and expression about them that toyshops rarely exhibit. The ingenious manufacturer then sallied forth with his merchandise. Within an hour afterwards he might have been seen driving a bargain with a vagrant dealer in 'odd notions,' as the Yankees would call them. It is unnecessary to pursue our artist through all his industrial progress. Enough that he is now one of the most successful theatrical machinists, and in the possession of a wife, a house, and a comfortable income. He, too, had prospects, and he still has them—as far off as ever. Fortunately for him, he 'prospected' on his own account, and found a 'diggin'.'

There is always something to be done if people will only set about finding it out, and the chances are ever in favour of activity. Whatever brings a man in contact with his fellows may lead to fortune. Every day brings new opportunities to the social worker; and no man, if he has once seriously considered the subject, need ever be at a loss as to what to do in the meantime. Volition is primitive motion, and where there is a will there is a way.

ACADEMICAL EXPENSES.

The public press has lately been putting forth some strong remarks upon the subject of the expenses of an English university education. The particular period selected for their publication has been well chosen, being the commencement of the academic year, and with regard to the topic, few could be selected of more universal interest. To a vast number of persons, ranging from the middle-classes up to the nobles of the land, Oxford and Cambridge are endeared by personal acquaintance, and by all the nameless ties which bind a student to *alma mater;* to a large section of the talented and aspiring portion of the rising generation, they are the theatre to which they look forward for distinction and fame; and what is more important than all, they are the chief nursing-places of those whose influence for good or for evil is enhanced by the *prestige* which belongs to an educated clergyman, whose character and opinions are looked up to by many as a standard of correctness and orthodoxy.

An able article of the *Times* comes to the conclusion, that the university and college officials stand blameless, and that the debts and difficulties into which so many fall are to be attributed solely to the folly of the student. The *Daily News* takes precisely the opposite opinion. But as neither party gives more than a general outline of the case, it has struck us that a candid statement of the real position of the student will not be altogether uninteresting; and we may add, that those into whose hands this may fall may rest assured that its information is based upon personal knowledge, and actuated by neither partisanship nor antagonism.

The course of study at Oxford extends over a period varying from three and a half to four and a half years; at Cambridge, except under the special excuse of sickness, the examination which terminates the curriculum takes place three years and a half after entrance. The apparently longer residence required by Oxford is rendered still longer by a larger portion of the year being given to the university than is required at Cambridge, for the 'men' of the latter university go 'down' for the long vacation at or about the 1st of June, and do not return until late in October; while at Oxford almost the whole of June is spent in residence, and the colleges open earlier in October there than at Cambridge. Living is also a shade or two cheaper at Cambridge; so that comparing the cheapest college of one with the cheapest of the other, and taking into account the different length of residence required, the popular notion regarding the higher expenses of Oxford may be assumed to be a true one.

This point being settled, we come to the inquiry: What is the expense of a university education? Now it is evident that this will vary according to the varying taste, if not according to the pockets of the student. One may delight in driving tandem, in wearing extensive waistcoats and voluminous ties; another may aspire, with the aid of a few sovereigns, or the credit of them, to be the choicest spirit, and give the most 'spicy' wines of his college; while a third may satisfy himself with spending as little, living as quietly, and reading as hard as possible. Of course all these will give us different answers, and we shall be as far from a solution of our question as ever. The only way is to endeavour to gather from some authentic source the amount actually demanded by the college and university, and to add for private expenses as near an approximation to the true and necessary amount as possible. Now for the former we are happily well provided in an 'Account of Expenses' calculated on an average for a college at Cambridge, where of course we look for the minimum charge — and published in the *Cambridge Calendar* by authority. Here it is:—

Annual Expenses.

1. Tuition,	L.10	0	0
2. Rooms, Rent,	10	0	0
3. Attendance, Taxes, &c.,	6	5	0
4. Coals,	3	10	0
5. College Payments,	5	7	4
Cost of Living—			
6. Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea—at 16s. 6d. a week for twenty-five weeks,	20	12	6
7. Laundress,	5	8	0
Total,	L.61	2	10

If we examine these items in order, we shall be able to give a better and more systematic idea of the expenses than would otherwise be practicable.

1. *Tuition.*—This includes only the fees of the tutors provided by the college. But for any man who desires high honours in the classical or mathematical department, the condition of the university is such that a private tutor, or, in common parlance, a 'coach,' is absolutely necessary. We are not at present concerned with the right or the wrong of this system; we have only to do with its accompanying expenses. These are L.7 a term* for one hour every other day; L.14 for the same time every day. It is farther to be remarked, that if a tutor is engaged for the Lent term, it is not considered improper to form another engagement for the following 'short' or Easter term, so that the expense is necessarily incurred twice in the early part of the year.

* Three terms at Cambridge correspond to four at Oxford. Private tutors at Oxford consider Easter and Trinity term as one.

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2. *Rooms.*—In some colleges this expense is much lower — in fact as low as L.6 a year; in others it reaches to L.40, but of course the inhabiting the latter kind of rooms is by no means a compulsory affair. It will often happen, however, that the college is full; in which case the student is compelled to live in lodgings, of which the rent varies from 10s. upwards—half-price being paid in vacations. It may be observed that at Oxford the same ratio of rent prevails. Very good rooms may be had—for instance, in St John's College —at L.8 a year.

Another consideration must not be forgotten; namely, that these rooms are *unfurnished.* On the arrival of a freshman at his college, the first proceeding is to conduct him round the various sets of rooms from which he may choose. Most of these have been vacated by men who have changed into other rooms; for the right of changing once belonging to every man, the good sets of rooms are generally seized as they become vacant by men already in college, and of some standing, who of course leave their own rooms for new-comers. The freshman, therefore, will most probably be introduced to a dingy apartment, from which hearth-rug, sofa, pictures, arm-chairs, &c., have been removed, and nothing remains except what may be called a room's necessaries of life. There may be a carpet, but always in an awfully ragged and torn condition; there may also be the things we have mentioned as absent, though this is improbable; an empty set of book-shelves, a few chairs, a table, a bedstead, and other bedroom furniture, will generally comprise the whole amount of available effects. If he does find rooms already furnished, he may consider himself truly fortunate. For what follows? Suppose the choice made, and a certain room fixed upon—the next proceeding is the valuation of the furniture left, and the determination whether to keep or dismiss each separate article, which is entirely at the student's will. At Oxford—at least in most of the colleges with which we are acquainted—the only liberty allowed is either to take or to reject the whole. This having been done, there remains to supply the deficiencies of the establishment. Crockery, glass, bed-furniture, the aforesaid hearth-rug, and all the paraphernalia of a little house, have to be replaced. And forth accordingly, probably under the guidance of some patronising 'man,' goes the freshman, proud of his new dignity and his independence, and, we grieve to add—as certain to be cheated in his purchases as he is to purchase. But this takes us beyond the limit of the distinct *college* expense, and for the present we pass on.

3. *Attendance, Taxes.*—At Oxford, with the exception, we believe, of Pembroke College, female-servants are unknown. At Cambridge, without exception, women are the attendants. At Oxford the tribe is divided into scouts and bedmakers; the former of whom attend to the man, and the latter to the man's rooms. At Cambridge the sole servant—with one exception, as we shall explain—is the woman 'bedmaker,' who 'does for' you entirely. There is also a class of men, named Gyps, who will attend upon you for a certain fee; but this is an extra luxury, and the college does not recognise them officially. As to taxes, it may be mentioned that many men keep dogs, and some horses; but the charge of taxes in the college bill is a very unusual one.

4. *Coals.*—Nothing need be said on this item, more than that each man has his private coal-cellar, which is filled weekly.

5. *College Payments.*—These being irrespective of a man's style of living, need no remark. They are included in the bills under such titles as 'Bursar,' 'Lamp on the Stairs,' &c.

6. *Food.*—We come now to a most important element of the bill. Let us see, in the first place, what is meant by this L.20, 12s. 6d., or rather 16s. 6d. a week. The principal meal of the day is of course dinner, and this is eaten at a common table in the college hall. In fact, dinner is called simply 'hall.' The hour in most colleges at Cambridge is four o'clock—we believe there are only two exceptions to this rule; and the provision in most cases is a supply of several joints of meat to choose from, and potatoes. Bread, beer, pudding, sauce of any kind, soups, fish, &c., are extras. This, then, is the hall dinner, and this must be paid for whether eaten or not. But besides the college sends a certain quantity of butter, bread, and milk per diem to the rooms of each student. And this we take to be all that is calculated for in the average table presented above. It may possibly occur to some readers that tea, coffee, sugar, occasionally a glass of beer and a slice of cheese, would not be too great luxuries. But on this head the above bill must be considered to be silent; for at no college, so far as our information extends, can the sum of 16s. 6d. a week compass such privileges. This naturally leads to a few other remarks upon the provisions of the college for such extras.

There are two divisions of the provisioning department in a Cambridge college: one, the buttery, from whence all things that do not include meats are sent out; the other, the kitchen, to supply the deficiencies of the buttery. In both these offices the order of the student is obeyed implicitly as to sending any amount of provision, and with the exception of no cooking being allowed on Sunday, or after ten at night, or between twelve noon and six P.M., we know of no restricting regulation. Almost every edible and potable, excepting wines and spirits, is sent out from these establishments, and charged at a high rate.

7. *Laundress.*—Washing is allowed to be an inevitable expense. With the exception of one mythical man who we have heard was once caught washing his own stockings, we are not acquainted with any one who has succeeded in evading this reasonable charge. It must be remembered that sheets, towels, blankets, &c., come into this item.

We have now examined, so far as it goes, the statement of expenses put forward as the minimum by the university of Cambridge; and the reader will be enabled to see that, by rigid economy, and by avoiding extras, the student will be able to confine himself—although with difficulty—within these bounds. But it is obvious that many things are left untouched by this scheme. Of the necessity of private tutors something has been already said. The great expense of books is left entirely unnoticed; the unhappy necessity of dressing decently is also forgotten; travelling expenses are left unrecorded and unreckoned; and when it is added to this that *not one-half* of the year is spent at college, we shall immediately see how much disparity there must be between the L.61, 2s. 10d. and the real bill of expenses for a student's year.

It is necessary, then, to enter upon the more delicate ground of extra expenditure, which may be enlarged to almost any conceivable amount. We will begin by stating our opinion, and then giving our reasons for it, that a student can live creditably and honourably at Oxford for L.130, and at Cambridge for something rather less per annum. The majority of 'men,' we shall say, range higher than this, and a common income is L.200; but so far as absolute necessity is concerned, this is decidedly an easy allowance.

A college bill, of a moderate character, swells to about L.9 more than the amount above shewn, and with many men the remaining L.30 of the L.100 will suffice for clothes if not for books. There are, then, to be considered travelling and other expenses, of which we may instance wine and grocery as considerable items —the former being one without the incurrence of which a 'man' is at once set down as a 'snob' by his more illustrious associates. We say then, again, that upon L.130 a year a student either at Oxford or Cambridge

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can live quietly and respectably. Dissipation or extravagance in any way is of course out of the question. At the same time it cannot be denied that many live on less than this, although it is only by dint of a struggling economy. With regard to the other extreme —that of going too far— we can only say, with the *Times*, that the men who indulge in it will have to blame their own folly and recklessness when they find themselves at last in a maze of inextricable difficulty. To preach a sermon, or to moralise in the old trite way on youthful improvidence and rashness, is by no means our object: we have rather desired to put plainly down the statistics and the particulars of certain expenses which many a father is desirous of ascertaining, without knowing how to get at them.

THE PICNIC TO WATENDLATH.

THERE was to be a picnic to Watendlath. The good-tempered Miss Boyles—or, more properly speaking, the Misses Boyle—said they would have one next Wednesday, and of course every person in Keswick was anxious to be invited; for the Misses Boyle were great favourites, and their parties were pronounced the pleasantest of the neighbourhood, though pseudo-fashionables have been heard to call them vulgar. And there certainly was less ceremony and a more hearty hospitality at Derwent House than the æsthetics of social formalism permit; and there was more honest fun, too, than starched cravats and white kid gloves approve of; and dancing was encouraged in the curate's very teeth; and simple nonsense-games, and other innocent follies, were not deemed so mindless as your very intellectual people would have you think them: for the Misses Boyle did not carve their world of humanity out of intellect alone. They were rational, easy-going, sensible women: neither Pompadours nor Trappists; taking the blessings of life as they came, in full enjoyment and perfect moderation, and not thinking that they had a mission to set the universe to rights, nor a divine right to question the sanctity of the gifts of God.

Too old and too ordinary to excite the most transient jealousy even with the vainest, but so youthful in feeling that they were fit companions for children; unselfish, active, and strong, therefore not curbing enterprise nor slackening exertion; attentive to the least attractive of their guests, respectful to the elder —they were the very ideals of old-maids; generally called 'nice' by people of delicacy, and allowed to be 'jolly' even by schoolboys and Cantabs. Now when three old-maids are voted capital by youthful masculines, there must be something genial at least in them; and when they are the favourites of children, there must be something lovable in them; and when they are honoured by the poor and respected by the old, there must be something good in them.

Well, the day of the picnic arrived at last, and the guests met by appointment at eleven o'clock near the Barrow Gate, which leads up to Watendlath. They came by all possible modes of civilised conveyance. Some were in 'tubs,' as they are called at Keswick—small open cars, which hold four people sitting sideways, and which are more safe than luxurious; and some came by boats, in general of a round build, something after the model of coal-barges; and one youth, of aquatic reputation, paddled himself up in a small river-canoe, the only one on the lake, which upset if you leaned an inch out of the perpendicular, and was swamped if it met a wave bigger than a snow-flake. He was very red when he landed with the exertion of sitting so still, though he boasted of his charming row, and said it was quite easy. Some were on horseback, and some on ponyback; and a few adventurous pedestrians prepared to walk all the way, and to make a great deal of the feat at the end.

The company was of the character usual at such gatherings. There were one or two old-maids and old-bachelors of local repute, of whom the latter were generally supposed to be much desired by the former, and of whom dark rumours of youthful prepossession and unavailing attachments were afloat; and there were several young married couples, one in particular of great popularity, for the wee wifie was a laughing, happy, pretty amiability, who made her husband's home a little heaven, and was like sunshine in a drawing-room; and there were many—oh! very many —unmarried girls of all shades of personableness, and of all degrees of matrimonial expectancy; and there were a few unmarried men, of whom the most part were strangers—Cantabs and tourists, with but a fraction left for residents, and these more or less ineligible. And there were chaperons and chaperonesses, and everything else that was necessary in the way of respectability and as social drags on flirting; and so the Misses Boyle had got together the ingredients of a very happy day.

But some of the guests require a more express indication. For instance, there was a young lady fresh from London, whose only country excursions had been an occasional trip to Windsor, or Claremont, or Esher, or haply Hampton and Richmond; who had no idea of mountains beyond Primrose Hill, or of rocks beyond those of the Swiss cottage at the Colosseum, and who was very fastidious in most matters of life. Her dress, too, was as remarkable as her mind and manners; and altogether she was the most striking person of the party. She was young, but not pretty, with a beautiful complexion and fair hair; and she was wonderfully content with her corporeal condition, and quite satisfied that she was the belle of her circle. She wore a lace bonnet that might have claimed the prize at a botanical fête—it was so laden with flowers; and over this was an expensive veil, that seemed of too tender texture for anything but the safe-keeping of a glass-case. She had, moreover, a pale shot-silk gown, very Watteau-like and elegant, but sadly crushed by the narrow dimensions of her peculiar 'tub.' She carried a small *cerise* parasol covered with a deep dropping fringe; and this, together with Parisian boots very thin about the soles, with a shadow on the toes, which imaginative people believed to be leather, and superstitious ones deemed a protection against stones and mud, completed a costume which Jouvne's gloves, that are so dear on account of the Hungarian war, rendered fit for Bond Street or the Champs Elysées. This was her attire for a rugged mountain-road and a secluded mountain-tarn; and all the time a shower was peeping over the top of Skiddaw in the shape of a grim cloud, like the darkened eye of Polyphemus. The young lady in question was Miss Marian Josephine Montague.

There were others worthy of being chronicled too. There was one young lady who had heard a great deal about 'feminine softness' and 'womanly gentleness,' and who had therefore made timidity her social religion. She shrieked very much when they tried to lift her on a tired, worn-out old pony which had been up Skiddaw before sunrise that day, and was standing with its eyes closed and its head drooping, nodding in a lazy sleep. But she vowed and protested that she could not possibly mount it; and then, when she had got fairly into the saddle, all in a heap, because the pony moved its foot to get rid of a gadfly teasing it,

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she screamed loudly for help, and asked, 'What it was doing, and why it was so frisky?' And when they all really started, she kept up a running commentary on the deeds of her horse, wondering why he shook his head, or why his sides quivered. But she got to Watendlath at last without any special damage. Then there was a brave young lady of high animal spirits, who put on her brother's hat and vaulted into a gentleman's saddle, and rode the spirited bay all the distance to the tarn. And there was a shy young gentleman, who lisped, and who found his hands and arms great encumbrances and painful drawbacks on his serenity of mind. There was a venturesome young gentleman, short and clumsy, who dashed at everything, and always failed, but who never allowed the possibility of a superior, from mathematics down to cricket-playing. And there was a proud young gentleman, remotely connected with a bishop, who would not make friends with anybody, and who looked very stiff and awful. And then there were some nice people, who were of rational understandings, and pleasant to talk to.

But the best of all the youths was a handsome young sailor just returned from a long voyage; and the best of all the maidens was a pretty little orphan, looking out for a governess's situation. Their names were respectively Gerald Mayne and Rose Dysart, and they had known each other about six weeks—not longer.

At the Barrow Gate a general readjustment took place. Families dispersed themselves among different tubs—voting it stupid to be always with one's brothers and sisters; and a few young ladies persisted in walking: it was shrewdly surmised by the more *passées* that they wished to have a gentleman all to themselves, and that's why they wanted to walk; and, ugh! how horrible it was to see such boldness! And at last, after a great deal of discussion, and laughter and merriment, the cavalcade proceeded—tubs, horsemen, pony-women, walkers of both sexes, and a few stray dogs. They were a very merry party, and startled the echoes of old Wallow Crag as they wound about his base with sounds as musical and glee as pure as when the Derwentwater nobles hunted and hawked over the hills of their princely earldom.

Now it chanced that Miss Marian Josephine Montague and pretty little Rose Dysart were in the same car, together with one of the Misses Boyle and the bonnie wee wifie—dear Mary Hunt. Miss Boyle, for it was the eldest, sweet, motherly, bright in heart's eye; Rose Dysart, one radiant blush of happiness, one mute but eloquent song of innocence and joy speaking on her lip, glowing on her cheek, playing in the light of her eye, and resting on her brow like sunshine on the water—one spirit-word of blessedness that sounded, you knew not how nor when, in perfect harmony with the bright sunshine over head and the lovely flowers by the way; and Mary Hunt, calmer in her smiles than Rose, merrier too, as one who has passed by all fear and lived through her hour of doubt, her sweet voice thrilling through the air in snatches of song or childlike bursts of laughter: they made up a beautiful and a happy trio, different, yet all in unison, like the perfect parts of a masterly song. But the fourth—sitting in her cloud of colours and glistering wealth—how did she fare? With the gloom on her brow, and the sharp line about her lip, and the restless glance of her eye, and the studied motion of her hand and head, she looks but ill at ease! And so she was, for Gerald Mayne would talk more to Rose than to her; and she had taken a fancy to his handsome face.

The road to Watendlath is none of the most luxurious. It might have been paved by the giants before the flood, or have stood proxy for Macadamisation in the days of the sons of Anak—anyway, it is not like walking on a smooth-shaven lawn. It is composed of rocks and cart-ruts, amongst which you must guide your horse or your tub as is most convenient for the preservation of your osteological system. But it is nothing when you are used to it; and with such wonderful scenery about you, and in the heart of a merry party, the very roughness of the transit gives an additional zest to the pleasure, or ought to do so, with all reasonable people. But Miss Montague was sadly disturbed. First one wheel of the car mounted up in the air with a sudden jerk, and the other delved deep into the earth, as if on a mining expedition; then both came to a level with a plunge that shook the occupants to the heart, that made their knees and elbows jar; then the horse got into a smooth shelf of slate, of which there were many 'cropping out,' as geologists say, on the face of the rugged road; and if it was on a steep hill, as was generally the case, he would slide down with all four legs together, the car following heavily on his quarters, according to the laws of dynamic progression; then the narrow way was still farther narrowed by a heap of stones, or the broken stump of a tree, or it might be a country cart, which had to draw up into the hedge until it was nearly at right angles with the road, or else to rush into the wood among the brushwood and brambles and decayed roots, until you marvelled if it could by any possibility ever be extricated again; then three or four shepherd-dogs would come out barking furiously, as if the whole world of sound had become one gigantic yelp; and then there would be a canine battle with all the picnic dogs—the ladies shrieking in concert.

In the midst of all this Marian Josephine Montague felt sadly out of place, with her butterfly wings fluttering through the wildness of a Cumberland mountain-path. Her flower-shaped parasol brushed off the dewdrops from the overhanging trees in sparkling showers over her lace and Watteau-like silk; her pale fawn gloves were soiled and spoiled; her beautiful veil was torn in two places by a bramble-bush; her boots had got wet through during the single moment of changing cars, for it is always wet in Keswick; and altogether she was in the most miserable condition possible. Poor Marian! her nerves were sorely tried too by the road. At every fresh jolt she screamed in her little sharp, Frenchified way, and tossed her head in utter disgust at the whole thing. 'She had never seen such a car in her life—it was perfectly shocking; and then the driver—he spoke so broadly she could not understand him. And what a road! Fancy how uncivilised and savage the people must be who could live in such a place! And how wild the hedges were—full of weeds, and not kept neat or trim at all! And how dreadful all these dogs were! And what a set of people altogether! What dressing! what gloves! what manners! *Mon Dieu!* but she had never been accustomed to such savagery, and she felt that she quite *manquéd* her *métier* there! She was a person of extreme delicacy and sensibility, and she could not understand how people could be so rough and unpolished as to like such a day as this!'

Miss Boyle and Mary Hunt endeavoured to console the London lady. They laughed at her fears, and would have soothed down her temper, but the more they tried to comfort her the deeper grew her frown, the sharper her voice. She appealed to Gerald Mayne: was she not much to be pitied?—she, coming from town, and accustomed to all the *bienséances* of life, to be suddenly thrust into such society? But Gerald Mayne laughed, and said she deserved no pity, for it was all delightful—the very roughness of the road made the pleasure of the trip greater; and if it would only not rain, they would have a picnic fit for emperors and queens. But he was afraid they would be caught after all, for the sky looked so very threatening. And for the hearty sailor-way in which he spoke he was rewarded with the sweetest of smiles from dear Rose, and with sundry nods of approbation from Miss Boyle and pretty Mrs Hunt. The mention of the word rain threw Miss Montague into French hysterics, which lasted until the party arrived at the tarn.

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Then came the unpacking—then poured out chickens and tongues, and *patés* and salads, and wine and ale, and cakes and cream, salt, sugar, and sauces, fore-quarters of lamb, and Brobdignagian cucumbers to match; and then came all sorts of surprises—of cream in wine-bottles, and fresh fruit in potted game dishes; and at every discovery there was a general shriek of laughter, and one universal exclamation of wonder, though every one had seen the same things done before at every picnic ever given at Keswick within the memory of man. But they were all so happy that they were easily amused: like children who, how often soever you cry 'Peep-bo,' still answer you back with a laugh, and are never tired of being astonished by the same thing.

Well, the cloaks and shawls were spread on the ground in the most convenient situations that could be found, and down they all sat, grouped in every variety of colour and action, for the most part engaged in several species of flirtation, according to the fancies of the individuals. The clumsy young man and the spirited young lady sat together; and he was obliged to undergo no little sarcasm from his fair rival, who ridiculed his horsemanship to his face, and made nothing of his cricketing or vaulting. And the timid young lady enlisted the sympathies of a very young Cantab, who with inimitable patience beat the ground for toads or ants, or other small deer, and who thought what a nice girl she was—so ladylike and feminine. But he was a *very* young man. Miss Montague's splendour shone by Rose Dysart's simple mourning, and the two figures looked very well together, for they were in good contrast, and both perfect in their way. Gerald Mayne was with them; and his handsome face, with fair curling hair and merry blue eyes, never looked to greater advantage than now, when it shone like a sunny landscape full of life and love between the beauty and the elegance of his two companions—for Rose was beautiful, and Miss Montague undeniably elegant.

In a short time it came on to rain: of course it did; it never does anything else at Keswick. Was there ever a picnic among those treacherous old mountains which did not receive its water-supply gratis, without rate or committee? What with Borrowdale sops, and Skiddaw nightcaps, and Basanthwaite cloud-banks, and white cravats about the throats of the mountains generally, the almost universal meteorological predictions of Keswick are—rain and rain again. If local accidents have worked all the physiological phenomena, it seems strange that Cumberland people are not born webfooted. If the black man *is* black because of the tropical line, why should not the Keswickian be duck-legged because of the topical cloud? Dr Prichard might make something of this question. But who cares for rain at a picnic? What though the salt disappears, changing its normal condition of crystalline particles into a liquid mass, that does not improve the currant-tart nor the custard amongst which it flows—and the sugar undergoes the same metempsychosis among the cucumbers and the chickens: what though the fire hisses sullenly under the miniature waterspout that leaps down among its embers, and tries the respective strength of the rival elements: what though the rain drips off the umbrellas in uncomfortable pools on your knees—your shoulders become large conduits for the whalebone gargoyles above: what though you gather up your feet from their places with an uncomfortable feeling about the soles, and find that they leave an aqueous deposit behind them: what though you see catarrh and rheumatism in every wet dock-leaf you sit near, and in every fresh fountain you receive from your gargoyles—who cares for such things at a picnic? The blacker the cloud the louder the laugh. If the day is not to be perfect, then let extremes meet, and have the worst you can find.

An army of umbrellas sprang up as the shower came down. They looked like large mushrooms on the hill-side—fairy canopies under the Polytechnic microscope. Beneath one—and a very large, faded, cotton, gig umbrella it was—sat Rose Dysart and Gerald Mayne. They were obliged to sit close together to be properly covered, and in doing so Rose's shawl slipped off her shoulders, and Gerald must place it round them again. He said he would pin it, but he was a long time about it; and Rose was so confused somehow that she forgot to tell him to be quicker. She took the umbrella in the meantime, and as it was large and heavy, she could not hold it very high: it sunk down in her pretty little hand till it quite concealed them both from every eye but their own.

Gerald pinned the shawl very carefully. Rose's cheeks were crimson, and her heart was beating as though it would burst. Gerald's hand was unsteady—it trembled visibly. Poor young man! his night-watches on board had evidently shattered his nerves. It is a pity, isn't it, that so young a man should be so shaken? Neither spoke. As to Rose the whole world was silent. She heard nothing, she saw nothing, she knew nothing but the face before her—the spirit which dwelt between her and that noble heart—the sweet, strange word which had not sounded yet, but which was hovering like an odorous atmosphere about them. The unruly shawl! the trembling hand! Hearts, will ye break beneath your tumult? Hush heaven and earth! Two souls that loved before they lived have met each other again, and are recognising the familiar features beneath the strange mask of flesh.

'Rose, I love you!' whispered Gerald; 'will you love me, and be my wife?'

Words short, abrupt, and hurried, but containing in them the weal or wo of two mortal beings.

The small hand lay cold as stone in his—the deep-gray eye drooped bashfully beneath the lid—the blood shot over cheek and neck, and then fled back, and left the pale, clear skin colourless as marble; but the sweet lips parted slow, and one gentle word came forth as a humming-bird from a flower, and Rose Dysart's little 'Yes' sealed on earth the compact which had been made in heaven among the angels.

Miss Marian Josephine Montague was in a pitiable state. She was wet, and cold, and hungry, and she refused everything that was offered to her with such a fastidious air that people stared and laughed among themselves; and those who did not know her, imagined her to be an earl's daughter at least. Even the cream and the currant tarts she exclaimed were execrable, and the people who provided them heard her say so. But it ended, as it generally does in such cases, by her making a wonderful dinner, and declaring that she had eaten nothing—she was so delicate.

The rain was not of long duration. It passed off as quickly as it came, and then the brave old mountains stood out all the better for the washing. The rocks were like molten silver when the sun shone on them trickling with water, while little tufts of wet moss and fern were sprinkled over them like diamonds strung with emeralds; the ravines were so sharp and clear, every stone might almost be counted; and the sheep and cattle on the hills were points of 'high light' in the landscape, which would have sent a conscientious painter hopelessly mad. The flowers and leaves by the way-side were bright with rain, and the sunlight lay entangled in them like threads of silver or locks of burnished gold. The birds sang as if it were a spring morning; and the insects buzzed out in merry myriads, humming through the air in troops that cast a shadow as they flew. Every one cried 'How beautiful!' as some new effect of cloud or light burst on them. But Miss Montague shivered, and said that it was the most wretched day she had ever passed; and what could people find to admire in

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those stupid rocks and hideous mountains! And how absurd it was to make such a fuss about a few weeds and rain-drops! She did not gather a large audience, though, to attend to her; but some of the people looked reverently, and wondered who this young lady could be, for she must be so fine and clever to find such fault with everything that others liked!

After dinner was over, and the people had shaken off the wet like so many water-dogs, the shawls and cloaks were hung up to dry, and the fragments of the feast repacked. And when all this was done the gentlemen began to leap. Some leaped well, some couldn't go higher than a few feet, others shook their heads, and declined; the clumsy young gentleman made a dash with a leaping-pole, but refused when he got near, and then laid the fault on his boots; and once he did try, but he knocked down the bar, and fell into the mud; and then it came to Gerald Mayne's turn, and he beat them all hollow. He leaped like a young panther. The pole which he used was simply a small fir sapling, and the height was about ten feet. He vaulted over like a feather, not carrying his pole with him, but using it simply as a lever, then letting it fall on one side while he descended on the other. Rose Dysart felt so proud of him as he won the suffrages of all the guests! for be one's circle ever so insignificant, still, if it is all we know, it is equal to the widest audience that ever greeted a favourite actor, or laid down their reason beneath the foot of a popular minister. And that out-of-the way nook, that commonplace assembly, were to Rose Dysart equal to the most public position and the widest-spread renown.

'Oh, we sailors are obliged to be active,' said Gerald, smiling and shewing all his small white teeth when praises on praises were flung like bouquets to a singer. 'It is simply a knack: there is nothing in it.'

But his self-depreciation brought fresh applause, and Rose Dysart's heart was filled with such intense delight she dared not analyse it, lest it should escape in the knowledge. Poor, simple Rose! volumes could not express her childlike simplicity more than this little anecdote of her passionate happiness on hearing her lover's leaping praised.

They walked round by Borrowdale—at least some of the party, and Rose was of the number; and then and there was cemented that half-carved piece of love's own workmanship which they had begun to fashion under the faded cotton umbrella. Miss Montague often wondered what they could be talking about that was so interesting; but Miss Boyle, to whom she applied with a peculiar laugh, could not enlighten her, and it was not until some months after that she knew; and then the *Times* told her in an advertisement. Mary Hunt guessed—so did the dear old-maids; and Mary Hunt forced the confession from Rose next day, when she went for the express purpose. And poor orphaned Rose, how glad she was, amongst her other causes of happiness, that she was not obliged now to go out as a governess, and that she would have a home of her own, with some one to look after her and take care of her! Poor little flower, that stood trembling at the sound of the distant blast, and crouching behind its leaves, fearing that the distant would be soon near at hand; though no rare Indian gem, no priceless exotic, no rich golden treasure, thou art a fair young bud on which the heavens smiled kindly when thou wert born, and to whom nature gave the best bounties of her treasury when thou wast dowered!

How happy she was! how innocent! how pure! Her small caresses, her faint words of love, her shy glances, her soft blushes, all spoke eloquently of the depth and the purity of the heart within. And Gerald, as he drew his wee lassie to him, thought how much he had been blessed beyond his deserts, and wondered what he had ever done that Heaven should have rewarded him so well.

Blessed, pure, and good, Rose and Gerald often speak of the happy picnic to Watendlath as they would speak of a baptism into a world of light; and though they have not formally claimed the Dunmow Flitch, it is not for want of deserving it; for from the day of their marriage they have never once regretted the Misses Boyles' happy party, nor the terrible shower which brought them close together under the gig umbrella of washed-out green. The Misses Boyle too, good, innocent women, have stood godmothers to so many little Maynes they sometimes forget the count. But somehow they always remember each individual on his or her birthday, when presents and sage advice remind the youthful citizens of their dear old sponsors at Keswick.

Dear Watendlath! where fairies yet hide, and where railroads can never come: many a mountain-tarn and many a mountain-vale lie scattered like hidden gems among the hills of Cumberland; but in thy still bosom are laid such flowers of loveliness as are surpassed by none other of thy sisters. Home of the sunshine and the swallow, haunt of the fairy and the flower, the fern and the butterfly, like a violet beneath its leaves thou liest hidden behind thy hills, and they who would see thee must seek thee with patience and with love: but few have drunk in thy beauties more greedily than one whose shadow has passed over thy water for the last time. Watendlath, farewell! Betrothing-place of bonnie Rose, may all that visit thee be as pure and fond as she; and may no false lip pollute thy sacred waters, no unclean hand violate thy hallowed flowers; may none be with thee save such as the sun might shew throughout the day's wide-wandering worthy of converse with nature and her glories! Thou art too sacred and holy for the heartless or the vain to come nigh thee. Cradle of prayer alone, may the spirit which dwells in thee keep thy waves and flowers for the reverent and the loving only!

THE ASS OF LA MARCA.

I.—THE HOG-BOY.

In the year 1530, a Franciscan was travelling on foot in the papal territory of Ancona. He was proceeding to Ascoli; but at that time the roads were bad, where there were any roads at all, and after wandering in what appeared to be a wilderness, he lost his bearings altogether and came to a stand-still. A village was visible in the distance, but he was unwilling to proceed so far to ask his way, lest it might prove to be in the wrong direction. While listening intently, however, for some sound that might indicate the propinquity of human beings—for the scrubby wood of the waste, marshy land intercepted his view—he heard what appeared to be a succession of low sobs close by. Mounting a little eminence a few paces off, he saw a small company of hogs widely scattered, and searching with the avidity of famine for a dinner; and rightly conjecturing that the sounds of human grief must proceed from the swineherd, he moved on to the nearest clump of bushes, where he saw on the other side a boy about nine years of age lying upon the soft ground, and endeavouring to smother his sobs in a tuft of coarse moss, while he dug his fingers into the mud in an agony of grief and rage. The good father allowed the storm of emotion to sweep past, and then inquired what was the matter.

'Have you lost any of your hogs?' said he.

'I don't know—and I don't care,' was the answer.

'Why were you crying then?'

'Because they have been using me worse than a hog: they have been beating me—they never let me alone; always bad names, and worse blows; nothing

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to eat but leavings, and nothing to lie upon but dirty straw!'

'And for what offence are you used thus?'

'They say I am unhandy at field-work; that I am useless in the house and the barn; that I am unfit to be a servant to the horses in the stable; and that I can't even keep the hogs together. They are hogs themselves—they be! I was clever enough at home; but my father could not keep me any longer, and so he sent me to be a farmer's drudge, and turned me out to the—the—hogs!' and the boy gave way to another passionate burst of grief. The Franciscan endeavoured to soothe him, and talked of submission to Providence; but finding he could do no good he inquired the name of the village.

'Montalto,' replied the boy sulkily.

'Montalto? Then in which direction lies Ascoli?'

'Are you going to Ascoli?' demanded the hog-boy suddenly, as he fixed a pair of blazing eyes on the Franciscan's face in a manner that made him start. 'I will shew you the way,' continued he in a tone of as much decision as if he spoke of some mighty enterprise; and leaping to his feet like a boy made of Indian-rubber, he led through the scrubby wood of the common, kicking the hogs aside with a fierceness that drew a remonstrance from the good father. This seemed to have the desired effect. His manner softened instantaneously. He spoke in a mild, low voice; answered the questions that were addressed to him with modesty and good-sense; and astonished the Franciscan by a display of intelligence rare enough even where natural abilities are developed by education. It was in vain, however, that he reminded his young companion that it was time for him to turn: the hog-boy seemed fascinated by the father's conversation, and always made some excuse for accompanying him a little farther.

'Come, my son,' said the Franciscan at length, 'this must have an end, and here we part. There is a little trifle which I give you with my blessing, and so God speed you!'

'I am going farther,' replied the boy quickly.

'What! to Ascoli?'

'Ay, to Ascoli—or to the end of the earth! Ah, father, if you would but get me something to do—for I am sure you can if you will; any drudgery, however humble—anything in the world but tending hogs!'

'You forget my profession, my son, and that I am powerless out of it. You would not become a monk yourself?'

'A monk! Oh! wouldn't I? Only try me!'

'To be a monk is to toil, watch, and pray; to live meagrely, to submit to innumerable hardships'——

'And to learn, father!—to read, to think!—O what would I not submit to for the sake of knowing what there is in books!' The boy spoke with enthusiasm, and yet with nothing of the coarse impetuosity which had at first almost terrified his new acquaintance. The Franciscan thought he beheld in him the elements of a character well adapted for a religious order; and after some farther conversation, he finally consented to take the stripling with him to Ascoli. They were now at the summit of an eminence whence they saw that town lying before them, and the village of Montalto hardly discernible in the distance behind. The father looked back for a moment at his companion in some curiosity to see how he would take leave, probably for ever, of the place of his birth. The hog-boy's hands were clenched as if the nails were embedded in his flesh; and one arm, trembling with agitation, was stretched forth in a fierce farewell. When he turned away, the blazing eyes again flashed upon the Franciscan's face; but in an instant they softened, grew mild and tearful, and Felix—for that was the lad's name—followed his patron meekly into the town.

Their destination was a monastery of Cordeliers, where the ex-hog-boy was introduced to the superior, and pleased him so much by his sensible answers and modest demeanour that he at once received the habit of a lay-brother, and was set to assist the sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. But at leisure hours he was still busier with the dust of the schools, and the lamp of theology. The brethren taught him the responses and grammar; but he never ceased to teach himself everything he could get at; so that in the year 1534, when he was only fourteen, he was permitted to enter on his novitiate, and after the usual probation to make his profession. He was, in short, a monk; and in ten years he had taken deacon's orders, been ordained a priest, and graduated as bachelor and doctor. Felix the hog-boy was now known as Father Montalto.

II.—THE ASS.

The world was now before the Ancona hog-boy. In his boyhood he had suffered stripes and starvation, herded unclean animals, and almost broken his heart with impotent and therefore secret rage. In his youth he had been the patient drudge of a convent, and passed his leisure hours in persevering study, and the accumulation of book-knowledge. But now he was a man, ready for his destiny, and in the midst of troublous times, when a bold, fierce, and fearless character is sure to make its way. No more secret sobs, no more cringing servility, no more studious solitude. Montalto threw himself into the vortex of the world, and struck out boldly, right and left. An impetuous and impatient temper, and haughty and dictatorial manner, were now his prominent characteristics; and these, united as they were with natural talent and solid acquirements, soon pointed him out for congenial employment. The rising monk was seen and understood by the Cardinals Carpi and Alexandrino; and by the latter he was appointed Inquisitor-general at Venice. Here was fortune for the poor trampled boy of Ancona! But to rest there was not his purpose. A little of the tranquillity he knew so well how to assume, or even the mere abstinence from violence and insult, would have retained him in his post; but instead of this he became harsh, stern, and peremptory to a degree that outraged everybody who came near him, and carried out the measures he determined on with an arbitrary vehemence that bordered on frenzy. The jealous republicans were astonished, but not terrified: the liberties of their strange tyranny were at stake: and at length the Venetian magnates rose like one man, and Father Montalto only escaped personal violence by flight. And so he was a martyr to the cause of the church! And so all eyes were drawn upon him, as a man ready in action and inflexible in will. He was now invited by the Cardinal Buon-Campagno to accompany him to Madrid as his chaplain and inquisitorial adviser, the cardinal being sent thither as legate from the pope to his Catholic majesty. Montalto's was an office both of power and dignity, and he acquitted himself in it so zealously, that on the legate's recall he was offered all sorts of ecclesiastical honours and preferment to induce him to settle in Spain. But the monk had other aspirations. The news of the death of Pius IV. had reached Madrid, and Montalto's patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would doubtless succeed to the papal throne. He would want assistance, and, what is more, he could repay it; and Father Montalto, rejecting the Spanish offers, hastened to Rome. He found his friend, now Pius V., mindful

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of his former services, and perhaps flattered by the reputation which his protégé had made in the world. He was kindly received, and immediately appointed general of his order.

And now the *ci-devant* hog-boy set to sweep the church anew, but in a different way. He no longer troubled himself with theological controversies, but punished his contumacious opponents. In four years after the accession of the new pope he was made a bishop, and handsomely pensioned; and in the year 1570 our adventurer was admitted into the college of cardinals.

Montalto was now fifty years of age, when the will is at its proudest, and the intellectual nature smiles at the changing hair and its prophecies of physical decay. It might be supposed that the fierce inquisitor ripened into the stern and inflexible cardinal; but no such process of development took place. And truly it would have been somewhat inconvenient as matters stood; for his new associates—ranking with kings every man of them, hog-boy and all!—were the intellectual flower of the time, deep and sagacious statesmen, immersed in a game of policy of which the tiara was the prize, and qualified for the lofty contention not more by their talents than by the blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Colonna, and the Frangipani, that flowed in their veins. The wild nature of Montalto appeared to be awed by the association into which he had thus been elevated. It seemed as if a vision of his stripes, and his hogs, and his besoms came back upon him, and he walked gingerly along the marble floors of the Vatican, as if alarmed at the echo. He became mild, affable, good-natured; his business was over in the world; he had nothing more to do than to enjoy. Why should he concern himself with intrigues in which he could have no possible interest? Why should he permit even his own family to disturb his dignified repose? One of his nephews, on his way to Rome to see his prodigious uncle and claim his favour, was murdered; but the cardinal, so ready in former days to punish even crimes of thought, interceded for the pardon of the assassin. The relatives who did arrive at the Mecca of their pilgrimage he lodged at an inn, and sent them home to their families the next day with a small present, telling them to trouble him no more. The only promise he made for the future was that by and by, when old age and its infirmities came on, he might perhaps send for one of them to nurse his declining years.

Time wore on, and his patron, Pope Pius V., died and was buried. This was a trouble as well as a grief to our cardinal; for, being obliged to enter the conclave like the rest, he was asked by one and another for his vote. How should he vote? He did not know whom to vote for. He was an obscure and insignificant man—he was; and the rest were all so admirably well-fitted to be pope, that he could not tell the difference. Besides, this was the first conclave he had been in, and in a path so much loftier than he was accustomed to tread, he was afraid of making a false step. He only wished he could vote for them all; but, as it was, he entreated them to manage the affair without him. And so they did; and Cardinal Buon-Campagno being elected, assumed the papal crown and the name of Gregory XIII.

As for Montalto, he grew more meek, modest, and humble every day. He lived frugally, even meanly considering his rank, and gave the residue of his income to the poor. He submitted patiently to all sorts of insults and injuries, and not only forgave his enemies, but treated them with the utmost tenderness. At this time a change appeared to take place in his health. Violent internal pains destroyed his repose; and although he consulted all the doctors in Rome, and took physic from them all, he got no better. His disease was not the less lamentable that it was nameless. He grew thin and pale. Some said he took too much medicine. He leaned heavily on his staff. His body was bent towards the ground: he seemed like a man who was looking for his grave. Public prayers were offered up in the churches for his recovery; and sometimes with so much effect, that he appeared to be a little convalescent. At such intervals, being humble himself, he delighted to converse with humble persons—such as the domestics of cardinals and ambassadors; and, above all things, auricular confession, if it had not been the sick man's duty, would have been called his hobby. He confessed everybody he could bring to his knees: his mind became a sink through which constantly poured all the iniquities of Rome. His brother cardinals smiled at these weaknesses. The poor man was doubtless sinking into premature dotage. They gave him in ridicule a name taken from the muddy wastes of Ancona in the midst of which he had been picked up by the stray Franciscan: they called him THE ASS OF LA MARCA.

III.—THE POPE.

Time wore on in this way, till at length Gregory XIII. died. The event took place at a perplexing moment, for never had the college of cardinals been so completely torn asunder by conflicting interests. There were three powerful parties so singularly well-balanced that each felt sure of being able to elect the new pope, and the poor Ass of La Marca, who was once more obliged to join the conclave, was half distracted with their various claims. All they cared about was his vote; but that was important. They were compelled, however, by tradition, to go through the form of consulting him from time to time; and the cardinal, though never giving way to impatience, was pathetic in his entreaties to be let alone. According to the custom of this solemn council, each member of the holy college was shut up in a separate room; and the messengers always found Montalto's door bolted. He would reply to their eminences, he said, the moment his cough abated, the moment he felt any intermission of his excruciating pains. But why could they not proceed to business without him? The opinions of so insignificant a person could not at any time be necessary; but surely it was inhuman to disturb a man fast sinking under disease, and whose thoughts were fixed upon that world to which he was hastening. The conclave sat fourteen days, and even then the votes of the three parties were equally divided. What was to be done? The best way was to have a nominal pope for the shortest possible time, so that the struggle of the real competitors might begin anew. They accordingly elected unanimously to the papal throne—the Ass of La Marca!

On this announcement the new monarch came instantly forth from his cell, leaving behind him his staff, his cough, his stoop, his pains, his infirmities, and his humility! He advanced with an erect figure, and a firm and dignified step into the midst of the conclave, and thanked their eminences for the honour they had conferred upon him, which he would endeavour to merit by discharging its high functions conscientiously. As he passed from the sacred council the *vivas* of the people rent the air. 'Long live the pope!' they cried; 'justice, plenty, and large loaves!' 'Address yourselves to God for plenty,' was the answer; '*I will give you justice.*'

And he kept his word: ready, stern, severe, inflexible, impartial justice! He was impatient to see the triple crown; and before preparations could be made for his coronation, he caused the bauble to be produced, and placed on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat. The bauble? It was no bauble to him. It was the symbol of Power, just as he was himself the personification of Will. It was the thought which had governed his whole life—which had blazed even in the unconscious eyes of his boyhood. With what memories was that long gaze filled—with what re-

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solves! The room was crowded with spectres of the past and visions of the future, that met and blended in one homogeneous character; and as Pope Sixtus V. rose from his chair, he felt proudly that there rose with him—within him—throughout him—the hog-boy of Montalto.

The dissimulation which was so remarkable a trait in this remarkable character was now at an end, and only the fierceness, sternness, and indomitable will of the man remained. He felt himself to be placed on a height from which everything beneath him appeared on one level. The cardinals, with their ancient blood and accomplished statesmanship, were no more to him than the meanest drudges in his dominions; and when they first attempted remonstrance at his proceedings, he answered them with such withering disdain, that the proudest of them quailed beneath his eye. He told them distinctly that he was not only their spiritual head but their temporal king, and that in neither capacity would he brook any interference with his authority. It was the custom, on the accession of a pope, for the prisoners to be manumitted in all the jails of Rome; and the consequence of this equivocal mercy was, that these places of durance were always full at such a time—the whole villany of the city taking the opportunity of committing murders, robberies, and other great crimes that would be cheaply visited by a brief imprisonment. When Sixtus was asked, as a matter of form, for his sanction to the discharge of the prisoners, he peremptorily refused it. In vain the members of the holy college, in vain the civic authorities, implored him not to set tradition at defiance: he ordered for instant execution those legally deserving of death, and in the case of the others, did not abate a single day of their confinement. Even the respect paid to his own person by the populace became a crime, since it interfered with his designs. The perpetual *vivas* with which he was greeted made his whereabout so public that he could not come unawares into any suspected place, and he issued an order forbidding such demonstrations. One day, however, two citizens were so enthusiastic in their loyalty that they could not repress the cry of 'Long live the Pope!' which rose to their lips; whereupon the offenders were instantly laid hold of by the orders of Sixtus, and received a hearty flogging.

This *parvenu* pope treated with other monarchs with the unbending dignity which might have been looked for in the descendant of a line of kings; and in some cases—more especially that of Spain—he exhibited the uncompromising sternness of his character. But where the interest of his policy was not involved—where the actors in the drama of life moved in circles that had no contact with his—he admired with all his impulsive soul a masculine and independent spirit. So far did he carry his admiration of our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, who was his contemporary, that one might almost fancy the solitary monk day-dreaming of those times when even popes were permitted a mortal bride. He is said to have given her secret intimation of the approaching Armada of his Catholic majesty; and when the head of the Catholic Queen of Scotland rolled under the axe of the executioner, he is described as having emitted an exclamation of fierce and exulting applause at this memorable exhibition of will and power.

And so Sixtus lived, and reigned, and died—a stern, strong spirit of his day and generation, leaving a broad trail in history, and a lasting monument in the architectural stones of Rome. In the biography of common men, who are swayed by changing currents of passion and circumstance, it would be vain to attempt to explain actions and reconcile inconsistencies, as we have done here, by viewing all their doings, and all the phases of their character, with reference to a leading principle. But Sixtus was governed from his birth by one great thought, though fully developed only by the force of events—a thought as obvious in the hog-boy of Ancona, or the drudge of the Cordeliers, as in the monk Montalto, the inquisitor, the cardinal, and the pope.

FREAKS OF THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

JOHN BULL is certainly a strange animal. So long as he is in his own country, he is as quiet and harmless as a lamb; but no sooner does he set his foot on foreign land, than his nature undergoes a perfect change—he becomes, as it were, transformed. The lion, or perhaps more properly speaking, the bear, taking the place of the lamb in his composition, he begins to growl and look savage. Sometimes he scatters about his money with haughty liberality; sometimes he abuses everything and everybody around him; and not unfrequently he commits such outrages on persons and things as he would never for a moment think of in his native land. In all my travels I have found him the same everywhere: he is a marked character; he will not submit to the good old advice: 'When in Rome, do as Rome does,' but will have his own way after his own fashion. If, for instance, he is in a Catholic country, he enters the churches, asks to see the relics, shrines, &c., to satisfy his curiosity—for Johnny is curious enough when abroad—and when they are shewn to him, he laughs. He has also the habit of walking about and talking loud during divine service, which he thinks shews his consequence, forgetting that he is in the house of prayer. Again, if he meets a funeral or religious procession in the street, he positively refuses to take his hat off—why should he?—but it often happens that it is taken off for him, whereupon he shews fight. Then he must needs write, cut his name, or leave some mark of his pilgrimage wherever he goes, whether it be on a beautiful statue, column, ruin, or church: take, for example, plain 'William Thomson, Newcastle,' as it appears on Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria, written with a tar-brush in letters larger than the gigantic mind of Julian ever conceived. Go to the Lazaretto at Malta, examine the soft stone floors, and they will inform you in true tablet style—skull, cross-bones, and all—that sundry bodies, including those of 'John Smith and his beloved wife, both of London, have reposed there in peace during the space of ten days, looking forward to a happy release.' Come, let us mount to the top of the Great Pyramid, and find if you can a single square inch uncut: visit Jerusalem, the Holy City, walk through its streets, behold its ancient walls, even the Arch of Ecce Homo in the Via Dolorosa, and see there, in good bold English type, 'Try Holloway's Pills.' Let us leave Jerusalem, proceed towards Jaffa, but rest at the hospitable convent at Ramalie, and on one of the bedroom doors we shall see among a host of illustrious names that of 'B. D'Israeli, 1831,' under which some wag has inscribed 'Old clo! Old clo!'

John has another little eccentricity: he likes to pay more for everything he buys or sees than anybody else, yet he tries to appear not to like it, and constantly complains of being cheated and robbed. Go to Switzerland, or up the Rhine—John Bull's summer resorts—and you will find the scale of charges at the hotels—supposing breakfast to be the meal—something like the following:—For a German with a knapsack and a pipe, half a franc; for a Frenchman with light-cloth boots, primrose gloves, and glossy hat, one franc; for an Englishman with his wife, ten children, and a van-load of luggage, two francs each, and one franc *pour le garçon*. Now the regular fee for a guide to pass in safety from Jerusalem to Jericho—a somewhat dangerous road—is 100 piastres; but a certain John Bull, in his awkward generosity, must needs give 200, so that ever since that sum is demanded by the Arab sheik of every English traveller, and unless he has previously learned that the

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customary *backsheesh* is only 100, he is sure to be forced to pay it. But sometimes the freaks of John Bull partake of the wanton and mischievous, as the following examples will shew:—

A few years back I was travelling in a steamboat on the Rhine, when I was suddenly accosted by a rather rakish-looking young man.

'I think I have seen you before, sir,' said he. 'Ah! I recollect now it was at the Convent of Mount St Bernard. You remember what a lovely night it was when we were there, and how brightly the moon and stars shone forth! Do you know what I did while there?'

'No.'

'Well then, I'll tell you. You remember the *morgue*, the place where they keep the bodies of persons they find buried in the snow?—and the tales those old monks told us about the different skeletons?—although I don't believe half the fellows said—they can draw the long-bow so precious tight. Well, after supper, when you were sitting snugly over the fire—how cold it was!—I stole out of the convent, and went to the morgue, and got into it by one of the air-holes in the wall, my object being to carry away something as a *souvenir*. When I began to look around me I must say I felt somewhat queer, for the moon was shining through the various holes right into the building, and made the skeletons look so comically white! They all seemed to be on the full grin at me—one old fellow especially, up in a corner: perhaps you remember him, for the monk who shewed us the place told us some story about him. Whenever I turned, there he was with his diabolical grin. At last I could stand it no longer, and struck at the fellow with this stick, which I had with me at the time, and down he came. You should have heard his old bones rattle! But what do you think I did? Why I carried off his grinning skull as a relic, and have got it now safe in my portmanteau: that 's what I call travelling to some purpose!'

At the eastern extremity of that portion of the city of Valetta (Malta) known as Florian, stands a Capuchin convent. In the crypt are preserved the bodies of the deceased monks, placed upright in niches, and dressed in the habit of the order. A party of English sea-captains were shewn this crypt, when the guide called their attention to a particular body, which he told them was that of a superior; a man who, while living, was noted for his great learning, piety, and charity, and was therefore looked upon by his brethren almost in the light of a saint. On hearing this, one of the sailors, taking the opportunity of the guide's back being turned, took out his clasp-knife, and cut off the right-hand thumb. The mutilation was not discovered at the time, and the fellow escaped punishment. I know a person to whom he afterwards shewed the thumb, glorying in the deed; but I am happy to say he met with anything but the applause he expected. The disfigured hand was pointed out to me on my visit to the convent. Ladies are now excluded except on certain days, and for this reason:—A party of English ladies and gentlemen paid a visit to the convent, and were, as usual, shewn into the crypt. One of the gentlemen, no doubt thinking it would be a good joke, pinned the gown of one of the ladies to the robe of one of the mummies, and the consequence was, that when she moved suddenly away, she pulled the body out of the niche, and dashed it to pieces on the floor.

One evening, at a dinner-party at Cairo, the conversation turned upon museums, when up started a young English traveller, and boastingly said: 'Gentlemen, I've travelled through Italy and Greece, and am making a collection, but you'll never guess what it is, so I may as well tell you. Why, it's a collection of the noses of all the heathen gods and goddesses, saints and sinners, I can lay my hands upon. I always carry with me a hammer, and whenever I see a statue, and an opportunity presents itself, I knock the nose off, and then carefully label it. Now one of my principal objects in coming to Egypt is to get the nose of a certain statue,' which he named, but I have forgotten what it was, 'and I mean to have it too.' His intention, however, was happily foiled by a gentleman, a well-known antiquary at Cairo, sending word to the Arabs to cover over with sand the statue this modern Goth intended to mutilate, and so putting the sapient nose-collector on a false scent.

I fell in with a party of travellers in Syria who required shelter for the night; so they knocked at the door of an Arab farmer's house, and it not being opened so soon as they considered desirable, one of the party drew a pistol from his belt, and firing it, blew off the lock: they then entered, turned the family out, and coolly took possession for the night. They settled the matter the next morning by paying about ten times more than would have been necessary had they gone the proper way to work.

The following circumstance took place about three years ago. A Mr R——, an English traveller, pitched his tent for the night in one of the numerous villages on the Lebanon. While in the full enjoyment of his pipe, the children of the village kept peeping into the tent to look at the strange Frank: this, it appears, greatly annoyed our countryman, so that at last he drew his pistol, and shot one of the little boys. As may be supposed, the whole village was up in arms to avenge this wanton outrage, and Mr R—— would soon have received the reward he so richly merited, had it not been for the Sheik el Belled or village chief, who advised taking him before the British consul at Beyrout. This was accordingly done. It was proposed that he should be sent to Malta, to take his trial for murder; but the child not being dead, it was at last settled that he should pay L.300 to the parents, and L.50 for the outrage committed on the village. Placing security in the hands of the consul for the amount, he was allowed to depart, and set out for Damascus the next day—on the following day the child died. On his arrival at Damascus he railed at the decision of the consul; but on hearing of the death of his victim, and being told that he had better hold his tongue, he beat a hasty retreat from the Holy Land, never, I trust, to pollute it again with his presence.

It is now to be hoped, that as travelling and intercourse with foreign countries become more common, John Bull will mend his manners, and see the folly of his ways: perhaps the least culpable of all his acts is, when he turns his steps homeward to recount to his untravelled and wonder-stricken friends all the extravagances of which he has been guilty.

CHINESE PORCELAIN-SEALS FOUND IN IRELAND.

Of all the curious remains which have been found in the sister-country, none are enveloped in greater mystery than the porcelain-seals which have lately come to light. The first public notice of them, we believe, was in the year 1840, when Mr Huband Smith of Dublin called the attention of the Irish Academy to the fact, that about a dozen seals, bearing ancient Chinese characters, had been found within the last few years in various parts of Ireland, and in situations which precluded the supposition that they were of modern introduction; opening a wide field for conjecture as to the time when they made their way into this country. The matter was taken up by several zealous antiquaries in Ulster, whose farther researches have increased the number fourfold; and lest these remains should come to be confounded with importations consequent on our recently-established intercourse with the Celestial Empire, a complete catalogue has been made of them, the history of each has been investigated and

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chronicled, and its present resting-place registered. Not only have the most eminent Chinese scholars in this country been consulted about them, but impressions of the greater part have been transmitted to China itself for explanation. The result of the whole investigation was laid before the Literary Society of Belfast on the 6th May 1850 by Edmund Getty, Esq.* and it embraces some curious and interesting particulars.

Each of these seals consists of a perfect cube, with the figure of a Chinese monkey sitting upon it by way of handle; and they are all so exactly like each other in size, shape, and general appearance, as to be undistinguishable except by the inscriptions on the under surface. The material is porcelain; and, from the great degree of heat to which they must have been subjected, and the vitrification which has in some measure taken place in consequence, they are as indestructible by corrosion or other operation of time as the glass and porcelain ornaments which are found in the mummy-cases of Egypt. The inscriptions are in the Chuentze or ancient-seal character of China, which, though as old as the days of Confucius—five or six centuries before the Christian era—is often used at the present day on the seals both of public functionaries and private individuals, in the same way that we employ the black-letter of our Gothic ancestors for fancy purposes.

These inscriptions seem to be as numerous and varied as those on our own fancy-seals and wafers; and they have often as little apparent connection with a written correspondence. Such are 'Yih tsaon ting' ('A portico of straw'), alluding to the sheds erected on the roads for the accommodation of travellers; 'Shan kaon shwuy shang' ('High mountains and long streams.') Sometimes they are sentimental mottoes, and sometimes they appear to be mere proper names, and difficult of explanation. On a comparison of five sets of translations now before us, one of which is by the late lamented Dr Gutzlaff, we select a few of the mottoes which seem to be the least ambiguous, judging from the unanimity of the translators.

'Ying fung lung yuĕ' ('Singing in the breeze and playing under the moon'), an allusion to people amusing themselves out of doors in a cool moonlight night. 'Hoo fung' ('Sealed or shut.') Several Eastern nations despatch their letters without any kind of paste or wax; but they write a curse or ill-omen to him who shall violate their secrecy. It is said that in ancient times the Chinese secured their missives merely by stamping or writing on the outside the words—'closed,' 'sealed,' or 'shut.' In our day they generally paste down the flap of the envelope with a few grains of boiled rice, and stamp it with a red ink or thin paste, in the same way that our postmasters do—one-half of the impression being on the flap, and the other on the main part of the envelope. Hence Mr Meadows translates this inscription 'Protecting the closure.' Another motto is—'Shwuy lo shih chuh' ('When the water falls, the stones appear'); perhaps a metaphorical way of expressing that the truth of a case comes to light through the removal of obscuring circumstances; or, as some think, an adage equivalent to the Latin one—'Gutta cavat lapidem,' and intended to convey the idea of constancy or perseverance. Two of the seals bear the motto rendered a 'pure heart;' another has—'Tsun sin tseen le' ('An inch-long heart extending a thousand le'†), which one translator deems equivalent to 'My little heart goes a thousand le to meet you;' while by another it is thought to allude to the thoughts of friends reaching each other at the greatest distances by means of writing. 'Tuy ke keih jin' ('Put one's self in another's place'), refers to a Confucian aphorism which is equivalent to the Christian one—'Do as you would be done by.' 'Wei che sze yay' ('Men do not think of it'—virtue), is a quotation from the 'Sun yu' of Confucius. And lastly, 'Tsae shwuy yih fang' ('Must be in the neighbourhood of the water'), is a quotation from a Chinese ode, in which a man not seeing his friend conjectures where he may be.

These curious seals, amounting to about fifty, have been found at various times, and in localities very distant from each other. The one registered as No. 7 was discovered about seventy years ago by a turf-cutter in a bog in Queen's County; No. 5 was found at no great depth near the town of Carlow, on the site of an old road which led to the Roman Catholic burying-ground, but which has been closed since the year 1798; No. 12 was dug up about forty years ago in taking out the roots of an old pear-tree in an orchard in the County Down, and from the age of the tree it must have lain there a long time before its discovery; No. 26, now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, was found in 1833 in a ploughed field near Borris-O'-Kane, County Tipperary; No. 3 in the parish of Killyleagh, County Down, in a piece of ground which was overgrown with furze, and appeared never to have been cultivated: it is in the Belfast Museum; No. 13 has been in the possession of a private family in Dublin for at least seventy or eighty years, but there is no record of its previous history; No. 45 was found about the year 1805 in a cave near the mouth of Cork Harbour; and No. 50 about ten years ago, immediately outside Cahir Castle. Some human bones were found with this seal, but they mouldered to dust on exposure to the atmosphere.

The interesting question is: How or when did these seals find their way to Ireland? The specimens themselves furnish no clue to their antiquity; for their substance is absolutely imperishable, while 'the character,' says Sir J. F. Davis, 'is sufficiently ancient for any assignable date within our reach.' When they were first introduced to public notice, a correspondent of the 'Athenæum,' said to be a Chinese scholar, irreverently declared them to be 'evidently a hoax'—modern importations purchased in London, and sown in Ireland for the benefit of the Academy. The native antiquaries, shocked at his presumption, appealed to Sir J. F. Davis, who quite agreed with them, that even were these seals like those recently brought from China—which they are not—no one 'would be so "superfluous" as to journey about the most distant localities for the purpose of hiding them in those peat-bogs, burial-grounds, and beds of rivers, where mere chance has led to their discovery;' and if not of modern, it almost necessarily follows that they must have been of very ancient introduction. It has been supposed by others that they may have been introduced accidentally in tea-chests; but if so, it is strange that none but Irish packages should have contained them. Another conjecture is, that they may have been brought to this country by individuals connected with Lord Macartney's embassy in 1792; but it is to be noted that no such seals are found in his lordship's own collections of Chinese curiosities, which are still preserved by his representatives. In fact, not a single specimen of the same kind has been found in any modern collection. Seals of steatite, generally of long rectangular form—not cubical—with an animal at one end, and either with or without inscriptions, are in common use in China, and large numbers of them have been brought to England. 'But this,' says an Irish antiquary, 'can have nothing to say to our porcelain-seals, which most evidently have been cast in moulds, and are quite too hard and brittle to admit of the operation of carving, by which ornaments of agalmatolite have been generally produced—a circumstance which alone would

* Notices of Chinese Seals found in Ireland, read before the Belfast Literary Society, by Edmund Getty, M.R.I.A. Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

† A le is about a third of an English mile.

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make it highly improbable that they would, if buried for any considerable length of time, preserve in any degree their original form.'

A diligent search has been made in the curiosity-shops of London, and in other places where sailors would be likely to dispose of articles brought from foreign lands, but only one specimen could be found similar to those under consideration; and the shopkeeper being urged to say how he had obtained it, stated that he had bought it from a person who told him that it had been found in Ireland. Subsequent information led to the belief that it had been one of four sold out of a private collection in Dublin.

The antiquaries who have taken so much trouble on this subject, fondly cling to the persuasion, though they express it with great modesty, that these seals may be vestiges of the ancient Phœnician commerce with our western shores. There seems little doubt that there was in early times an overland trade between the Celestial Empire and the countries adjacent to Phœnicia, and in communication with it. Vases unquestionably Chinese have been discovered in the tombs of Egypt; and Pliny, with other Roman authors, mentions certain murrhine cups or vases, which appear to have been identical with Chinese porcelain. They were introduced at Rome by Pompey after the Mithridatic war, and became articles of luxury among the wealthier Roman nobles, who gave enormous prices for them, on account of their fragility, taken in connection with the immense distance of the Eastern country whence they were said to come. It is certainly strange, be it remarked, that the relics found in Ireland are seals and not cups, perfume-bottles, coins, medals, or any other usual article of commerce.

It is to be hoped that the intercourse now opened with China may throw some light on this subject. It can probably be ascertained whether such seals as we have described are now found there; and if so, whether they are considered to be of ancient or modern manufacture. Even if the latter prove to be the case, however, it would not materially weaken the presumption of the antiquity of those now brought to light, considering that the Chinese preserve the customs of the remotest periods, as well as their antiquarian remains, with a religious care and veneration unequalled among any other people.

THE 'ROMANCE' OF SEA-LIFE.

We personally know something of the sea, of sailors, and of their life both ashore and afloat, both in the forecastle and the cabin, both abroad and at home. We know also that there is a marvellously prevalent notion among landsmen that a sailor's life is the most romantic of all lives, and that he is himself a very romantic personage individually. We know that the mere name of 'sea,' 'ship,' or 'sailor' excites emotion in the breasts of novel-reading lads, and adventurous youths in general. There seems to be an inherent witchery in the very idea of the 'glad waters of the dark-blue sea;' but this has been stimulated a thousand-fold by the popular songs of Dibdin and others, portraying sailors in such colours that they cannot recognise themselves,* and also by certain modern fictions, which, however admirable as works of art, convey anything but a correct notion of the real work-a-day life of the gallant but plain, honest fellows who man England's wooden-walls. In the books in question, everything which can throw a charm over the sea—everything which tends to impress the reader with a vague idea that sailors are a separate race of mortals, with most fascinating characteristics—is skilfully dwelt upon; but the stern, homely, matter-of-fact, monotonous life they lead is carefully kept in the background, or alluded to in a very slight and deceptive manner. Can we wonder, therefore, that boys of ardent imaginations are absorbingly attracted by such an idealised profession? So enthralling is the love of the sea thus generated, that a good authority declares that he has known youths who could not hear the creaking of a block used in hoisting sugar to the upper floor of a grocer's warehouse, without their imaginations being fired with vivid dreams of ships and the ocean! Once let a stripling become impressed with a longing for the sea, no matter how generated, and the very means you adopt to check his diseased fancy will only strengthen and confirm it. Yet his case is precisely analogous to that of a youth falling passionately in love with a maiden whom he has never seen!

We can give a case in point in which we were personally concerned. About eight years ago, we ourselves were guilty of writing a sea-novel, a copy of which fell into the hands of a boy, a first-cousin of ours. He told us that he had read it over and over till he knew it by heart, and nothing would serve his turn but he must go to sea. His parents were distressed, and we had a long interview with him, and did our utmost to disabuse his mind of the romantic notions which our own book alone had created. All in vain! He would believe his own wild impression from our fiction rather than our sober, truthful *vivâ-voce* advice. He went a short first voyage on liking, and on his return frankly told us that had he known what a hard, harsh life a sailor's really was, he would never have quitted land. 'But,' said he, 'I shall be laughed at if I give it up now! I am a sailor for life, and all through that book of yours!' He was then regularly apprenticed to a merchantman, but the mate treated him so cruelly that he deserted to a man-o'-war, and, if living, he is probably yet in the navy.

The two great classes of boys who go to sea are those who have imbibed romantic notions concerning it, and long to realise them; and those who are sent by their friends as a means to reform them of bad habits. Of the two, the latter class generally make the best sailors; the others are too much disgusted at the reality, too heart-broken at the utter annihilation of all their fine dreams, to take kindly and well to their rough calling. There are of course numerous exceptions in both classes; and of the former, many cling to the sea, and learn to become good sailors out of sheer desperation and stubborn resolve to make the best of a bad bargain, rather than acknowledge themselves to be woefully deceived.

Let us not be misunderstood. We ourselves enthusiastically loved the sea when young, and we love it yet, but in a very different degree. It is a noble profession, that of the wild waves' mastery, but it is emphatically one of the hardest, worst paid, and *most prosaic!* Yes, young readers of Fenimore Cooper, we say it is right-down prosaic; and we know what it is to lay out on a yard in a hurricane. We say, moreover, that sailors themselves are, with very few exceptions, the most prosaic and matter-of-fact among mortals. You may sneer at this; but one week, one day, nay, even one hour of actual sea-service would perhaps convince you that we are speaking advisedly. Let truth be spoken above all things. A sailor's life brings him in occasional contact with sublime manifestations of the Divine power, but he little regards them. His duties absorb all his attention, and there is no time for sight-seeing and reflection, nor is sentiment of any kind allowed to be indulged in on shipboard. On the other hand, he will for weeks and months lead the dullest and most unexciting life conceivable. Day

* We may perhaps except a few of Dibdin's best songs; but the actual fact is, that the songs which are really sung on shipboard are as different from Dibdin's as it is possible to conceive. The songs which sailors love to sing are doggrel, without a spark of imagination. It has been said that Dibdin's songs recruited the navy in war-time more than a dozen pressgangs. Yes, but the songs did not cause *sailors* to ship, but only landsmen.

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after day the same monotonous round of commonplace duties are exacted with iron discipline. Work, work, nothing but work, and not a minute spent in idleness. It is all very pleasant to you, young gentleman, to sit with your feet on a parlour fender, and gloat over picturesque and highly-wrought descriptions of nautical manœuvres, but we can tell you that not one of these is felt to be anything but ordinary *work* by those who actually perform them. There is nothing very delightful in the hourly act of running up and down ladders like a bricklayer's labourer, and hauling rough ropes till your back feels ready to break and your heart to burst; there is nothing peculiarly elevating and chivalrous in the act of picking oakum, and making spun-yarn and sinnet—and sailors are steadily kept at these and similar labours in the intervals between shifting sails; nor is there any inexpressible charm in the act of scraping and oiling masts and yards, and washing decks and tarring rigging.

Now suppose, young friend, that your parents have at length yielded to your frantic entreaties that you may be a sailor, and that you are regularly apprenticed to an East Indiaman. The dream of your life, the cherished prayer of your heart, is fulfilled. You set your foot on the snowy decks with thrilling feelings—proud and glowing aspirations and anticipations. The ship sails, and for a day or so you are too sick to do any duty, and too much a piece of mere lumber in everybody's way during the hurry of departure; so you are unceremoniously kicked below to rough it out as you may. On the morning of the second day you find yourself included in the first-mate's watch, which happens to be the morning-watch—4 A.M. to 8 A.M.—and are called on deck. You stagger up, feeling very queer, very weak, very miserable. It is a fine summer morning, with a steady breeze, and the ship is calmly gliding along on a taut-bowline. You have no heart to look much about you, but you see that every soul on deck is at *work*. You sit down on the booms, greatly exhausted, and the next moment a rope's end is smartly laid across your shoulders, and the mate, with an oath, asks you whether you have shipped to sit for a figure-head, and the sailors chuckle, and the ship-boys wink and grin, and put out their tongues. You rub your shoulders in amazement, and think of your poor mother at home, and burst into tears. The mate calls you a snivelling milksop, and sets you to scrape the tar off a seam of the deck recently *payed*, with a mysterious admonition that if you don't mind what you are about you will receive a liberal allowance of 'beans and bacon!' You don't know what beans and bacon means on shipboard; but you do know that your soft white hands are very sore with grasping the shaft of the rough scraper, and very pitchy in a few minutes, and you mentally think there is very little romance in the operation. Four bells strike—6 A.M.—and the word is given to rig the head-pumps, and wash down the decks. The sailors roughly call you to bear a hand; and you have to pump away, and to take off your shoes and stockings, and paddle with naked feet among the cold water surging over the decks. Then comes the holy-stoning part; and you are set to haul about the 'bibles'—as sailors profanely call the large stones—and to kneel and rub away with 'prayer-books'—small hand-stones—till you fancy it is just the sort of work your mother's kitchenmaid is used to, and you are thankful none of your friends see you engaged at it, and you are very certain there isn't a bit of romance in it. This lasts till eight bells, and you then go to breakfast with what appetite you may.

Four hours later you are summoned on deck again; and the sailors push and knock you about, and one orders you to do this, and another to do that, and all swear at you for your awkwardness and stupidity, and you are perfectly bewildered and frightened, and a picture of misery. The busy mate sees you; and—'Hollo you, sir!' cries he, 'skulking again, are you? I'll polish you! Take that bucket of slush, and lay aloft and rub down the royal-mast. And mind what you do, for my eye is on you!'

You have a bucket of tar and grease and a bunch of oakum thrust into your clammy hands, and are hurried aloft. How you ever get to the royal-masthead you have no subsequent recollection. You are too dizzy to know what you are about; but the mate, whom you think is a demon, is nothing of the sort. He is only doing his duty. You have shipped to become a sailor, and he is beginning to make a sailor of you. He sends an experienced ship-boy aloft to look after you, and this youth digs his knuckles into your sides to make you ascend, and tells you to fix your eyes above your head instead of below your feet; and when you hesitate to dip your delicate fist in the stinking slush, he deliberately gives you a dab in the mouth with it, and asks you who you think you are? You hardly know yourself by this time who you are nor what you are; but you feel in every bone of your body and every tingling muscle that you have found no romance in a sailor's life yet.

And, my young friend, what is more, you never will! There is no romance in life at sea. You will find it nothing but hard work—hourly drudgery. Every soul on board a ship, from cabin-boy to captain, has duties which fully occupy every minute of his time—hard duties, stern duties, prosaic duties. Every private feeling, consideration, and predilection, yields to them. A sailor, no matter what his station, never indulges in romantic fancies of any kind. His life and conversation, whether afloat or ashore, are as matter-of-fact as those of a baker or tallow-chandler. He lives a life of extreme hardship, toil, and privation; and the reason he follows the sea all his days is very frequently because three or four years of sea-life totally unfit him for any other calling.

What we have thus briefly written is the unvarnished truth, and if it induces any youth to pause ere he rashly and unwittingly embraces the sea as a profession, owing to exaggerated and false notions of its presumed romantic nature, we shall be glad; but if, with his eyes open to a full consciousness and conviction that there is no romance in regular daily life at sea, although there is plenty of all kinds of hard work, he should still persist in slipping on the blue jacket, why, we heartily say to him: 'God speed you! you are the stuff to make a sailor!'

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION ON THE ROBIN.

The most remarkable instance I ever remember to have met with of a young pupil not only imitating, but far surpassing his tutor, was about nine years ago, in Jermyn Street, Haymarket. At that period I revelled in the undisturbed enjoyment of a large aviary, numbering no fewer than 366 inhabitants, all first-rate songsters; and my fame as an amateur had spread widely. Among the multitude of my visitors was a gentleman, who informed me that a friend of his was possessed of a most wonderful bird, that he should much like me to see and hear. I took the address, and went at an early day to view the prodigy. On entering the house referred to, and on presenting my card, I was at once ushered into the drawing-room. I there saw two cages—nightingale cages—suspended on the wall. One of them, with a nightingale in it, had an open front; the other had a green curtain drawn down over the front, concealing the inmate. After a little discourse on the subject of ornithology, my host asked me if I should like to hear one of his nightingales sing. Of course I was all expectation. Placing me beneath the cage, and drawing up the curtain [illegible]re alluded to, the bird above, at a whistle from [illegible]er, broke out in a succession of strains that I nev[illegible]urpassed by any nightingale. They were indeed [illegible]ingly eloquent. 'What a nightingale!'

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ejaculated I. The rapid utterance of the bird, his perfect *abandon* to the inspiration of his muse, and his indifference to all around him, caused me to involuntarily exclaim with Coleridge:

> ——'That strain again!
> Full fain it would delay me.'

And so it did. I stood rivetted to the spot, knowing how seldom nightingales in a cage so deported themselves. After listening some time, and expressing my astonishment at the long-repeated efforts of the performer—so unusual, I asked to be allowed a sight of him. Permission was granted; the curtain was raised, and I saw before me—a *robin!* This bird had been brought up under the nightingale from his very earliest infancy, and not only equalled, but very far surpassed his master in song. Indeed he put him down and silenced him altogether. This identical bird, I should add, was sold a few weeks afterwards for nine guineas: he was worth the money. In this case the robin retained no one single note of his own whereby the finest ear could detect him; and this paves the way to still more singular discoveries hereafter.—*William Kidd in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

AN UGLY ENCOUNTER.

In a lately-published American work, entitled 'Forest Life,' by J. S. Springer, the following anecdote is given respecting an encounter in the northern woods with a ferocious animal of the tiger kind, of which the natives stand in great dread, from its uncompromising ferocity. An individual named Smith, while travelling through the forests, had the bad fortune to encounter one of these creatures. He had nearly reached an encampment of his companion lumberers, when the animal stood before him. There was no chance for retreat, neither had he any time for reflection on the best method of defence or escape. As he had no arms or other weapons of defence, the first impulse, in this truly fearful position, unfortunately perhaps, was to spring into a small tree near by; but he had scarcely ascended his length when the desperate creature, probably rendered still more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clinched in the creature's teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonising operation, Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap. He succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest. During the encounter, Smith had exerted his voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who he hoped might be within hail. He was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the dreadful encounter. The sight was truly appalling. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made the descent of the tree. Exhausted through loss of blood, and overcome by fright and exertion, he sank upon the ground and immediately fainted; but the application of snow restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and, as soon as possible, removed him to the settlement, where medical aid was secured. After a protracted period of confinement, he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent.

BEATRICE TO DANTE.

'Guardami ben. Ben son, ben son!' *

'Regard me well; I am thy love—thy love;'
Thy blessing—thy delight—thy hope—thy peace:
Thy joy above all joys that break and cease
When their full waves in widest circlets move:
Thy bird of comfort—thine immortal dove,
Whom thou let'st forth out of thy grievèd breast
To flutter back and point a place of rest:
Thine angel who forgets her crown star-wove,
And comes to thee with folded woman-hands,
Pleading: 'Look on me well—thy love, that stands
Before thee; 'midst the Triune Light divine
Undazzled, still discerns thy human face,
And is more happy in this happy place—
That thou alone art hers, and she is thine.'

DANTE TO BEATRICE.

I see thee, gliding towards me with slow pace
Across the azure fields of Paradise,
Where thine each footstep makes a star arise:
So, from this heart's once void but infinite space
Each angel-touch of thine, by God's dear grace,
Struck out some fiery and eternal spark
To light the world, though all *my* heaven lay dark.
O Beatrice! cypresses inlace
My laurels; none have grown save tear-bedewed—
Heart-tears, that sunk into the earth unviewed,
And sprung up green to form this crown of bays.
Take it! At thy dear feet I lay my all,
What men my honours, virtues, glories, call:
I lived, loved, suffered, sung—for thy sole praise!

* Suggested by a marble figure of Beatrice, bearing this motto on the pedestal.

BUMPER.

This name for a full glass of wine is said to be a corruption of *au bon père*, which was the first toast given when men sat down to drink in Catholic times, and was either meant as a compliment to the priest of the parish or the pope; but in some of the midland counties anything large—a pear, plum, a fish, an apple—is called 'a bumper.' A large country girl is a bumping lass—a large-limbed, coarse rustic a bumpkin. Dr Johnson deduces bumper from bump; others say it is a corruption of bumbord-bombord, in Latin *bombardus*—a great gun, and from thence applied to a large stoup or flagon or a full glass. Thus in *Henry VIII.*, act i. scene 7, the second chamberlain says to the porters who had been negligent in keeping out the mob:

> 'You are lazzy knaves;
> And here ye lie baiting of bumbord, when
> Ye should do service:'

baiting of bumbord being a court-term for sitting and drinking. Again in *The Tempest*, act ii. scene 2:

> 'Yond' some black cloud, yon' huge one
> Looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.'

and Mr Theobald explains it—'a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.'

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THE MEISSENER HOCHLAND.

'Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier,' &c.
German Translation of Burns.

We had spent several days in the Hôtel de Saxe at Dresden, had seen all the galleries of that wonderful city, and heard the Opera company twice in one day—namely, once in the morning at church, and a second time in their own proper region across the way—and were beginning to moralise, in melancholy fashion, on the transitory nature of the company at a hotel, seeing that we could scarcely distinguish at Mr Gerstkamp's *table-d'hôte* a single face which had appeared there on the day of our arrival—when a new guest entered, with a lady on his arm, and I recognised an English friend whom I had last seen within the Arctic Circle, in the course of a hyperborean excursion, of which the reader of these pages has probably perused some of the details. Recognitions took place, with many mutual felicitations on the happy fortune of a second rencontre, so little to have been expected: our respective associates were introduced; and after spending an hour together, it was agreed that we should form a party to visit the celebrated Meissener Hochland, or *Saxon Switzerland*, as it is more generally, though more vulgarly called by strangers. No sooner was the plan agreed upon than we proceeded to its execution. We set off that evening by the railway for Schandau, the recognised centre of the district which we designed to examine. The arrangement was the more suitable, as we were all on our way to Bohemia, and Schandau is twenty-three miles onward in that course. The weather, too, promised remarkably well for such an excursion.

Though it was only the 11th of August, and we started on this journey at six o'clock, night overtook us before we had advanced above half way, in consequence of our being detained an hour by a break-down of our engine. The accident was little to be lamented; for when we reached the border of the Elbe and began to advance into the mountainous country, the moon shone out over the top of the opposite cliffs, and afforded us some most beautiful snatches of the scenery of that admirable river. It was not till near nine o'clock that we stopped at the Schandau station—we in full moonlight—Schandau lost in the deep shade of the opposite feathery hills, except that its few lights betrayed its presence—and the moony Elbe flowing between. We were quickly deposited with our various baggages in a boat, and found ourselves crossing the resplendent river, smooth as a pond, but nevertheless pressing on with such a force as costs the boatmen no small exertion to counteract it. It was a romantic moment, such as occurs seldom, and remains long in the memory; and we were almost sorry when called upon to debark and choose a hotel. We were soon established in an excellent inn called the Forst Haus (Forest House), which raises its lofty bulk over the river, having a garden in that direction, while on the other side it adjoins to the street of the village. Here we found many tourists, chiefly German—for the *Sächsisch-Böhmischen Schweiz*, as they call it, is an attractive wonder to the people of Northern Germany in particular, a country remarkably deficient in romantic scenery. I was pleased to find old married couples, young married people, students, and others, thus bent on holiday-making, as it gave the idea that political fervours and fears did not entirely absorb the energies of the people; neither had the late calamitous troubles left the gloom which one would have expected. Of this fact, however, I had had stronger demonstration at Dresden, where I found an archery festival going on for the entire week, with an enormous concourse of strangers all bent on pleasure-seeking. A large field near the city was daily covered with shows and booths for the amusement and recreation of the assembled multitude; and I am almost afraid to report what I heard of the consumpt of beer upon the ground one hot Sunday; but the memorandum of it in my note-book certainly is—80,000 ems, an em being equal to seventy English quarts. My informant had probably mistaken eight for eighty; but even the lesser sum gives upwards of half a million of bottles. Undoubtedly the capacity of the Teutonic constitution for beer is something prodigious.

From the glimpse which daylight gave me next morning, and what I saw and learned afterwards, I found this celebrated Hochland to be mainly composed of a deposit of *quadersandstein*—the greensand of the English geologists—the utmost height of which above the Elbe may be about 1600 feet. Through this deposit, however, the Elbe and its tributaries have cut profound trenches or valleys; some other agent—probably the sea at an early period, before it had assumed its present limits—has made other excavations, and left other prominences; and the unequal surface thus produced has been partially clothed with wood, to the immense increase of its beauty. Now there are other elevated tracts in which such operations cannot at all be traced, or only to a small extent. What is it which has made a particular tract of sandstone in Saxony so romantic, and so attractive to holidayists? It is the *cubical fracture of the rock*. The strata are disposed almost horizontally; excavation and weathering leave in such a rock vertical faces slightly rounded at the angles. Behold, accordingly, a wonderful confusion of

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abrupt cliffs and turret-like eminences scattered over the country! This history of the scenery is proved by the interspersed spaces which are occupied by granite or any other Plutonic intrusion: these are all smoothed down into the most perfect commonplace. But the moment we pass out of their range, we find ourselves amongst bold cliffs again. Hundreds pass over the ground every summer day without dreaming of cause for what they see. He who can penetrate that mystery —and it is not difficult—has one enjoyment in his holiday the more.

We started next morning in carriages along one of the side-valleys, designing to give our first day to the Kuhstall and Prebisch Thor, two of the most noted curiosities of the district. A splendid sun shone over us from a sky which one might have supposed could never again be guilty of a cloud. It was a beautiful narrow valley, with cliffs far up amongst the pine and birch woods, and a silver streamlet at the bottom. Some of the cliffs actually hang over the road, and once in thirty years or so there is a fall of rock, to the endangerment of passengers. One of the prominences bears the descriptive name of the Lion's Head, from its resemblance to the profile of that animal. Another, bearing in its front face various perforations, has obtained the name of the Death's Head. With such matters our guides amused us till we came to what we were told, with much importance of manner, was a waterfall. We were now to discover that Saxon Switzerland has no more been able to escape the intrusion of the Cockney spirit than the Isle of Wight or the Dargle. A peasant bustled out of a cottage, and passing to the top of a rock of about thirty feet high, drew up a sluice by which the water of a tiny rill had hitherto been confined. We then had a little cascade of about a minute's duration, for which we were expected to bestow a few groschen. The guides, and three or four other peasants, all looked on with an appearance of admiration most comforting to us, for we should have otherwise feared that the cataract was not worth the money. It would have been a shame, however, to have been too critical at such a time and place.

After driving four or five miles, we came to a place where we were told the carriage, serving us no longer, must leave us and return. Our jocund party then commenced a walk through rising, woody ground, and in about half an hour we came to the celebrated Kuhstall. It is one of the cliffy ridges of the district, broken by deep chasms, and perforated at one place by a lofty natural arch. The peasants having used it as a retreat for their cattle during the Thirty Years' War, is the cause of the name (Cows' Stall); but it is believed to have been also a retreat for human beings, and that for no inconsiderable time, and at another period to have afforded shelter and refuge to robbers. It had an indescribably startling effect to pass through solemn woods, till, coming to the great arch, we saw through it a brilliant sunlit scene of woody eminences and distant arable slopes. Nor was it less curious to pass by a natural stair up a narrow chink in the rock till we attained a platform over the arch, and there looked abroad upon a wider expanse of landscape. Our romantic feelings were meanwhile played upon by artificial grooves in the rock, by which doors had formerly been applied for the fortification of these eminences, and by having little caverns pointed out to us as the dormitories of the garrison, and even a hollow in the rock which had served as a baptismal font for the children. The very romance of the place is, after all, the death of it. Beneath the arch are a little tavern and a shop for the sale of curiosities; and no sooner does a party of tourists appear, than three young women, who while away the time generally in knitting or making lace, strike up a trio, accompanied by a guitar, 'having no other thing to depend upon.' My companions were much annoyed by this intrusion of business into what ought to have been a scene of quiet and solitary meditation; but I must confess to having relished the songs of Fatherland with which the poor girls caused the arch to resound. Nor was the draught of Rhenish which a few groschen purchased quite to be despised on so warm a forenoon. Another intrusion into the naturalness of the scene was the crowd of fameless names which had been cut into the face of the rock overhead. I could not gaze without wonder on so broad a demonstration of a passion which, as tempting to such doings, never for a moment, so far as I am conscious, entered my own breast.

We proceeded to descend one slope and ascend another, still sunk amidst pine-woods, till we came to the edge of a lofty cliff, and had a somewhat similar view in another direction (the Lesser Winterberg.) Here also had trade come, but only to traffic in fruit and cream. Another long and toilsome sylvan walk, in the course of which we ascended several hundred feet, when suddenly, at a moment when I thought we were approaching some dismal cave 'shagged with horrid shades,' we turned an angle and found ourselves in the paved courtyard of a nice hotel, with parties of native tourists drinking beer under the shade of a few trees. It was the hotel of the Great Winterberg, a house perched on the highest ground of the district, and evidently a place of great resort. The view from its *belvédere* on the top introduced us to all the great eminences of the district, each of which has for a final syllable in its name the word *stein* (meaning stone or rock), as Circlestein, Cronstein, Pfaffenstein, &c.: we saw the Elbe pursuing its glittering way through what forms no small space in the map of Europe, extending from Prague on the one hand to Dresden on the other. While enjoying this wide range of view, we had a tolerable lunch; after which, again setting out, we had a longer walk, through woody and rocky ground. Not altogether lonely, however, for seldom did we attain any place at which a rest was likely to be desirable, without a harp or a couple of fiddles striking up for our regalement, or perhaps a rustic mendicant posted up with his silent, but scarcely less forcible appeal. I had been somewhat surprised at the complete absence of street-begging in Dresden, and was told that no such thing was there practicable. Here, as if to make the traveller pay up for the exemption in that city, it was impossible to walk a quarter of a mile without being petitioned for alms. The only consoling reflection was that the beggars appeared not to be professional, but simply the poor people of the district taking the opportunity of somewhat alleviating the hardships of their lot.

The Prebisch Thor, which we at length reached, proved to be a piece of ground of a most remarkable character—a breast-work of *cliffs*, which seemed to have been arrested half way towards the condition of a range of *needles*. Three prominences start out from the mountain, like great buttresses, and in one of these is the natural arch or *door* from which the name is derived. Seen from certain points, it is a wildering, natural scene, which arrests attention by its very singularity; not to speak of its rugged sublimity of peak, and the beauty of the sylvan clothing of the lower slopes. We thought ourselves at first in a perfect solitude; but on advancing along one of the prominences, we were soon undeceived. Turning an angle of rugged rock, and looking down over what had seemed a tremendous precipice—fit haunt only for the eagle and the mountain-fox—what was our surprise to see, about fifty feet down, a *restaurant* in full business, with dozens of little holiday parties seated at tables in the open air, making merry with tobacco, beer, and other refreshments! On further acquaintance with the place, we could not but feel amused by the strange mixture of natural beauties with the familiar matters of common life. It was the *Thor* itself, the august arch left

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here by nature, which had become the courtyard of a hotel. Magnificent platforms of the cliff were in like manner occupied by the outbuildings of the concern. The grand chinks which seamed the front of the hill were found to have been taken advantage of for the construction of stairs, which, like the convergence of the paths of glory in Gray's Elegy, led but to the tavern. If we made our way round some apparently sterile protuberance, thinking to get a more comprehensive view of the ocean of wood rolling beneath, we were sure to light upon either an old woman engaged in the honest calling of washing dishes, or a waiter busy arranging empty bottles. Nor were little shops for the sale of curiosities and guide-books forgotten. In short, Cockneydom itself could not have more completely beset any show-place with its petty traps for mortal appetite or its zeal for turning an honest penny.

Making our way down the valley to the small town of Hirniskretschen, on the Elbe, we there, at a reasonable hour in the afternoon, obtained places in a steamer returning from Bohemia, and in a very short time were safely landed at Schandau. After dinner, tempted by the beautiful moonlight and the delightful temperature, we wandered out to the bank of the river, and there enjoyed some of those soft and romantic reveries which come upon one in a place which one does not know too familiarly—fragments of an ideal world composed solely of the picturesque, the pure, and the happy. Some one said, 'What a nice place to spend a summer in!' But we could not help fearing that a month, perhaps a week, might be enough to undeceive us out of what we now felt to be its chief charm. Affected, nevertheless, by the gentle spirit of the hour, I was induced to get out my flute, and play a few of the beautiful airs of a certain land beyond the sea, sending along the moonlit Elbe the same strains which I had once caused to float over the fiords of Lapland. Here, however, it was difficult to say whether the whimsical did not predominate over the romantic, for there certainly is something intensely quaint in addressing national music to ears so totally heteroclite to all its ordinary associations.

From various circumstances not worthy of being particularised, I had to enter upon my second day of the Saxon Schweiz with the company of my daughter only. Furnished with a good carriage and a guide, we set out at eight in the morning, taking this time a westerly direction. The morning air was pure and brilliant as the diamond, and the narrow side-valley into which we quickly plunged—called the Teufer Grund (Deep Ground)—was even more beautiful than that which formed the porch of our yesterday's excursion. Not merely did the streamlet of the meadow and the pines and birches of the mountain-sides play well their several parts, but the very lichens, fungi, and other antiquarian vegetation, as I think it may be called, which clothed the rocks, conveyed a rich feeling of beauty. In passing a tall rock which started up by the way-side, with the date 1699 inscribed upon it, we were told by our attendant that here a dismal incident had taken place at that era. Two young men, previously friends, became enamoured of one damsel, the beauty of the district. Loving them both equally, she had failed to repress the attentions of either, and they consequently became deadly rivals. They finally met at this spot, and fought in the savage manner of their class, till both were mortally wounded. I shall not attempt to detail our visits in the course of this forenoon to the Brand, a tall cliff from which we look down upon the Teufer Grund—Honenstein, an old-fashioned village in the mountains—and Hochstein, another cliffy eminence. Suffice it to say, they were all remarkable objects, well worthy of the celebrity they enjoy as the special attractions of this romantic territory. Let me hurry on to the Bastei, which I had reserved as the *bonne bouche* of the day, being by far the finest example of that particular arrangement of scenery which constitutes the wonders of the Saxon Schweiz. After passing a considerable way along a tame plateau, we suddenly come to the verge of a sandstone cliff, of four or five hundred feet in elevation, at the base of which rolls the Elbe. The effect is so startling as for some seconds to suspend the breathing of the beholder, and send a thrill through his frame. It is not a mere breast-work of cliff. On both hands one sees a forest of pinnacles standing out as the videttes of a winding range of precipices—a surprising result of that cubical fracture peculiar to the rock. The whole looks as if composed of some Titanic masonry. Sometimes a thin wall of living rock connects the advancing turret with the great irregular curtain of precipice. Needle-eye apertures shine through some of the prominences. Giant columns are capped and feathered with shrubs which have found their way where man cannot pass—adding beauty to what would otherwise be only terrible. Man, however, has cut passages and thrown perilous-looking bridges across parts of the wilderness of natural fortification, and thus enabled himself to approach spots where, through the long stretch of time, no foot but that of the wild bird had been. Here, too—for the truth must be told—he has contrived to furnish himself with the Cockney comforts of a restaurant and a 'brass band,' while enjoying the sublimities of nature. He turns from the pleasing agony of a look down the cliff to sip his coffee or relume his cigar, and is interrupted in a scientific meditation on the processes by which these wonders of physical geography have been created, by a cap held out for his contribution to the musicians.

A conspicuous object through the whole of this day's excursion was Konigstein, one of the loftiest of the isolated eminences formerly alluded to, and which has been taken advantage of as the site of a fortress, said to have hitherto resisted all efforts to reduce it. The writer of *Murray's Handbook* tells us that it is fitted to convey an excellent idea of the hill fortresses of India. To a native of my own city who has not been much from home, I would say, think of a fortress like Edinburgh Castle, only twice the size, on the top of a hill as high as Arthur's Seat, and he will have some idea of this grand stronghold of the Saxon monarchy, where the jewels of the royal family are deposited in all times of danger. The last attempt to reduce this castle was made by Napoleon, who planted a battery against it upon a hill about three miles off. The distance was found to be too great to allow of the balls or bombs having any effect. After a long detour, and ferrying across the Elbe, we drove up a long paved way which forms the approach to Konigstein, and by and by reached a platform of ground under the walls of the fortress, where we had to leave our carriage at a humble gasthof. Let the reader imagine a lofty sandstone cliff, pared down to make it vertical, and surmounted by battlements and towers rising to the height of about a hundred and sixty feet.

On arriving at the gate we found it jealously guarded, and I had to send in my passport for the examination of the commander before we could obtain admission. During the long half-hour which we were kept waiting, I observed that no person, man, woman, or child, passed in or out without a scrupulous locking of the gate. At length an order came for our admission; but here a characteristic circumstance occurred. A young man, who from his dress might have been a student, had come up the sloping way beside our carriage, and pleaded for permission to join us, in order to reduce the expense of seeing the fortress—a fee of four shillings being exacted from each party. His passport was now returned to him, with a refusal of admission. I felt sorry for the young man, and was curious to learn

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the reason of his rejection. There was no other than that he was an *ouvrier*. The poor fellow took the matter a good deal more coolly than I—premonished, perhaps, of the jealousy of his native government. We found within a curious range of antique buildings occupied by a considerable garrison, and, what surprised me, a garden and grove of trees. The views from the battlements were superb. The well we found to be the principal curiosity; and it certainly is of no common character. It penetrates the living rock to the depth of above 600 feet, of which sixty are usually occupied by water. When our attendant poured in a tankardful of the element, its swoofing noise in descending was very curious, and I found that nine seconds elapsed before we heard it strike the surface. A man then took a mirror, and ascending to an elevated point amidst the machinery over the well, held it in a particular manner with relation to the sun, which poured in its rays at one of the windows. It was some time before I understood the object: it was explained when our guide, drawing us to the brink of the well, desired us to look down. We then, to our surprise, beheld the surface of the water 600 feet below as clearly as if it had not been twenty—the reflection of the sun from the mirror having penetrated the profound depth, and given the abyss the lucidity of day. I have rarely seen so striking an effect produced by means so simple.

Having thus completed the usual round of the wonders of the Saxon Schweiz, we had nothing to do but drive home in the cool of the evening, and talk over the incidents of the day with our friends in the hotel. We next morning set out by the railway for Prague, unanimously acknowledging that the pleasant hotel of Schandau, and the beauties of the Hochland and of the noble Elbe, had rendered the two preceding days the most agreeable that had yet occurred in the course of our tour.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

One evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gaiety in front of Senor Arguellas' country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark *Neptune*—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelvemonth previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, *etcetera*, to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unsaleable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was excellent cabin-accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the north-west, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good-humour, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havannah and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendours of the intensely-lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The senor, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

'Do not go away,' said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, 'till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements.'

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause. The commander of the *Neptune* had agreed to take several free-coloured families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar-cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba. The American gentlemen had previously expressed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with their taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's 'negro principles,' as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of coloured people to their own souls and bodies. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave-squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humour into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—

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M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: 'I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable.'

'Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*' shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. 'Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!'

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. 'Let us proceed,' he said in a quick whisper, 'to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption.' He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: 'I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall'——

'Thank you, Mr Desmond,' replied the English captain; 'but I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight M. Dupont.'

'What does he say?' exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. 'Not fight!'

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. 'Not fight, Captain Starkey!' said Mr Desmond with grave earnestness after a painful pause: 'you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!'

'I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle.'

'A coward, upon principle!' fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

'Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you.'

'But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!' exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; 'or by Heaven I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!'

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

'The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!' shouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

'I almost doubt whether Mr Starkey is an Englishman,' exclaimed Mr Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; 'but, at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that'——

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantés là*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr Desmond, the last-named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongfully interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: '*Lâche!*' He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. '*Ecoutez*, monsieur,' said Captain Starkey: 'individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica.' He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, coloured as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already apeak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in duelling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the north-west, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin-passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behaviour of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter

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of an hour afterwards Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, I understood, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first-mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at the moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of 'Fire! fire!'—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the forecastle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognised that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigour, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: 'Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment.' Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: 'You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. Yon drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish.'

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. 'Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember,' he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, 'that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!'

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. 'Well done, my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you'—and he named them—'remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear.'

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as coloured, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. 'Back, back!' he shouted. 'We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!'

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

'Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!' roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: 'or if you will, look there but for a moment,' and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards' distance from the ship. 'Men,' he added, 'let whoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the coloured women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

'Pull off,' was the order: 'you are deep enough for safety.'

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

'Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!'

The next boat was quickly loaded; the coloured lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

'You are a noble fellow,' said Mr Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; 'and I was but a fool to'——

'Pass on,' was the reply: 'there is no time to bandy compliments.'

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

'Hold on a moment!' he cried. 'Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;' and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: 'Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again.'

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered amongst us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, the remaining coloured man, the four seamen, and Captain Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

'Can she bear another?' he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

'We must, and will, sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with yon ugly customers swimming round us.'

'Stay one moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board.' He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with

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the still senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. 'Now pull for your lives!' The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. 'We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart: there may be a chance yet.' All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguellas till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of descrying the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly-propelled pilot-boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

'What ship is that?' cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

'The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!'

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: 'A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!'

'That's young Mr Mainwaring's face and voice!' exclaimed the foremost pilot. 'Hurra, then, for the prize!' and away both sped with eager vigour, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly no doubt from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot-boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbour. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot-boats: we recognised the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterwards we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honour—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half-a-dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. 'I was very early left an orphan,' he said, 'and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs ——.' (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) 'Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behaviour during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is'—— Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly: he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the sly significance of Senor Arguellas' countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senora Arguellas' grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humour, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havannah; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied,

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as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguellas has attained the rank of major: at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguellas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez bucaneering affair. And I also am pretty well now, thank you!

THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr Rutter of Black Rock, Brighton, has recently invented a magnetoscope of such extreme delicacy, that it is capable of indicating plainly to the sight the existence of magnetic currents which would appear to be constantly traversing the human frame, and the various modifications of them which are produced by circumstances apparently of a totally insignificant character—such even as contact with the dead objects and living people around us.

The invention of the instrument is undoubtedly Mr Rutter's, so far as it is an invention at all. However, many of the phenomena produced by the apparatus, and the principle of the arrangement, were introduced to the notice of the English public several months ago by Dr Mayo. No doubt many who read his work thought too contemptuously of the apparently fabulous phenomena there said to be producible, to take the trouble of putting the matter to the test of experiment, even though nothing was required, if I remember right, than to string a gold ring on a silken thread, let it hang loosely and freely from the human hand, and watch the results. In this form, however, it was a mere toy. Mr Rutter has made of it a philosophical instrument.

The following account is drawn up from notes taken at a lecture on the instrument given in London by Dr Madden of Brighton.*

1. From a stand fixed firmly to the table there rises perpendicularly a rod of wood, say eighteen or twenty inches high, having a brass knob on the top. From the knob projects at right angles with the upright a brass arm, say nine inches long, tapering to a fine end. 2. A fine silken filament is attached to one end of a small spindle-shaped piece of sealing-wax like a fisherman's float—but the shape is not material. This is hung from the extremity of the brass arm; and the line being merely a raw thread taken from the cocoon, there is no twist or tendency to turn in it, but the plumbob hangs free to vibrate or circulate, or adopt any motion in obedience to the infinitesimal influences which are to act upon it.

Immediately underneath the centre of the bob is a small circular wooden plate, say four inches in diameter, so made as to be fixed in a horizontal position, higher or lower—that is, nearer to or farther from the lower point of the bob. On this is placed a glass dish, rather less than the tablet it rests on, and about as deep as the bob is long. The tablet is then moved upwards until the lower end of the bob *almost* touches the centre of the glass dish. The bob, thus hanging down into the dish, is protected from the accidental movements of the surrounding air. If thought desirable, however, the whole line and bob can be surrounded with a glass shade, such as are placed over artificial flowers or small statuary, having a hole in the top for the string to pass through.

The apparatus being thus prepared, and the sealing-wax bob hanging dead from the brass arm, and all parts at rest, the operator placed the finger and thumb of his right hand upon the brass knob, and almost without any perceptible interval the bob was evidently moved; in a few seconds it was decidedly making an effort to swing round, and in less than a minute was steadily careering in a circle parallel to the sides of the glass dish, the lower end of the bob tracing a circle of perhaps two inches in diameter, or the size of a crown-piece, from left to right, as the hands of a watch move. The lecturer said he would call this the *normal* motion, being that which was invariably produced, at least after some practice; but it was a curious fact, and as yet unaccountable, that many of the movements were different with different individuals—that they were often even different with a given individual on first experimenting and after considerable practice; but that there came a time when an operator could depend on the movement peculiar to himself occurring without exception. This left-to-right movement invariably occurred however often the experiment was made, the bob invariably beginning to swing with the sun a few seconds after the application of the finger and thumb to the knob. He stated, too, that many experiments which at first were difficult, or gave dubious results, became sure and unvarying as the operator increased in delicacy by practice.

The mode of stopping the movement is by taking a piece of bone in the left hand, when the motion gradually slackens and ceases. With Mr Rutter the bob will stop almost immediately, but with Dr Madden the time occupied is tediously long, and therefore more forcible means were on the present occasion employed when it was wished to commence a new experiment. The lecturer, however, shewed an equally satisfactory experiment. Placing the finger and thumb of the right hand to the knob, and holding a piece of bone in the left, no movement whatever could be produced: on dropping the bone from his palm, the bob was instantly *stirred*, and in a few seconds once more traced out the normal circle.

When only the *finger* was applied to the knob, the bob set up, not a circular but a to-and-fro movement, like a clock pendulum. On stopping it and applying the thumb only, a similar pendulation was produced, but in a direction directly across and perpendicular to the former. The direction of the swing for finger and thumb respectively was always the same, however often the experiment might be tried—that is, calling the direction for the finger N. and S., that for the thumb was E. and W.; and if while the finger was producing the N. and S. swing the thumb was substituted, the bob was instantly affected—staggered, so to speak—and shuffled itself into the E. and W. direction.

While the lecturer held the knob by his finger and thumb, a person standing by touched the operator's left hand with his own right, when, instead of a circular motion, an oscillatory one was produced, but in a direction different from the other two. On this a chain was formed by the gentlemen present joining hands, and as the chain increased the arc of oscillation increased until the bob swung as far as the sides of the dish; the contribution of a few more hands, and it must have struck the glass. If the bystander touched the experimenter with his finger (index) only, the same

* The reader will understand that though we admit this paper, as likely to be read by many with interest, we do not profess to vouch for all its statements.—ED.

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effect was produced as if the experimenter touched the instrument with his finger only, and so with the thumb.

Now came an extraordinary and mysterious part of the subject. The lecturer stated that if, while the operator's finger and thumb were producing the left-to-right movement, a woman were to touch his left hand, the bob would immediately refuse to proceed in the normal direction, and be carried round in the opposite direction—right to left. No ladies were present, but the lecturer stated that anything which had been worn or carried about by a female for a length of time, or even a letter written by one, would do as well. Incredible as this may seem, it was put to the proof and succeeded. The instrument being at rest, the operator placed his right hand on the knob, and a letter written by a lady was laid in the palm of his left, when the bob immediately commenced a circular movement from right to left. This was tried with several documents, one of which was of the date of September 27th, twenty-four days previous. One of these experiments was startling, and touches on a disputed and much-vexed question; but we may venture to state what really occurred. One letter placed on the hand produced an apparent indecision on the part of the bob to such an extent that the lecturer 'gave it up:' he could not tell what sex the writer was. It proved to be a woman; but the writing had been penned while in the mesmeric sleep, on which the lecturer remarked, that Mr Rutter had already ascertained the fact of the disturbing influence exerted by a somnambulist.

The remainder of the experiments were performed with a particular object, as it was imagined that the phenomena now first exhibited had an important bearing upon the homœopathic law and practice of healing. But the interest of the experiments is not confined to those who have this in view; and the most anti-homœopath, at all events, must be indebted to the heterodox practice for the means of performing some of the most curious of all the experiments—means unattainable elsewhere, and which were provided for a purpose altogether different from the present, and therefore all the more beyond suspicion. We allude to the homœopathic globules, attainable in any quantity from the chemists. These are simply little pills of white sugar, over which has been poured a tincture of that medicine with which it is desired to saturate them. This tincture may be of any potency or dilution, and the globules are named accordingly. Thus a drop of the strong, original, or mother tincture, say of belladonna, is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops of fluid. One drop of the mixture is taken out, and of course contains a 100th part of a drop of belladonna. This is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops more of fluid. One drop of this mixture is taken out, and of course contains a 100th part of a 100th part of a drop of belladonna—that is, the 10,000th part of a drop. This is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops more of fluid. One drop of this mixture is taken out, and of course contains the 100th part of the 10,000th part of a drop of belladonna—that is, the 1,000,000th part. Suppose this process proceeded with to the twelfth, or still more, to the thirtieth time, and it may be understood how many were impressed with the idea that a drop of such a preparation could not possibly contain any appreciable quantity of belladonna, certainly none that could act, for good or ill, on the animal economy. But these preparations are gross and material compared with the dilutions or potencies often resorted to, where thirty is left behind, and the chemist manipulates up to hundreds, and even thousands. No wonder that men pooh-poohed, and declared that in a drop of such a fluid, and still more certainly in a globule of sugar moistened with a very small portion of such drop, there could be no belladonna at all.

With globules of this character the lecturer proceeded to experiment.

First placing his right hand on the knob, a few globules of pure sugar were placed on his left palm; but no effect whatever was produced by the sugar, the direct circular movement taking place as usual. For the sugar was then substituted one globule of sulphur, 30th dilution, and the motion was at once reversed. In consequence of a question from a gentleman present, as the lecturer was about to proceed with a new substance, he made the following curious statement: that he had been trying the magnetoscope with gold, and it struck him as strange that the gold ring on his left hand appeared inert, while that which he held acted. But on putting by the ring for a short time, it was found to influence the instrument like any other specimen. He had found, too, a similar difference with newly-adopted garments and such as had been long worn—as though articles in time became saturated with an individual's electricity, and became a part of himself.

A globule of the 20,000th, and another of the 65,000th sulp. produced no effect; but one of the 7000th acted immediately.

A trituration was then tried. One grain of arsenic had been rubbed down with ninety-nine grains of sugar-of-milk. A small portion of this was placed on the left palm, and caused the plumbob to stop; but on a bone counter being also placed on the palm, the normal movement from left to right ensued, as if nothing had been there. It will be remembered that the effect of the bone is to stop the circulation of the plumbob, and that of the arsenic is also to stop it. The arsenic alone succeeds in doing so; yet when the effort of the bone, *in the same direction*, is added to it, they nullify instead of assisting each other, and the influence of the right hand is exerted as if the left held nothing at all. This certainly is curious, whatever we may think of its bearing on the homœopathic dogma: '*Similia similibus curantur*'—of which more anon.

A globule of arsenic of the 40,000th dilution was tried, and stopped the motion.

On placing a globule of Bryonia (20th) in the left palm, a pendulum-motion was produced in a line running N.W. Calcareo-carbonica produced a N. and S. pendulum; iodide of potassium a N.E.; muriate of ammonia, an oscillation in a long, narrow ellipse lying N. and S.; sulp. and mercury both gave a *reverse* circular motion.

Be it remembered, 1*st*, That, however the direction and character of these movements altered, yet they were invariably the same for the same substance—insomuch that the operator, having one of the globules, taken at random from any box, placed by a bystander on his left palm, could, from the figure described by the bob and its direction, pronounce what medicinal substance the sugar contained; 2*d*, That the vibrations here spoken of were not mere incipient agitations of the bob, to which a wish to believe gave a positive character, but *bonâ-fide* swingings to and fro, so that the arc described by the lower end of the bob was perhaps more than two inches long.

It will be seen that this new branch of magnetology, though here shewn in more or less connection with homœopathy, and with what has hitherto been known as animal magnetism, has no necessary dependence on these proscribed subjects; neither are there the difficulties of proof and the apparent openness to fraud, and the consequent disinclination of many to experiment, which attend the latter. The opponents of these systems are apt to regard everything which succeeds as a collusion or an accident, and every failure as a damnatory proof; and the repugnance even to experiment is extreme. Here the student may acquaint himself with phenomena as curious, and at first thought as incredible, as any that have aroused the indignant incredulity of the wise, jealous for the

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honour of the human intellect and the dignity of the established authorities—phenomena produced by the unassisted experimenter, consisting in gross, material movements, leaving no room for delusion or illusion.

THE CLERICAL ODDITIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

DULL and prosy as he is, I have known other curates duller and prosier than SIR NATHANIEL* of Navarre. Only three days since I heard an Oxford clerk and 'afternoon lecturer' of the same pedantic class discourse to a drowsy congregation in terms most prolix, plethoric, polysyllabic, about abstract dogmas, and what I fear Mr Carlyle would impatiently call 'supervenient moonshine'—the entire homily being A 1 of the kind, and disposing me (such was the only 'practical inference' *I* culled from it) to be more leniently disposed towards the aforesaid Navarrese curate, whom, sooth to say, I had been wont to set down in my private opinion as an unmitigated bore. Those who could toil through his classico-barbarous communings with Holofernes the schoolmaster, were welcome to their labour of love: to me it was love's labour lost. Yet, on reading again the sayings and doings of the reverend pedant, I liked him better, esteemed him more respectfully, and began to think he might fill a pulpit as meritoriously as some living divines I know, who count it an honour to be wholly unread in Shakspeare, and of course absolutely ignorant of the mere existence, ideal or actual, possible or preterite, of such a clerical brother as poor Sir Nathaniel.

This 'good master parson,' as Jaquenetta calls him, is, with all his scholasticism, a sociable, kindly-disposed, open-hearted creature. He relishes sport—such as deer-hunting—when conducted decently and in order, and approvingly criticises it as 'very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.' When Dominie Holofernes is 'to dine to-day' at the house of one of his scholars, and, in the pride of his heart, makes bold, 'on the privilege he has with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil' (the sort of privilege Abel Sampson might have exercised at Ellangowan), to invite Sir Nathaniel *too*—undertaking his *ben venuto*, 'if, before repast, it shall please him to gratify the table with a grace'—how benignantly Sir Nat accepts the summons to a 'spread,' and how pregnantly he moralises on the benefits of convivial relaxation! Saith Holofernes: 'I beseech your society.' Maketh answer Sir Nat: 'And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.' A very wholesome text, your reverence; even though you might not give chapter and verse for it. No bilious recluse is this pastoral worthy; no pale, pinched-up Lenten starveling; no cadaverous ascetic, whose phiz at a dinner-party would be equivalent to a death's head. He loves, does Sir Nathaniel, to move among his parishioners—to hold kindly intercourse with them, and repay with the weighty bullion of learned speech the good fare they press upon him. He has bowels, look you, and is not simply an anatomy of a man. He is warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as his fellow-Christians—fed with the same food—subject to the same diseases. If you tickle him he will laugh, though with somewhat ponderous and deliberate cachinnation, as becomes his years and office. His self-complacency as a scholar is harmlessly amusing. He loves to be called a bookman by Goodman Dull, and yearns with compassion over that worthy's 'twice-sod simplicity'—apologising for his rustic ignorance with the most condescending good-will. 'Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ate paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

> And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
> (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.'

The curate's humility and magnanimity are beautiful; most exemplary his appreciation of his own superiority, and his readiness to suggest excuses for inferior genius. He is not envious of the transcendent abilities of his companion and parish schoolmaster Holofernes—a still greater dominie than that renowned veteran of 'Sweet Auburn,' whose academic qualifications Goldsmith sums up by telling us that

> —— 'In arguing, too, the *parson* owned his skill,
> For even though vanquished he could argue still;
> While *words of learned length and thund'ring sound*
> Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around;
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head should carry all he knew.'

Sir Nathaniel unreservedly eulogises the conversational powers of the dominie, as displayed at the dinner they duly honoured with their presence:—'I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.' He has a keen zest for the dominie's choice of words, and takes out his table-book with the air of Mr Pickwick himself, to note down whatever strikes him as 'a most singular and choice epithet;' in fact, he is a little awed by the multifarious knowledge and philologic acumen of his learned friend, who is certainly the profounder scholar of the twain. They have both, as that witty juvenal, Moth, observes, 'been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps;' or as Costard phrases it, 'they have lived long in the alms-basket of words.' Sir Nathaniel cannot bend the bow of Holofernes: his learning is of a baser stamp; his adjectives are of fewer syllables; his critical skill is comparatively crude and unexercised. He is but 'a foolish mild man,' as one of his parishioners describes him—'an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler.' But away from the bowling-green, and the parishioner's pudding-time, and the schoolmaster's society, this honest man is 'soon dashed.'

Of this he exhibits a melancholy instance when undertaking to enact the part of Alexander the Great in the pageant of the 'Nine Worthies.' The hedge-priest, as Biron flippantly calls him, is to come forth, armed in complete steel, as the personator of the old-world conqueror. Surely they might have given his reverence another *rôle*. Signal is his failure in attempting the stalwart Macedonian. He launches out boldly, and with considerable histrionic promise:

> 'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
> By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
> My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander'—

but here, alas! the rudeness of criticism dismays the magnifico, and makes him forget his part. They have put it out of his head; they have ravelled the thread of his discourse. He must begin again at the beginning, if he is to do it at all. He *does* begin again, with

> 'When in the world I lived'—

but there's no bearing up against a quizzical audience, with its interruptions, and its asides, and its personalities. So good Sir Nathaniel is fain to retreat from such a presence—scared from his senses and from the stage by naughty Costard's noisy strictures: 'A

* Love's Labour's Lost.

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conqueror, and afraid to speak!—run away for shame, Alisander;' which Alisander incontinently does, Costard the while covering his retreat with the indulgent apology: 'He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted.' We hope the villagers did not giggle next Sunday when the curate, who had thus been 'a little o'erparted' during the week, stepped demurely from the vestry, in garb and mien so incompatible with those of Philip's warlike son; and we hope that, for the future, when Sir Nathaniel wanted secular recreation, he stuck to ninepins, and abjured the 'Nine Worthies.'

We could have relished further acquaintance than is vouchsafed us with the vicar of the Forest of Arden, Sir Oliver Mar-text.* The pastor of such a dreamland district—the shepherd of such sheep as Corin and Silvius, of that deliciously simple hind, William, who suffers Touchstone to bully him with such forgiving good-nature, and of those sylvan nymphs, Phebe and Audrey—must have been a man worth knowing, and worth talking to, 'patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.' He may, like Berkeley, have had every virtue under heaven for all we know; but we only regard him as a butt for Touchstone's wit—for the archery whereof he steps forward, presents an unflinching broadside, and, having received the shaft, forthwith retires; and we lose sight of him for once and aye amid the umbrageous glades of his romantic parish. He is a good rubrician, however, and stickles for canonical order in the projected espousals of Touchstone and Audrey; and that in a stanch spirit of orthodoxy, which inclines us to resent the disrespect of Jaques, who dissuades the jester from being 'married under a bush, like a beggar'—Jaques ought to have known better than to slur the 'melancholy boughs' and ordained clergy of the Forest of Arden—and bids him 'get to church, and have a good priest that can tell what marriage is;' insolently adding, 'this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.' Quite exemplary, and almost touching, is the meek firmness of the good vicar under this provocation. ''Tis no matter,' quoth he; 'ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.' Jaques treats his reverence as though he were the drunken, red-nosed, disreputable Fleet parson himself. But Audrey, kind soul! has a conviction—Audrey is a bit of a low-churchwoman, we fancy—that, 'faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.' But Touchstone silences her protest by his newly-acquired scruples in matters ecclesiastical, having become quite severe in his views of spiritual functions; and assures his buxom bride that the said vicar is 'a most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text.' Perhaps 'twas as well, after all, that Sir Oliver was not again dragged forth from his bosky manse to encounter Touchstone's raillery, for which, we fear, his limited experience and recluse habits had indifferently prepared him. In personal *physique* he may have been ample and substantial as Thomson's 'round, fat, oily man of God;' but we only know that, athwart the copses of leafy Arden, he comes like a shadow, and so departs.

Turn we now to a third member of the Shakspearian clerical guild—to that notable, laughable, lovable piece of good-humour and bad grammar, Sir Hugh Evans.† Not long since I was doomed to hear him and Shakspeare (as responsible for him) abused by—*credite posteri*—a Welsh parson! by a gentleman profound in statistics of the Court of Arches, and quite *au fait* upon the legality of synodical action, but indignant with every latitudinarian, lay or cleric, who could read, much more quote, the Bard of Avon. A divine he was whose discourse, in itself and its results, reminded me of our present poet-laureate's Parson Holmes 'at Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve:'—

> 'Half-awake I heard
> The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
> Now harping on the church commissioners,
> Now hawking at geology and schism.'*

Shockingly did I scandalise my friend—a peppery Welshman withal—by suggesting that Sir Hugh Evans *might* deserve a place in the calendar as much as some of the worthies therein canonised. Sir Hugh, notwithstanding his 'little affair' with that choleric foreigner, Dr Caius, is radically a peacemaker, and as such has some recognition among the beatitudes. He is unequivocally a good creature—overflowing with the milk, the very cream, of human kindness; one who loves sincerity and truthfulness; with a nature as fresh, fragrant, mellow as a Windsor pear. Act the first, scene the first, sentence the first of the 'Merry Wives' introduces him in the earnest attitude of a benevolent make-peace, a kindly mediator, a persuader of one who will not be persuaded—namely, fussy Justice Shallow. He loves to see his parishioners dwelling in unity. He has fine stores of remonstrance for litigious folks—and Shallow is as litigiously disposed as Peter Peebles himself; or as that *beau ideal* of the species, old Chicaneau, in Racine's 'Plaideurs'—he bids them leave their 'pribbles and prabbles,' and discuss some practical question of parochial interest, some pleasant amalgam of utilitarianism and romance, such as a marriage-settlement between Master Abraham and sweet Anne Page—a damsel whose 'seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts:' in truth Sir Hugh is never at a loss for 'some device in his prain, which prings goot discretions with it.' He loves the truth, does Parson Evans. 'Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or'—mark the *naïveté* of his emphasis, itself proof positive of his simple veracity—'or, as I despise one that is not true.' What a grand climacteric is involved in the paraphrase! In the same spirit, he has no stomach for 'unveracities' in phraseology, and repudiates the bombastics of ancient Pistol; while he is charitable towards the slips of Master Abraham, because *his* meaning is good. Sir Hugh's good appetite and sound principle are simultaneously illustrated in his haste to join the steaming dinner-table of hospitable Gaffer Page, as soon as the hot venison pasty is announced: not for a good deal will he 'be absence at the grace.' And how genial his eagerness to return to the social board, when called from it by the business of a message to Dame Quickly: 'I pray you begone,' so he urges the dilatory messenger—'I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come.' We almost overhear the smack of his lips, and see the water surging on them as he utters that aspiration after pippins and cheese *in prospectû*. Shocking it would have been had so much *bonhomie* been prematurely cut off by the devouring sword of Dr Caius, whose challenge fills Sir Hugh with such 'cholers and trempling of mind' that he exclaims in the field near Frogmore: 'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry;' though he vows he will 'smite the noddies' of the host of the Garter for spoiling the duel—a 'little affair,' about which his opinions seem even more latitudinarian than those broached by the English Opium-Eater in modern days. His animal spirits are decidedly elastic—too much so, perhaps, for the gown he wears; for this instance of his belligerent faculty, coupled with his repute in the brewing of sack and playing at bowls, and his mercurial enjoyment of the midnight revels at Herne's Oak, which he pronounces 'admirable pleasures

* As You Like It.
† Merry Wives of Windsor.

* Introduction to Morte d'Arthur (Tennyson's Poems, p. 187. Seventh Edition.)

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and fery honest knaveries,' might in some dioceses have implicated him with proctors and ecclesiastical courts. The gusto with which he heads the fairies against Falstaff testifies, however, to his hearty moral sense as well as to his taste for private theatricals; and the usefulness of his *rôle* in this scenic conspiracy is proved by Sir John's indignation at being 'ridden with a Welsh goat too,' and at living to be taunted 'by one that makes fritters of English.' 'I am dejected,' fairly confesses the wicked old cavalier; 'I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: use me as you will.' *Le voilà vaincu.*

Whether Sir Hugh was the copy of some actual parish priest, or merely a creature of the cunning coinage of Shakspeare's brain, he is to us a rotund and substantial reality, with blood of the liveliest coursing merrily in his veins; one who deserves to say *vixi*, and who, *having* said it, may add *vivam*, for live he does and will among our library Lares. Pity, indeed, had he never been brought to light—had he been what Carlyle calls 'a foiled potentiality.' We could have better spared a better—parson.

THE FRAMEWORK-KNITTING MANUFACTURES OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

THERE is much of instruction to be derived from a visit to any manufacturing locality. The stir of life grows busier, and men seem more thoughtful and earnest as we enter the principal town of a populous district. We look around with exultation at the progress of civilisation, and survey with complacency and satisfaction the numerous monuments that indicate the skill and attest the industry of man. Alas! that partial suffering should so frequently accompany the advancing steps of social life. Yet, doubtless, for wise purposes is it ordered that progress in communities, as in individual life and character, cannot be secured without effort or struggle. Social life is a gigantic panorama, the stern realities of which awaken within us thoughtfulness and solemnity. A population multiplying its resources and augmenting its wealth by the arts of industry is a picture pleasant to gaze upon; but the mighty wheel revolves, and another view presents to our sight a portion of the community passing through the ordeal of poverty, or battling against adverse circumstances.

In an age of manufacturing enterprise like ours, mechanical genius waves its triumphant sceptre over the realm of industry. It bridges over seas, connects continents, brings the denizens of far-off lands into intercourse with each other, and joins the very spheres; but its wonders cease not in celerity of transit or power of locomotion: they unfold themselves in the production of the commonest fabrics and the richest textiles, in the calico that swathes the limbs of the offspring of poverty, and the costly fabrics that decorate the persons of the wealthy. It touches the loom, and multiplies its powers of production—makes it, as it were, 'a thing of life,' the embodiment of the mechanician's creative mind—obedient to his slightest impulse, and laying the produce of its never-tiring limbs submissively at his feet. Among all the marvels which mechanical genius has wrought, none are more remarkable, or suggestive of more important results, than those with which we may familiarise ourselves in the localities of manufacturing industry.

We discern parallel phases of social life, through the instrumentality of machinery, constantly presenting themselves. The handloom-weaver of cotton and woollen fabrics is associated with an era that is passing away from the memory of the living; yet the framework-knitter now takes the place of the handloom-weaver, and a new invention of machinery brings about similar results.

The weaving of stockings in this country is almost confined to the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester — though not entirely so, as some few stocking-looms are to be found in other districts. Until recently, the stocking-loom underwent few improvements since the inventive faculty of William Lee first gave it form. It is employed in producing a variety of textile fabrics—such as stockings, gloves, shirts, pantaloons, purses, and other articles, the materials of which these are composed varying with the difference in the fringe of the loom. The finer fringe-looms are used in the production of silk manufactures; those of the medium fringe, the cotton goods; and the coarser fringe-frames, the worsted articles. These various fabrics are plain and ornamental, the latter requiring more skilful workmen than the former. The centre of the silk and cotton branches of manufacture is Nottingham; the centre of the worsted manufacture is Leicester.

It is usually arranged for the framework-knitter to have the loom in his own dwelling-house. The weaver is consequently his own master, and may play or work as suits him — a position exactly analogous to that of the handloom-weaver. In fact, the framework-knitter is a handloom-weaver of stockings, the machine which he works being more costly than the looms of the class of operatives referred to. But there are frequent exceptions to this arrangement. The manufacturer very often places a number of looms under the care of one individual, who is what is termed the 'middle-man.' He obtains material from the manufacturer, and returns it when made up into goods, receiving the amount due for labour, and distributing it amongst the workmen.

The changes in machinery which are superseding the labour of the framework-knitter are of a twofold character. Some few years ago, a Frenchman named Claussen, who had emigrated to Massachusetts, United States, invented a circular knitting-machine, on the rotary principle, so simple in its construction, and so easily managed, that any young person of ordinary capacity may work it. The web manufactured on this machine, like the lengths of web produced on the framework-knitting looms of great width, is made up into what are technically termed 'cut-ups'—a phrase which indicates the value and character of the goods, as compared with other products of the stocking-loom —namely, that they are cut out of the piece of web, and then sewed to their proper shapes; as hose, gloves, or shirts. These circular machines, on their first introduction into England, made but slow progress in the estimation of the manufacturers. The reason of this indisposition to adopt the new machine is apparent enough: it is calculated to supersede the more expensive machinery in use, and entail, therefore, a heavy loss upon those manufacturers whose capital is invested in looms. If, for instance, a stocking-loom, worked by an adult knitter of average dexterity, produced as much web in the course of a week as would cut up into six dozen pairs of stockings; and the circular machine, turned by a boy or girl, would produce only a similar quantity of web, it is clear that inasmuch as the former machine is three times as costly as the latter, the holder of stocking-looms would be a great loser by adopting the new invention. Hence the indisposition, on the part of manufacturers of large capital, to the employment of Claussen's rotary machine. But the comparison, so far as regards the quantity of web produced on the machines, does not terminate here. This newly-invented machine may be worked by steam-power, without any extra outlay, which is not the case with the stocking-loom.

As in other branches of manufacture, so in the hosiery, firms have sprung up whose capital, not being invested in looms, has been applied to the purchase of circular machines, which have been placed in factories to be worked by steam-power. Those manufacturers who

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are not holders of machinery, but purchasers of goods from men who worked, or paid others for working, their own frames, naturally resort to the cheapest market for their fabrics; and as the produce of the newly-invented machines may be increased at little cost, it is probable that the cut-up goods made from web produced on the circular machines will gradually supersede that class of articles which is at present manufactured on the coarser gauge stocking-loom. A vast diminution of hands employed will be the consequence; and framework-knitters hitherto engaged in the manufacture of these cut-up goods must seek some other employment.

A second improvement, which has the same tendency to cheapen production and diminish labour, is effected by widening the loom of Lee, and producing as many as three pairs of stockings on the same frame. Although, as regards what is called the 'fashioning' or shaping of the stockings thus manufactured, there is as yet much that is imperfect and defective, we may, nevertheless, regard it as matter of certainty, that in a very limited period mechanical ingenuity will triumph over these difficulties, and carry into complete effect this important improvement.

There are reflections springing out of a contemplation of these changes in an extensive branch of manufactures which it would not be wise to suppress. The philanthropic mind reverts to the condition of the framework-knitter. In this competition of improved machinery, what is the fate that awaits him? There are about 30,000 framework-knitters in the Midland Counties, four-fifths of which number are engaged in the cotton branches, and the other fifth in the production of silk-manufactures. Now the great changes which these improvements in machinery involve in the social condition of so large a body of workmen suggest the attitude which society ought to assume towards them. As they pass through the ordeal which assuredly awaits them, we should regard them with a benignant eye and a feeling heart. We may greatly ameliorate their condition by prompt advice and assistance. There are ways and means of accomplishing this without in any degree reducing them to a state of pauperism, or infringing upon that principle of self-respect which it should ever be our object to develop and cultivate amongst the working-classes. The suggestion of remedial measures I leave to wiser heads than mine. Should they fail, however, in making due provision for the emergency, the time will most likely arrive shortly when it will be necessary to come forward with some practical plan for the relief and support of an intelligent body of working-men.

CHEWING THE BUYO.

A SKETCH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

With a population of 3,000,000—part of which has been for centuries the colony of a European power—and producing many of the tropical products of commerce, the Philippine Isles remain almost as much a *terra incognita* as China or Japan!

These islands offer a striking illustration of the adage, that 'knowledge is power.' They illustrate the power of civilised man to subdue his savage fellow. For ages have a few thousand Spanish merchants been enabled to hold one-third of the native inhabitants in direct and absolute slavery; while more than another third has acknowledged their sway by the payment of tribute. The remaining fraction consists of wild tribes, who, too remote from the seat of commerce and power to make them an object of conquest, still retain their barbarian independence.

But it has ever been the policy of Spain to shut up her colonies from the intrusion of foreign enterprise—the policy of all nations who retrograde, or are hastening towards decay. This is the true reason why so little has been written about the Philippines and their inhabitants, many of whose customs are both strange and interesting. Perhaps not the least singular of these is that which forms the subject of our sketch —*Comer el Buyo* (Chewing the Buyo.)

The buyo is a thing composed of three ingredients—the leaf of the buyo-palm, a sea-shell which is a species of periwinkle, and a root similar in properties to the *betel* of India. It is prepared thus: the leaves of the palm, from which it has its name, are collected at a certain season, cut into parallelograms, and spread upon a board or table with the inner cuticle removed. Upon this the powdered root and the shell, also pulverised, are spread in a somewhat thick layer. The shell of itself is a strong alkali, and forms a chief ingredient in the mixture. After having been exposed for some time to the sun, the buyo-leaf is rolled inwardly, so as to enclose the other substances, and is thus formed into a regular cartridge, somewhat resembling a cheroot. Thus prepared, the buyo is ready for use—that is, to be eaten.

In order that it may be carried conveniently in the pocket, it is packed in small cases formed out of the leaves of another species of the palm-tree. Each of these cases contains a dozen cartridges of the buyo.

Buyo-eating is a habit which must be cultivated before it becomes agreeable. To the stranger, the taste of the buyo is about as pleasant as tobacco to him who chews it for the first time; and although it is not followed by the terrible sickness that accompanies the latter operation, it is sure to excoriate the tongue of the rash tyro, and leave his mouth and throat almost skinless. Having once undergone this fearful matriculation, he feels ever afterwards a craving to return to the indulgence, and the appetite is soon confirmed.

In Manilla every one smokes, every one chews buyo—man, woman, and child, Indian or Spaniard. Strangers who arrive there, though repudiating the habit for awhile, soon take to it, and become the most confirmed buyo-eaters in the place. Two acquaintances meet upon the *paseo*, and stop to exchange their salutations. One pulls out his *cigarrero*, and says: 'Quiere a fumar?' ('Will you smoke?') The other draws forth the ever-ready buyo-case, and with equal politeness offers a roll of the buyos. The commodities are exchanged, each helping himself to a cartridge and a cigarrito. A flint and steel are speedily produced, the cigars are lit, and each takes a bite of buyo, while the conversation is all the while proceeding. Thus three distinct operations are performed by the same individual at the same time—eating, smoking, and talking! The juice arising from the buyo in eating is of a strong red colour, resembling blood. This circumstance reminds us of an anecdote which is, I believe, well authenticated, but at least is universally believed by the people of Manilla. Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone out to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he had landed, our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the pasco. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood! Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could come up with her, the girl had reached her home—a humble cottage in the suburbs—into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels; and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live.

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The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padré* was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost; but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead!

As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. 'Predict it!' replied the doctor—'why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times.'

'Blood! How did you know it was blood?'

'How? From the colour. How else?'

'But every one spits red in Manilla!'

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was labouring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city; and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood, was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction!

His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN PARIS.

The world, since it was a world at all, has ever been fond of singing the praises of the good old times. It would seem a general rule, that so soon as we get beyond a certain age, whatever that may be, we acquire a high opinion of the past, and grumble at everything new under the sun. One cause of this may be, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the history of the past, like a landscape travelled over, loses in review all the rugged and wearisome annoyances that rendered it scarcely bearable in the journey. But it is hardly worth while to speculate upon the causes of an absurdity which a little candid retrospection will do more to dissipate than whole folios of philosophy. We can easily understand a man who sighs that he was not born a thousand years hence instead of twenty or thirty years ago, but that any one should encourage a regret that his lot in life was not cast a few centuries back, seems inexplicable on any rational grounds. The utter folly of praising the good old times may be illustrated by a reference to the wretched condition of most European cities; but we shall confine ourselves to the single case of Paris, now one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

In the thirteenth century the streets of Paris were not paved; they were muddy and filthy to a very horrible degree, and swine constantly loitered about and fed in them. At night there were no public lights, and assassinations and robberies were far from infrequent. At the beginning of the fourteenth century public lighting was begun on a limited scale; and at best only a few tallow candles were put up in prominent situations. The improvement, accordingly, did little good, and the numerous bands of thieves had it still pretty much their own way. Severity of punishment seldom compensates the want of precautionary measures. It was the general custom at this period to cut off the ears of a condemned thief after the term of his imprisonment had elapsed. This was done that offenders might be readily recognised should they dare again to enter the city, banishment from which was a part of the sentence of such as were destined to be cropped. But they often found it easier to fabricate false ears than to gain a livelihood away from the arena of their exploits; and this measure, severe and cruel as it was, was found inefficient to rid the capital of their presence.

Among the various adventures with thieves, detailed by an author contemporaneous with Louis XIII., the following affords a rich example of the organization of the domestic brigands of the time, and of the wretched security which the capital afforded to its inhabitants:—

A celebrated advocate named Polidamor had by his reputation for riches aroused the covetousness of some chiefs of a band of brigands, who flattered themselves that could they catch him they would obtain possession of an important sum. They placed upon his track three bold fellows, who, after many fruitless endeavours, encountered him one evening accompanied only by a single lackey. Seizing fast hold of himself and attendant, they rifled him in a twinkling; and as he had accidentally left his purse at home, they took his rich cloak of Spanish cloth and silk, which was quite new, and of great value. Polidamor, who at first resisted, found himself compelled to yield to force, but asked as a favour to be allowed to redeem his mantle. This was agreed to at the price of thirty pistoles; and the rogues appointed a rendezvous the next day, at six in the evening, on the same spot, for the purpose of effecting the exchange. They recommended him to come alone, assuring him that his life would be endangered should he appear accompanied with an escort. Polidamor repaired to the place at the appointed hour, and after a few moments of expectation he saw a carriage approaching in which were seated four persons in the garb of gentlemen. They descended from the vehicle, and one of them, advancing towards the advocate, asked him in a low voice if he were not in search of a cloak of Spanish cloth and silk. The victim replied in the affirmative, and declared himself prepared to redeem it at the sum at which it had been taxed. The thieves having assured themselves that he was alone, seized him, and made him get into the carriage; and one of them presenting a pistol to his breast, bade him hold his tongue under pain of instant death, while another blindfolded him. As the advocate trembled with fear, they assured him that no harm was intended, and bade the coachman drive on.

After a rapid flight, which was yet long enough to inspire the prisoner with deadly terror, the carriage stopped in front of a large mansion, the gate of which opened to receive them, and closed again as soon as they had passed the threshold. The robbers alighted with their captive, from whose eyes they now removed the bandage. He was led into an immense saloon, where were a number of tables, upon which the choicest viands were profusely spread, and seated at which was a company of gentlemanly-looking personages, who chatted familiarly together without the slightest demonstration of confusion or alarm. His guardians again enjoined him to lay aside all fear, informed him that he was in good society, and that they had brought him there solely that they might enjoy the pleasure of his company at supper. In the meanwhile water was served to the guests, that they might wash their hands before sitting at table. Every man took his place, and a seat was assigned to Polidamor at the upper and privileged end of the board. Astonished, or rather stupified at the strange circumstances of his adventure, he would willingly have abstained from taking any part in the repast; but he was compelled to make a show

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of eating, in order to dissemble his mistrust and agitation. When the supper was ended and the tables were removed, one of the gentlemen who had assisted in his capture accosted him with polite expressions of regret at his want of appetite. During the interchange of courtesies which ensued, one of the bandits took a lute, another a viol, and the party began to amuse themselves with music. The advocate was then invited to walk into a neighbouring room, where he perceived a considerable number of mantles ranged in order. He was desired to select his own, and to count out the thirty pistoles agreed upon, together with one for coach-hire, and one more for his share of the reckoning at supper. Polidamor, who had been apprehensive that the drama of which his mantle had been the occasion might have a very different *dénouement*, was but too well pleased to be quit at such a cost, and he took leave of the assembly with unfeigned expressions of gratitude. The carriage was called, and before entering it he was again blindfolded; his former conductors returned with him to the spot where he had been seized, where, removing the bandage from his eyes, they allowed him to alight, presenting him at the same moment with a ticket sealed with green wax, and having these words inscribed in large letters, '*Freed by the Great Band.*' This ticket was a passport securing his mantle, purse, and person against all further assaults. Hastening to regain his residence with all speed, he was assailed at a narrow turning by three other rascals, who demanded his purse or his life. The advocate drew his ticket from his pocket, though he had no great faith in it as a preservative, and presented it to the thieves. One of them, provided with a dark lantern, read it, returned it, and recommended him to make haste home, where he at last arrived in safety.

Early in the seventeenth century the Parisian rogues availed themselves of the regulations against the use of snuff to pillage the snuff-takers. As the sale of this article was forbidden by law to any but grocers and apothecaries, and as even they could only retail it to persons provided with the certificate of a medical man, the annoyance of such restrictions was loudly complained of. The rogues, ever ready to profit by circumstances, opened houses for gaming—at that period almost a universal vice—where 'snuff at discretion' was a tempting bait to those long accustomed to a gratification all the more agreeable because it was forbidden. Here the snuff-takers were diligently plied with wine, and then cheated of their money; or, if too temperate or suspicious to drink to excess, they were unceremoniously plundered in a sham quarrel. To such a length was this practice carried, that an ordinance was at length issued in 1629, strictly forbidding all snuff-takers from assembling in public places or elsewhere, '*pour satisfaire leur goût!*'

The thieves of the good old times were not only more numerous in proportion to the population than they are at present, but were also distinguished by greater audacity and cruelty. They had recourse to the most diabolical ingenuity to subdue the resistance and to prevent the outcries of their victims. Under the rule of Henry IV. a band of brigands arose, who, in the garb, and with the manners of gentlemen, introduced themselves into the best houses under the pretext of private business, and when alone with the master, demanded his money at the dagger's point. Some of them made use of a gag—a contrivance designated at the period the *poire d'angoisse*. This instrument was of a spherical shape, and pierced all over with small holes; it was forced into the mouth of the person intended to be robbed, and upon touching a spring sharp points protruded from every hole, at once inflicting the most horrible anguish, and preventing the sufferer from uttering a single cry. It could not be withdrawn but by the use of the proper key, which contracted the spring. This device was adopted universally by one savage band, and occasioned immense misery not only in Paris but throughout France.

An Italian thief, an enterprising and ingenious rogue, adopted a singular expedient for robbing women at their devotions in church. He placed himself on his knees by the side of his intended prey, holding in a pair of artificial hands a book of devotion, to which he made a show of the most devout attention, while with his natural hands he cut the watch or purse-string of his unsuspecting neighbour. This stratagem, favoured by the fashion, then general, of wearing mantles, met with great success, and of course soon produced a host of clumsy imitators, and excited the vigilance of the police, who at length made so many seizures of solemn-faced devotees provided with wooden kid-gloved hands, that it fell into complete discredit, and was at last abandoned by the profession.

Cunning as were the rogues of a past age, they were liable to capture like their modern successors. A gentleman having resorted to Paris on business, was hustled one day in the precincts of the palace, and robbed of his well-filled purse. Furious at the loss of a considerable sum, he swore to be avenged. He procured a clever mechanic, who, under his directions, contrived a kind of hand-trap for the pocket, managed in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of an attempt at purse-stealing without detection. Having fixed the instrument in its place, impatient for the revenge he had promised himself, he sallied forth to promenade the public walks, mingled with every group, and stopped from time to time gazing about him with the air of a greenhorn. Several days passed before anything resulted from his plan; but one morning, while he was gaping at the portraits of the kings of France in one of the public galleries, he finds himself surrounded and pushed about, precisely as in the former instance; he feels a hand insinuating itself gently into the open snare, and hears immediately the click of the instrument, which assures him that the delinquent is safely caught. Taking no notice, he walks on as if nothing had happened, and resumes his promenade, drawing after him the thief, whom pain and shame prevented from making the least effort to disengage his hand. Occasionally the gentleman would turn round, and rebuke his unwilling follower for his importunity, and thus drew the eyes of the whole crowd upon his awkward position. At last, pretending to observe for the first time the stranger's hand in his pocket, he flies into a violent passion, accuses him of being a cut-purse, and demands the sum he had previously lost, without which he declares the villain shall be hanged. It would seem that compounding a felony was nothing in those days; for it is upon record that the thief, though caught in the act, was permitted to send a messenger to his comrades, who advanced the money, and therewith purchased his liberty.

The people were forbidden to employ particular materials in the fabrication of their clothing, to ride in a coach, to decorate their apartments as they chose, to purchase certain articles of furniture, and even to give a dinner-party when and in what style they chose. Under the Valois régime strict limits were assigned to the expenses of the table, determining the number of courses of which a banquet should consist, and that of the dishes of which each course was to be composed. Any guest who should fail to denounce an infraction of the law of which he had been a witness, was liable to a fine of forty livres; and officers of justice, who might be present, were strictly enjoined to quit the tables of their hosts, and institute immediate proceedings against them. The rigour of these regulations extended even to the kitchen, and the police had the power of entry at all hours, to enforce compliance with the statutes.

But it was during the prevalence of an epidemic that it was least agreeable to live in France in the good

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old times. No sooner did a contagious malady, or one that was supposed to be so, make its appearance, than the inhabitants of Paris were all forbidden to remove from one residence to another, although their term of tenancy had expired, until the judge of police had received satisfactory evidence that the house they desired to leave had not been affected by the contagion. When a house was infected, a bundle of straw fastened to one of the windows warned the public to avoid all intercourse with the inmates. At a later period two wooden crosses were substituted for the straw, one of which was attached to the front door, and the other to one of the windows in an upper storey. In 1596 the provost of Paris having learned that the tenants of some houses infected by an epidemic which was then making great ravages, had removed these badges, issued an ordinance commanding that those who transgressed in a similar manner again should suffer the loss of the right hand—a threat which was found perfectly efficient.

By an ordinance of 1533, persons recovering from a contagious malady, together with their domestics, and all the members of their families, were forbidden to appear in the streets for a given period without a white wand in their hands, to warn the public of the danger of contact. Three years after, the authorities were yet more severe against the convalescents, who were ordered to remain shut up at home for forty days after their cure; and even when the quarantine had expired, they were not allowed to appear in the streets until they had presented to a magistrate a certificate from the commissary of their district, attested by a declaration of six householders, that the forty days had elapsed. In the preceding century (in 1498) an ordinance still more extraordinary had been issued. It was at the coronation of Louis XII., when a great number of the nobles came to Paris to take part in the ceremony. The provost, desiring to guard them from the danger of infection, published an order that all persons of both sexes, suffering under certain specified maladies, should quit the capital in twenty-four hours, *under the penalty of being thrown into the river!*

ANTIOCH AND ITS HOUSES.

Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it as a place of residence to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bedroom, and a dressing-room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a storehouse, a kitchen, and a servant's room. I had in the garden a grape-vine (muscatel), a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation I paid 350 piastres—about L.3 sterling; and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished; but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale: a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about L.3 a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for 1s.; fowls, and fat ones too, 2d. each. Fish is sold by the weight; thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds' weight for 1s. Eels, the very best flavoured in the world, 1½d. each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, asparagus, celery, water-cresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about 5s. the horse-load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of L.40 per annum. Under these circumstances, it may appear marvellous that many Europeans possessed of limited means have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its pros and cons. The cons in this instance are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming at one instant's warning the victim of some fanatical émeute; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Ayans to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books; and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say: 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity.'—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

CLOUDS AT SEA.

Heavy seasons there are when a curtain of gloom
Gathers black o'er the mariners' glee,
And the merry sun quits for a desolate tomb,
All his revels of joy with the sea:
But courage! the bright one will soon reappear
'Like a bridegroom' devoted and fond;
Though the tempest may threaten, no danger is near,
For the blue sky is smiling beyond.

There are times when the mind is alarmed and distressed,
When the sunshine of Pleasure is gone,
When the spirit looks back upon moments of rest,
Which she fears are for ever withdrawn:
But the angel of Hope whispers comfort and gladness:
'Look upward, and never despond;
Though above thee is frowning the storm-cloud of sadness,
The blue sky is smiling beyond.'

S. C.

UNDER THE ROSE.

There has arisen much petty controversy about the common expression 'under the rose,' and two different origins have been assigned. Some people assert that it ought to be spelt under the *rotos*, for that in former days almost all towns were built with the second storey projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza or *row*, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester and some other old English towns; and that whilst the elders of the family were sitting at their windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them 'under the rows.' The other is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was, according to others, which gave rise to the phrase, 'under the rose.'

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ALL FOR THE BEST.

The famous dogma, that this world of ours—the dirty globe we trample under foot, and abuse like a pickpocket—is the best of all possible worlds, has employed the pens and thoughts of many philosophers and theologians, from the time of the Stoics downwards. When Bayle presumed to offer some objections, founded on the evil which seems to be woven up in the constitution both of man and his abiding-place, he was at once quoited down by Leibnitz, who, in his celebrated treatise, the *Theodicæa*, undertook to shew that the imperfect parts assist in forming a perfect whole, and that thus these parts themselves are perfect when considered in their relation with the whole. According to his system, physical and moral evil are good as elements in a perfect and universal order of things; and the conclusion was arrived at from what was considered this unanswerable trilemma: If the world be not the best of all possible worlds, God must either—1 Not have known how to make a better; 2. Not have been able to make a better; or 3. Not have chosen to make a better. The first of these suppositions impugns His omniscience, the second His omnipotence, and the third His benevolence.* This doctrine was illustrated by Pope in his *Essay on Man*, and laughed at by Voltaire in *Candide;* but, upon the whole, Leibnitz seemed to have taken up a pretty secure position, with which few cared to interfere.

For our own part, however, we have some doubt of the orthodoxy of the *Theodicæa* itself, and are inclined to consider the badness of the world as not at all irreconcilable with the goodness, omniscience, and omnipotence of its creator. At that geological period when the earth was rich in marshes, and its most respectable inhabitants were crocodiles, it could not have been perfect, or it would not have been permitted to pass through so complete a transformation as has occurred since then; and at the present period, when nature seems to war against herself with volcanoes, earthquakes, tempests, and inundations, it would appear to be little more entitled to the praises of the optimist. In like manner, the moral nature of man—taking it as a whole, and not troubling ourselves with the parts—could not have been perfect in the savage state; neither could it have been so in the middle ages; and let our scaffolds, penal colonies, hulks, and jails answer for the present time.

That an omnipotent being could have created the world without evil or the germs of evil is obvious; but before impugning his benevolence in not having thus exercised his power, we must consider what were the probable designs of his providence. Instead of forcibly reconciling, by means of a paradox, the actual state of this world with the character of its maker, Leibnitz should have reflected on the purpose for which it was intended in connection with its inhabitants. As a place of *probation*, a perfect world would have no meaning. Man is thrown into ours, not to submit to the evil circumstances by which he is surrounded, but to contend with and conquer them. And this he does to such purpose that he alters the face of nature herself, changes even the climate of his habitat, and eludes when he cannot defy the laws of what is improperly called destiny. If this is physically the best of all possible worlds, man is everywhere and habitually guilty of the proud impiety of the Babylonians of old; for his whole life is spent, from generation to generation, in warring against the circumstances in which he is placed. The same thing is observable in his moral nature. If that were perfect—or, in other words, if it had no germ of evil—there would be no merit in virtue. But man is constitutionally both good and bad, yet possessing withal a power or principle within, superior both to mind and body, which determines his course of action.

If this curious and important subject were better investigated, we should use with more meaning than we usually do the common expression, 'submission to the decrees of Providence.' The wind, the tide, the climate, sickness, death—all are decrees of Providence; but it is our business here not to submit ourselves inconsiderately and unresistingly to every possible operation of these decrees, but to grapple with and struggle against them as long and as well as we can. The optimism of Dr Priestley, which is a very good type of that which is still common amongst us, was founded, we think, upon entirely erroneous views of Providence. He was thankful for the superstitious horrors with which he was haunted in early youth, because he thought they led to serious and devout reflection; he was thankful, likewise, for the delicate health which prevented his boyhood from being tempted into sinful and foolish pastimes; he gave thanks to God for the gift of stammering, since this preserved him from attaching value to what has no intrinsic value—eloquence; he was deeply grateful for a bad musical ear, which happy quality saved him from feelings of distress in listening to bad music; he rendered devout thanks for being disappointed in his purpose of going round the world with Captain Cook, for his belief in the doctrine of Necessity, and for his ignorance of the French language. The providential circumstance last mentioned was in his opinion eminently favourable to the growth of new ideas.

* See *Brande's Dictionary of Science.*

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Since Dr Priestley was thankful for his deficiencies and disappointments, why did he not, in like manner, regret his possession of the ordinary faculties, and of a moderate competence in fortune, lest he might at some time or other be tempted to abuse them? The system, in our opinion, betrays a profound ignorance of the duty of man upon the earth, and the law of Work under which he lives. It is the same deification of circumstances which gives its wildness to the fatalism of Eastern fanatics. When the poor Hindoo finds his hut surrounded by an inundation of the Ganges, instead of trying to escape he gets upon the roof, and sitting down upon its apex, lights his pipe, and looks calmly on at the rise of the waters. Why so? Because Gunga is the goddess of his worship, and his religious duty is submission to the decrees of her providence! This may be excused, and even admired, in the Hindoo, whose ignorant faith is direct and sincere; but there is no excuse at all for the well-taught Christian confounding the circumstance with the providence which he knows to be beyond.

Such mistakes are mischievous, if it is only because they give a certain appearance of reason to the sarcasm of writers like Voltaire. There is a well-known story in our own jest-books much to the point: A man walking along the road is ridden over by a troop of horse, but unexpectedly escapes unhurt. 'Down on your knees, reprobate!' cries a bystander, as the fellow, after gathering himself up, looks sulkily after the enemy—'Down on your knees, and thank Providence!' 'Thank Providence!' replies he. 'For what?—For letting a troop of horse ride over me?' Here the idea of Providence is improperly suggested, because it is suggested in so direct a manner as to confound it with the circumstance. That God was remotely the author both of the accident and the escape there can be no doubt, although the proximate cause of the former was in all probability nothing more than the carelessness of the pedestrian in choosing an improper part of the road. The thankfulness was really due for the scheme of Providence granting a farther period of probation to one who had appeared to be called so abruptly to his account. The bystander saw the finger of a higher power only in the immediate circumstance, and thus gave rise, very naturally, to the profane and ludicrous repartee.

The thankfulness of Dr Priestley for his infirmities is the germ of that feeling which produces the asceticism and self-torture of devotees. To mortify the tastes we possess is merely a modification of the feeling which prompts us to be grateful for their absence. The men who walk barefoot over burning coals, who cut themselves with knives, who swing upon an iron hook inserted in the integuments of the back, who shut themselves up from the social relations, are merely improvers upon the original thought. That health, freedom from pain, friendship, love, marriage, may all lead to abuses, is only too true; but it is our duty to combat actively the snares and seductions of this *not* best of all possible worlds, rather than to attempt to frustrate the plans of Providence for our appointed probation.

That this is a working-day world is clear enough in philosophy as well as in religion—a world where the imperfections are not perfect, as Leibnitz will have it, but substantial and intentional evils to be encountered and overcome. We are here for the express purpose of trying our strength with them; and they are here—the work of an omniscient, omnipotent, and benevolent Creator—for the express purpose of exercising our energies, developing our faculties, and purifying and elevating our moral nature. The Brahminical doctrine of the transmigration of souls is not an idle superstition, but the allegorical expression of a philosophical fact. The conduct, good or evil, of one generation does actually condemn the next to an inferior, or elevate it to a higher existence; and the moral and intellectual nature of an individual does actually pass—though without the intervention of death—through successive stages of being. This is the condition of human life; and the highest and humblest of human beings are under the same law. All men, without exception, assist or retard in a greater or less degree the progress of civilisation; and from the philosopher in his study, who devises the means of controlling the elements and changing the aspect of the world, to the peasant who turns up the soil for his daily bread, all will be judged according to their intellectual powers and material opportunities.

Upon the whole, it will be admitted that, at least in our hemisphere, we perform with tolerable industry the work allotted to us. We have already made some progress in mastering, and rendering either harmless or beneficial, the elements which, if left without control, would act as the evil genii of nature. We have likewise made considerable advances in refinement and morality; and at this moment the mind of the race is swelling and heaving with great thoughts, which are not circumscribed by selfish considerations of place or time. Yes; even the doctrine of the *Theodicæa*, if taken in a refined and mystical sense, may be accepted. The imperfections of the world, if judged according to results, shew the perfection of the scheme of which they are a part—and ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

AN OLD MAID'S FIRST LOVE.

I WENT once to the south of France for my health; and being recommended to choose the neighbourhood of Avignon, took my place, I scarcely know why, in the diligence all the way from Paris. By this proceeding I missed the steam-voyage down the Rhône, but fell in with some very pleasant people, about whom I am going to speak. I travelled in the *intérieur*, and from Lyon had no one for companion but a fussy little lady, of a certain age, who had a large basket, a parrot in a cage, a little lapdog, a bandbox, a huge blue umbrella, which she could never succeed in stowing anywhere, and a moth-eaten muff. In my valetudinarian state I was not pleased with this inroad—especially as the little lady had a thin, pinched-up face, and obstinately looked out of the window, while she popped about the *intérieur* as if she had just taken lodgings and was putting them in order, throwing me every now and then some gracious apology in a not unpleasant voice. 'Mince as you please, madam,' thought I; 'you are a bore.' I am sorry to add that I was very unaccommodating, gave no assistance in the stowing away of the umbrella, and when Fanfreluche came and placed his silken paws upon my knees, pushed him away very rudely. The little old maid—it was evident this was her quality—apologised for her dog as she had done for herself, and went on arranging her furniture—an operation not completed before we got to St Saphorin.

For some hours a perfect silence was preserved, although my companion several times gave a short, dry cough, as if about to make an observation. At length, the digestion of a hurried dinner being probably completed, I felt all of a sudden quite bland and sociable, and began to be mightily ashamed of myself. 'Decidedly,' thought I, 'I must give this poor woman the benefit of my conversation.' So I spoke, very likely with that self-satisfied air assumed sometimes by men accustomed to be well received. To my great vexation the old maid had by this time taken offence, and answered in a very stiff and reserved manner. Now the whole absurdity of my conduct was evident to me, and I determined to make amends. Being naturally of a diplomatic turn, I kept quiet for awhile, and then began to make advances to Fanfreluche. The

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poor animal bore no malice, and I won his heart by stroking his long ears. Then I gave a piece of sugar to the parrot; and having thus effected a practicable breach, took the citadel by storm by pointing out a more commodious way of arranging the great blue umbrella.

We were capital friends thenceforward; and I soon knew the history of Mlle Nathalie Bernard by heart. A mightily uninteresting history it was to all but herself; so I shall not repeat it: suffice to say, that she had lived long on her little income, as she called it, at Lyon, and was now on her way to Avignon, where a very important object called her. This was no other than to save her niece Marie from a distasteful marriage, which her parents, very good people, but dazzled by the wealth of the unamiable suitor, wished to bring about.

'And have you,' said I, 'any reasonable hope of succeeding in your mission?'

'*Parbleu!*' replied the old maid, 'I have composed a little speech on ill-assorted unions, which I am sure will melt the hearts of my sister and my brother-in-law; and if that does not succeed—why, I will make love to the *futur* myself, and whisper in his ear that a comfortable little income available at once, and a willing old maid, are better than a cross-grained damsel with expectations only. You see I am resolved to make any sacrifice to effect my object.'

I laughed at the old maid's disinterestedness, which was perhaps greater than at first appeared. At least she assured me that she had refused several respectable offers, simply because she liked the independence of a single life; and that if she had remained single to that age, it was a sign that marriage had nothing attractive for her in itself. We discussed the point learnedly as the diligence rolled; and what with the original turn of my companion's mind, the sportive disposition of Fanfreluche, and the occasional disjointed soliloquies of Coco, the parrot, our time passed very pleasantly. When night came, Mlle Nathalie ensconced herself in the corner behind her parcels and animals, and endeavoured to sleep; but the jolting of the diligence, and her own lively imagination, wakened her every five minutes; and I had each time to give her a solemn assurance, on my word of honour as a gentleman, that there was no particular danger of our being upset into the Rhône.

We were ascending a steep hill next day; both had got out to walk. I have omitted to note that it was autumn. Trees and fields were touched by the golden fingers of the season. The prospect was wide, but I forget the precise locality. On the opposite side of the Rhône, which rolled its rapid current in a deepening valley to our right, rose a range of hills, covered with fields that sloped wonderfully, and sometimes gave place to precipices or wood-lined declivities. Here and there the ruins of some old castle—reminiscences of feudal times—rose amid lofty crags, and traced their jagged outline against the deep-blue sky of Provence. Nathalie became almost sentimental as she gazed around on this beautiful scene.

We had climbed about half of the hill: the diligence was a little way behind: the five horses were stamping and striking fire from the pavement as they struggled up with the ponderous vehicle: the other passengers had lingered in the rear with the conductor, who had pointed out a little *auberge* among some trees. We here saw a man preceding us upon the road carrying a little bundle at the end of a stick over his shoulder: he seemed to advance painfully. Our attention was attracted—I scarcely knew why. He paused a moment—then went on with an uncertain step—paused again, staggered forward, and fell on his face just as we came up. Mlle Nathalie, with a presence of mind that surprised me, had her smelling-bottle out in an instant, and was soon engaged in restoring the unfortunate traveller to consciousness. I assisted as well as I was able, and trust that my good-will may atone for my awkwardness. Nathalie did everything; and, just as the diligence reached us, was gazing with delight on the languid opening of a pair of as fine eyes as I have ever seen, and supporting in her lap a head covered with beautiful curls. Even at that moment, as I afterwards remembered, she looked upon the young man as a thing over which she had acquired a right of property. 'He is going our way,' said she: 'let us lift him into the diligence.'

'A beggarly Parisian; yo, yo!' quoth the postillion as he passed, clacking his long whip.

'Who will answer for his fare?' inquired the conductor.

'I will,' replied Nathalie, taking the words out of my mouth.

In a few minutes the young man, who looked bewildered and could not speak, was safely stowed among Nathalie's other parcels; and the crest of the hill being gained, we began rolling rapidly down a steep descent. The little old maid, though in a perfect ecstasy of delight—the incident evidently appeared to her quite an adventure—behaved with remarkable prudence. While I was puzzling my head to guess by what disease this poor young man had been attacked, she was getting ready the remedies that appeared to her the most appropriate, in the shape of some excellent cakes and a bottle of good wine, which she fished out of her huge basket. Her *protégé*, made tame by hunger, allowed himself to be treated like a child. First she gave him a very small sip of Burgundy, then a diminutive fragment of cake; and then another sip and another piece of cake—insisting on his eating very slowly. Being perfectly useless, I looked quietly on, and smiled to see the submissiveness with which this fine, handsome fellow allowed himself to be fed by the fussy old maid, and how he kept his eyes fixed upon her with an expression of wondering admiration.

Before we arrived at Avignon we knew the history of the young man. He was an artist, who had spent several years studying in Paris, without friends, without resources, except a miserable pittance which his mother, a poor peasant woman living in a village not far from Aix, had managed to send him. At first he had been upheld by hope; and although he knew that his mother not only denied herself necessaries, but borrowed money to support him, he was consoled by the idea that the time would come when, by the efforts of his genius, he would be able to repay everything with the accumulated interest which affection alone would calculate. But his expenses necessarily increased, and no receipts came to meet them. He was compelled to apply to his mother for further assistance. The answer was one word—'impossible.' Then he endeavoured calmly to examine his position, came to the conclusion that for several years more he must be a burden to his mother if he obstinately pursued his career, and that she must be utterly ruined to insure his success. So he gave up his art, sold everything he had to pay part of his debts, and set out on foot to return to his village and become a peasant, as his father had been before him. The little money he had taken with him was gone by the time he reached Lyon. He had passed through that city without stopping, and for more than two days, almost for two nights, had incessantly pursued his journey, without rest and without food, until he had reached the spot where, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he had fallen, perhaps to perish had we not been there to assist him.

Nathalie listened with eager attention to this narrative, told with a frankness which our sympathy excited. Now and then she gave a convulsive start, or checked a hysterical sob, and at last fairly burst into tears. I was interested as well as she, but retained more calmness to observe how moral beauty almost vainly

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struggled to appear through the insignificant features of this admirable woman. Her little eyes, reddened with weeping; her pinched-up nose, blooming at the point; her thin lips, probably accustomed to sarcasm; her cheeks, with a leaded citron hue; her hair that forked up in unmanageable curls—all combined to obscure the exquisite expression of respect and sympathy, perhaps already of love, sparkling from her kindled soul, that could just be made out by an attentive eye. At length, however, she became for a moment perfectly beautiful, as, when the young painter had finished his story, with an expression that shewed how bitterly he regretted his abandoned art, she took both his hands in hers, and exclaimed: 'No, *mon enfant*, you shall not be thus disappointed. Your genius'—she already took for granted he had genius—'shall have an opportunity for development. Your mother cannot do what is necessary—she has played her part. I will be a—second mother to you, in return for the little affection you can bestow on me without ingratitude to her to whom you owe your life.'

'My life has to be paid for twice,' said he, kissing her hand. Nathalie could not help looking round proudly to me. It was so flattering to receive the gallant attentions of so handsome a young man, that I think she tried to forget how she had bought them.

In the exuberance of her hospitality, the little old maid invited both Claude Richer and myself to spend some time in the large farmhouse of her brother-in-law. I declined, with a promise to be a frequent visitor; but Claude, who was rather commanded than asked, could do nothing but accept. I left them at the diligence office, and saw them walk away, the little Nathalie affecting to support her feeble companion. For the honour of human nature let me add, that the conductor said nothing about the fare. 'It would have been indelicate,' he said to me, 'to remind M^lle^ Nathalie of her promise in the young man's presence. I know her well; and she will pay me at a future time. At anyrate I must shew that there is a heart under this waistcoat.' So saying, the conductor thumped his breast with simple admiration of his own humanity, and went away, after recommending me to the Café de Paris—indeed an excellent house.

I shall say nothing of a variety of little incidents that occurred to me at Avignon, nor about my studies on the history of the popes who resided there. I must reserve myself entirely for the development of Nathalie's romance, which I could not follow step by step, but the chief features of which I was enabled to catch during a series of visits I paid to the farmhouse. Nathalie herself was very communicative to me at first, and scarcely deigned to conceal her sentiments. By degrees, however, as the catastrophe approached, she became more and more reserved; and I had to learn from others, or to guess the part she played.

The farmhouse was situated on the other side of the river, in a small plain, fertile and well wooded. Old Cossu, the owner, was a fine jolly fellow, but evidently a little sharp in money-matters. I was surprised at first that he received the visit of Claude favourably; but when it came out that a good part of his capital belonged to Nathalie, every circumstance of deference to her was explained. Mère Cossu was not a very remarkable personage; unless it be remarkable that she entertained the most profound veneration for her husband, quoted his commonest sayings as witticisms, and was ready to laugh herself into convulsions if he sneezed louder than usual. Marie was a charming little person; perhaps a little too demure in her manners, considering her wicked black eyes. She was soon very friendly with Claude and me, but seemed to prefer passing her time in whispered conversations with Nathalie. I was let into the secret that their conversation turned principally on the means of getting rid of the husband-elect—a great lubberly fellow, who lived some leagues off, and whose red face shone over the garden-gate, in company with a huge nosegay, regularly every Sunday morning. In spite of the complying temper of old Cossu in other respects when Nathalie gave her advice, he seemed obstinately bent on choosing his own son-in-law. Parents are oftener correct than romancers will allow in their negative opinions on this delicate subject, but I cannot say as much for them when they undertake to be affirmative.

I soon observed that Nathalie was not so entirely devoted to the accomplishment of the object for which she had undertaken her journey as she had promised; and, above all, that she spoke no more of the disinterested sacrifice of herself as a substitute for Marie. I maliciously alluded to this subject in one of our private confabulations, and Nathalie, instead of being offended, frankly answered that she could not make big Paul Boncau happy and assist Claude in his studies at the same time. 'I have now,' she said, 'an occupation for the rest of my life—namely, to develop this genius, of which France will one day be proud; and I shall devote myself to it unremittingly.'

'Come, Nathalie,' replied I, taking her arm in mine as we crossed the poplar-meadow, 'have you no hope of a reward?'

'I understand,' quoth she frankly; 'and I will not play at cross-purposes with you. If this young man really loves his art, and his art alone, as he pretends, could he do better than reward me—as you call it—for my assistance? The word has a cruel signification, but you did not mean it unkindly.'

I looked at her wan, sallow countenance, that had begun for some days to wear an expression of painful anxiety. At that moment I saw over a hedge—but she could not—Claude and Marie walking in a neighbouring field, and pausing now and then to bend their heads very close together in admiration of some very common flower. 'Poor old maid,' thought I, 'you will have no reward save the consciousness of your own pure intentions.'

The minute development of this drama without dramatic scenes would perhaps be more instructive than any elaborate analysis of human passions in general; but it would require a volume, and I can only here give a mere summary. Nathalie, in whom alone I felt particularly interested, soon found that she had deceived herself as to the nature of her sentiments for Claude—that instead of regarding him with almost maternal solicitude, she loved him with an intensity that is the peculiar characteristic of passions awakened late in life, when the common consolation is inadmissible—'after all, I may find better.' This was her last, her only chance of a happiness, which she had declared to me she had never dreamed of, but which in reality she had only declined because it did not present itself to her under all the conditions required by her refined and sensitive mind. Claude, who was an excellent fellow, but incapable of comprehending her or sacrificing himself, never swerved from grateful deference to her; but I could observe, that as the state of her feelings became more apparent, he took greater care to mark the character of his sentiments for her, and to insist with some affectation on the depth of his filial affection. Nathalie's eyes were often red with tears—a fact which Claude did not choose perhaps to notice, for fear of an explanation. Marie, on the contrary, became more blooming every day, while her eloquent eyes were still more assiduously bent upon the ground. It was evident to me that she and Claude understood one another perfectly well.

At length the same thing became evident to Nathalie. How the revelation was made to her I do not know; but sudden it must have been, for I met her one day in the poplar-field, walking hurriedly along with an extraordinary expression of despair in her countenance. I know not why, but the thought at once occurred to me that the Rhône ran rapid and deep not far off,

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and I threw myself across her path. She started like a guilty thing, but did not resist when I took her hand and led her back slowly towards the farmhouse. We had nearly reached it in silence when she suddenly stopped, and bursting into tears, turned away into a by-lane where was a little bench under an elm. Here she sat down and sobbed for a long time, while I stood by. At length she raised her head and asked me: 'Do morality and religion require self-sacrifice even to the end—even to making half a life a desert, even to heart-breaking, even unto death?'

'It scarcely belongs to a selfish mortal to counsel such virtue,' I replied; 'but it is because it is exercised here and there, now and then, once in a hundred years, that man can claim some affinity with the divine nature.'

A smile of ineffable sweetness played about the poor old girl's lips. She wiped her eyes, and began talking of the changing aspect of the season, and how the trees day by day more rapidly shed their leaves, and how the Rhône had swelled within its ample bed, and of various topics apparently unconnected with her frame of mind, but all indicating that she felt the winter was coming—a long and dreary winter for her. At this moment Fanfreluche, which had missed her, came down the lane barking with fierce joy; and she took the poor little beast in her arms, and exhaled the last bitter feeling that tormented her in these words: 'Thou at least lovest me—because I have fed thee!' In her humility she seemed now to believe that her only claim to love was her charity; and that even this claim was not recognised except by a dog!

I was not admitted to the secret of the family conclave that took place, but learned simply that Nathalie pleaded with feverish energy the love that had grown up between Marie and Claude as an insuperable bar to the proposed marriage between Paul Boneau and her niece. Matters were arranged by means of large sacrifices on the part of the heroic maid. Paul's face ceased to beam over the garden-gate on a Sunday morning; and by degrees the news got abroad that Marie was betrothed to the young artist. One day a decent old woman in *sabots* came to the farmhouse: it was Claude's mother, who had walked from Aix to see him. It was arranged that Claude should pursue his studies a year longer, and then marry. Whether any explanation took place I do not know; but I observed that the young man sometimes looked with the same expression of wondering admiration I had observed in the diligence at the little Nathalie—more citron-hued than ever. At length she unhooked the cage of Coco, the parrot, took Fanfreluche under one arm and her blue umbrella under the other, and went away in company with the whole family, myself included, every one carrying a parcel or a basket to the diligence office. What a party that was! Every one was in tears except Nathalie. She bore up manfully, if I may use the word; laughed, and actually joked; but just as I handed Coco in, her factitious courage yielded, and she burst into an agony of grief. With officious zeal I kept at the window until the diligence gave a lurch and started; and then turning round I looked at Claude and Marie, who were already mingling their eyes in selfish forgetfulness of their benefactress, and said solemnly: 'There goes the best woman ever created for this unworthy earth.' The artist, who, for an ordinary man, did not lack sentiment, took my hand and said: 'Sir, I will quarrel with any man who says less of that angel than you have done.'

The marriage was brought about in less time than had been agreed upon. Nathalie of course did not come; but she sent some presents and a pleasant letter of congratulation, in which she called herself 'an inveterate old maid.' About a year afterwards I passed through Lyon and saw her. She was still very yellow, and more than ever attentive to Fanfreluche and Coco. I even thought she devoted herself too much to the service of these two troublesome pets, to say nothing of a huge cat which she had added to her menagerie, as a kind of hieroglyphic of her condition. 'How fare the married couple?' cried she, tossing up her cork-screw curls. 'Still cooing and billing?'

'Mademoiselle,' said I, 'they are getting on pretty well. Claude, finding the historic pencil not lucrative, has taken to portrait-painting; and being no longer an enthusiastic artist, talks even of adopting the more expeditious method of the Daguerreotype. In the meantime, half the tradesmen of Avignon, to say nothing of Aix, have bespoken caricatures of themselves by his hand. Marie makes a tolerable wife, but has a terrible will of her own, and is feared as well as loved.'

Nathalie tried to laugh; but the memory of her old illusions coming over her, she leaned down towards the cat she was nursing, and sparkling tears fell upon its glossy fur.

THE POISON-EATERS.

A VERY interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, educed some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr T. von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of hedri from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment: one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favourable results their endeavours are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples I select the following:—

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to —— was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure, rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity: she was poisoned, and died an agonising death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse

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prevails could tell of such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorised possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the deathbed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, 'better winded!'—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R——, living in the parish of A——g, a strong, hale man of upwards of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never shew themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverised state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much-admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic-feeding.* It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavourable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary 'indulgences' in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid (vitriol), in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionary. Arsenic is said by Dr Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one-sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand

* Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

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no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time — perhaps from some frightful illness —and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. 'I cannot drink now as formerly,' is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, 'I *do* not drink now as formerly.' But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *ci-devant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madnesses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonising of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice without mentioning its shocking results.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOK.*

Much of the charm which surrounded the Great Exhibition may be attributed to the entirely unprecedented character of the undertaking. The building and its contents, wondrous as they were, owed a great part of their popularity to the fact, that all was new. An original and great idea had been successfully developed; and a wondrous show was presented to the English mind such as the world had never witnessed before. This great affair has at last passed away: the building indeed stands—for the present; but its glory is gone with its contents, and its interior, once as populous as a city, and palatial in its decorations, is now a cold, empty, and deserted glass-house. The great conception has reached its accomplishment, so far as it had a local connection with the Palace of Glass, and for its results we shall no longer seek in Hyde Park, but in the commercial and productive annals of our nation.

The Great Exhibition has but one literary offspring, though many claim its parentage. This offspring is the Official Catalogue, the career of which, by what perhaps will seem a natural law, fairly commenced only with the decease of its parent. This great book, gleaming in blue and gold, and swelling to three portly volumes, has a curious history, and, equally with the Exhibition itself, may lay claim to a degree of novelty in its conception and production which must long clothe it with a peculiar attraction; and this even if its contents were little better than those of an ordinary catalogue. If it was a matter of wonder to one who once put the question —how a literary partnership in the production of a book of poetry was carried on: whether one author was top, and the other bottom sawyer; whether one furnished one line and the other its fellow—what would be his surprise to hear of a book to which some 15,000 pens have contributed, and in every page of which some ten or twenty writers have had a hand! Here five-and-twenty Frenchmen tell their tale at page 1207, while at page 765 more than half that number of our own countrymen tell theirs. At all events, such a book is a phenomenon absolutely new in the literary world; and apart from every consideration of its relation with the Exhibition, and also of its scientific character and commercial value, we propose giving an outline of its history, regarding it—for the present—merely in the light of a literary curiosity.

As this is a task which may occupy our attention for some little space, it may be as well, on setting out, to give the reader, what is perhaps much needed, a clear and definite conception of what the work professes to be, and of its relation to the smaller book, sold at one shilling, and for a long time in everybody's hands in the streets of London. That little fat book, in its drab cover, with its densely-printed pages, looking about as interesting as *Walker's Dictionary*, and scarcely half as intelligible, which—though from no fault of its own—few could understand, and scarcely anybody read: that book was merely an index to the present work, though it appeared first, and thus inverted the ordinary rule. The small official catalogue, in fact, is a highly-condensed summary of the larger work, generally dealing only with names, places, and things exhibited, without any descriptive detail. This may perhaps be best illustrated by a specimen from each work, which we here append from Class 17, United Kingdom:—

'174. Muir, R., *Dunlop St., Glasgow*, Inv.—Electro-stereotype plate for letterpress-printing, from a mould of gutta-percha, taken from a page of diamond type in a screw-press.' Now contrast this with the same article in the larger catalogue:—

'174. Muir, Robert, 4 *Dunlop Street, Glasgow*—Inventor.

'Electro-stereotype plate for letterpress-printing. This specimen is from a mould of gutta-percha, taken from a page of diamond types in a screw-press. The gutta-percha was laid on warm, the pressure applied immediately, and left on for fifteen minutes. When the mould was taken off it was brushed over with plumbago, and copper deposited upon it by the known process. When the copper deposit is backed up with gutta-percha, it is ready for press.

'The advantage of electro-stereotype over stereotype is—that it will last much longer, and work much cleaner. The exhibiter has worked one of each together, and when the stereotype was completely worn, the electro-stereotype was as good as at first.

'Gutta-percha plate to be used in letterpress-printing. Plates made of gutta-percha from woodcuts will work a large impression with letterpress; advantageous when woodcuts are expensive, as the originals might be saved. Gutta-percha plates can be made in a short time at a trifling cost; and when two, four, or six are worked together, it will greatly facilitate the work and lessen expense.

'Make a mould from a woodcut by the method above described; brush it over with plumbago; lay it on the press, face up, and put warm gutta-percha into it; apply the pressure as before. Several plates may be got from the same mould.'

Every step in the history of this book has its interest, and we shall therefore commence our narrative with its legitimate origin. It is publicly known that the Royal Commissioners advertised for an Official Catalogue by contract. The general terms of that contract were to the effect—that a volume should be printed on good paper, with new type, extending to the length of 320 pages, small 4to, giving a succinct account of every article in the Great Exhibition, and sold at the price of one shilling, out of which

* Official, Descriptive, and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition. 3 vols. London: Spicer Brothers, and W. Clowes and Sons.

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twopence was to be deducted, and surrendered to the Royal Commissioners, for the general fund. In other words, a volume of 320 pages was to be produced, and sold at tenpence per copy, and a fine of L.50 per diem was to be incurred if it made not its appearance punctually on 1st May, with 10,000 copies ready for sale. In addition to this work, authority was given for the publication of a larger one, to contain illustrations and detailed descriptions of the goods exhibited —in short, a Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue. No limit was affixed to the price of this work. Advertisements might be inserted in either. For the privilege of publishing the small catalogue at a price only just removed from a positive loss for every copy sold, and for that of bringing out the present costly work, a large purchase-money was expected—and obtained. It appears from published accounts that the sum of L.3200 was paid for the copyright of these volumes! This part of the business settled, the task of arranging the preliminaries for the collection of the manuscripts of the 15,000 authors, and the plan of proceeding when the contributions were received, formed the next part of the history of the books.

The production of the plan of the present volumes, and the idea of attaching elucidatory notes to the descriptions of exhibiters, formed, as the preface assures us, the task of the literary and scientific editor. On receipt of the manuscripts of exhibiters, they were to undergo a rude sort of preparation, intended merely to divest them of obviously superfluous matter, and to throw the manuscript into the conventional form intelligible to the compositor. This effected, and the copy set up in type, the whole was sent in the form known as 'slip' to the editor, whose duty was the digestion, classification, distribution, correction, reconstruction of the raw material thus laid before him.

But we are going too fast. The manuscript had first to be written. For this purpose, rules intended for the guidance of the exhibiters—the authors—were issued by the Executive Committee. These rules were instructive and valuable in a high degree; and, had they reached a full development, the work before us would have assumed the very highest position in science and literature. These rules were put into circulation all over the United Kingdom and on the continent—indeed wherever the post could carry them in time. With them were circulated blank forms of four kinds—blue, red, black, and yellow, appropriated to the four sections—Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, and Fine Arts. On these the exhibiter-authors had to write the accounts of their articles; and thus was produced the manuscript forming the crude material of the present volumes. What heaps of manuscript must have been thus produced — what bushels or barrow-loads of written paper—for to measure this by folio and sheet is insanity—can be told only by those to whom the mass was in due course consigned—the unfortunate printers.

With this material in type commence the next phase and the most formidable of the difficulties attendant on the production of the catalogue. The material had passed from the compilers to the compositors, and from the latter we now trace it to the editorial study. But who was to edit this heap of incongruous material?—a conglomerate of scraps dealing with every art and science. Evidently no single individual was equal to the performance of a duty at once so immense in its character and so varied in its nature. This difficulty had been foreseen: long prior to the receipt of the first line of the work an army of scientific and practical men had been mustered, the roll including some of the highest names in natural and mechanical science. To the separate care of each member of this corps the dismembered fragments of the catalogue, systematically cut to pieces, were duly forwarded. Now arose a fresh difficulty—how were these pieces to be joined together once more, and that in precisely the same order as at first? For example, fragment No. 1 was off to the continent; its next-door neighbour, No. 2, to the north of Ireland; and No. 3 to Birmingham — each piece being on the average not more than half-a-dozen lines in length. No. 1 would be a week ere it returned, No. 2 four or five days, and No. 3 at least three. Meanwhile hundreds of fresh fragments were being sent out, and the daily post brought hundreds back in return. The precise manner in which this formidable difficulty was subdued, and the double end attained of ensuring a competent and accurate revision and correction, and the preservation of the sequential order of the matter, has not been divulged. The editor merely states that a simple plan was adopted which accomplished all; and that, moreover, a precise register of every fragment was kept of its destination, the period of its transmission by post, and of its return; and so accurately did this plan work, that the accidental detention of a little piece only three lines long was immediately discovered, and every particular of its history fully known! A polite request for its immediate return apprised the annotator of the vigilant care which watched over these little scraps of paper — in themselves so worthless — yet each telling its industrial tale.

Let us suppose the material thus purified from most of its scientific and technical inaccuracies, a vast amount of literary labour remained to be accomplished. Let the reader conceive the infinite variety of style, literary construction, and expression inevitably resulting from the very nature of the material and its origin. Mr A., who exhibited an amazing species of blacking, would—may we say, did? — dilate in strains comparable to, though at a little interval behind, those of a famous poet of metropolitan celebrity. Yet Mr A.'s blacking was a good article, a capital industrial product, and on no account to be despised because it was something attached to everyday life: quite the contrary. It was not fair to omit everything Mr A. said the blacking would accomplish, yet what it would really effect was so enveloped in figures of speech as scarcely to admit of disentanglement. This must, however, be done, and it was done. Mr A.'s rhetoric on blacking was only a type of Mr B.'s on boots, or Mr C.'s on soap. Indeed it is very probable that the hairdressers, bootmakers, and others who 'exhibited,' contributed more in the matter of literary composition than any other class of exhibition authors. It can scarcely, however, be deemed a matter of regret that there is little trace of this in the work before us, where all those exhibiters speak in very staid and demure terms of their several products. Thus far for the puffery.

The variety of literary style and expression formed a far more intractable feature of this undertaking. It proved a remarkable fact in the history of the preparation of the work, that in a large number of instances those exhibiters who were the producers of the most meritorious objects, were precisely those who said least about them. To such an extent was this the case, that it became actually necessary to invite such exhibiters to send further details for the due balancing of a work which at one time threatened to be overwhelmed with commonplace. This seems to have proved effectual; and few cases can now be pointed out of insufficient description attached to deserving objects. When from various causes, which it is easy to conjecture, the descriptions sent still proved inadequate, they were extended, or received the addition of an explanatory note. The formation of sentences, the right selection of terms, and all the other things to be attended to in literary composition, had all to be done here; and an endeavour has been made, with a moderate degree of success, to reduce to a harmonious whole this anomalous and incongruous heap of literary material. Just as varies the handwriting of every

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individual, so, though in a lesser degree, will be found to vary what is well understood as the 'style' of every writer. Let it be also remembered that a considerable amount of the manuscript was forwarded by that large and meritorious class of exhibiters—artisans, and in its grammatical and orthographical construction was consequently full of internal evidence of its humble origin.

These difficulties, great as they must have proved, were trifling in comparison with one which still remains to be adverted to—the queer literary productions of the foreign exhibiters. This will be best understood by considering the difficulty of translating technical terms into their English equivalents. As an example, something of the following description might have to be dealt with:—'This lamp is at present time in the public domain. The simpleness of its Mechanism got over a noted preference upon the —— lamp, the name of which will ever be *illustrious*. It produces the same result exactly than that latter, but it affords not so much difficulties as so its Cleansing and repairing. Its immense success already occupies several important manufactures, but which are rather more inclined so sell a very low prices than having a good manufacturing. With that respect, M. ——, the first and unequalled french lamp Manufacturer, may be ever highly commended for the rightly-acquired fame of his products!!'

Or, again, what would the reader make out of a gilding-fluid which might be described as 'allying very well with reserved parts to imitate wood?' Or how should such a statement as the following be dealt with:—'Creator of my manufactory —— in 1830, being by myself a ——, I have always worked in a line of amelioration and of improvement, all the models of my productions, united in my warehouses, are established conscientiously; and of the best quality my only desire, being to arrive to an honourable result.'

The grammatical entanglement of a foreigner's translation of his description of a piece of machinery—a mule for cotton-spinning, for example, or an agricultural implement—can perhaps scarcely be conceived. It is easy to imagine the multitude of ludicrous mistakes which would thus arise, and the appearance of which in the work would have destroyed its value and character. Even were all correct, the foreign idiom must have been invariably preserved, and an extensive transposition of words in every second or third sentence would become necessary.

However, after alterations and corrections to an alarming extent, the book was actually got to press, part by part; and having struggled through every difficulty, it now appears complete in a handsome form. Its delay is explained in the preface as the result of an accumulation of corrections and alterations of various kinds, many of which were made by a few out of the 15,000 who sat down to write the work. The smaller catalogue was rapidly made up from the corrected sheets of the larger one; and while the latter were obliged to lie inactive for awhile — if undergoing a dreadful process of docking can be so called — the smaller book was seen in every nook and alley of the Great Exhibition.

The career of the smaller work ended just prior to the close of the Exhibition, when the present, perfect in all its parts, appeared. A wide and honourable field of scientific and commercial utility appears likely to be occupied by this great work. We have often been struck with the fact, that commercial men in but few instances have perceived the relation of science to commerce. In this work it is shewn in a manner not likely to be soon forgotten.

The merchant may here learn the locality, the probable supply, and, in many instances, the scientific synonymes of those substances in the sale of which he is so deeply concerned; and the philosopher may learn also the vulgar and common terms of many of those things which have hitherto been familiar to him in the dignified though less expressive designations of science.

On another occasion we may again advert to these volumes, and present a few extracts from their contents. For the present we have adhered to our original intention, and considered the work merely in its interesting character as one of the curiosities of literature. It would be unfair to conclude without stating, since the fact is not mentioned in the title, that the editor-in-chief is Mr Robert Ellis of Sloane Street.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

Not least extraordinary among the results of the gold-discovery in California is the new social relationship or intermixture of races which, already commenced, will doubtless go on to some interesting developments. We were aware that the immense and crowded population of China had, under the present dynasty, begun fairly to overflow its bounds, and that already colonies of Celestials had planted themselves in the Indian Archipelago. We were not prepared, however, to hear of new tribes of emigrants from the same country floating across the North Pacific; and yet such is the fact, as appears by an account just received from a writer in San Francisco. 'The Chinese,' he says, 'are destined to exercise an important influence in this country. For the last six months they have supplied a larger number of immigrants than any other nation — not excepting the Atlantic section of the Union. Scarcely a week elapses without the arrival of 150 or 200 Celestials. Very few of them forsake the country; they appear to shape their course for permanent residence. The greater number equip themselves for mining, and set off in quest of gold; but many have settled down in trade or business in this city. The various grades of society are well represented; many of them are labourers and rustics, while some appear to be educated and polished. They all hail from Canton: it would not be creditable to come from any other place.

'It is a curious fact that, although there are from 10,000 to 20,000 of these people in California, very few of them are females. The women do not come: I know of but two or three Chinese women in this city. One of them is the noted Miss Atoy—a distinguished character, who has no pretensions to beauty, though she is not homely. She lives in a very public place, and shews herself at the door — always in regular national costume — with Chinese pantaloons of pure white or highly-wrought satin.

'You cannot look into the streets but you see troops of Chinese — here a dozen marching in single file, irregularly, and making a tour of observation, noting with curiosity everything around them. Yonder is another troop, twenty or thirty more, laden with tin pans, boots, and various preparations for the mines. Still larger bodies may be seen with sacks of sugar and rice on their backs, carrying them to their storehouses after the manner of ants; or if the load be too heavy for one, two of them tug it on a pole. There is a chap with a huge basket of clothing, at the heels of an odd-looking genius who wears odd-looking spectacles, and who reads his book as he goes to find the proper stopping-places. Occasionally you behold fifty or a hundred in one gang, just arrived, and staring with amazement at everything, getting along about as fast as children going to school on a parade-day.

'The Chinese are slow in assuming the American costume. Their clumsy shoes first come off, and are replaced by boots, often much too large. They are fond of big boots, and will seldom submit to a good fit if they can get a pair of greater capacity for the same money. Their feet are generally small. A friend of mine had a stock of small boots that he did not know

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what to do with: a Chinaman, attracted by their cheapness, bought a pair, and soon returned with swarms of his countrymen, who exhausted the supply before night.

'After sticking their nether extremities into leathern boots, the revolution attacks the head. The black woollen skull-cap, or the big cane umbrella-hat, heavy as Charlemagne's crown, gives place to the California slouch. Further than this the Chinaman seldom advances: about one in fifty takes the next step, which is to don the entire American costume; but the mass continue to exhibit their wiry, elliptic shanks enveloped in tight flannel or nankeen, or each one sticking through a petticoat which ventures scarcely below the knee.

'When employed as cooks and servants the Chinese find it convenient to assume an American name; but under other circumstances they make no change. A cook who had some outlandish Chinese name made choice of Thomas Tuck as his English synonyme. A card lately published in our papers, recommending a certain ship in which the authors had arrived, was signed *San Man*, *Chung Yee*, *Pew Chung*, *Lee Chin*, and *Long Fun*. Their signs are becoming quite numerous on our streets. We have Laundry Establishment, by *Pow Cheong*; *Ton Woo*, Chinese Goods; *Ying Ho*, Canton Wash-house; *Wang Shing*, Chinese Silk-Store; *On Chong*, Washing and Ironing.

'One of their grand depôts is at the head of Clay Street, where they have erected a very handsome storehouse. The sign is painted in their own tongue, though the characters are placed horizontally, and not in perpendicular columns, as is their custom. The house is crammed, like their other quartering-places, with hundreds of trunks and bundles, and with various kinds of merchandise. The merchants mostly remain in their stores, waiting for the visits of customers. Some small traders hawk their wares from door to door. They are equal to the Yankees in driving a bargain, and their economy is undoubted. It is said that they can out-trick the Yankees in trade, in proof of which specimens of tea made of dead wood are exhibited. It is even said that they can transform linen shirts into excellent calico ones in the process of washing and ironing. When a customer calls they exhibit wonderful expertness in comprehending his wants and arranging a bargain: but the tax-collector avers that he cannot by any possible means make them understand the object of his visit.

'They are very temperate, and a Chinaman is scarcely ever known to be drunk or noisy in the streets. In their houses they make merry with music and dancing. They are fond of smoking cigaritos, and are growing in civilisation fast enough to smoke in the streets.

'On a Sabbath morning lately I entered their establishment in Clay Street, and found some twenty of them sitting on the boxes, quietly occupied in sewing bags of buckskin for gold-dust. They were evidently unskilled in the art. One of the party wore a thimble, and others had a rag tied on the finger instead. I was shewing one of them how to do his work better, when another stepped up to shew me his work, which was neatly done. He was highly gratified with my approbation.

'Their ironing is done with a smooth-bottomed skillet filled with live coals, which is moved over the fabric by means of the handle in the same way that a warming-pan is used. One of them found a vest that he was ironing to be too dry; whereupon, filling his mouth with water, he sputtered it over the garment with wonderful dexterity. Each ironing-table is supplied with a bowl of water for this purpose.'

The writer then hazards a conjecture, that after the men have established a home they will send for their wives; but this betrays an ignorance of the Chinese law, which prohibits women from being taken out of the country—a prohibition not the less stringently enforced, that the superabundance of the sex leads to the practice of infanticide. When we consider, however, the heterogeneous population of the auriferous state—French, Irish, Scotch, English, Americans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Sandwich Islanders, Indians, and many others—we assent to his observation, that 'events of great moment in the history of the world are destined to grow out of the rapid colonisation of the Pacific shore, and the opening of new channels of commerce and social intercourse. The past half of the present century is full of the miracles of science and art: the current half will not be wanting. Who can imagine what the year 1901 will bring forth? China, Japan, India, the islands of the sea, will not be as they now are. A turning and an overturning are at hand. The Chinese emigration to California is one link in the chain.'

It appears that the more the diggings are extended, the more of the precious metal is discovered: the value of the quantity collected and to be collected within the present year, is estimated at 100,000,000 of dollars—or L.20,000,000 sterling. The mines of Russia have hitherto been the most productive; but their yield of L.4,000,000 annually is now exceeded fivefold by that of California. Unexpected returns have been obtained from several mills lately set up to crush the quartz rock by water-power; one of them is said to give 'a net profit of 100 dollars per hour.' It is calculated that the auriferous deposits cannot be exhausted in 1000 years.

Owing to the fact, that gold is not used in China as currency in any form, or in the payment of dues or taxes, none of the metal can be sent to that country without incurring a positive loss. On the other hand, at New York gold is worth 18 dollars an ounce, while in California it is not worth more than 16 dollars; consequently a large profit is realised by the mere sending of it from one side of the American continent to the other. The prices of vegetables at San Francisco and the diggings are, as reported, almost fabulous: potatoes, 16 dollars a bushel; turnips and onions, 25 to 62½ cents each; eggs, from 10 to 12 dollars a dozen. Wood is so scarce that coal is burnt, which costs from 60 to 100 dollars per ton; and it is supposed that a good trade may be established for the coal of Vancouver's Island and our Australian colonies. Pine boards and timber, locally termed 'lumber,' sold at one time at from 300 to 600 dollars per 1000 feet; but the price is now 85 dollars, and, with wages at 15 dollars a day, it cannot be produced in the country for less. The lumber-merchants of the eastern states consequently hope to do a good trade in this commodity: they can supply the wood at 16 dollars per 1000 feet, and the freight will be 24 dollars, making the cost less than half that of the Californian pine. The demand for lumber for several years to come is estimated at 20,000,000 feet annually. When all the arrangements are complete, it is intended that the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports shall not occupy more than 20 days—thus, New York to Chagres, 7 days; the Isthmus, 8 days; Panama to San Francisco, 10 days. Meantime sailing-vessels have made the voyage by way of Cape Horn in from 90 to 100 days: the route recommended is to stand broad off from the Horn, so as to get beyond the currents and baffling airs near the land, and within the influence of the south-east and north-west trade-winds. By this means the voyage from the Cape to San Francisco may often be performed in less time than from Panama to the same place.

It appears further, that California is remarkable for some other natural phenomena besides gold. Many singular petrifactions have been met with on different parts of the coast; and in the Bay of San Francisco there are standing petrified trees, to which boats are

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not unfrequently made fast at low-water—all indicating a volcanic origin. The same cause is still at work in what are called the 'Pluton Geysers'—that is, the hot springs of the Valley of the Pluton. These have lately been visited and examined by Mr Shepherd, professor of geology in Ohio, who relates that after exploring the Napa Valley for a distance of 30 miles, he came with his party to a group of 20 springs, varying in temperature from 93 to 169 degrees, although lying within a space of half a mile square. What is more remarkable, the temperature of individual springs changes considerably in the course of a few weeks, becoming cold or intensely hot. The professor felt desirous to find the spot where the intensity of this action would be greatest, and pursued his exploration. To quote his own words:

'We travelled north-westerly from the head of Napa Valley, and after encamping one or two nights in the rain, and wandering through almost impenetrable thickets, reached the summit of a high peak on the morning of the fourth day. On the west we saw the vast Pacific; on the east, the lofty range of the Sierra Nevada; while on the north, almost immediately at our feet, there opened an immense chasm, apparently formed by the rending of the mountains in a direction from west to east. The sun's rays had already penetrated into the narrow valley, and so lighted up the deep defile that from a distance of four or five miles we distinctly saw clouds and dense columns of steam rapidly rising from the banks of the little river Pluton. It was now the 8th of February: the mountain-peaks in the distance were covered with snow, while the valley at our feet wore the verdant garb of summer. It was with difficulty we could persuade ourselves that we were not looking down upon some manufacturing city, such as Pittsburg or Wheeling, until by a tortuous descent we arrived at the spot where at once the secrets of the inner world opened upon our astonished senses. In the space of half a mile square we discovered from 100 to 200 openings through which the steam issued with violence, sending up dense columns to a height of nearly 200 feet, like our largest ocean-steamers, and gradually diminishing to engines of one or two horse-power. The roar of the larger tubes could be heard for a mile or more.'

Some of these jets work 'spasmodically,' and when least expected, drench the incautious traveller with scalding water. The mineral and earthy matters held in suspension have formed cones over some of the orifices, the interior of which 'appears to be immense boiling caldrons, and you hear the lashing and foaming gyrations beneath your feet as you approach them. It is then a moment of intense interest. Curiosity impels you forward — fear holds you back; and while you hesitate, the thin crust under your feet gives way, and you find yourself sinking into the fiery mälström below.'

Here also the quality and temperature of the springs close together vary greatly—from boiling-point down to icy cold—and furnishing an abundant variety of mineral waters, with 'every natural facility for vapour, shower, or plunge baths. Where the heated sulphuretted hydrogen gas is evolved, water appears to be suddenly formed, beautiful crystals of sulphur deposited, and more or less sulphuric acid generated. In some places the acid was found so strong as to turn black kid-gloves almost immediately to a deep red. . . . . Notwithstanding that the rocks and earth in many places are so hot as to burn your feet through the soles of your boots, there is yet no appearance of a volcano in this extraordinary spot. Were the action to cease, it would be difficult after a few years to persuade men that it ever existed. The rocks around you are rapidly dissolving under the powerful metamorphic action going on. Porphyry and jasper are transformed into a kind of potter's clay; granite is rendered so soft that you may crush it between your fingers and cut it as easily as bread unbaked; and feldspar appears to be converted partly into alum.'

The action of heat on wood was also strikingly exhibited in stumps of trees silicified, and others converted into lignite or brown coal. This fact perhaps may help to explain the occurrence of silicified wood in Van Diemen's Land, which has often proved a puzzle to geologists. There were also 'some drops of a very dense and highly refractive fluid;' and Professor Shepherd 'was led to believe that pure carbon might, under such circumstances, crystallise and form the diamond.' Unfortunately he lost the specimen in his attempt to secure it.

The effect produced on living vegetation is thus described: — 'A green tree cut down and obliquely inserted in one of the conical mounds was so changed in thirty-six hours that its species would not have been recognised except from the portion projecting outside, around which beautiful crystals of sulphur had already formed.'

The heated and sulphurous vapours have no injurious effect on the vegetation of the locality, for large forest-trees flourish within fifty feet of the boiling springs, animals abound in the thickets, and birds sing in the branches.

Professor Shepherd thus concludes: 'I have now traced the influence of this thermal action from 200 to 300 miles on the Pacific coast to California, but only in this place have I been permitted to witness its astonishing intensity. The metamorphic action going on is at this moment effecting important changes in the structure and conformation of the rocky strata. It is not stationary, but apparently moving slowly eastward in the Pluton Valley.' He considers that if the cause of action be carefully studied, the result will be to throw light on many geological phenomena at present inexplicable.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

DECEMBER.

'And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember—
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourisht by the Idean Mayd;
And in his hand a broad, deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinkes a health to all his peers.'

—SPENSER.

BUT 'great bonfires' and 'merry feasting,' however much indulged in in Devonshire, are not needed to the end that one should 'not the cold remember,' for winter on England's sweet south-western coast is not like that season in other places. In South Devon, tender shrubs, which in most counties are stripped of their leaves in October, remain verdant till late in the winter. I have seen the new spring-leaves spreading their tender green, and flower-buds formed on the branches of the rose-tree, whilst those of the former year still retained their green as they hung unshaken on their stalks. Fuchsias, geraniums, and the eccremocarpus, whose delicate leaves are so soon touched by frost, continue to bloom till long after Christmas, and in very mild winters even as late as March; whilst many exotics, which in other counties would not survive December without the protection of a greenhouse, will stand winter after winter in the open ground without even the protection of matting, and attain size and strength unknown to the inhabitants of a greenhouse. When, therefore, I speak of finding flowers in the field after their usual season is past, do not let it be considered as a myth, but look on it—as it is of a truth—rather as a result of that sweet, genial climate with which it has pleased God to endow our southern coast,

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making it thereby so comfortable and beneficial a retreat for those poor consumptive beings who would be unable to bear the cold blasts of winter in a less favourable position, and whereby so many lives have been prolonged and so much suffering mitigated.

But now, as I mean to take a long round through the lanes, and to bring home such wealth of berries as never was seen, I really must have George and the donkey: the former to climb the hedges and collect the spoil, and the latter to help to bring it home when collected. The flower-fancier who lives by the sea-shore has several great advantages over one who lives in an inland situation, because there are many plants which love saline particles, and flourish within their influence, but do not exist where those particles are not to be found; yet he has one marked disadvantage: the person who lives in an inland position forms the centre of a circle of as many miles of land as he can traverse, and therefore has about twice as much field for his observation as the sea-shore collector, inasmuch as the circle of the latter is half composed of sea, an element on which he can find no food for his fancy. Remember, I do not say the botanist, but the flower-collector; for of course he who studies the marine plants does not come under my remark. Now this circumstance must account for my so often leading my friends at the outset of our walk or ride in the same direction: at Budleigh Salterton there are but two roads by which you may quit the village—one leading to Sidmouth, and the other to Exmouth; and though these soon branch off into other roads and lanes, so as to provide an abundant variety of walks, there is necessarily a little monotony in the commencement of our rambles.

Mounted on Jack, and with George, my trusty knight, by my side, we therefore set off once more up the village, along by the blacksmith's glowing shop, and so over the heath to the Exmouth road, because there grow the finest hollies of all in that holly-decked neighbourhood; and as Christmas is drawing near, I propose getting a rare stock of its bright berries, as well as those of other kinds, for the decoration of my rooms: not for the reason assigned by Brand, for decking houses with evergreens in December—'that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped by frost and cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes,' but because I love old customs—at least all harmless ones—and because I love and would cultivate cheerfulness; and though living now alone, I see not why my house should not look as bright, and I be as happy, as my neighbours: indeed, the house of the solitary needs the help of such external influences to enliven it, even more than that of the family where there are bright young faces all beaming with Christmas joy, and all sorts of social greetings between old and young and middle-aged, to cheer a family circle. And so I set forward, resolved that my house should be very gay, and that in berries at anyrate I would outvie my neighbours.

There was no frost, no snow; the leaves still lingered on the hedges, a few here and there tinged with those deepest shades of red and purple and bronze which precede their final departure; but many more than remain on the branches lie in heaps under the hedge and on the bank; and as you pass along, hundreds of small birds spring up from their feast of hips and haw-thorn-berries—startling you with their sudden flight as they mount—and then alight on some bush a little farther on to resume their chirping and their food. And then on some twig close to you, and in full sight, sweet Robin sits and sings, wholly unscared by the sight of human beings, his bright orange-red breast having attained its full winter richness, and looking almost as brilliant as the holly-berries on the neighbouring tree, and his song possessing more power and fulness than at any other time of the year.

And now we have entered on the scene of our gatherings, and there are trees refulgent with berries, and of a size not often surpassed. At first they appear only here and there, but about a mile from the village the hedge on the right hand is chiefly formed of holly, and large trees of it, some twenty feet or more in height, stand out at intervals in all the pride of beauty. For how many long years has the holly been the theme of song and praise! How many years has it been in repute as a Christmas ornament! Certainly it had attained this pre-eminence before the English language arrived at its present orthography, for there exists an old carol or ballad in the Harleian collection at the British Museum which curiously contrasts it with the ivy, putting the latter into a most lamentable position. Nevertheless, the much-despised ivy shall have its 'honour due,' both in our houses and in my botanical record.

The common ivy (*Hédera hélix*) is of the natural order *Caprifoliaceæ*—the name is supposed to be derived from the Celtic *hedra*, a cord. Incredible as it may seem to the ordinary observer, there is but one species of this tribe indigenous in England; and indeed the whole genus boasts but two species, unless we consider the Irish ivy (*Hédera hélix vegéta*), which is a native of Madeira, as one. In appearance, however, there are two English species: one which runs over walls, trees, and ruins, sending out large branches crowned with blossoms and berries, and forming woody stems as thick or thicker than the wrist, with leaves egg-shaped and sharply pointed, of one clear green; and another not half the size of the former, the leaves of which are five-lobed, and veined with white, their colour varied with purple, bronze, and even yellow and red: it grows close to the wall, or trunk of the tree on which it spreads, and produces neither blossoms nor berries.' But these are merely varieties of the same species, the apparent differences proceeding from the accidents of soil and situation; and this may be proved by taking a bit of the root of the larger sort, and placing it close to a wall or tree, where you will soon see it assume the growth and appearance of the smaller sort, and continue to maintain it until it rises to a height where there is no substance on which it can fix the numerous fibres thrown out from the stems: it will then begin to alter its character, become woody and branched, and throw out blossoms; the leaves will also assume the undivided form and the uniform green which marks the larger sort.

The ivy blossom appears in October or November. It is formed with five stamens, one pistil, and five small oblong petals. The flowers are in umbels, and produce one-celled berries, which when ripe, and that is about April, are black and very handsome. I am not aware that it has any medicinal properties, neither is it good for the food of man; yet in it we may remark a gracious provision for the benefit of some of the lower animals. When the hawthorn and other berries which have supplied the blackbirds and other feathered denizens of the wild with food during the winter are nearly exhausted, and the summer fruits are not yet ripened, there comes in an abundant crop of ivy berries; and this is not all, for at the close of the flower season, when the 'sedulous bees' can find but little to supply their wants, the sweet blossoms of the ivy expand, and then around every ivy-crowned bridge and wall you may hear the air all vocal with the busy hum of these pretty honey-gatherers, who cluster among the blossoms by hundreds. Pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes, and other birds rejoice in the berries, and the stumps of ivy form a favourite building-place for blackbirds and some other kinds. Sheep are also very fond of its leaves; therefore ivy shall *not* 'stond without the dore ful sore acold.'

But now for the holly, for we are come to the very best trees, with myriads of the brightest berries, the

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leaves glittering in the sunshine, and the 'birdies' glancing about among them between the branches. But the finest bunches are too high, and far above my reach. What shall I do?—for I had set my mind on gathering for myself. Why I must remount Jack, and perhaps by getting him in close under the tree, and it may be a little way up the bank, I may succeed in reaching those splendid branches. So Jack was pushed, and pulled, and pommelled about, until he had at last assumed the position required; and then up I got, but, alas! I had miscalculated, for my head was not very much higher than before, and all the most glowing branches preserved their beauties *intatto!*

'I can climb up easy, ma'am,' said George; and before I could reply with consent or denial, George was crashing through the branches and dry leaves on the top of the hedge.

'Not *that* tree, George,' cried I, seeing him begin to ascend one whose berries were not of so brilliant a red as its neighbour—for be it known that there is great diversity in their hue, some trees bearing much duller berries than others—'Not that; the next;' and George, obedient though ardent, was presently aloft in the one indicated, lopping off such branches, all one glow of scarlet, that soon there lay at my feet enough to clothe Jack in a bristly panoply from head to foot. And now my purveyor having descended from the tree—not wholly unscathed though, for it is ill climbing in a holly-bush—we jog on through Knowle, and as we go, we may amuse ourselves with talking over the holly, its structure and properties. Be it known, then, that though China, Carolina, Madeira, and other countries boast of numerous species of this plant, which is of the natural order *Celastrineæ*, in Britain there is only one indigenous to the land, and that is the common holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), although there have been several varieties produced by culture from this species. The main characteristics of all, however, are alike. The bark is grayish; the leaves alternate, shining, and of a deep green, remaining verdant throughout the year: they are spiny, the lower leaves more so than the upper, the margin of the former being waved, and forming many acute points, whilst those of the latter are in general smooth, excepting one sharp spine at the extremity of the leaf. The flowers spring from the axils of the leaves, and are white and somewhat umbellate. Blooming early in the year, their germens continue to increase, become globular, and as they ripen, assume a scarlet hue, more or less brilliant—a difference proceeding, I imagine, from soil or other adventitious circumstance. This berry contains four cells, in each of which is one oblong, pointed seed, which when it falls to the ground, vegetates freely among the fallen leaves, from whence the young plants may be transplanted in early spring or autumn by the hundred. Every part of this plant is useful: as fences, the prickly leaves render it invaluable, although its slow growth is a disadvantage; the wood is much in repute with turners, as it is very hard, white, and close-grained, presenting a beautiful surface. It is much used in mosaic or inlaying work, and is also put under thin plates of ivory, to render the latter more brilliant. Birdlime is made of the bark, its berries are the food of multitudes of birds, and its blossoms the delight of bees and of many other insects. Evelyn states that the superior leaves, dried to a fine powder, and drunk in white wine, are good for one complaint, and the most pointed, mixed and boiled with other matters, for several others; and also that a dozen of the ripe berries being swallowed would disperse phlegm without danger; but these, I suspect, were some of the notions of an age less advanced in medical knowledge than the present, for Woodville in his *Medical Botany* takes no notice of the holly. Evelyn was an enthusiast in holly, and had a most noble hedge of it in his garden at Deptford, on which he thus expatiates: 'Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable fence of near three hundred foot in length, nine foot high, and five in diameter, which I can shew in my poor garden, at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves? the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral. It mocks at the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers, "et illum nemo impune lacessit."'

He then proceeds to give many important directions for the growth and culture of hollies, and adds: 'This rare hedge—the boast of my villa—was planted upon a burning gravel exposed to the meridian sun.' But there seems to have been a hedge in the grounds of Sir M. Decker, at Richmond, which even surpassed Evelyn's in grandeur. This plant—which never looks more beautiful than when its brilliant green foliage and coral-berries are breaking through a mantle of lustrous snow—presents many cultivated varieties: one with yellow berries, and another with a silvery edging to its leaves, but none of them equal in beauty the common red prickly holly, a sprig of which is the badge of the clan Drummond. It is called in Gaelic *Creil Thionn.*

'And now, George,' said I, as we worked our way through Knowle, 'where can we get some butcher's broom?'

'O there's plentics, maam, at Haye's 'ood, but I doant know for any handier nor that,' was George's reply.

'And how far is Haye's Wood from hence?' asked I.

'They do call 't about a maile and half here from,' answered George in his broad Devonshire dialect, wherein we have almost continental pronunciation of some vowels, and wonderful clipping of others, with such strange inversions of personal and possessive pronouns as are, I believe, unknown in other lands.

'Then you must get me some to-morrow, George,' was my decision; for another 'maile and half' on a donkey, and two miles and a half back, was more than my philosophy could contemplate—'and we will go round the lanes by the mill, and look for some iris-berries, and so home by Kersbrook;' and George, well pleased with the prospect of some pence for his to-morrow's excursion, gave Jack a thump, and seizing him by the bridle, dashed through the brook which crosses the road, all regardless of the water reaching above his ankles; and off we trotted at double-quick time through most tortuous lanes, still beautiful in their sequestered shelter, and overhung with ivy and holly, and hips and haws, the banks here and there displaying a few bright blossoms of ragwort, or scabious, or St John's wort, and occasionally a pink campion rather pinched in truth, yet still pretty and bright. Soon we fell in with the iris-berries in profuse abundance, and highly ornamental they are to the country all through the autumn and winter; they are the fruit of the *Iris fœtidissima*, one of the only two species which are indigenous in our own land; for though there are so many gorgeous varieties which add to the decoration of our gardens, they are all imports from other countries—the common yellow-flag or fleur-de-lis (*Iris pseudo acorus*), and that whose berries I was seeking, but whose name I am sorry to write, because, though most appropriate, it is so inelegant—the stinking iris (*I. fœtidissima*), being our only two native kinds. They belong to the natural order *Iridæa.* The very name of iris denotes beauty, being bestowed by the ancients from the variety of its colours. Loudon says: 'According to Plutarch, the word iris signified, in the ancient Egyptian tongue, *eye*—the eye of heaven;' and iris is the name of the rainbow. One of the foreign species (*Iris germanica*), a native of Germany, produces that sweet, violet-scented article the orris-root—a corruption of iris-root—

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which is sold in shops as a dentifrice, and for other uses; but one of our English kinds (*I. pseudo acorus*) seems to have more valuable properties than any other I find reported. The root of this is said to be good for toothache, besides having other medical uses, and being also used in the Hebrides to dye black. The leaves make excellent thatch and chair-bottoms; and Dr George Johnstone says that the berries roasted are an admirable substitute for coffee. It is common in marshy places and wet fields in June.

The form of the blossom is like that of all irises, with six divisions, the three inner much shorter than the three outer: this, the yellow-flag, grows from two to four feet in height, throwing up from a fine group of dark-green sword-shaped leaves its long flower-stalks, each with three blossoms, which expand one after the other, and are of a bright yellow. The other species (*Iris fœtidissima*) is less common than the former: it is found most abundantly in all the south-western counties of England, but is rare elsewhere, and not met with at all in Scotland. Hooker says, and most truly, 'in Devonshire it is so frequent that you can hardly avoid walking among it when herborising, and being annoyed by the smell;' and Withering tells us that it has a smell 'like rancid bacon.' Decidedly the odour which exhales from any cut or bruised part is most offensive, and almost enough to deter one from venturing to assail it; but, luckily, it does not continue long; and after it has once subsided it does not return unless you macerate it anew, so that the flower or capsule may be used in the decoration of a room with impunity. It is in form like all the rest of its tribe; the colour of the blossom which appears in June is a dull grayish purple; in growth it is smaller and lower than the yellow-flag; it prefers dry soil, and is abundant on the limestone hills near Torquay, where it looks very brilliant—rising in tufts among the great boulders of limestone, which crop up between the short thymy turf on those beautiful heights. Its great beauty, however, lies in its abundant fruit, which, forming about July, lies closed up in its large three-lobed calyx of deep green till towards winter, when the segments of the calyx begin to divide, and display at each of the three openings a double row of round yellow berries, very smooth, and as large as a pea, shewing that each capsule encloses six rows of seeds with about six or seven in each row: as they mature the sepals open wider, and the berries deepen in colour until they attain a bright orange-red; so that during November and December they present a very beautiful appearance. Three or four of these masses of berries hang on each stalk, depressing it by their weight into a graceful curve; as winter advances the calyx becomes stiff and brown, and turns back towards the stem, contrasting well with the bright coral-seeds which it thus discloses more fully; so that till quite spring they continue to be singular and attractive objects, and greatly enliven the wintry colouring of the hedge or hillside.

Laden with spoils, we now passed along through lanes lovely even at this season of the year; my donkey from time to time stopping unreproved to crop the herbage by the roadside, or to browse on some of the few plants in the hedge which Dame Winter had spared. I like donkeys in spite of their proverbial dulness and stubbornness; for which faults of character, by the by, I often think man is more blamable than the poor maligned beast. Why should not the breed be improvable by proper care as well as that of the noble Andalusian and Egyptian animals, which are, I believe, of the same race as our own? Donkeys are picturesque objects in a landscape; and a nice group of shaggy animals, with a fine foal or two, has not unfrequently formed a subject, and a pleasing one, for the painter, while even poets have not left the tribe wholly untouched in their songs.

And now we turn into a pretty sort of terrace-lane—if lane that may be called which has a hedge only on one side, the other being formed by a sudden fall of some feet—to a sweet, green meadow, at the end of which is a pretty overshot rustic mill. Beyond it lie orchards beautiful in spring, when carpeted with primroses and hyacintha, and overhung with rosy apple-blossoms; through these orchards and the meadow flows the clear little stream which works the mill, and speedily joins our path, by the side of which it courses along till we reach Kersbrook. Soon we find ourselves descending the steep, steep hill which leads from the Sidmouth road into the village, and from the top of which we seem to look down into the chimneys of the houses, so abrupt is its descent. But then the wide view of the sea which it commands is so entrancing that, watching the blue waters, we forget the hill, and suddenly find that we are close to the terrace and almost at home.

And here, for the present, I close my rambling observations on wild-flowers.

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.*

Madame Miau often expressed her astonishment that we English, who are so fond of having everything good, and spare neither pains nor expense in improvements, had never yet penetrated into the mystery of fattening fowls. 'Not but that they are sometimes white, and good, and fat, although small; but to have them so, *sacristie!* what a price you pay! and, after all, look at the difference between a fine French *poularde* and one of the best of your "leetl' beasts."'

'And in what consists the mystery?' I asked.

'No mystery at all: darkness, cleanliness, buckwheat, and new milk—*voilà tout.* If the milk is many hours milked, so as to be the least idea sour, give it to your children, but not to your capons: let the place they are confined in be perfectly dark, and let it be thoroughly cleaned once if not twice a day: the buckwheat must not be in the slightest degree damaged: feed them yourself four times in the twenty-four hours with a paste of flour and new milk, just stiff enough to roll into the thickness of a worm, and in a fortnight or three weeks you will have *tout ce qu'il y a de mieux.* If you choose to cram them, you come on quicker.'

'But how cruel not to let them drink!'

'Ah, bah! they don't mind that; but I can't think, however, a little fresh-drawn milk by itself sometimes will hinder their fattening: they must positively, however, have nothing else.'

'I thought,' observed I, 'that the geese in France were as inferior to ours as the fowls were the contrary.'

'Then you never were at Cherbourg *le jour des rois?*'

'No.'

'I was once, and the geese live still in my memory: so white, so smooth, so fat—like English babies; and when you touched them with a fork in roasting, ah, the lovely sea of grease that flowed!'

'Disgusting! What can you do with it?'

Mme Miau stared, and it was evident that to her the well-fed fleshy goose, stuffed with onions and sage, so dear to the inhabitants of Durham, was unknown; so I begged her to proceed with the cookery of her goose, which she did as follows:—'Never baste your goose, but when the dripping-pan fills, empty it; continuing to do so again and again till it has run all out, and the animal is roasted: then, while still hot, detach

* Continued from No. 388.

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the legs and wings; wait until they are cold, or better, till next day, when you must carefully place them one above the other, and a laurel leaf upon each, in a stone jar, till it is quite full; remelt the grease, and pour it over all. The bodies are only fit to *fricassée* for the poor.'

'And how do you eat the legs and wings?'

'In various ways: grill and serve with sauce *à la moutarde*, or make a haricot, or stew them with *bouillon*, butter, turnips, and seasoning—in fine, what you will.'

The following dish also seemed to me new, and as there is no accounting for tastes, it may possibly be liked by those fond of traditions, as it is recorded that St Hubert ate the hares he killed, cooked according to this very jovial *récipé*.

Hare à la St Hubert.—Skin it while quite warm, and cut it up as quickly as possible; put it into a copper, with all the blood you can save; four ounces of bacon fat, leeks, parsley, a bay leaf, and whatever herbs you can most quickly procure, made into a bundle; add a sufficiency of salt, a very little pepper, and lastly, a pint-and-a-half of good, strong, spirituous red wine. Hook the copper on the pot-hanger—in France, as in Scotland, there is always a hook hung in the chimney to fasten the *marmite* to, high above the fire; I suppose the hob answers the purpose, or might do so, in England—and set fire to the wine; while it is flaming, roll six ounces of butter in some flour, and when it ceases to burn add it to your stew; half an hour will be enough; when you may eat it, and bless the memory of the good saint.

I have no doubt that it is an excellent dish, and worthy the attention of sportsmen; but what will they say to the following, which the good woman gave me, as something equally economical and excellent, and more attainable? I shall call it, what in fact it is, a

Recipe to dress Robin Redbreasts, Jenny Wrens, and sic like.—When they are fat, snare them; empty, roll in slices of bacon fat, and roast a little more perhaps than ten minutes. When quite cold, you cut off and put aside the wings and breasts; the remainder you chop up with four shallots and two large glasses of any kind of white wine, salt, pepper, a clove of garlic, and some olive-oil. Simmer this mess twenty minutes, and strain it; then put into the sauce the reserved pieces, and warm by degrees till hot: serve with fried bread. It makes almost as good a *salmi* as woodcocks, and as it may be tried upon sparrows, without shocking our British feelings, I give Mme Miau's recipe.

Skate, flounders, plaice, and similar fish, taste much better *au beurre noir*; and as I know the worthy dame, although she likes *recherché* dishes, contrives to make them more economically than any one else, I have learned from her how she proceeds.

'Add to the water into which you put them an onion, a clove of garlic, a crushed clove, a bouquet *garni*, and half a tumbler of vinegar; when it boils add the liver, and let it make just nine more bubbles. Take off the pan, skim it carefully, and place it by the side of the fire. Then put some butter into a frying-pan, and when it boils crisp your parsley for garnishing. Take that out, and add to the butter a glass of vinegar, which must boil only one minute, when it is in a proper state to pour upon the fish, which is sent up covered with crisped parsley. Frogs,' pursued madame, 'although a very expensive dish at Paris, are to be had in some places very reasonable, and the common frog makes as good broth as any; but dressed as *mon pauvre cher* M. Miau loved, nothing can possibly be better.'

'O pray tell me!'

'Well; cut fifty fat young frogs just a little below the fore-legs, and skin the hinder ones; throw them for five minutes into boiling water, with vinegar and a little salt to blanch. In the meantime, put three ounces of butter and a small spoonful of flour into a stew-pan, and melt slowly, turning all the time, and adding by degrees water, salt, pepper, and a bouquet *garni*. Then pop in your frogs, and let them boil twenty minutes. Take them out, and arrange them tastefully on a dish; and lifting the stew-pan from the fire (having first removed the bouquet), add the beaten yolks of three eggs to the sauce, turning one way until thick and smooth; pour it over your frogs, and serve hot. They are likewise very good fried in butter after blanching, and when cold, dipped in butter and fried again a golden brown: you must always garnish with crisped parsley, and serve them very hot, for cold frogs are not good.'

Artichokes Mme Miau was very fond of; and I have frequently eaten them, as she generally prepared them for herself. When nearly boiled enough, she removed the choke and filled the hollow with parsley and chives cut small, with salt, pepper, two mushrooms chopped, and bread crumbs made into a paste with a little butter. They were then placed on a tin with a little olive-oil or oiled butter and gravy, and a few minutes in the oven was sufficient to make them crisp and capital; but you may also fill the hollow with anything you like better—such as equal parts of underdone veal, oysters, and bread crumbs, which are very nice. The bottoms and tender portions of the leaves minced up and fried in butter is one of many other modes of eating artichokes; they are, however, all good. I beg to bring into notice the following excellent sweet dish, which is, however, an Italian, not a French recipe.

Saubaglione.—For as many persons as you expect put as many yolks of eggs, as many glasses of sweet Malaga or Frontignan or any sweet wine—raisin-wine will do very well—and half as many table-spoonfuls of powdered loaf-sugar into a large bowl or chocolate-pot, which you place upon a hot plate or gentle fire, and turn with a whisk (*moussoir*) until it becomes the consistence of whipt cream. Pour into glasses. This is an exquisite dish.

The mustard, as sold in pots, is a very simple affair: I constantly make my own as follows:—One ounce mustard, two pinches of salt, and a large wine-glass of boiling water are mixed and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden-cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste. The great art is to make common things taste uncommonly well. Brussels sprouts, for instance, are sent up to me merely boiled and drained: I put them in a pan with a little bit of butter, pepper, and salt; shake them about, and they are then a nice dish; and so on with almost every vegetable—even new potatoes. Old ones, when cold, are delicious, cut into very small pieces, and put into a sauce composed of a little milk, flour, butter, pepper, salt, and minced parsley, and shaken about till the potatoes are hot: the sauce must boil first. And how nice does the following *roux* make almost everything: Butter and flour browned, and a minced onion, pepper and salt, with a little water added, and all turned round on the fire one way till the onions are melted into nothing, and you taste only the flavour: you may heat up thin slices of cold meat in this. And here I may observe, that when a hash is tough from having boiled too long, the only way to make it tender is to let it stew gently for an hour more—a secret worth knowing; but the best plan is only to warm it in the gravy—merely warm it. Any one with a good cookery-book and no stint may prepare a nice dish if he is acquainted with the principles of cookery; but what is wanted in this country is the art of making common things good at little cost and with little trouble—and that we do not, and some will not understand.

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NATIONAL ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

The 'Royal Preacher,' Dr James Hamilton, gives the following account of our national advantages:—'Behold us here in Britain, in the heart of the nineteenth century, surrounded with the broadest zone of peace and material comfort to be found in all the map of history. Looking at our temporal lot, we of this generation and this country stand on the very pinnacle of outward advantage; in all our lives never once affrighted by the rumour of invasion; exempt from all the horrors of impressment and conscription; ignorant of martyrdoms, religious and political—free, self-governed, independent. Who knows it? Who remembers it? Who in these matters adverts to his own happiness? As she presses to her bosom her little boy, or parts on his open brow the darkening hair, amidst all her maternal pride, where is the mother who praises God for her young Briton's privilege? How many hearts remember to swell with the joyful recollection—Thank God, he may leave me if he pleases; but he can never be dragged from me against his will! He may become a More among lawyers, a Latimer among preachers, a Sidney among statesmen, and need dread neither stake nor scaffold. He may become the victim of false accusation and malignant persecution; but he will not languish without trial slow years in the dungeon, nor by the rack be frenzied into a false witness against himself. He may turn out unwise, he may turn out unhappy; but, thank God, the son of a British sire can never feel the tyrant's torture in his limbs, nor the brand of slavery on his brow!'

Every word of it true; but the preacher, to be quite fair, should have gone a step farther, and given the smallest possible sketch of our disadvantages—the few ingredients employed to imbitter the sweet cup of life. For example, at any moment we may be dragged into a law or Chancery suit, by which, at a cost of thousands of pounds, a delay of half a life-time, and troubles and anxieties that are terrible to think of, we may at last find ourselves ruined by the decision of a matter which any two intelligent men could have settled in a single hour! Surely the whole of law and Chancery procedure is a thing eminently deserving consideration and amendment.

MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing-place at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her 'purple wings' over the sky, or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones; it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun during the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning nearly comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night-breezes play over the face. The scene is favourable for meditation: the moon 'walking in brightness,' gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep-blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the beasts, lying down here and there, the fruit-trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The babbling of the little rivulet, winning its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals—a low hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory sea-breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these. The mocking-bird takes his seat on the highest twig of the orange-tree at my feet, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighbouring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to outsing the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts and swells, and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the fire-fly flits along, and at the edges of the bounding woods scores of twinkling lights are seen, appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four bats are silently winging along through the air; now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now fitting so close over head that one is tempted to essay their capture with an insect net. The light of the moon, however, though clearly revealing their course, is not powerful or precise enough for this, and the little nimble leather wings pursue their giddy play in security.—*Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn.*

THE ROCK IN THE ATLANTIC.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

In the sleepless Atlantic, remote and alone,
Is a rock which the wild waves all wrathfully beat;
Its echoing bulwarks with sea-drift are strewn,
And dark are the waters that roll at its feet.
Let the shrill winds of ocean go forth as they may,
It wars with the surges, and knows not of rest;
Its pinnacles drip with the fast-falling spray,
And billows are breaking in foam on its breast.

But though breakers and whirlwinds around it may sweep,
That hermit of ocean lives conquering on,
And the mariner sees it still fronting the deep,
As it flung back the surf in the years that are gone:
All worn but unshaken that desolate rock,
Fast rooted where islands and earthquakes are born,
Looks fearlessly down on the breaker's rude shock,
And laughs the vain force of the tempest to scorn.

O thou who reverest a Master above!
And sighest for glories immortal and high,
Be strong in believing, and steadfast in love,
When passion is loud and the tempter is nigh:
When infidels bid thee be false to thy Lord,
When they laugh at the Faith that ennobles and saves,
When they scoff at His people, and rail at His word,
Be thou to their wildness that rock in the waves.

Ay! stand like that sea-cliff, nor ask thou to shun
The work of obedience, the cares, or the cost:
There are treasures of infinite price to be won,
There are treasures of infinite price to be lost.
With the wiles of the tempter, his vengeance or mirth,
Strive thou as the bold and the faithful have striven,
And the sorrows and toils of thy warfare on earth
Shall be paid in the peace and the raptures of heaven.

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WHAT BECOMES OF THE RIND?

Of all the occupations that exercise the ordinary energies of human beings, the most abstracting is that of sucking an orange. It seems to employ the whole faculties for the time being. There is an earnestness of purpose in the individual so employed —an impassioned determination to accomplish what he has undertaken — that creates a kindred excitement in the bystanders. His air is thoughtful; his eye severe, not to say relentless; and although his mouth is full of inarticulate sounds, conversation is out of the question. But the mind is busy although the tongue is silent; and when the deed is accomplished, the collapsed spheroid seems to swell anew with the ideas to which the exercise had given birth. One of these ideas we shall catch and fix, for occurring as it did to ourselves, it is our own property: it was contained in the question that rose suddenly in our mind as we looked at the ruin we had made—What becomes of the rind?

And this is no light question; no unimportant or merely curious pastime for a vacant moment. In our case it became more and more serious; it clung and grappled, till it hung upon our meditations like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. Only consider what a subject it embraces. The orange, it is true, and its congener the lemon, are Celestial fruits, owing their origin to the central flowery land; but thanks to the Portuguese, they are now domesticated in Europe, and placed within the reach of such northern countries as ours, where the cold prohibits their growth. Some of us no doubt force them in an artificial climate at the expense of perhaps half a guinea a piece; but the bulk of the nation are content to receive them from other regions at little more than the cost of apples. Now the quantity we thus import every year from the Azores, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Malta, and other places, is about 300,000 chests, and each of these chests contains about 650 oranges, all wrapped separately in paper. But besides these we are in the habit of purchasing a large quantity, entered at the custom-house by number, and several thousand pounds' worth, entered at value; so that the whole number of oranges and lemons we consume in this country may be reckoned modestly at some 220,000,000! Surely, then, it is not surprising that while engaged in the meditative employment alluded to we should demand with a feeling of strong interest —What becomes of the rind?

Everybody knows that Scotch marmalade uses up the rinds of a great many Seville oranges, as well as an unknown quantity of turnip skins and stalks of the bore-cole, the latter known to the Caledonian manipulators of the preserve as 'kail-custocks.' Everybody understands also, that not a few of the rinds of edible oranges take up a position on the pavement, where their mission is to bring about the downfall of sundry passers-by, thus accomplishing the fracture of a not inconsiderable number—taking one month with another throughout the season—of arms, legs, and occiputs. It is likewise sufficiently public that a variety of drinks are assisted by the hot, pungent rinds of oranges and lemons as well as by the juice; but notwithstanding all these deductions, together with that of the great quantity thrown away as absolute refuse, we shall find a number of rinds unaccounted for large enough to puzzle by its magnitude the Statistical Society. This mystery, however, we have succeeded in penetrating, and although hardly hoping to carry the faith of the reader along with us, we proceed to unfold it: it is contained in the single monosyllable, *peel*.

Orange-peel, lemon-peel, citron-peel—these are the explanation: the last-mentioned fruit—imported from Sicily, Madeira, and the Canary Islands—being hardly distinguishable from a lemon except by its somewhat less acid pulp and more pungent rind. Even a very careless observer can hardly fail to be struck at this season by the heaps of those candied rinds displayed in the grocers' windows; but the wildest imagination could not guess at anything so extravagant as the quantity of the fruit thus used; and even when we learn that upwards of 600 *tons of peel* are manufactured in the year, it is a hopeless task to attempt to separate that prodigious bulk into its constituent parts. Six hundred tons of candied peel! of a condiment employed chiefly, if not wholly, in small quantities in the composition of puddings and cakes. Six hundred tons—12,000 hundredweights—1,344,000 pounds—21,504,000 ounces! But having once got possession of the fact, see how suggestive it is. Let us lump the puddings and cakes in one; let us call them all puddings—plum-puddings of four pounds' weight. We find, on consulting the best authorities—for we would not presume to dogmatise on such a subject—that the quantity of peel used in the composition of such a work is two ounces; and thus we are led to the conclusion that we Britishers devour in the course of a year 10,752,000 full-sized, respectable plum-puddings, irrespective of all such articles as are not adorned and enriched with candied peel.

Citrons intended for peel are imported in brine, but oranges and lemons in boxes. All are ripe in December, January, and February; but as it would be inconvenient to preserve so vast a quantity at the same time, the juice is squeezed out, and the collapsed fruit packed in pipes, with salt and water, till wanted. When the

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time for preserving comes, it is taken from the pipes, and boiled till soft enough to admit of the pulp being scooped out; then the rind is laid in tubs or cisterns, and melted sugar poured over it. Here it lies for three or four weeks; and then the sugar is drained away, and the rind placed on trays in a room constructed for the purpose. It now assumes the name of 'dried peel,' and is stored away in the original orange and lemon boxes, till wanted for candying.

The other constituents of a plum-pudding add but little testimony on the subject of number. We cannot even guess the proportion of the 170,000 lbs. of nutmegs we receive from the Moluccas, and our own possessions in the Malay Straits, which may be thus employed; nor how much cinnamon Ceylon sends us for the purpose in her annual remittance of about 16,000 lbs.;* nor what quantity of almonds is abstracted, with a similar view, from the 9000 cwts. we retain for our own consumption from the importations from Spain and Northern Africa. Currants are more to our purpose—for that small Corinth grape, the produce of the islands of Zante, Kephalonia, and Ithaca, and of the Morea, which comes to us so thickly coated with dust that we might seem to import vineyard and all—belongs, like the candied peel, almost exclusively to cakes and puddings. Of this fruit we devour in the year about 180,000 cwts. Raisins, being in more general use—at the dessert, for instance, and in making sweet wine—are in still greater demand: we cannot do with less than 240,000 cwts. of them. They are named from the place where they grow—such as Smyrna or Valencia; or from the grape—such as muscatel, bloom, or sultana; but the quality depends, we believe, chiefly on the mode of cure. The best are called raisins of the sun, and are preserved by cutting half through the stalks of the branches when nearly ripe, and leaving them to dry and candy in the genial rays. The next quality is gathered when completely ripe, dipped in a lye of the ashes of the burned tendrils, and spread out to bake in the sun. The inferior is dried in an oven. The black Smyrna grape is the cheapest; and the muscatels of Malaga are the dearest.

With flour, sugar, brandy, &c. we do not propose to interfere; for although the quantities of these articles thus consumed are immense, they bear but a small proportion to the whole importations. Eggs, however, are in a different category. Eggs are essential to the whole pudding race; and without having our minds opened, as they now are, to the full greatness of the plum-pudding, it would be difficult for us to discover the rationale of the vast trade we carry on in eggs. In our youthful days, when as yet plum-puddingism was with us in its early, empirical state, we used to consider 'egg-merchant' a term of ridicule, resembling the term 'timber-merchant' as applied to a vender of matches. But we now look with respect upon an egg-merchant, as an individual who manages an important part of the trade of this country with France and Belgium; not to mention its internal traffic in the same commodity. It strikes us, however, that on this subject the Frenchman and Belgian are wiser in their generation than ourselves. We could produce our own eggs easily enough if we would take the trouble; but rather than do this we hire them to do it for us, at an expense of several scores of thousands sterling in the year. They of course are very much obliged to us, though a little amused no doubt at the eccentricity of John Bull; and with the utmost alacrity supply us annually with about 90,000,000 eggs. John eats his foreign pudding, however—he is partial to foreign things—with great gravity, and only unbends into a smile when he sees his few chickens hopping about the farmyard, the amusement of his children, or the little perquisite, perhaps, of his wife. He occasionally eats a newly-laid egg, the date of its birth being carefully registered upon the shell; thinks it a very clever thing in him to provide his own luxuries; and is decidedly of opinion that an English egg is worth two of the mounseers'. His neglect of this branch of rural economy, however, does not prevent his wondering sometimes how these fellows contrive to make the two ends of the year meet, when he himself finds it so difficult a matter to get plums to his pudding.

What becomes of the rind? We have shewn what becomes of the rind. We have shewn what apparently inconsiderable matters swell up the commerce of a great country. A plum-pudding is no joke. It assembles within itself the contributions of the whole world, and gives a fillip to industry among the most distant tribes and nations. But it is important likewise in other respects. Morally and socially considered, its influence is immense. At this season of the year, more especially, it is a bond of family union, and a symbol of friendly hospitality. We would not give a straw for that man, woman, or child, in the frank, cordial circles of Old English life, who does not hail its appearance on the table with a smile and a word of welcome. Look at its round, brown, honest, unctuous face, dotted with almonds and fragrant peel, surmounted with a sprig of holly, and radiant amid the flames of burning brandy! Who is for plum-pudding? We are, to be sure. What a rich perfume as it breaks on the plate! And this fragrant peel, so distinguishable amid the exhalations!—ha! Delasioucious!—*that's* what becomes of the rind!

* This is from M'Culloch; but the home-consumption duty was lowered in 1842 from 6d. to 3d. per lb., and the consumption is now in all probability much greater.

A WORD ON CANADA.

Little has been of late heard of Canada, either as a field of emigration or otherwise. It has, however, been going on in a satisfactory course of improvement: its population and resources are rapidly increasing, and in certain social arrangements, more particularly that relating to education, it may be said to be taking the lead of the mother-country. Some one recently made the observation, that as regards improvements of one kind or other, he believed more was now done in Canada than in any equal portion of the United States; but that while the States let everybody hear what they were about, Canada held its tongue. This was perhaps a view of affairs more jocular than real; but it is gratifying to have good authority for the fact, that Canada, taken all in all, is becoming a well-settled, intelligent, and highly prosperous country.

This state of things appears to have been gradually brought about within the last few years, and just in proportion as the colonists have been freed from the impracticable rule of the colonial office, and left to manage their own affairs: not that there is not something to complain of—yet when did Englishmen not grumble?—but in comparison with past times the present is assuredly a golden age of municipal freedom.

The rapid rise of Canada, and its present and prospective condition, form the subject of much interesting detail in a work of little pretension, but of genuine merit, by Mr James B. Brown, a person who resided in the colony for several years, and who, from his mercantile pursuits, enjoyed a tolerably good opportunity of acquiring useful information.*

We do not propose to go into a regular critique of Mr Brown's lucid production. Our readers would not thank us for doing so. All we intend is to present from it such an array of facts as will illustrate the general progress of Canadian affairs, and so give intending emigrants something to which they may look forward with a degree of confidence.

In 1791, the population of Upper Canada amounted

* Views of Canada and the Colonists. Second Edition. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. London: Longmans. 1851.

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to 50,000; in 1842, it had reached 486,000; and in 1848, it had mounted up to 723,000—an increase in six years of 237,000. The whole colony, upper and lower, has now a population exceeding the half of that of Scotland, while its cultivated land already exceeds that of all Scotland. The ratio of increase of cultivation to increase in the number of people is startling. In England, during the first quarter of the present century, 87 acres were brought into cultivation for every 100 of increase of the population; but in Canada the increase of every 100 inhabitants adds 265 acres to the amount of cultivated land. The multiplication of cattle, horses, and other stock, is on a similarly large ratio. A very agreeable view of the increasing comforts of life is afforded in the fact, that the colony lately owned 4680 carriages for pleasure, whereas the number of these carriages in 1842 was only 980. All who saw the late Exhibition in London can bear witness to the elegance of workmanship in Canadian sleighs, and various articles of domestic use. The recent increase in the number of carriages, we are told by Mr Brown, is very much caused by an improvement in the roads. The great thoroughfares are now laid with planks, and these plank-roads have proved of great advantage to the country. It is to be regretted, however, that tolls have been introduced for the support of these improved thoroughfares. Toll-bars are the simple and rude expedient of a semi-barbarous people, and are in any view a costly apparatus to the public, for one-half the money levied goes to the keepers of the bars. We should be glad to see our Canadian brethren give us a lesson in dismissing toll-bars, and setting an example of a rational method of maintaining the public roads out of public resources.

Canada is one of the best customers of England; but it is under strong temptations to deal with the United States in preference—that is, to smuggle instead of paying custom-house duties. For example, the duty on tea imported into Canada is 2½d. currency per lb.; but tea imported into the United States is free; consequently, in every pound-weight coming contraband across the frontier there is so much saved. Thus the statistics of the regular trade cannot present an accurate view of the entire commerce. Latterly, the export-trade from Canada to the States has been rising into importance. Of all things entering into a trade of this kind, the last we should have expected is timber; for of this article it is commonly believed that the States are afflicted with a redundance. But strange to say, timber is getting scarce in the more settled parts of the Union, and we shall not be surprised to hear of encouragement being given to the planting of trees! Meanwhile, the Canadians are driving a great trade in supplying the produce of the forest to the States, and this in its turn gives corresponding employment to lumberers and saw-mills. If this trade materially increase in England, it may soon affect the prices of Canadian timber. At all events, as matters stand, it is consolatory to think that the Canadian timber-trade is not quite ruined by the reduction of duties on Baltic timber in Great Britain. How true the old saying: 'As one door shuts another opens!'

Canada is rich in mineral resources, and these have lately come into operation. We do not hear of gold being found for the gathering; but the author before us speaks of extensive copper-mining along the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and informs us that the joint-stock associations engaged in this species of enterprise are successful. 'In 1848, 1000 tons of copper were procured from one mine alone.' After referring to the fisheries, Mr Brown goes on to explain that Canada has not been dead to railway enterprise. 'There are at present four lines of railway in the country worked by steam-power. The earliest introduced into Canada was the Champlain and St Lawrence Railway—connecting the navigation of Lake Champlain, at the town of St Johns, with the south bank of the St Lawrence, at the village of Laprairie, nearly opposite Montreal. The distance is fourteen miles; and the same company possess the privileges of the ferry across the river to Montreal—a distance of nine miles—on which they employ two steam-boats. The stock of this company is understood to be one of the best, if not the best, in the colony. The Montreal and Lachine Railway, which was finished about three years ago, is over a distance of nine miles, between the city of Montreal and the village of Lachine, situated towards the upper end of the island of Montreal. . . . . The third of the railways in operation in Canada is the St Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, connecting the St Lawrence, a little below Montreal on the opposite shore, with the Atlantic Ocean at the town of Portland, state of Maine. The distance is about 280 miles, of which 180 miles are on the Canada side and 150 on the American. A considerable portion on the Canada side is understood to be now in operation. A continuation of this line from Portland to Halifax is contemplated. In connection with the Atlantic steam-ships landing at Halifax, speedier communication with Europe will thus be effected, both for Canada, and much of the other British-American provinces, and for the United States.' Other railways are contemplated, chiefly in the western part of the province; and there is a universal inclination among proprietors of land to promote this improved kind of communication. It is only in our own country that there has been manifested a disposition to obstruct railway undertakings, and rob the projectors of these great national works.

We pass on to Mr Brown's exposition of the state of crime. The statistics presented on this subject seem to shew that Canada possesses a population much less prone to crime than we can boast of in either England or Scotland. As usual, the bulk of the crime committed may be traced to the agency of intoxicating drinks; yet, cheap as these liquors are in Canada, it is satisfactory to learn that the use of them is 'greatly on the decrease.' A curious fact this, and well deserving the notice of those who imagine that indulgence in drink is in proportion to its accessibility. We are informed that imprisonment for one or more years in a penitentiary is the Canadian method of repressing crime; and it is stated that the district of Huron, with a population of upwards of 20,000, had in a series of six years sent only one inmate to this place of confinement! With all our parade of civilisation, no district of Great Britain could match this fact.

The remarkable paucity of crime which the above and some other statistics would seem to indicate, is doubtless owing in a great degree to the wide scope for personal enterprise in a right direction. In our own old country, much of the misconduct of the criminal class arises from the restrictions under which they labour. Men who would make good backwoodsmen take to poaching and other furtive outlets of an adventurous spirit. The half-idle, dawdling, hopeless existence that many men are doomed to with us must likewise dispose to crime. Canada, with its boundless resources, its scope for all sorts of intractable natures, its room for individual effort untrammelled by refined conventionalities, presents, therefore, opportunities of well-doing of which there is little experience in England. But here comes another important ally of social order. In this comparatively young colony a liberal provision has been made for education. In 1841, the provincial legislature set aside L.50,000 currency per annum as a common school fund—a sum considerably greater than is expended on the parish schools of Scotland; and so late as January 1850, 'one million of acres of land have also been set aside for the support of public education.' Elementary schools are everywhere established, and supported partly by these grants and partly by local rates. Their management is in the

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hands of district municipalities, and a general inspector, answerable to the governor, aids materially in their establishment and in preserving uniformity of procedure. The number of schools in Upper Canada in 1849 was 2871, and the total amount of annual salaries of teachers was L.107,713 currency. Canada, as is well known, possesses a population belonging to various religious denominations; and one is naturally curious to know how they come to an agreement on the subject of school instruction. We shall leave Mr Brown to explain how this delicate matter is managed.

'Those warring grounds, which mostly in every country are found to throw impediments in the way of almost every conceivable system of popular instruction —the religious scruples of the various sects—are thus disposed of here:—Whenever the inhabitants of any township or parish, professing a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants, shall dissent from the arrangement of the commissioners, with reference to any school, the dissentients signifying such to the district council, with names of persons elected by them as trustees, such trustees, conforming to the duties of commissioners, are allowed to establish and maintain schools, and to receive a share of the general funds. The value of a provision of this kind is no less liberal than important in a country inhabited, as Canada is, by people from many various countries, and professing every variety of creed; indeed, it is not possible to expect a system of public instruction to be successfully carried on without liberal concessions to opinions and creeds, provided always that the leading objects and design of education recognised by all be steadily kept in view. Besides the commissioners and trustees for the country, there are, for incorporated towns and cities, from six to fourteen persons appointed by the governor as Boards of Examiners, who shall exercise a check upon the powers of the local incorporations in the election of teachers. These boards consist of an equal number of Catholics and Protestants; and dividing themselves into two departments, one over the schools attended by Catholic children, the other over the Protestant schools, they exercise the privileges of regulating the schools and courses of study in the same manner as the commissioners and trustees do in the country schools.'

The means thus described, by which the interests of different religious denominations are preserved, do not appear to differ materially from those adopted by the Committee of Privy-Council on Education, which, in point of fact, will extend pecuniary aid to the schools of any religious body; and as this is exclaimed against as an invasion of principle by a very numerous and powerful party, we are unpleasantly reminded that the munificent policy which educates the entire juvenile population of Upper Canada, could not be applied on a scale of national importance to Great Britain. How distressing to think that the warring pretensions, jealousies, and fears—possibly misunderstandings—of large sections of well-meaning and piously-disposed people, should in effect, as regards elementary instruction, keep this great country behind her own colonies!

With respect to the prospects of agricultural settlers in Upper Canada, the work before us abounds in the most interesting details. Notwithstanding that the winters are severe (though not unpleasant), and that snow suspends field operations for several months, farmers with a fair share of industry and but a moderate capital are almost sure to do well, and to possess, after a few years, a considerable amount of property. Among instances of enterprise being thus rewarded, Mr Brown refers to the case of Mr Ferguson of Woodhill, a gentleman who emigrated from Scotland to Upper Canada in 1833; giving up all the elegances of life in an old country for the chances of the bush. In a pleasant and fertile part of Upper Canada, on the banks of the Grand River, Mr Ferguson purchased about 8000 acres of land. His village of Fergus, on the pleasant slope of a branch of that fine stream, 'is now,' says Mr Brown, 'one of the most smiling and prosperous spots of Canada. He has made an independent and comfortable provision for his family; and the extent of his personal influence, and his example, as one of the most enterprising farmers of the colony, unite to make his position, in the eyes of honourable ambition, one highly desirable. How soon might the whole of Canada be changed into one smiling farm, were Mr Ferguson's enterprising example extensively followed by others in his station of society, who are now spending comparatively unprofitable years in the overcrowded avenues of ambition in the parent country! Canada, however, is fast becoming the prosperous and smiling farm anticipated, chiefly without such honourable assistance. The day-labourers, mechanics, and small farmers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, have already accomplished much in performance of such a task in this magnificent colony, and are rewarded by becoming the independent and comfortable proprietors of the lands whose forests their enterprise and industry have so conspicuously and profitably subdued.'

The rapid manner in which populous townships spring into existence is a curious feature of the Canadian wilderness. We are accustomed, in the old country, to see provincial towns in a state of languid existence—just living, and that is all—population almost at a stand; a few tradesmen and shopkeepers struggling to make both ends meet, and so dependent on the neighbouring squirearchy that they dare not utter an independent sentiment; with a horde of unhappy beings still more depressed, decayed labourers, paupers, and nondescripts, whose means of livelihood are a mystery. In such places there is little visible change on the face of property. The same amount of land in tillage; the same number of houses; the same institutions; and from generation to generation the same body of traditional recollections. The most dismal thing in places of this kind, is the hopelessness of situation. There is no scope for enterprise; the cleverest person is bound down to a monotonous routine of petty duties, without any prospect of improving his circumstances. A family is seen to be growing up, but what to do with them is a puzzle. There are no openings for the sons; the daughters are not likely to be married. With what avidity are small appointments sought for—cringed for! How melancholy to see able and intelligent individuals—men up to anything—doomed to throw themselves away in these forlorn, antiquated places, when they might be up and doing, with a wide world before them where to choose! Turning our eyes from this picture of physical and moral decay, how different does everything appear in the United States of America and in Upper Canada, where towns start into life, and become the seats of a busy population within a few years! Forests levelled; lands brought under tillage; new roads opened; fresh institutions got up; on all sides the tokens of a vigorous social economy; and so wide a scope for investment and enterprise, that the difficulty consists in the very choice. Mr Brown presents some striking examples of this progression; and we select that of London, a township situated in the fertile peninsula between Lake Erie and Lake Huron. This township was all a forest, without an inhabitant, until 1817, when two families settled in it. The population 'may now be stated to be about 10,000, possessed of above 100,000 acres of land, of which 20,000 are cultivated. The first regular settlement commenced in 1818 under Mr Talbot, a gentleman from Ireland, accompanied by several of his countrymen, for whom he obtained from government free grants of land and a free passage to Montreal. A son of the founder, writing in 1834, gave this account of the colonists who emigrated to the township of London with his father: "Scarcely an individual

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who accompanied Mr Talbot to this country was possessed of more than L.100, and many on their arrival in the township had not more than L.50; yet of all those persons there is scarcely one that is not now wholly independent, in the possession of fine farms, of abundance of stock, and in the enjoyment of all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life."' The town of London, the first house of which was built in 1827, now contains a population of upwards of 5000, and sends a member to the provincial parliament.

A gentleman, at a public meeting in this part of Canada in 1843, took occasion to express sentiments suggested by the prosperous appearance of the settlement; and with these we shall conclude. 'The time is not far distant,' said this acute observer, 'when this country will be better known than it now is—the time is at hand when our people at home will not consider that coming to Canada is coming to the backwoods of a wilderness. They will find, as I have found to my great astonishment, good roads, good modes of conveyance, and as good towns as in Europe, with shops well stored, not only with the necessaries but the luxuries of life. They will learn that this town, which now consists of handsome buildings—the one in which we are now assembled, the Mechanics' Institute, giving a stamp of respectability, intelligence, and a taste for the fine arts, of which you may be justly proud—contained but four cottages fourteen years ago. These facts will speak trumpet-tongued, and render this noble country, under British dominion and your unanimity, the noblest appendage to Her Majesty's dominions. It is the natural and the fittest outlet for the superabundant capital, people, and enterprise of the mother-country, presenting as it does an opening for the investment not only of thousands, but of millions of capital, abounding in all the elements of wealth—navigable rivers, a luxuriant soil, and a congenial climate, and undoubted security on real estate at high rates of interest, and to an unlimited extent.'

Is not all this very much like saying to the half-idle sojourners in our old provincial towns: Get thee gone out of the country; cast thyself loose from localities where no good is to be done, and betake thee to lands in which a kind Providence offers to thee a rich inheritance!

THE UGLY GOVERNESS.

'I HAVE a new *institutrice*, who comes for three hours every day; and do you know, *ma petite tan-tante*, mamma says she is so ugly!'

'And do you not think her so, Lolotte?'

'O yes, to be sure I do; but mamma never allows us to call any one ugly—only when she saw Mlle Hélie she forgot, and could not help saying it herself. But although she is so very, very ugly, she is kind and gentle; and you know, *ma tante*, goodness is better than beauty, because mamma says goodness will take us to Heaven and beauty wont, though we shall find it there; and all, even Mlle Hélie, become as beautiful as angels.'

About a fortnight after this conversation we went to a fête at Versailles. A bright morning broke, and as we were a family party determined upon enjoyment, there was nothing to prevent its being a happy day. The road from Paris there was alive with equestrian, pedestrian, and carriage company, as was the river with boats gliding along, bands of music, and as many gaily-dressed people as could find standing-room on board—all proceeding to the same destination. Every rank was there—the middle and lower, however, predominating; but high or low, all looked unaffectedly happy, and seemed resolved to keep up good-humour and merriment.

We arrived in time to breakfast, that we might have a walk before the waters began to play, and see the place so interesting to every reader of French memoirs. The town had a deserted, mournful look. Large splendid mansions standing in the neglected gardens, once elaborately laid out and expensively decorated, were tenantless, and had evidently long been so: everything shewed that the fashion of the town had passed by, and that even the bourgeoisie disliked the dulness too truly to profit by the magnificent houses which they might have occupied for a very small rent. It was with strange feelings we gazed at that splendid palace, and recalled the luxury, the prodigality, the gallantry, the taste, the talent, the grace that had formerly rendered it and all connected with it so famous; and felt that it was all over—all gone, and the remembrance remaining but to

'Point a moral and adorn a tale;'

for even most of the names once so celebrated have disappeared entirely, or are at least only surviving in poverty and obscurity, far from the scene of their former triumph. We retraced its history from the commencement on to that sad night when poor Marie Antoinette was driven from her warm bed never more to return, and on through the Reign of Terror till the present time: our steps echoed in the now still courts where once there had been such perpetual clatter and bustle; all the bustlers, and petitioners, and intriguers in the grave, and as much forgotten as the petty intrigues that had occupied their frivolous minds. Versailles was now the property of the nation, of the people it had trampled on and despised. Much did we moralise, and very melancholy did our moralising make us, until some one remarking that if we did not make haste we should not get good places to see the waters play, we quickened our pace, recovered our spirits, and in a few minutes added another group to the many assembled in expectation of what is certainly well worth beholding once.

We waited a considerable time; and to make it pass more pleasantly, I entertained myself by scrutinising the various little parties immediately in our vicinity, busying myself with conjecturing who they were, whence they came, and in short composing little domestic histories for each and all in my imagination. Nearly opposite to us were seated as it appeared three old ladies, an old gentleman, a young man, and a girl. Two of the ladies bore the impress of former beauty, the other was plain; but the young girl was lively and lovely; and I soon could perceive that the youth was evidently more ardent in his attentions and admiration than the most affectionate brother. I therefore sagaciously set him down for a lover of the little lady's, and such, in fact, he proved to be. The third elderly female, I also perceived, upon a more attentive inspection, was, after all, not old, only most particularly plain—large, lumpy features, unshaded by her hair, which was braided or brushed so far back that at first sight she did not appear to have any; and very small, black, bead-like eyes did not certainly set off to much advantage a great expanse of muddy white face, which was neither hidden nor helped by the small straw-bonnet of the form then fashionable. There was no expression to redeem these homely features: she neither looked good-natured nor ill-natured, intelligent nor stupid, while her tall, angular, thin, high-shouldered, square, ungainly figure, contrasted most forcibly and unfavourably with the plump, gracefully-turned little form of '*ma cousine Clélie*,' as I heard her name the little beauty; the more so as they both wore the same dress, cut after the same fashion. Clélie, to be sure, had added a few flowers to her bonnet, and a brooch, bracelet, and watch; but saving these slight differences, both dresses were alike—only they hung so differently upon the two!

'That is Mlle Hélie,' whispered Lolotte; and I assuredly no longer wondered at *maman* having

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forgotten herself so far as to call the poor *institutrice* ugly: she was, I thought, perfectly frightful. A respectable-looking woman whom I had observed conversing with Mme Hélie seated herself beside me shortly after, and I, as is usual in France, soon scraped acquaintance with her, and led the way I wished her to follow—namely, to the Hélies and their history.

'They were once,' said she, 'very well off, but are now so nearly destitute, that, were it not for Henriette, who goes out teaching, I don't know how they could manage to live. Ah, what a pity she is so plain! for her heart is as good as an angel's, and she is as clever as a *membre de l'Académie*. She rises early, gives her parents their breakfast, and cleans out their room: she then sets out upon her pilgrimage, and never returns until late at night, when she dines or sups; after which she has much to do to prepare for the next day's lessons, and to put her poor wardrobe in order. She will wear herself to death, but that she says she does not mind, so that she only lives long enough to lay her parents in the grave. There,' pointing to Clélie and her mother, 'are her aunt and cousin, the Clairvilles. They have a much better income, and might indeed be very comfortable did Clélie spend less on her dress; but her mother spoils her so: *enfin*, it don't much signify. M. Mervale is rich, and has proposed; and if they can only push on the marriage before the love-fit is burnt out and he begins to see clearly, she will be a much more fortunate girl than she deserves to be.'

Clélie was, I must admit, very pretty, although beyond eyes, teeth, and hair, none of her features were quite faultless—her little nose was not very classically formed, and her mouth was positively wide; but pretty every one felt her to be, and M. Mervale above all seemed under the influence of an enchantment: he looked at no other person, listened to no other voice; while she, completely secure, as she thought, of her conquest, gave herself very little trouble to attend to him, and kept staring in a coquettish manner about her, as if she wished to attract the notice of others. Poor M. de Mervale sighed, and gazed, and turned away one minute, as if lost in thought, and then roused himself up again to watch the motions of the frivolous, but too fascinating little flutterer. Presently a group of gay young men came and stood near us, all in high spirits, laughing, jesting, whispering, and quizzing. Mlle Clélie was evidently the subject of their remarks, but I could only hear a word here and there. 'C'est l'épouseur?' 'Il en a bien l'air.' 'Pauvre diable!' 'Mais.' Then the grim cousin was likened to a box of carpenter's tools all angles. 'But,' said one, 'were my evil genius to force me to make either my wife, I would rather risk my future with *la laide*.'

In the evening we encountered the group again, Clélie dancing with one of the party of young men I had remarked in the morning, whom all his companions now seemed agreed in calling 'Marquis,' although before I often heard them address him, and invariably name him Hyppolite. One of the old ladies looked on approvingly, but the Hélies seemed vexed, and poor M. Mervale in a pitiable state. Mlle Hélie was, as it appeared, exerting herself to comfort him, and take off his attention, but he paid little heed to her observations.

'Silly, silly girl! you are throwing away your happiness and your future prospects; and it is plain these young men are either encouraging your folly, to open M. Mervale's eyes, or to amuse themselves for the passing hour, careless of the misery they may occasion' — were my reflections as I looked at Clélie, who was rolling about her pretty eyes *à la Française*, thinking herself the admired of all observers, as well as of M. Mervale. But the evening drew in, and I was prevented from moralising any more, as we returned home, leaving Mlle Clairville in the midst of a polka with Hippolyte, displaying ten thousand airs and graces, and plainly shewing to all lookers-on her admiration of him whom she evidently never doubted was her noble partner and admiring lover. But although this attracted my attention at the time, I very soon forgot all about it, even though I pursued my acquaintance with Mme Mauviette, the lady who had related to me the history of the Hélies and Clairvilles, inasmuch as madame herself was a character worth studying. This good dame, with a husband, two children, and a very moderate income, chose to be considered at one and the same time an economist and a woman of fashion and refinement; and if you took her from her own representation, she was either of these characters according to the way in which she chose you to consider her. She loved show, could not live without excitement or amusement, but knew that if some of her husband's relations thought her extravagant, she would lose their help towards enabling her to make the figure she wished to assume in the eyes of others; and the clash of the two necessities was most amusing, and must have cost her a world of trouble. She boasted that she kept but one servant, and denounced the extravagance of her sister-in-law, who, with the same family and no more fortune, had two; forgetting all the while that these two did all that was required, needlework included, while Mme Mauviette's dashing Lucile—what with her high wages, washing, wine, coffee and sugar *à discrétion*, presents and perquisites—took from her as much as the other lady divided between her cook and unpretending housemaid. Mme Mauviette also said nothing of the *femme de journée* she had for three or four days every week; nor of the sewing-girl she employed for five of six every month; nor of the man who came every Wednesday to wax and brush her floors. She received every Thursday *en cérémonie*: had friends in the morning, friends at dinner, friends in the evening; and the remaining six days were occupied in returning the visits she that Thursday received. And yet she said she lived quite out of the world, in privation and solitude, saw none but intimate friends, and went to no parties—that is, none where diamonds and continual new dresses were indispensable, for these were beyond her powers; and to hear her complain you would imagine that they alone were what was worth living for. With such a person the Hélies and Clairvilles when out of sight were out of mind: they could be of no use, except when they furnished conversation by accident, as they had happened to do at Versailles. A year nearly therefore elapsed without my ever once thinking of Clélie and her coquetries, when my niece Lolotte ran in one morning breathless, her rosy face radiant with satisfaction.

'Do you know, *ma tante*, that Mlle Hélie is going to be married? She herself told mamma, who at first thought she must be raving, but 'tis quite true: upon the 16th she will be Madame Mervale! Everybody is so surprised, and all as glad; for you know she is so good and so poor, and *le futur* so rich and good-natured. I alone am sorry, for I must have a new governess, and she may perhaps be cross—at anyrate I am sure I can never love her so well as Mlle Hélie.'

The news was quite true. Clélie, thinking she had made a noble conquest, behaved so very foolishly, that M. Mervale's eyes at last opened, and, as a necessary consequence, his heart shut. He now saw her the frivolous being she in fact always was; and taking advantage of her willingness to give up an engagement he at last perceived could bring him nothing but misery, the affair was broken off to the infinite relief of both; for Clélie thought she was secure of the 'marquis'—so little did she or her weak mother know of the world. This was not all: the virtues, sweet temper, high principle, and good sense of her cousin had long been known to M. Mervale; and now he had in some degree become accustomed to her extreme plainness, he asked himself why, as he had made up his mind to marry, he should not marry her? Her surprise was great when he pro-

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posed, and his still greater when she refused him. She 'could not and would not leave her poor old parents,' she said: so after thinking the matter over, her present conduct only raised her higher in his esteem, and he consented, nay, insisted upon the old couple occupying rooms in his house. The whole town talked of course, and every one rejoiced except Clélie; for her new lover—who turned out to be a silk-mercer, not a marquis—after dancing attendance for a few weeks, danced off and married another lady.

About a year after these events, I was one hot day sitting under the trees near Ranelagh, and eating an ice, while watching the gay Parisians going to the Thursday's ball there, when my niece whispered: 'Do you see that *bonne* in a Norman cap sitting on the grass there with a baby?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that is Madame Mervale's baby, and I am looking to see her come for it; she went to take a drive farther in the *bois*.'

The baby in question was a fine healthy boy; and while we were playing with and caressing it, the carriage stopped, and a lady alighted. At first sight I could scarcely believe it was the *ci-devant* Mlle Henriette Hélie, so much was she altered for the better. Her skin, although pale, was now clear; her teeth—thanks to Georges Fattet, that capital dentist—good, white, and even; her huge bones were covered; curls softened her large features; and the smile of affection and newly-awakened domestic feelings lightened and gave expression to her former impassive countenance. She was richly, tastefully, and fashionably dressed, by the joint exertions of a first-rate *modiste* and her *femme-de-chambre*; and the knowledge that she now filled a certain position gave her motions and manners more ease, and consequently more grace. I am told she and her husband are perfectly happy, and that *la cousine* Clélie is still unmarried and still unwise.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

'The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.'

'WHO made Christmas?' was a question that arose last year in a Christmas party. The querist, with legitimate curiosity, looked round for a reply; but for a time no one spoke. At length some said one thing, some another, yet far short of what was required to constitute a satisfactory reply: every one was surprised to find how little was really known on a subject which promised to be interesting; and ultimately it was arranged that one of the party should prepare what learned folk call a 'paper' which should answer the question, and be read at their next meeting—in the present year 1851.

Following this paper, we proceed to state that festivities at the close of the year are of much older date than Christianity. The use of evergreens, and the veneration for the misletoe, are traceable in the history of ancient nations, both of the south and north of Europe; and the Roman Saturnalia are known to every classical student. 'It was,' we are told, 'towards the close of December that all the town was in an unusual motion, and the children everywhere invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment; all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of body and mind was forbidden, except for the purpose of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth, adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of raillery and truth with their masters; sitting with them at table, dressed in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, and telling them of their faults to their faces, while they smutted them. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh.' This licentious folly—*libertas Decembri*—lasted for a week, during which the holly branches were sent round on their friendly errand.

The early Christians seem to have very soon begun to celebrate the day of the Nativity at the time of the Saturnalia; probably finding it the most convenient season for the purpose, and perhaps seeking to turn an old-established custom to a superior use. It appears that in the first century Clement said: 'Brethren, keep diligently feast-days, and truly in the first place the day of Christ's birth;' and in the following century it was further ordained, 'that in the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, they do celebrate public church-services, and in them solemnly sing the Angel's Hymn, because also the same night He was declared unto the shepherds by an angel, as the truth itself doth witness.' Worshippers were enjoined to eschew rigidly the spirit of paganism; but in spite of the endeavours to impart a serious tone to the festival, it continued to be chiefly a scene of noisy revelry.

After the Saxons and Danes came the Normans, bringing with them additions and variations of the Christmas observances, in the rudiments of mysteries and miracle-plays, and of mummeries, maskings, and pageants. These last were first exhibited in the reign of Henry II., and kept up by his Lion-hearted successor, as appears in the old romance:

'Christmas is a time full honest;
Kyng Richard it honoured with gret feste,
All his clerks and barouns
Were set in their pavylouns,
And served with gret plenté
Of mete and drink, and each dainté.'

From the custom of singing masses on the eve of the Nativity we derive the name of Christsmass, or Christmas, for the sacred festival; and from the permission accorded to servants and poor people to go round with their boxes and collect money to pay for the masses recited by the priests for their deceased or distant friends we get our term—and its attendant practice—Christmas-box, one so much abused that its entire disuse is greatly to be desired. But to return to the miracle-plays: they speedily grew into favour, and were made use of by the clergy as a means of diverting the minds of the people from some of the gross habits endeared to them by long custom. But if any good impressions were made, they were soon effaced by the licence of the Christmas mummeries, at which so much power was given to the Lord of Misrule. The English in general were so strongly attached to their customary pastimes, that when at the siege of Orleans, the lords 'requested of the French commanders that they might have a night of minstrelsy, with trumpets and clarions;' which request, the chronicler tells us, 'was granted, and the horrors of war were suspended by melodies that were felt to be delightful.' It was a strange celebration of peace amid the terrors of war.

Christmas proceedings gradually became so riotous, that Henry VIII. passed several statutes, charging all serving-men and journeymen artificers not to play their games except in the Christmas holidays, and then only on their masters' premises. At times, during this reign, there was competition between the king and his minister Wolsey, as to who should celebrate Christmas in the most stately manner. On one occasion when, on account of a great mortality in London, the monarch kept himself quiet at Eltham, the car-

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dinal 'laye at the manor of Richemond, and there kept open householde, to lordes, ladies, and all other that would come, with plaies and disguisyng in most royall maner.' The king, however, made up for his abstinence in subsequent years, and lavished enormous sums on Christmas festivities.

We who are accustomed to associate gravity with law, find it difficult to believe in the pranks and buffooneries which the gentlemen of the Inns of Court began to indulge in about this time, by way of celebrating Christmas. 'They held for that season everything in mockery: they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie* or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, marshal, a master of the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the Tower, which was a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents —all the paraphernalia of a court. During the games a huntsman came into the hall with nine or ten couple of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a purse-net which held a fox and a cat; these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.' All of this, and much more of the same sort, was but the prelude to the feasting, when roast and boiled smoked on the table, and wine and ale went round in copious draughts, and pastime ended in debauchery. Evelyn says in his *Diary*: 'I went to see the revells at the Middle Temple, which is an old, but riotous custom, and has no relation to virtue or policy'—a proof how little decorum, to say nothing of religion, pervaded the celebration of Christmas by the long robe. The *High Jinks* of the Scottish bar in a later time were refinement in comparison.

Great power was always delegated to the Lord of Misrule—or, as we should say, the Master of the Ceremonies—for the time being. At the Christmas holidays in 1634 the Right Worshipful Richard Evelyn, Esq.—father of the author of the *Diary*—High Sheriff and Deputy-Lieutenant of Surrey and Sussex, drew up 'articles' regulating the functions and appointment of a Lord of Misrule over his estate at Wotton. 'Imprimis,' he writes, 'I give free leave to Owen Flood, my trumpeter, gent., to be Lord of Misrule of all good orders during the twelve days. And also I give free leave to the said Owen Flood to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants as others, to be at his command whensoever he shall sound his trumpet or music, and to do him good service as though I were present myself, at their perils.' Then after requiring that all persons shall assemble at prayers in the morning, and imposing fines for swearing, he proceeds: 'If any man shall come into the hall, and sit at dinner or supper more than once, he shall endure punishment at his lordship's pleasure.

'If any man shall be drunk, or drink more than is fit, or offer to sleep during the time abovesaid, or do not drink up his bowl of beer, but flings away his snuff—that is to say, the seconde draught—he shall drink two, and afterwards be excluded.'

No one was to be allowed to enter the kitchen to annoy the cook; and 'if any man shall kiss any maid, widow, or wife, except to bid welcome or farewell, without his lordship's consent, he shall have punishment as his lordship shall think convenient.'

And last: 'I give full power and authority to his lordship to break up all locks, bolts, bars, doors, and latches, and to fling up all doors out of hinges to come at those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands.—God save the king!'

Such liberty being permitted in a well-regulated household, we may easily imagine that in others but little restraint would be exercised; and so attractive were the revels to country gentlemen, that many of them passed their Christmas in London for the purpose of attending them; but in 1589 they received orders to depart forthwith to their respective counties, and thereby maintain the ancient customs which had fallen into disuse, and encourage the poor by their hospitality. Old Tusser's quatrain prescribed their duties—

'At Christmas be mery, and thanke God of all:
And feast thy poore neighbours, the great with the smal'.
Yea al the yere long have an eie to the poore:
And God shall sende luck, to kepe open thy doore.'

But when the Commonwealth came, Christmas festivities and holidays were forbidden as irreverent and pernicious: conscientious people, among whom Bunyan is mentioned, scrupled to eat mince-pies because of the superstitious character popularly attached to them. To many the enforcement of the scruples was a sore grievance. One writer thus laments:—

'Gone are those golden days of yore,
When Christmass was a high day:
Whose sports we now shall see no more;
'Tis turned into Good-Friday.'

Later in the same century a chaplain on board one of the ships of war describes the manner in which the holiday was observed at sea: 'Crismas day,' he writes in his diary, 'we keepe thus: at 4 in the morning our trumpeters all doe flatt their trumpetts, and begin at our captain's cabin, and thence to all the officers' and gentlemen's cabins; playing a levite at each cabin door, and bidding a good-morrow, wishing a merry Crismas. After they goe to their station—namely, on the poope, and sound three levitts in honour of the morning. At 10 wee goe to prayers and sermon; text, Zech. ix. 9. Our captaine had all his officers and gentlemen to dinner with him, where wee had excellent good fayre: a ribb of beife, plum-puddings, minct-pyes, &c. and plenty of good wines of severall sorts; dranke healths to the king, to our wives and friends, and ended the day with much civill myrth.'

The singing of carols dates from the very earliest period of Christmas celebration, when songs of gladness were considered as appropriate to the occasion. The song of the angels was among the first set to music:—

'When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlem, in that fayre cyte,
Angells songen with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria.'

This subject was one of the most popular, as is indicated by the great number of carols of which it forms the theme: such as—

'Swet Jhesus is cum to us
This good tym of Crystmas;
Wherfor with prays syng we always,
Welcum our Messyas.'

And another beginning

'Of M.A.R.I. syng I wyll a new song.'

Or

'Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell!
To Mary thus spake Gabriell.'

Nowell, or with the French Noël, the name by which Christmas is known in France, was a cry expressive of great satisfaction or joy, and is supposed to be a contraction of *Emmanuel*—God with us. Among the carols formerly sung in that country there is one of curious character, which is said to have been chanted to a 'merry tune.' The first verse runs—

'Quand Dieu naquit à Noël
Dedans la Judée,
On vit ce jour solemnel
La joie inondée;
Il n'étoit ni petit ni grand
Qui n'apportât son présent,
Et n'o, n'o, n'o, n'o,
Et n'offrit, frit, frit,
Et n'o, n'o, et n'offrit,
Et n'offrit sans cesse Toute sa richesse.'

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Sometimes every member of the festive party was expected to sing a carol, or to pay a fine in case of failure—the fine being rigidly enforced: a practical exemplification of *No Song, no Supper;* in other instances the caroling was performed by a single voice. As Southey writes—

'In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrovetide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the wassel, and when the boar's head
Crowned with gay garlands, and with rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board.'

Old writers seem never to have tired of praising hospitality. One who wrote more than two centuries ago shews how much power of happiness lay in the hands of a generous householder: 'Suppose Christmas now approaching, the evergreen ivie trimming and adorning the portals and portcloses of so frequented a building; the usuall carolls to observe antiquitie, cheerfully sounding; and that which is the complement of his inferior comforts—his neighbours, whom he tenders as members of his own family, joyne with him in this consort of mirth and melody'—then we may presume he had won their respect and gratitude for at least another year. Old George Wither sings with gladsome spirit—

'Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.'

What the Christmas pie was may be understood from the description of one published in a Newcastle paper at the beginning of January 1770. 'Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped for London, for Sir Hen. Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follow—namely, 2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, and 4 partridges; 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, and 6 pigeons: it is supposed a very great curiosity; was made by Mrs Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about twelve stones, will take two men to present it to table. It is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table.'

But times have changed. There is but little noisy jollity in Christmas as at present celebrated: people go no longer to see the Glastonbury thorn blow on the 25th of December, either Old or New Style; nor visit cattle-lairs at midnight of Christmas-Eve, to see the oxen fall on their knees, as they are said to have done at the time of the Nativity in the stable at Bethlehem—a superstition which one would hardly expect to find reproduced in Canada, where an Indian was detected stealing out 'to see the deer kneel;' for, as he replied to his questioner, 'It was Christmas night, when all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up.' Neither do they consider that the multiplied ingredients of mince-pies are symbolical of the various offerings brought by the Wise men; or that it is necessary to make them of a long and narrow shape to represent a manger; or that eating them is a proof of orthodoxy; or that for each variety of pie so eaten so many happy days are in store for the eater. Neither do they believe that the weather of the twelve days of Christmas is prognosticative of that of the twelve months in the following year; nor drink spiced ale, or eat roasted apples before breakfast; nor wassail the trees, that they may bear

'Full many a plum, and many a pear,'

as Herrick says: neither is the singing of carols so well honoured in the observance as formerly.

For our parts, we should be glad to see a revival of carol-singing—that is, in a properly decorous spirit. There is something solemn and touching even now in listening to the chant of the street-minstrels—the *waits*—as it rises through the silence of the night, making one feel that peace and goodwill may become something more than sound. And so, with a passage from Shakspeare which embodies a few bygone superstitions, we conclude our illustrations of Christmas in the Olden Time:

'Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

THE UNDER-SEA TELEGRAPH.

We have of late been so much accustomed to great achievements in science and art, that the establishment of a telegraphic communication across the Channel is regarded almost as a matter of course, calling for no very special remark. But to be placed *en rapport* with the continent, while preserving the integrity of our insular position, is a triumph of ingenuity on which a little attention may be worthily bestowed; and we propose to trace a brief outline of the leading features of its history.

It will be remembered that the first attempt was made in August 1850, when a copper-wire, twenty-five miles in length, coated with gutta-percha, and weighted with leaden clamps, was sunk in the Channel from Dover to Cape Gris-nez on the French coast. During the process of sinking from the deck of the *Goliah* steamer, and after the whole line was laid, the transmission of electro-galvanic signals demonstrated the perfect feasibility and success of the undertaking. The wire, however, had been laid but a few days when it was broken by chafing against the rocks on the shore, or some other equally fatal accident; and the communication being thus suddenly broken off, we were still dependent on the usual modes of forwarding intelligence—the mail-boats and the clipper steamer kept for very special occasions, which inquisitive travellers may have seen lying trimly equipped in Calais Harbour.

It was not likely that so important an enterprise would be lightly abandoned. The Submarine Telegraph Company was formed; and in July last, Mr Crampton undertook to supply an efficient telegraphic communication by the end of September, and in accordance with the conditions imposed by the French and English governments. The plans were carried into execution at the company's works at Wapping; first, by twisting together, by the aid of powerful steam machinery, four copper-wires coated with gutta-percha, and twenty-four miles in length. This core, as it may be called, was next thickly covered with hempen strands twisted spirally, and thoroughly saturated with a preparation of pitch and tallow, and these in turn were 'served' with similarly-prepared strands passing transversely round them. The core, on which everything depends, was thus protected by a double covering closely compressed, and the whole was then enveloped with ten strands of galvanised iron-wire, each about a quarter-inch thick, twisting round and perfectly enclosing it, the object being to prevent the action of the sea-water upon the interior. When finished, the cable presented a remarkably bright and polished appearance from the effects of the galvanising. Its construction occupied three weeks, and the total weight—sufficient to find its way to the bottom without additional loading—was said to be 200 tons. As the

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huge mass lay coiled up on the wharf previous to shipment, the integrity of the core was tested by sending an electric spark, and firing a fusee, through the whole length of twenty-four miles.

By the 24th September the cable was safely coiled in the hold of the *Blazer*, a steamer placed at the service of the company by government, and towed down to the South Foreland—the point of communication for the English side. Here one end of the cable was landed, and hauled up the beach some distance beyond high-water-mark to a spot near the lighthouse, where a shaft, pierced perpendicularly from the top of the cliff, receives the wires which are connected with the telegraph at Dover. The necessary attachments having been made, the *Blazer*, towed by two steam-tugs, started for the opposite shore, notwithstanding the blustrous weather; for, according to the terms of agreement with the French government, the cable was to be sunk into its place by the 1st of October. The point selected for communication on the French side was Sangatte, a small village standing on the dreary *dunes* between three and four miles from Calais, said to have been the spot whence Cæsar embarked for the invasion of Britain. The beach at that part of the coast is a fine smooth sand, eminently favourable for the proposed object, and distant from the Foreland twenty-one miles.

The *Fearless* steamer started a little in advance of the *Blazer*, to shew the route to be followed. As the latter went onwards the cable was slowly uncoiled, and after passing through a series of brakes, intended to prevent too rapid a movement, it was 'payed out' over the stern. Owing to an accident which tore away about eighteen yards of one of the outer wires, the speed was reduced from five to two knots an hour; and when six miles were laid down in this way, an attempt was made to transmit a signal to the party on shore; and after some delay, arising from the telegraphic instrument not having been attached, it succeeded perfectly. This was encouraging, and all promised well for a successful termination, when the tow-rope unfortunately broke, and the *Blazer* drifted a mile and a half out of her course before the accident could be repaired. She arrived, however, off Sangatte about six in the evening of the 25th, having occupied ten hours in the passage across; and the weather being stormy, she anchored for the night two miles from the shore. The next day a gale blew from the west, interfering seriously with the prosecution of the work; but the *Blazer* was towed to within a mile of the French coast, and the remainder of the cable cast overboard there, with a buoy attached to mark its position, and all the vessels returned to the British side. The gale was still blowing on Saturday the 26th, when Captain Bullock went with the *Fearless*, and carried the end of the cable some hundred yards nearer the shore. On the 27th the weather moderated. 'Accordingly,' to quote from the *Times*, 'the engineers and managers of the Gutta-Percha Company took on board the *Fearless* a large coil of gutta-percha roping, and after hauling up the end of the telegraph-cable, the first wires were carefully attached, and at half-past five in the afternoon a boat landed them on the beach at Sangatte. The moment chosen for landing was low-water, and the coil of gutta-percha ropes was immediately buried in the beach by a gang of men in attendance, up to low-water-mark, and even a short distance beyond it. Thence to where the cable was moored did not much exceed a quarter of a mile.

'The telegraphs were instantly attached to the submarine wires, and all the instruments responded to the batteries from the opposite shores. At six o'clock messages were printed at Sangatte from the South Foreland, specimens of which Captain Bullock took over to Dover the same evening for the Queen and the Duke of Wellington.

'On Monday morning the wires at Sangatte were joined to those already laid down to Calais, and two of the instruments used by the French government having been sent to the South Foreland, Paris was placed in immediate communication with the English court.'

It is intended to replace the wires now carried across the Sangatte beach by an additional length of cable which will be spliced on to the main portion, and thus make it of equal strength and durability throughout. The possibility of electro-telegraphic communication was, however, once more demonstrated, and shortly afterwards the company announced themselves ready to transmit messages in either direction across the Channel. By that time, Nov. 13, the communication between the Foreland and the offices at Dover was completed, and instruments by Cooke and Wheatstone, and Brett and Henley, were ready for work. 'After some little delay,' to quote again from the *Times*, 'consequent on the rapidity with which the arrangements were made, the wires were finally connected, and it became a moment of intense anxiety when signals were about to be passed. The instrument was set in motion, signals were interchanged with Calais, and the complete success of the undertaking was manifest. Very few communications had passed when a mounted messenger arrived with a dispatch from the telegraph office of the South-Eastern Railway Company. It proved to be a message containing the prices of the funds on the London Exchange, which were to be immediately sent on by the submarine telegraph to Paris. From this time dispatches were continually passing between the Dover telegraph offices and London and Paris. A message from London was sent to Paris, and an answer received and forwarded to London, within one hour, in which time is included the journey of a mile from the station to the office and back again, and to this must be added the loss of time consequent on the message having to be sent from the Paris office to the Paris Bourse, and for the return of the reply.

'It was a happy coincidence that the day chosen for the opening of the telegraph was that on which the Duke of Wellington attended in person to close the Harbour Sessions; and it was resolved by the promoters that His Grace on leaving Dover by the two o'clock train for London should be saluted by a gun fired by the transmission of a current from Calais. It was arranged with Calais that as the clock struck two, a signal was immediately to be passed, and, punctual to the moment, a loud report reverberated on the water, and shook the ground with some force. It was then ascertained that a thirty-two pounder, loaded with ten pounds of powder, had been fired by the current. The report had scarcely ceased ere it was taken up from the heights, the military, as usual, saluting the departure of the Duke with a round of artillery. Guns were then fired successively on both coasts, Calais firing the gun at Dover, and Dover returning the compliment to Calais.'

Thursday the 13th November may thus be considered as a memorable day. Henceforward winds may blow, and billows roll, and delay the mails as long as they will; but while the surface of the sea is agitated, the swift intelligence will be flying along the metallic wires lying undisturbed at the bottom. The social and political advantages to grow out of instantaneous communication with all parts of the continent are as yet only foreseen, and to be judged of by the result. Hitherto the prices of public funds have been the principal subjects of transmission. The *Times*, referring to the Thursday in question, stated—'The one o'clock opening prices at the Paris Bourse to-day were received through the submarine telegraph, and posted in the Stock Exchange, by Mr T. Uzielli, at twenty minutes to three. The two o'clock prices were also received before the close of business, and during the afternoon a transaction of some amount was effected in Russian stock in consequence of an order transmitted in the

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same manner.' Again, on Friday 14th, there appeared in the same paper a brief sentence, headed: 'By Submarine Electric Telegraph — *Paris, Thursday, 7 o'clock* P.M.—The Assembly has rejected the Electoral law by a majority of 355 against 348:' a striking illustration of what may be done in the transmission of news. Since, then messages have been repeatedly sent from Liverpool as well as London to France, Italy, and Germany, 'and in one instance a communication was forwarded to Cracow, to be despatched thence by mail to Odessa.' Ordinary modes of communication will now be greatly in arrear, seeing that we can get the pith of all that is desirable to be known from any quarter at a few minutes' notice and at any hour—from Marseilles, Venice, St Petersburg, Pesth, Prague, or Vienna. Governments will now be able to talk to one another without long official delays, and save something in ambassadors. It will be necessary, however, to have some universal language which all may understand without the necessity of translation, and to extend over the whole of Europe the telegraphic union which has been formed for part of Germany.

Mr Wheatstone first conceived the possibility of an under-sea telegraph in 1837, and had half a mile of wire covered with an insulating envelope prepared for the experiment; but not being used, this wire was afterwards employed for some of the earliest telegraphic trials on the Birmingham Railway. In 1840, Mr Wheatstone demonstrated the possibility by plans and drawings to the governments of France, England, and Belgium, and measures were taken for a practical application of the principle, but without pushing them to a conclusion, as the authorities were too much engaged with other matters. Not so the present endeavour: its success is no longer a question; and in time, as the rhymer says, the electric impulse will be speeding

'Over—under—lands or seas,
To the far antipodes.
Now o'er cities thronged with men,
Forest now or lonely glen;
Now where busy Commerce broods,
Now in wildest solitudes;
Now where Christian temples stand,
Now afar in pagan land.
Here again as soon as gone,
Making all the earth as one.
Moscow speaks at twelve o'clock,
London reads ere noon the shock;
Seems it not a feat sublime,
Intellect hath conquered Time!'

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

One dismally foggy and rainy afternoon in November last, when the streets, clothed in a viscid garment of thick and slippery mud, were passable only at a snail's pace, because every step forward sent you half a step back again—when no one whom fate, or equally inexorable business, did not drive forth, ventured to brave the misty atmosphere fraught with catarrh and influenza—I heard the sound of a fiddle outside my window. The strain was a melancholy attempt at a Scotch reel; and the incongruity of the spectacle it conjured up to my imagination compared with the actual scene before my eyes had just awaked me to the perception of the comic, when the music ceased on a sudden in the middle of the second stave, and I heard the sound of a fall; and a faint ejaculation, half-sigh, half-groan, which immediately followed, brought me to the door to see what was the matter.

It was already getting dark, independently of the fog, and I could but dimly discern a dusky mass lying by the garden gate; but I could hear the plaintive moans that proceeded from it, and soon, with the help of Betty, whom I had summoned to my assistance, got the wretched bundle of humanity into a chair in front of the glowing kitchen fire. A few spoonfuls of diluted brandy soon brought life and animation into a weather-beaten face, and produced from livid lips the eager, almost savage request: 'For God's sake, give me a bit of vittles!'

'When did you eat last?'

'Not since yesterday morning. I had a bit of bread yesterday morning.'

'Oh!' said Betty, 'aint that horrid, and he a blind man—as blind as a stone?' Giving the necessary directions, I left Betty to manage her blind patient in her own way, and in about an hour afterwards went down to see what improvement she had effected.

The poor fellow, having satisfied the demands of nature, and supplied his own wants, had immediately began to attend to those of his inseparable companion—his cracked, patched, and dilapidated fiddle. I found him airing it tenderly before the fire; then, having borrowed a cloth from Betty, he employed himself in cleansing the crazy instrument from the moist breath of the fog, and from the contaminations it had picked up through his fall. This accomplished, he began feeling it all over as cautiously as a surgeon does the body of a patient in search of a fracture. Fortunately there was no serious mischief done, and the poor fellow laughed cheerfully when he discovered that the only friend he had in the world had escaped unhurt.

'Well, my man,' said I, 'how do you get on? Not hungry now, I hope?'

'Bless 'ee, sir, no! I'm righter than a trivet now, sir. I ha'nt had sich a feed I can't tell 'ee when, sir. I'm very much obleeged to you, sir, surely. I wor altogether done up, and that's a fact.'

'Well, then, perhaps you have no objection to return the favour we have done you by telling me how you came to be a blind fiddler, what you get by it, how you manage to live, and all about it!'

'Not a bit of objection in the world, sir, if you likes to hear it. There aint much fun in what I got to tell though, cos I ha'nt had much luck in my time: but if you wish to hear it, of course you shall, and I'll begin at the beginning. I'm quite agreeable, sir.'

With that, laying his fiddle to rest in an old black bag which he drew from the crown of a crushed hat, and settling his arms on the elbows of the chair, so as to rest his whole frame in a state of unaccustomed luxury, he delivered himself literally, with the exception of certain circumlocutions which I have thought fit to digest into something like order and consecutiveness, pretty much to the following effect:—

'I aint but a youngish man, sir, though they do tell me that I looks a reg'lar old file. What might you suppose my age, sir?'

'From forty-eight to fifty, or thereabouts.'

'There 'tis agin. Everybody says I'm fifty, when I'm not forty yet. I was born in 1811, sir, in Swan Alley, not far from the Artillery Ground. My father war a shoemaker—perhaps I ought to say a cobbler, for he didn't make many shoes: good reason why, he was always a mendin' on 'em. When I was a very little un, I rek'lect partik'lar they was a-makin' the Regent's Canal as runs under the City Road, and I used to get out afore I was big enough to wear trousers, and make mud-pies out of the clay as was turned up. That was the best fun I ever knowed, that was; but didn't I get the strap when my father catched me at it? Ah, I knows what strap-sauce is well enough! He wanted to teach me—cos I was the biggest boy—to make wax-ends, and I wanted to make mud-pies; and many's the lickin' I got along o' that there canal a-diggin'. I never passes the bridge now without thinkin' on it. Then, you know, I could see—had as good use of my eyes as anybody. Ha! well! 'taint no use grievin'.

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'Mother died, and left four on us when I was about five years old, and then we got more strap and less vittles, I can tell 'ee. Father got savage, an' took to drinkin', and we never dared to have a bit o' lark 'cept when he was out o' doors. One night, when he was gone to the public-house, we was all a-playin' and larkin' in the room, and my brother, out o' fun, pushed me right over the kit into the fire. I fell with my face slap in the middle of the hot coals, and was so frightened that I couldn't make no attempt to get out, cos my legs was up in the air again' the kit. My two brothers and sister sung out a good un, and a ooman as lived up-stairs came down and picked me out. I was took off to the hospital, where I laid for seven months, and a'most died wi' brain-fever. Then I was sent home again, stone-blind, and father give me a hidin' for tumblin' into the fire, as if I hadn't had punishment enough. But I didn't care much for that. I had friends in the court, among the women and the gals, and I got a deal more vittles and kindness than I did afore.

'When I was old enough, I was sent to the Blind Asylum, where I learned to make baskets and mats. I can make clothes-baskets and hampers, and that sort of work, well enough; but the trade is so much cut up by the shops that it aint worth doin'. If I makes a basket for a washerwoman for three shillins, it costs me half-a-crown for the willows. It aint much better with the mats—the rope costs almost the money they fetch. I left the asylum when I was sixteen, and lived along with another blind man as made hampers for the wine-merchants. He had a pretty good trade, and I might ha' done well along of him if I could ha' carr'd home the goods; but it aint no go for a blind man to get about the streets o' London wi' five or six hampers on his head. I tried it once or twice, and got shoved head-foremost into a butcher's shop by some chaps as wanted a lark; so he couldn't send me out no more, and he couldn't go hisself. I had two years of that there hamper-work, and got the rheumatiz dreadful through workin' in a damp cellar all day long, and I was obliged to give it up—to go into the hospital again.

'When I came out I didn't know where to go, and what I was to do. My father had moved away somewhere, and my two brothers had gone to sea. So I went to my parish, and had a go of the workhouse for matter of a year. There was a blind man in there as played the fiddle uncommon well, and the overseer made him shew me a bit, and paid a goodish bit o' money for teachin' of me. I scraped away whenever they would let me, for I wanted to get out of the workhouse, and I picked up a tidy lot of tunes in four or five months. By the time I'd a been at it a year, I thought I might manage to pick up a livin', and I turned out one mornin', when the summer was a-comin' on, and began fiddlin' in the streets. I didn't get much the first day—not quite sixpence I think 'twas—but I wouldn't go back upon the parish. I could lodge for a shillin' a week, and I could get a bit of broken vittles at times when folks wouldn't give me no money. I liked my liberty too well, after the confinement—first of the damp cellar, then of the hospital, and then in the workhouse—and I made up my mind to get my own livin' without bein' beholden to nobody. So I've a-fiddled pretty well ever since.

'When I were two-and-twenty, I took it into my head uncommon as how I should like to learn to read; so I went and applied at the Blind School in Red Lion Square, and used to go there and learn to read two or three nights of a week. There was a good many there, and some on 'em learned to read very well, and some couldn't learn nohow. I got on tolerablish. I went to the school more nor a year. We didn't pay nothin' for teachin'—only for the books: the books is very dear; the letters sticks up, and we feels 'em with our fingers. I gave four shillins for Izayer. I can read all on it, and John's Gospel too. That's all I got. I can't afford to buy no more.

'At the Blind School I fell in with a young ooman as was learnin' to read. I kep company with her for five year, and then I married her. We've a been married nigh upon twelve year. She was born blind—never had no eyes in her head, not at all. She can do everything in a house as well a'most as them as can see: she can cook a meal's vittles beautiful, when we got it to be cooked. She sews with her needle, and mends my clothes, and does the washin' and ironin'. We are often very bad off, partik'lar at this time of the year. People don't care much about fiddlin' and music in cold and wet weather: they walks away to keep theirselves warm; and forgits to give a fellar a copper.

'I knows London all over 'cept some of the new streets, and I knows them when I been through 'em once. I goes from Islington, where I lives, to the City, three times a week. When I come to a street where a customer of mine lives, I begins and numbers the houses with my stick, and then I strikes up when I comes to the house, and plays till I gets my penny or my bread and cheese. I always eats a piece of bread in the mornin' afore I goes out: if I don't, I gits the stomach-ache. Sometimes I don't git no more all the day; but I gits bread and cheese at a house in Clerkenwell every Tuesday, and a good pint o' tea and a poun' a'most o' bread every Friday in Little Saint Thomas Apostle. You see I can't fiddle very well, cos my right arm is shrivelled up wi' the fire, and I can't draw the bow rightly level with the bridge athout I sits down; and in course I can't sit down while I am walkin' about the streets; so it aint many coppers I gits from chance customers. My reg'lar customers mostly gives me a penny a week: when they moves, I follers 'em wherever they goes: I can't afford to lose 'em; they brings me in, all on 'em, about three-and-sixpence a week, besides the vittles. 'Taint much vittles I eats at home, save on Sundays, and a bit o' bread for breakfast afore I starts out of a mornin'.

'There's lots o' blind men in London as gets a livin' without earnin' of it. I knows one as sits all day in the City Road a-readin' the Bible wi' his finger, and people thinks it's wonderful clever, and gives him a sight o' money. A poun' a week aint nothin' to him. But that there's a imposition; there aint nothin' in it. I can read as well as he every bit; but people hadn't ought to get their bread by readin' the Bible and doin' of nothin': it aint respectable. I gives the people music: if they don't think it worth nothin', they gives me nothin' for it; if they do, they gives me a copper, and very glad to git it. There's some blind men as keeps standins in the street, and sells sticks, and braces, and padlocks, and key-rings; some on 'em drives a good trade. I knows one as got a family brought up quite respectable—the boys is 'prentices, and the gals goes to service. I should like to keep a standin' myself if I had a few poun's to begin with; but, Lord! I never had but one sovereign in my hand in my life, and that wasn't mine. There's lots o' blind men goes about wi' dogs tied to a string: them's beggars. When a blind man drives a dog, he've a made up his mind to be a gentleman. A dog aint of no real use to a blind man in London—not a bit in the world. A dog is a blind beggar's sign; and when the dog carries a tray in his mouth to catch the coppers, then there's two beggars instead o' one. There's a sight o' blind men in London as can see as well as you can. They starts out when 'tis dark wi' great patches over their eyes, and goes with a boy—a young thief—to lead 'em, among the crowds and in the markets of a Saturday night. When they gets into the thick of it they sings out: "Good Christians! for the love of Heaven bestow your charity upon the poor blind—and God preserve your precious eyesight." That's their chant. They gits a lot o' money from the people, partik'lar on Saturday nights, when the

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small change is flyin' about: them's robbers, an' nothin' else. There's some poor fellows as I knows as can't do nothin' for a livin'. Blind men is often weak in the head—a bit silly-like. They mostly lives in workhouses; sometimes they tries it on wi' lucifer-matches: they likes to get out in the sun in summer-time and fine weather: I pities them, poor fellows! 'tis hard luck they 've got.

'I'm always cheerful-minded 'cept when I'm very hungry and got nothin' to take home to my wife. We don't want much—'tis very little as keeps her; but I don't like to go home without nothin' in my pocket: then I sometimes thinks 'tis too bad, and gets low-spirited; but I soon goes to sleep and forgits it, cos I'm so tired when I goes home. My wife earns somethin' most weeks; sometimes she looks arter little children when their mothers goes out a-charin'. She haves three-halfpence a day for a child: when we got two babies for a week that makes eighteenpence, and pays the rent. A good thing that would be if we could do it always. She's very fond o' little babies, and knows how to do for 'em as well as a mother a'most, though she never had none of her own.

'Saturday's my best day. My customers knows I can't play the fiddle of a Sunday, and so I gits a good allowance of vittles, and fills my bag. Thus a butcher not far off as gives me a reg'lar good stew o' bones an' cuttin's every Saturday night. That's my Sunday's dinner, and a famous dinner my wife makes on it. There's a policeman out here as collars me reg'lar whenever my bag's a bit full, and turns it all out, and axes me where I stole it. I says: "I'll answer that there question at the station-house, if you likes to take me there;" but he never takes me up. That's a noosance, that is.

'I never buys no clothes; I git as much as I want gave me. The boots is the worst. In course I never gits them till they're worn out; and as I can't afford to have 'em mended, when it rains my feet is always in the wet; but I'm pretty well used it—that's one good thing. This time o' the year 'tis very bad: there is so much bad weather, and so few people about, a blind fiddler might as well stay at home. There's been nothin' but rain all the week. I only earned twopence yesterday, and that just made up the rent as was overdue: there was nothin' for supper, though I'd had nothin' all day but a bit o' bread in the mornin', and to-day there was none for me to have, so I come away without any. My wife have had her vittles to-day, that's one comfort: she went out afore I did to go a-washin'; she'll earn sixpence besides her vittles—and we shall have a good supper to-night, thank God!

'I've had a good many accidents in my time. There is so many omnibuses now, that a blind man can't venture off the pavement. It takes me half an hour sometimes to get across from the "Angel" into the City Road. I've been knocked down by cabs and omnibuses six or seven times; I never got much hurt myself, but my fiddle have been broke all to pieces several times. I always mend it myself, but it's a deal o' trouble and loss of time while the glue's a-dryin'. Drunken men is worse than omnibuses. I've been beat about by drunken men many 's the time, cos I couldn't play the tunes they wanted. I never goes into a public-house now: I had so many tricks put upon me, that I finds it better to keep away. I was a'most killed once by a lot o' Irishmen: they knocked me about dreadful, and filled my fiddle full o' beer, and then made me play upon it, and cut the strings while I was a-playin'. They done that cos I'm a very little fellow, and got no strength. That's too bad! Sometimes gentlefolks is none too civil. Just afore I come to your gate, I tried at a house a little way down the road: a gentleman come a-rushin' out, catches me by the throat, and twistis me roun' and roun', and shoves me over the steps, a-swearin' as how he'd got two scrapers at his door a'ready, and didn't want another. That aint civil, seein' I fiddles as well as I can, and he got no call to pay for it if he ha'nt a mind to.

'I don't know as I can tell you anythin' more, sir. You see I don't know much of the world. All days is pretty much alike to me: wet or dry, hot or cold, is all the difference between one day and another. We does the best we can. When the sun shines, and people walks about and enjoys theirselves, I gits a little money, and my wife and I is cheerful and contented. When the bad wintry weather comes down upon us, we do feel what it is to be hungry and poor; but we can't help it, and it aint no use frettin'. We might git into the workhouse in the winter if we liked, but then we must sell up all our sticks, and I should lose all my customers where I plays reg'lar, and have to begin the world agin when we come out in the summer. It wouldn't do, that wouldn't.

'My wife's a merry little ooman, and can go without a dinner and never grumble: many 's the day she gits no vittles, no more than myself. When there aint no vittles in the cupboard, and no means of earnin' any, I tells her not to git up, and so she lies abed all day, cos 'tis easier fastin' in bed than when you are up and about. If I brings home anythin', then she gits up and cooks it, and then we're all right. We always hopes for better times, and if we don't live to see 'em, why then we shan't grieve for the want of 'em. I plays the song, *There's a good time comin', boys*, and my wife sings it. There's no harm in hopin' that we may all live to see it. That's all I've got to say, sir.'

With that this uncomplaining heir of adverse fortune rose from his seat, placed his fiddle under his arm, and thanking me warmly for all favours, groped his way up the kitchen stairs and took his departure. I have given his history as he detailed it: it has had no colouring and requires no comment at my hands. It is just one of those revelations of the mysteries of common life which are only remarkable because the world in general has not chosen to make them object of remark. But verily it has a use and a signification which discontented respectability, cushioned in its easy-chair, may do well to ponder.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

December 1851.

As usual, the approach of the winter solstice wakes us up from the inactivity produced by autumnal holidays, and law, physic, and philosophy, to say nothing of pleasure, are girding up their loins for what is to happen next. Michaelmas term having come and gone, clients are wondering whether Hilary, which is close at hand, will prove propitious—and so there is excitement of some kind for all parties. Our societies, philosophical, scientific, and otherwise, are bestirring themselves, have opened their sessions with more or less of *éclat*, and stretched out their plan of action for the next six months, which in most instances differs but little from the accustomed routine. The Royal Society have held their anniversary, on which occasion Lord Rosse, the president, delivered his annual address to the Fellows—being a *resumé* of scientific memorabilia, with obituary notices of deceased *savans*—and presented the Copley Medal to Professor Owen for his zoological researches; one of the Royal Medals to Mr Newport for his investigations into the subject of the reproduction of animal life by impregnation as exemplified in amphibia—said to be by competent judges one of the most remarkable and important contributions to microscopic anatomy that has of late made its appearance. The second Royal Medal had been awarded to Lord Rosse himself for his astronomical labours, chiefly with reference to Observations on the Nebulæ—those extraordinary stellar bodies of which the monster telescope has already rendered

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some account, and will yet render more—the golden testimonial was consequently handed to him by the vice-president. Then followed the election of the new council, and the English bond of brotherhood — a dinner. Besides all this the Royal Society have had another paper from Faraday, still further extending and confirming the discoveries in electricity and magnetism, which have so long engaged the attention of that distinguished philosopher. Mr Wheatstone, too, has given them some additional instances of his inventive genius in his paper on the phenomena of what is called binocular vision, as illustrated by that astonishing instrument, the *stereoscope*. You look through two eye-pieces at two pictures precisely alike placed in a dark chamber, when the effect is such that the two appear as one only, but in full and most striking relief: in spite of yourself you are obliged to believe that the figures and objects are raised, standing out round even to the minutest details, while the background seems to have receded to a considerable distance. Still more marvellous is the *pseudoscope*—an instrument similar in principle, but playing such pranks with the phenomena of vision, that all ordinary notions of the subject resolve themselves into amazement, and ordinary words are inadequate to express the combinations. Things which are farthest off appear the nearest, a globe is no longer a globe but a basin, convex is concave, and solid is hollow! After this, who shall aver that seeing is believing? There will be something else to say on this matter before long. Meantime I may tell you that the first of the twelve Prince-Albert-authorised lectures has been delivered at the Society of Arts by the Master of Trinity, Dr Whewell; the others will follow forthwith; and as they will doubtless be published, students who cannot come to town will have an opportunity of reading them.

Among a select few, certain new combinations and applications in electro-telegraphy are talked about, which greatly excel all that has yet been accomplished in that wondrous science. If all go well with the inventor, we are to see the results next year. Enterprise is still busy with that which is accomplished: an additional cable, similar to the one sunk across the Channel, has been advertised for — ingenious brains are at work trying to devise a system of universal symbols which may be used and understood by all nations alike in their telegraphic communications; and, more than all, Steinheil is reported to have discovered a means for sending a concentrated shock or flash to any distance along the wires without the necessity of repeating it at intermediate stations. Thus, as Tennyson says, we are ever waking upon 'science grown to more.'

There are so many things talked about at our scientific gatherings that it would be hopeless to attempt to report one-half of them: we can only deal with the most important. Among these Mr Mercer's patent process for 'contracting the fibres of calico, and of obtaining on the calico thus prepared colours of much brilliancy,' is still regarded by chemists as likely to lead to valuable results. This was brought forward at the last meeting of the British Association, and described as the discovery that 'a solution of cold but caustic soda acts peculiarly on cotton fibre, immediately causing it to contract; and although the soda can be readily washed out, yet the fibre has undergone a change. Thus, taking a coarse cotton fabric, and acting upon it by the proper solution of caustic soda, this could be made much finer in appearance; and if the finest calico made in England—known as 180 picks to the web—be thus acted on, it immediately appears as fine as 260 picks. Stockings of open weaving assume a much finer texture by the condensation process; but the effect of the alteration is most strikingly shewn by colours: the tint of pink cotton velvet becomes deepened to an intense degree; and printed calicoes, especially with colours hitherto applied with little satisfaction—such as lilac—come out with strength and brilliancy, besides producing fabrics cheaply, finer than can be possibly woven by hand.' The strength, too, is increased by this process; for a string of calico which breaks with a weight of thirteen ounces when not soaked, will bear twenty ounces when half condensed by the caustic soda.

Our neighbours across the Channel have not been idle, as you would believe could you see the numerous communications submitted to the French Académie. M. A. Dumont has sent one entitled 'Experiments on the application of electro-magnetism as a motive power,' in the description of which he states, that 'if in the production of great power the electro-magnetic force is inferior to that of steam, it becomes equal to it, and perhaps superior in the production of small power, which may be subdivided, varied, and introduced into employments or trades requiring but little capital, and where the absolute value of the mechanical power is less essential than the facility of producing instantaneously and at pleasure the power itself.' In this point of view electro-magnetic power comes to complete, not to supersede, that of steam.

In connection with these results I may tell you of those obtained by M. Baumgartner in another part of the continent. With respect to the effects of atmospheric electricity on telegraph wires, he says that the deflections produced are of two kinds—small and great, and that the law of the former is discoverable. 'The observations made at Vienna and at Grätz appear to shew that during the same day the electric currents move from those two places to Sömmering, which is more elevated. During the night the direction is reversed, and the change takes place after the rising and setting of the sun. The regular current, too, is less disturbed by the irregular currents when the air is dry and the sky serene, than when the weather is rainy.'

While the northern line from Vienna was being fixed, 'the workmen frequently complained of a kind of spasms which they felt in handling the wires,' but which 'ceased as soon as they took the precaution not to touch the wires with naked hands. These spasms were most frequent and intense in Styria, the highest region of the line. Thus, near Kranichfeld, a workman received a shock sufficiently violent to throw him down and paralyse his right arm.

'On the 17th August 1849, a storm which had broken out at Olmütz extended to Frielitz, a distance of ten miles. A workman employed at this latter station, while fixing the wires, was also thrown down by a sudden shock, and those parts of his fingers which had touched the wires appeared as if burnt. At this time the sky was perfectly serene at Frielitz.'

You will perhaps exclaim here: 'Enough of magnetism for the present;' had the facts, however, been less important than they are acknowledged to be, I should not have dwelt so long on them. Now, to return to the Académie. M. Lewy has brought from New Granada the *Arracacha*, an esculent which he hopes may be introduced into France, as a resource in case of future potato disease. It possesses many valuable properties, but does not transplant easily. We are told that a M. Goudot lost his life in 1847 in his attempt to enrich his country with 'this precious alimentary root.' Other academicians are discussing the subject of cedron (*Sinaba cedron*), which I mentioned a short time since as a newly-discovered remedy against serpent-bites and intermittent fever. It has been subjected to chemical analysis, and the active principle shewn to be cedrine, more persistent and intensely bitter than strychnine. A further quantity of the seeds has been received, and if they possess a real therapeutic value, the medical world will soon be instructed of the fact.

M. J. Durocher states that he has succeeded in

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making artificial dolomite, by exposing porous limestone to the action of magnesian vapours inside a gun-barrel, subjected for three hours to a red heat. The result is a dolomite very similar to that which exists in such great abundance in the Alps; and the experimentalist considers that 'limestone rocks have passed into the state of dolomite under the influence of magnesian vapours rising from the depths of the earth.' The fact is curious, and is in favour of the theory which derives all matter from one single primary element. Apropos of this artificial geology, there is a rumour from Lodi—for which, by the way, I do not vouch—that Professor Gobini produces all the phenomena of mountain formations and stratifications on a small scale, by the cooling of a heated mass of mineral and earthy substances. If true, this may give us some insight into the *modus operandi* of nature in the phenomena of geology: at all events, out of such experiments as the two here mentioned a practical benefit sometimes proceeds, as chemical discovery did out of alchemy; and perhaps they may have a bearing on the prize-question proposed by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin: 100 ducats will be given 'for the best work on the nature and mode of action, and resulting constitution, of hydraulic mortar, including the constitution of zeolites generally, but especially of those produced in the solidification of mortar.' The essays may be written in French, German, or Latin, at the pleasure of the author: they are to be sent in by March 1854, and the prize will be awarded in the following month of July. Now that subaqueous and subterrene structures are becoming more and more a necessity, this question is the more important.

Next to touch on physiology: M. Plouviez finds that in cases of suspended animation from the use of chloroform, 95 per cent. of the cases may be saved by insufflation, and 75 per cent. by alternate pressure of the breast and abdomen. He shews also that asphyxia, or suspended animation from drowning, is a more serious matter, because in addition to the chill there is the constant introduction of water into the terminal bronchi—a fact, as he says, not sufficiently regarded, but one which effectually prevents the due penetration of air, as is shewn by the dissection of animals which have perished by drowning. He states further, that three minutes' submersion produces the most complete signs of death, when, 'if the animal be taken out and laid on a table, the beatings of the heart can be no longer felt; but if an acupuncturating needle be plunged into this organ it oscillates strongly until the ninth or tenth minute, and sometimes a little longer. Never,' he continues, 'have I seen the oscillations cease at the end of two or three minutes except the stay in the water has been prolonged beyond five minutes.' At times not the least drop of blood would follow incisions made on different parts of the body; but as soon as animation began to revive the wounds began to bleed, 'proving that the capillary circulation had been momentarily destroyed notwithstanding the oscillations of the needle, which clearly indicated a movement in the heart, but not sufficient to force the blood into the remoter branches of the circulatory system. It has thus never once happened to me to be able to restore an animal to life in which the needle had ceased to vibrate, while cerebral life has often been seen to return when the capillary circulation had ceased.'

M. Plouviez concludes his remarks with a few practical suggestions, and shews that the water which may have lodged in the air-passages near the throat may be made to escape by a conformable position of the body, and that it cannot be removed, as is supposed, by means of a pump. 'Place the body,' he says, 'out of the reach of cold; let the head incline downwards, and open the mouth to let the water flow out; all of which will not occupy more than twenty seconds.

'Employ insufflation alternately with pressure of the breast and abdomen, suspending the pressure during inspiration—the nose of the bellows to be introduced into one of the nostrils, the other to be left free.

'Promote the absorption of water from the bronchial vessels, which can only be local. In asphyxia the venous system is always gorged; hence bleeding is one of the most powerful means for this purpose;' and last: 'The application of heat, under all forms and to all parts of the body, is a useful agent not to be neglected.' This is rather a long account, but I send it you as our medical men say that it embodies some new views on the philosophy of drowning.

M. Letillois announces the discovery of a colourless liquid, which 'will fix in a durable manner on white paper all the colours of the prism,' but he has not yet made it public; and this reminds me of an analogous result lately obtained in America.

Mr Hill of New York has succeeded in fixing colours by photography, and produces what he calls Hillotypes. He says: 'I have forty-five specimens, all of which present the several colours, true to a tint, and with a degree of brilliancy never seen in the richest Daguerreotype; and this is true also of the whites and blacks. The pictures have much the appearance of enamelling, and I believe are equally durable; for it is very difficult to efface them by scouring, and, as far as I can judge, they are not acted upon by light. My success in quickening the plates has been equally gratifying; and I have but little doubt of being able to operate in diffusing light instantaneously, having already reduced the time of sitting to much less than that required for Daguerreotyping. I have never yet made a partial failure. The folds of the linen are always well defined. Blue or solarised linen is unknown in my process, and there is always a strength and clearness in the whites unattainable by mercury. During the last winter I have several times taken a view, in which there is a deep-red house, while the ground was covered with snow. For experiment, I exposed the plate so long as to reduce the bright red of the house to a very light red, while at the same time the white snow was developed with a beautiful whiteness.' After this, seeing that Becquerel is working at the same subject, and that prizes are offered for improvements in photography, we may expect to see something excellent.

Our meteorologists are much interested by a report recently published by Dr Buist, of the observatory at Bombay, on the rainy season of 1849, the most remarkable which has occurred in India during the present century. Extreme drought prevailed for a time most partially and capriciously. From the 22d to the 24th of June an extraordinary and violent atmospheric commotion took place over the whole region, from Calcutta to Aden, a distance of three thousand miles, and the barometer fell almost unprecedentedly low. Hurricane storms followed. At Bombay sixteen inches of rain fell in three days, and from that time there were continual falls in different parts of the country. The disturbance was not confined to tropical latitudes, for, as many persons will remember, one of the most furious rain and hail storms on record broke out in the south of England on the 26th July. The disturbance was accompanied, too, by anomalous conditions. At Madras the air was dry, although rain fell heavily; while at Aden it was precisely the reverse. At Mahabaleeshwar hail fell without interruption from the 27th to the 29th of July; and yet in some places rain was so scarce that famine seemed imminent, and the plantations of sugar-cane were pulled up to keep the cattle alive. Then in August, the rivers of the Punjaub, owing to the heavy fall in the mountains of the north-western frontier, devastated the country on either side, and the Jhylum, fed with water from the hills of Cashmere, came down with overwhelming fury. At Shahpore, the government salt-stores were washed away; as also the

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antonments of the British troops, who were forced to a asty retreat of five miles. The river burst through ll its barriers, and flooded the country for hundreds of eagues. As the report states, 'the bastions, outworks, nd other works of Mooltan, which a year before had or four months defied all the efforts of our artillery, nelted into the flood. On the 16th three magnificent lomes fell, and at seven on the morning of the 17th the normous cupola of the Bahawal Huk came thundering o the ground with a noise like the explosion of a remendous mine. The whole structures were built of anburnt bricks.' Such a flood, it is said, has never yet been known in India. It went all down the course of the Indus. At Hyderabad, also, in Southern India, the Godavery burst into the city, levelling all the buildings in its way, and rose until the highest parts of the town were three feet under water. Such, in brief, is the substance of Dr Buist's report, the most comprehensive, perhaps, which has ever appeared on the meteorological phenomena of India.

You will remember my telling you of Dr Knoblecher's Nile discoveries. They have excited the most lively interest in our Geographical Society, and serve as a counterpoise to the enthusiasm got up for Lieutenant Pim, who is to go to the shores of Siberia—if the Emperor Nicholas will let him—to look for Sir John Franklin: a forlorn-hope. But to come back to the Nile: it is now supposed that further researches will tend to confirm the statements made by Ptolemy so many centuries ago. 'The discovery of the mysterious sources of the giant stream of the African continent, the largest river of the Old World, perhaps even of the entire globe, remains,' we are now told, 'the greatest problem of geography.' These sources, it is believed, will be found not far from Kenia, some 370 geographical miles beyond the farthest point yet reached by Knoblecher. Lake Tchad, too, is being explored by an English boat, so that some day we may expect Africa will cease to be a 'problem.' Meantime the interior of Australia is a problem, and people are beginning to inquire after the missing Leichardt as well as the missing Franklin. And after all, there still remains that undiscovered Kafiristan, somewhere to the north-west of India, which, though long termed the opprobrium of British geography, is yet a problem.

A little item from St Petersburg, and I close. M. Bouniakowsky has presented to the Imperial Academy of Sciences a paper on a 'curious application of the law of probabilities to the approximate determination of the limits of the real loss of men experienced by a troop during battle.' The object is to give mathematical formulæ, whereby the proposed results may be arrived at any time during an engagement, as well as after it. It is a question, however, whether captains and colonels will be willing to stop in the middle of the strife to work a sum. You will perhaps say, what few will care to gainsay, that M. Bouniakowsky might devote his calculations to a more peaceful purpose. And so I close this year's gossip by wishing you a Merry Christmas.

'GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY'

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Oh! sweep the loud harp's tuneful strings,
Break forth, like song-birds after showers,
To tell how He—the King of kings—
Came to this ruined world of ours.
If angels beamed on Judah's hills,
And bid those watchers then rejoice,
Shall we, whose ears that message fills,
Mock with cold hearts the sacred voice?

When He—the Son of God—was born,
We walked in darkness far astray;
But, fair as Greenland's arctic morn,
He chased our long, drear night away.
His head that manger cradle pressed—
He toiled and suffered many a year,
To give the fainting nations rest,
To dry the mourner's bitter tear.

Who, who that ever breathed on earth—
Bard, prophet, hero, saint, or sage—
Gave cause like *this* for righteous mirth
To men of every clime and age?
Oh! it were shameful and unwise
Before those waning lights to fall,
Yet look with cold and careless eyes
On HIM—THE CENTRAL SUN OF ALL.

Go, tell the trembling slave of guilt,
Whose breast is sad, whose eye is dim,
The Just One's sacred blood was spilt,
To win back Heaven's lost smile for him.
All, all may join His glorious bands
In that far world of light and bliss,
Who keep His pure and high commands
With meek and faithful hearts in this!

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